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July 6, 1940

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# Collier's

THE NATION



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FOSTER

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PUBLISHING COMPANY—  
PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—  
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—  
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Today's Germany in a novel by **WILLIAM C. WHITE**









## *The making of a Gentleman begins early*

WHEN he is about three, Mother gently points out that it isn't good form to knock down a baby or to hit her over the head with her own teddy bear. Nor is it courtly, as Father suggests a year or so later, to run her down with his velocipede.

Now, as the boy grows older, comes dancing school (oh hated thought!) where, between emotional awakening and patient teaching, the rough social edges begin to wear off.

The little girls he used to belabor are now strangely changed . . . mysterious, delicate, and beautiful things, to be attended, cared for, and protected. For the small reward of their smile,

his tie must be straight, his shoes aglow, his trousers pressed. For them he must rise, he must bow and perform a hundred other little gallantries which once he scorned. And while he learns that these gestures are the keys which unlock a woman's heart, he learns also one of the most important truths of all:

That good looks, agreeable manners and charm count for little when the breath is "off color," and that the nicest precaution against this offensive condition\* is Listerine Antiseptic.

### *Start Him Early, Mother*

If his mother is smart, she will start him on this delightful daily routine as early as she can.

It's a breath freshening habit that may pay him rich dividends in health and popularity his whole life through . . . the standby of countless attractive men and women in the business and social world. A pretty sensible precaution for anyone to take, don't you think?

\*Although systemic conditions sometimes cause halitosis (bad breath), fortunately, the most common cause, say some authorities, is fermentation of tiny food particles on the surfaces of the teeth, gums, and mouth. Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse, quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes its odors. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer . . . less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic always before business and social engagements at which you want to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## LISTERINE for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)



# Collier's

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JULY 6, 1940

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COVER

ALAN FOSTER

## ANY WEEK

WE'D just returned from Washington. For hours we'd been scared in the solemn, portentous hush of the State Department, in the rodeo of militarists in the War Department, in the swash-buckle of the Navy offices and the close rooms of quacking politicians who ask you to shudder at the prospect that they might not be elected or re-elected. Trying to pull ourselves together, we sat on a park bench trying hard not to be sick at our stomach. And we were rewarded by the sight of six large, contented fellows manning the handle of one small pump. A sign told us that they labored under the aegis of WPA, and as we watched it occurred to us that we were indeed silly to let ourselves become physically and emotionally depleted by government colliding with itself. There was scarcely room on that pump handle for all six of those workers and yet they were blissfully happy. They were pumping water out of a sewer and so joyfully that they did not notice that it ran right back into the sewer through a near-by drain. As we watched, charmed perhaps as Robert Bruce was by the persevering spider, we thought of calling upon others to enjoy the scene.

A GENTLEMAN named Graff was watching from a near-by bench. "Pay no attention to it," sniffed Mr. Graff. "If you told those boys they'd probably feel awfully bad. Maybe they'd refuse to accept their wages. Why, down where I live the government is running a household-assistance project. It occupies a six-room house. Well, they've got four watchmen in the place. Four watchmen! And this morning between nine and half past ten, my wife and I watched six different people come out of that house and, one at a time, sweep the sidewalk. No, not any watchmen. They just watched and talked politics. Now these boys here manning that pump—"



BUT WE had to be getting on. We paused but once—to talk to Mr. Robert Cook, the geneticist. Mr. Cook said he'd been looking everywhere for us because that afternoon he had passed the Aunt Elsie Pie Baking Company, which was being picketed. The pickets, said Mr. Cook, carried the following signs: "This Pie Baking Company, Makers of Those Delicious Aunt Elsie's Home Made Apple Pies, is Unfair to Organized Labor."

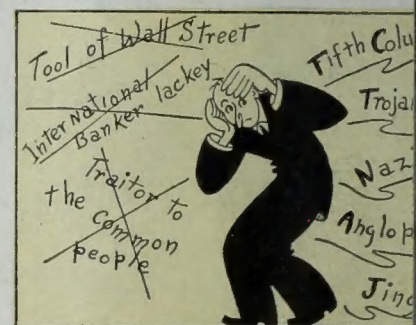
BEFORE we left Washington, Mr. George B. McCahan told us about some experience his sister was having on her first visit to the capital. She's from Ogden, Utah. Anyway, she was passing the new Supreme Court Building and, properly impressed, asked her taxi chauffeur what it was. "Sorry, lady," he said, "but I ain't allowed to tell you." A trifle nettled, she said: "Think I'm a spy?" Said he: "No, ma'am, I don't. But I ain't allowed to tell a fare what any place is without I got a sight-seeing license for fifteen bucks." And then, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that the authorities were much too busy worrying about national defense to bother about lesser sights, he added: But I'll call 'em as I pass 'em like I was practicing to be a sight-seeing jallopy."

BUT HE was wrong if he thought that the defense of the United States monopolized the minds of his betters. In our pursuit of military chills, we ran into one huddle of statesmen who were wringing their hands to think that the President had kicked the bottom out of their pork barrel by vetoing the \$110,000,000 River and Harbors Bill. They told us that, after all, a mere \$110,000,000 would never be missed what with billions being thrown around as they are. And think of an election coming and constituents to grease! It saddened us almost as much as the reproaches another group was heaping upon General Frank T. Hines, the Veterans Bureau Administrator, for saying that this country couldn't afford a bale of new veteran legislation—a shakedown to pension the families of veterans of 1918 whether the veteran's demise was traceable to his war services or not. Why, it would cost us only \$28,000,000 the first year. And it wouldn't amount to fifty or a hundred millions annually for a long, long time. And an election coming on and constituents to grease!

SO WE called at the home of friends, thinking that a drink in pleasant surroundings would do us good. After dinner our hostess suggested the movies. She telephoned to ask what was showing. A weary male voice at the other end asked her to wait a minute while he took a look at the marquee. Presently he came back and told her what the show was. "Honest, lady," he sighed, "the damn' things come and go so fast that I can't keep track."

NOR CAN we. In the dear, dead pre-Munich days the worst we were ever called by irate customers was "tool of Wall Street" and "international banker lackey" and "traitor to the common people." We got so used to it that we became rather fond of such gentle abuse. But now those we displease have discovered that we're a fifth columnist, a Trojan horse, a Nazi, an Anglophile, a quisling and a jingo;

and Mr. Ben Hilling of Boston, Massachusetts, is prepared to punch us in the nose. "Go ahead and holler for bosses, the munitions makers," Mr. Hilling. "See what it gets you. You are doing us a favor. Demo is finished. The dictator of the United States is already picked, the great American of all, Father Coughlin. And we were about to ask what he would become of him."



BUT ENOUGH of that. What do I think of this—a letter from Mr. J. Patterson whose address is "On A Service with the Canadian Forces." He writes: "As soon as war was declared I offered my services to the Allied cause. Because I was an American it was an endless maze of red tape. When I was enlisted, I lost a citizenship which you know I treasured dearly. It is because of the editorial in Collier's for April 20th, and the fact that I still cherish that citizenship that I am writing you. For eighteen years I have been a private school and college graduate from Princeton in 1938, have won a national intercollegiate championship in the pole vault and received honorable mention for the given in political science to the graduating class. I've had all I could ask for and more; yet I have given up that up to fill a bounden duty. The only three of us Americans up here in this first class of air crews to be up—two of us pilots, the third a navigator. There will be countless others following in our wake. Why should we be penalized for what we're doing? Certainly it is a just cause. I believe, however, that those of us who believe in a vital act rather than a verbal display should take such action from our own country, which obviously believes as we do. It is hard for us to believe that we are without a country (having lost our American citizenship without getting any in return) simply because we are willing to lay down our lives for justice and freedom. . . . For most of us we are already on the move it will be a final smashup; but just in case of a fortunate enough to return, let the lie lie see to it that my father gives me a square deal. The editorial mentioned is a step in that direction. Many thanks. You carry on and we will do our bit."

GOOD LUCK, kid. . . .

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# No need to get *LOST!*

THERE'S no guesswork about where you're going these days. If you stay on main routes you can travel easily through the biggest and busiest of cities. Modern road-markers take the doubt out of driving. All you have to do is follow the main route.

How often you have heard people say—"We came all the way on Route 30." Or, "We never missed a turn." And how often you have said it yourself!

Straight through on a main highway!

When you're out on a tire-buying tour it's equally important to keep to the main road. Otherwise you're apt to run into end-of-the-road bargains, unimproved tires and confusing tire claims. . . . Too many times you have to travel at your own risk.

Before you buy tires, find out *who* made them, how *long* they have been making tires, how *many* tires they have made, and *how* those tires have performed in service. Find out what their production facilities are and how they are making *quality* tires to sell at *low* prices.

The experience gained by Goodyear in making more than 300 million tires now brings you a complete line of Goodyear Tires—for every driving requirement—at low prices. For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made better—priced lower—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

*You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!*

*Today, as for 25 years, it is still true: More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" Offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER  
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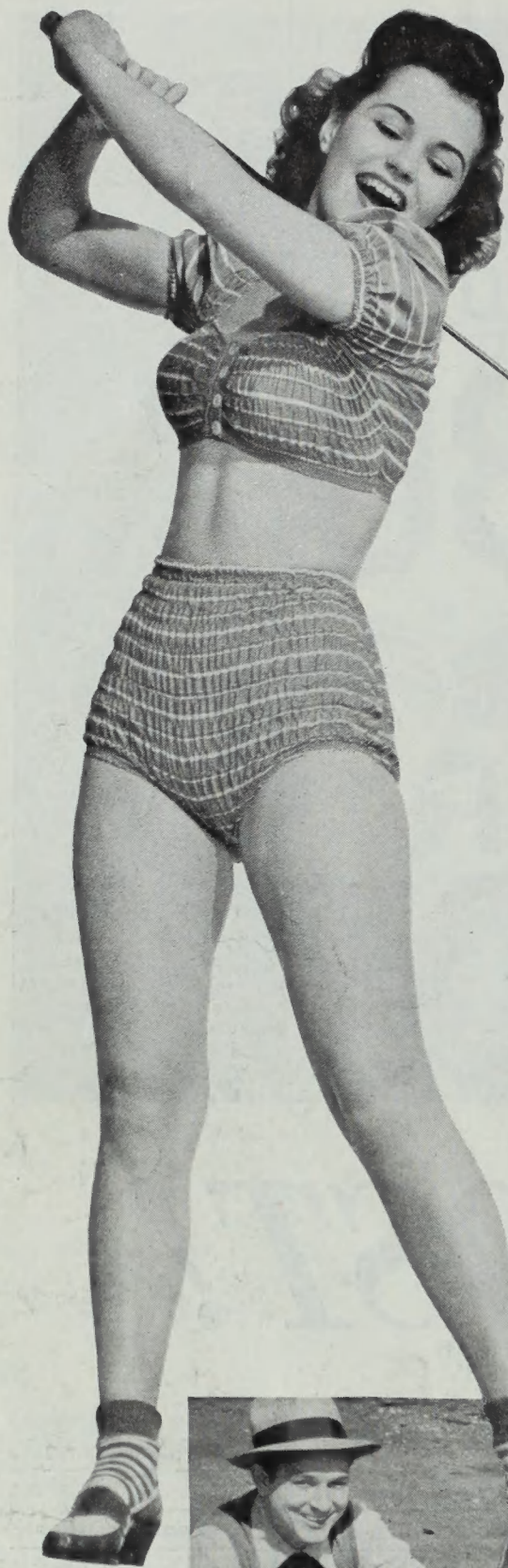
Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread —  
Proved for Driving Safety — Under  
All Conditions — By More People —  
Over More Miles — Than Any Other.



**GOODYEAR TIRES**

*Always as good as you think.  
Now cost less than you imagine.*





**Builds Up  
Your  
Car's  
Beauty!**

**... Besides Saving the Finish**

Your car's beauty is always safe under Simoniz. It takes all the wear and tear the finish ordinarily gets. Weather, dirt, and the sun's rays can't dull and destroy the lacquer or enamel . . . so it lasts longer. And Simoniz, with each application, adds more beauty. It keeps your car new-looking for years. Does away with endless washing and polishing. A dry cloth easily wipes off dust and dirt without scratching. Think of the time and money you'll save by Simonizing your car! Do it today . . . it's easier than ever the new quick way!

*If Your Car is Dull, clean the finish first with Simoniz Kleener to restore its natural lustre and color.*



**MOTORISTS WISE**  
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MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL



Insist on the world-famous Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener for your car. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY CHICAGO, U. S. A.



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

**By Freling Foster**

New York City's bird lovers who, equipped with binoculars, make regular tours through Central Park to study the free bird life in its trees have seen and recorded, in a single spring season, as many as two hundred different species of migratory and local birds.—By Mrs. R. W. Beardslee, Scarsdale, New York.

A new city ordinance in Indianapolis requires pawnbrokers to turn over to the police, within a few hours, a complete description of pawned articles, including the pawnor's signature, address, appearance and thumbprint. Shortly after this law became effective, much stolen property was recovered and many burglaries were solved.

Many of the twenty-two amino acids, now produced in chemical laboratories for use in nutritional research, are made from such things as chicken feathers, sunflower seeds, cottage cheese, wheat, gelatin, dried blood and human hair—and cost from \$5 to \$1,000 a pound.

The Abyssinian Baptist Church in the Harlem section of New York City has 13,000 Negro members and is the largest church of this denomination in the world.—By Mabel Clayton, New York, New York.

Thirty-two states of the United States still are without a civil-service system.

Only one make of revolver—a German Mauser—is a true automatic, or a revolver that fires all chambers with one pull of the trigger. All other revolvers and pistols are either self-loaders or semiautomatics, which require manual trigger action for each shot.—By J. Bruce Cameron, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The ultraviolet rays of the sun, which cause sunburn, are endurable because they have been "filtered" by the earth's atmosphere. But at an altitude of 75,000 feet, these rays would destroy the human skin in two or three minutes.—By G. M. Relyea, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the United States the life expectancy of Jews—at every age—is twenty per cent longer than that of Gentiles.—By Myrtle Hooten, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Law courts in Arkansas allow a witness to be disqualified on the credibility attacked if he admits that he is an atheist.

One of the largest sums of money ever paid to an author in advance was the \$100,000 that was given to Thomas Macaulay in 1846, almost a year before he was pledged to deliver the first volume of his "History of England."—By A. Bradford, New York, New York.

The Japanese observe a "Good Month" each year during which time few of them go to the temples as the gods and lesser divinities are said to be absent, paying their annual visit of homage to the Mikado at his imperial palace in Tokyo.—By Edith Wise, Snoqualmie, Washington.

The telegraph plant, *desmodium gyrans*, of tropical Asia, still puzzles scientists, who cannot explain why its lateral leaflets spontaneously jerk up and down every few minutes, even in still air.

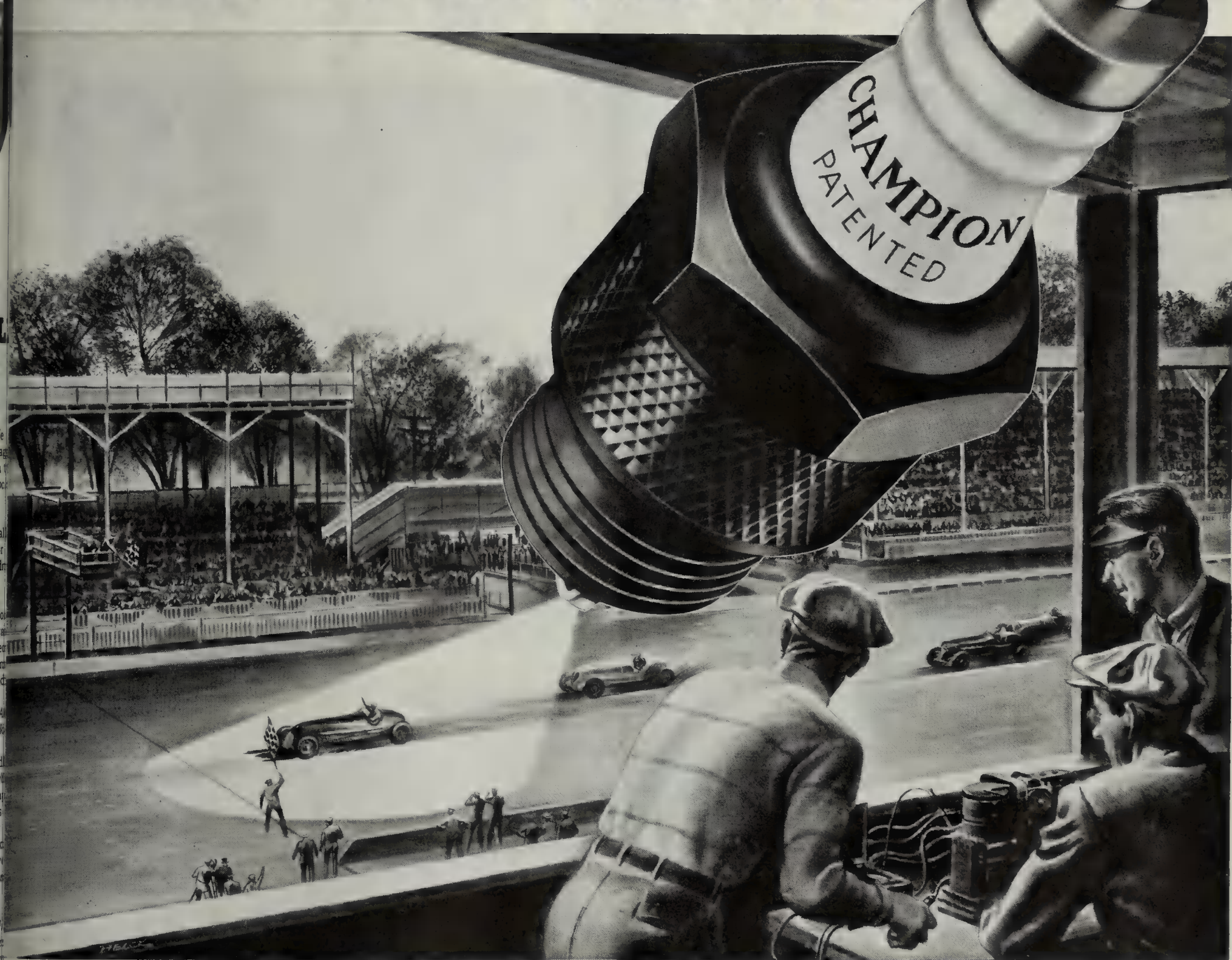
More than one quarter of all the people in the world are primarily dependent on food raised on land that, once arid or semiarid, has been made fertile through irrigation.

A new kind of paper, possessing much of the feel and appearance of cloth, is now being used to make curtains, bedspreads, pillowcases and slip covers. It is expected to increase appreciably both the present 9,000 uses of paper and the average family's consumption of about 100 pounds a year.—By Homer H. Huysman, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



# CHAMPION AGAIN!



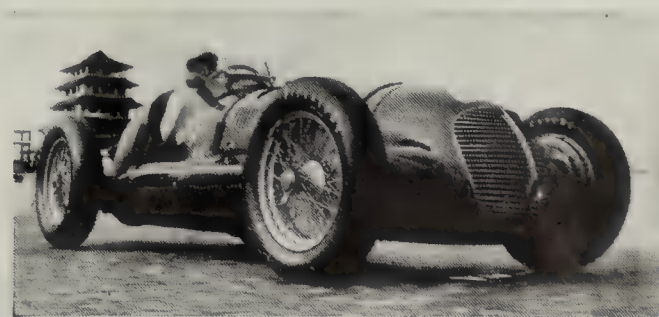
## WILBUR SHAW, WINNER—9 OF FIRST 10 CARS TO FINISH—1940 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE USED **CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS**

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS once again proved that they make every engine a better performing engine, with a sweeping victory in the 1940 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. This year, as for 17 years past, Champions have proved their right to a place in the engine of every motorist who values maximum performance and dependability.

Champion Spark Plugs progress with the times. That's why their record of supremacy in open competition is so outstanding. Today spark plugs more definitely determine the degree and quality of engine performance than ever before.

High speed, high-compression engines using highly developed anti-knock fuels, require spark plugs that are free from leakage, and practically immune to the ravages of the complex chemistry of modern combustion.

The combination of Champion's exclusive Sillimanite insulators and patented Sillment seal is the perfect answer to these problems. Insist on Champion Spark Plugs for your car. Have your spark plugs, regardless of make, tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace with new ones every 10,000 miles for maximum economy and dependability.



"Many thanks for the splendid performance of Champion Spark Plugs when I won the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race for the third time. The Champions functioned perfectly in my car throughout the entire race—never missed firing once."

*Wilbur Shaw*

USE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE



BACK FROM HAVANA:

# Johnny Mize discovers true Havana taste in **NEW WHITE OWLS**



OWL: Have a good time in Havana, Johnny?

MIZE: Yes, it's a great place—I'd like to go again.



OWL: You're considered quite an expert on cigars, Johnny. I suppose you smoked only Havanas in Cuba.

MIZE: Yes, it was quite an experience—real Havana cigars whenever I wanted them!



OWL: Then you should be an expert judge of these new White Owls. Try this one—tell me if it has the authentic Havana taste.

MIZE (smoking): Yes, I like this cigar! It's not as strong as an all-Havana cigar . . . but it sure has the real Havana taste!



**NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!**



Try a

## NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

**JOHNNY MIZE**, first baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, member of the famous Gas House Gang and 1939 champion batter of the National League, recently gave us an interview at the Cards' training camp in Florida.

Johnny was just back from a vacation in Havana. He's a great cigar smoker, and the taste of Havana cigars was still fresh in his mind. We had

him try a *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl—and he vouched at once for its true Havana taste.

And when you discover that fine, rich Havana flavor, you'll join the thousands of men who enjoy *new* White Owls. They cost only 5¢ . . . a rare value in smoking pleasure.

**Treat yourself soon to a new White Owl!**



Beginning a novel of our times, the unforgettable story of a German girl who committed the crime of loving a man whom the Nazis marked as an enemy

## Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THE newsboy on the Piazza dei Cinquecento saw the girl hurrying toward him, as eager to get a morning paper as she had been the day before. She was the kind of girl that a man likes to smile at. Small, almost petite, with blue eyes and golden hair neat under a little black hat, she looked just twenty. She wore a gray flannel suit with a white blouse and a little mauve tie at the throat. Everything about her was as brisk as the December morning. December in Rome sometimes brings mornings that are sharp, like freshly minted silver; this was one.

The girl reached in her purse. "Give me a *Corriere*, please." She spoke with a slight foreign accent.

The newsboy handed her the paper. "A pleasant morning, Signorina."

She nodded and smiled, but looked at the newspaper. The lead stories about the war did not concern her. She turned quickly to the want ads and searched for two lines of type, the only two that stood out for her on the whole crowded page. They read: "German lessons by cultured Berliner. Ten lire per hour. *Fräulein Klein*." The address given was a flat on a small street near the Stazione Centrale.

There it was, for the second and last day, her own ad, worded calmly, not desperately, without any clue to the story behind it.

The girl crossed the Piazza without hurrying but with no air of leisure. She looked at the faces of passing people. Some one of them, some person somewhere, must want to learn German. Ten lire an hour; ten hours, one hundred lire. That would be twenty-five marks, twenty-five shillings, five dollars; it did not sound like very much in any language. But it would pay room rent and leave a little to lengthen the small store of money in the savings account. Pupils were hard to find and all the harder for a person who knew no one in Rome. But someone, somewhere, would see the advertisement. It was better to imagine that than to try to guess what might happen if no one answered. The money in the savings bank would not last beyond two months.

SHE came to the house in which she lived. It was a pleasant morning for walking but it was better to stay home; someone bound for work might call about the advertisement. Yesterday it had been hard to sit, waiting. It would be harder today.

To wait, doing nothing, meant to think and she could think only of the money in the bank. She went to the mirror, took down her hair and began to comb it. Her hair was long and golden. The light on the mirror was poor but it showed a face paler than it should have been, less full, less beautiful than it could have been, a face thinned by worry. It was vaguely shadowed, its contours too well defined.

She arranged her hair, drawing it tight and smooth around her head. Then she turned to the dresser and for the tenth time in a week rearranged the drawers. They contained few clothes, a box of letters, a packet of newspaper clippings, and in one small box, by itself, one letter. One drawer had a small pile of sheet music, all German songs. A large suitcase would have held everything.

She walked away from the dresser to the window. The bell below rang and she went to her door to listen. She heard a man ask, "Does *Fräulein Klein* live here?"

"Upstairs, Signor, last door on the left," the landlady answered.

The girl went to the mirror, straightened the bow at her collar and waited. The man's voice had sounded friendly but his knock was hard and insistent.

She opened the door. A middle-aged man was

She was frightened now, frightened cold. If he had guessed her thoughts about Paul's death then she had better run quickly. She looked up







there, smiling at her. He was stout and his face was large. She noticed immediately that his small eyes took in everything at once.

"Fräulein Klein? Good morning." He spoke Italian but his accent was heavy. "My name is Stockmann. I saw your advertisement in this morning's paper." He gestured carelessly at a newspaper he had in his hand. "Your advertisement interested me, Fräulein." For some reason he smiled. "Do you find many people here who want to study German?"

"My advertisement only appeared yesterday," she said.

The man smiled. "Pupils will be fortunate to have so attractive a teacher."

The clumsy heaviness of the compliment was annoying. "Have you come to arrange for lessons?"

"Well, yes and no."

His accent was so clearly that of a German that the girl stopped. "Surely the lessons are not for yourself?"

He laughed and said in German, "No, of course not." He showed no hurry to get to business. "You were born in Berlin—yes? Have you been in Rome long, Fräulein?"

"Three years."

"Where were you before you came here?"

"In Berlin. Really, Herr Stockmann, I do not understand why—"

"In time, in time, Fräulein." Stockmann was enjoying his little mystery. "Why did you leave Berlin?"

The girl was sure that he knew the answer to that question already, but wanted to see if she would tell the truth. This whole interview could be false, a trap of some sort, and she ought to get up now and tell the man to go. Yet that might mean losing a chance to earn money. Possibly his was just the curiosity of an elderly man. Not meeting his glance but knowing that it never wavered on her face, she said steadily, "I left Berlin after the death of my husband."

STOCKMANN smiled as if that honesty pleased him. "Who was your husband?" The faint smile on his face implied that he already knew the answer.

She straightened up a little. "I do not think that concerns my ability to teach German."

"Of course it doesn't," Stockmann said comfortingly.

"I think it impertinent and I must ask you to go."

Stockmann did not move. "Now, Fräulein Dirling—!"

The girl stepped back. "How do you know my name?"

Stockmann laughed. "I should be remiss if I did not remember Carola Dirling. I have heard you sing so many times at the Krokodil Café in Berlin."

Carola stared at him, trying to guess what he wanted.

"I was only one of the thousands who were sorry when you left Berlin." He smiled clumsily.

But Carola sat rigid, her face paler than before. She could guess from where this man came. "Please go," she said weakly. "Please."

"I come only as a friend—"

She almost screamed "Go!"

"You must not be upset." Stockmann tried to be friendly. "I know much about you, Fräulein Dirling. You came here three years ago and you had a little

money saved. It has not been easy for you since. You live in this small room not like the lovely apartment you used to have on Kurfürstendamm."

"I have suspected for some time that I was being watched here." Her voice was bitter. "And when you saw my advertisement, you decided that it was a call for help?"

"You put it unfairly," he said, cajoling. "You have been watched but in no unfriendly way. You want work *nicht wahr?* I offer you work."

Hatred flashed in Carola's face. "I want none of the work you have to offer." Then, in pain that was very real, "Why haven't you let me alone?"

There was a perverted kindness in Stockmann's face. "You misunderstand. Let me be blunt, and pardon me. You used to be attractive. You used to have a few of the nice things in life. I offer you an opportunity to earn money regularly, easily, simply."

She knew the kind of work he was offering. "I do not want any of it."

Stockmann looked at her, surprised. "Your answer is 'No'?"

Carola nodded. "I would rather live with peace of mind."

"I THINK you are foolish," Stockmann said sternly. "We only wanted you to dress yourself attractively, to live in comfortable surroundings here in Rome to endeavor to meet certain people—"

"And report their conversations to you! Filthy spying!"

Stockmann shrugged his shoulders. "Others, of necessity, might choose other adjectives." Ever so slightly his manner changed. "You make it very difficult for me, Fräulein."

"Difficult?"

"You are alone here, with a German passport."

"I do not understand," she said feebly knowing well what he meant.

"There are ways of persuading the Italian police to ask you to leave the country."

Carola looked up defiantly. "I will go to Athens or Constantinople."

"Pardon me, Fräulein, you have scarcely enough money."

"You know about that?" Carola asked, alarmed.

"We know about that." He paused.

"I shall find work here, somewhere."

"No, no," he said apologetically, as if she had offered to do some favor. "I can save you the trouble. I will tell you what will happen. You will find a job, yes? You will work for one day, perhaps less. Then the police will visit your employer and—!" He gestured the ending. "We have much influence in Italy today, Fräulein."

That was true and Carola knew it. A solid wall of threats had risen before her, not only cutting off retreat but pushing her from solid ground.

"There is one alternative," Stockmann said after a pause. "You can return to Berlin."

"What should I do there?"

"Friends there are eager to help you."

"Who are they?" Carola asked desperately.

"For instance, there is Herr Blaerchen."

She knew now who had sent this man and why she had been threatened. As colorlessly as possible she asked, "Is he in Berlin?"

"He has been there for a year," Stockmann said. "If you'll pardon me, he and your husband were friends, weren't they?"

Carola smiled. "Yes, good friends." The return of Rolf Blaerchen to Berlin was news. She added: "I haven't heard of him for a long time. It was he who asked you to look me up?"

"Because he was a friend of your husband!" Stockmann began.

(Continued on page 42)

He stood there for a half-hour saying whatever came into his mind. A roar came at him from the audience, and then another



# Mexico Must Choose

By Frank Gervasi

**Mexico is heading for the polls—and probably for some shooting—in an election that will decide its future. The real issue is Democracy vs. Totalitarianism, and all Americans are vitally concerned**

IN THE range country of Sonora and Chihuahua, the *ganaderos*, the bourgeois of cattlemen, are selling their animals. That is an ominous sign to those who know Mexico. It means trouble. In that unhappy country where there have been 18 changes of chief executives in 29 years of bullets and blood, trouble means revolution.

Of all the generals and of all the Dons who've cut their way to power with machete and rifle and machine gun, only one, strongman Plutarco Elias Calles, completed the institutional six-year term of office. Present President General Lazaro Cardenas still has some months to go, until November 30th. So much can happen between now and the expiration of his term. That's why the bookmen are selling their cattle. Their instinct tells them that it is better to have silver in their money belts than to have their barrels emptied by foraging revolutionaries. For the elements of revolution—peonism, poverty and politics—are as palpable as the threat of catastrophe in the Mexican sky, as real as the stamp of suffering on the face of the *Indio*. The true-blooded native seems never to have smiled in the generations since his Aztec forebears were slaughtered for their gold.

Upon the land where every Commandment was violated in man's quest for gold and its power there seems to have fallen the curse of the Aztec sun gods, an eternal sentence to strife. Mexico has wealth to give, but Mexico's people are poor.

## Poverty Amid Abundance

Nature poured gold and silver, zinc, lead, iron, manganese, copper, antimony, mercury and molybdenum, all that man needs for an abundant life, into Mexico's mountains. She hid great pools of petroleum under its deserts and plains. Some valleys give two and three crops a year of corn, beans and all manner of grain. Tobacco and coffee and cotton may grow there for the planting, but somehow there is no abundance.

Of the 250 million acres of cultivable land, many millions are virgin.

The climate Nature gave Mexico is part of the curse that clings to the land. In the highlands that rise 8,000 feet and more above sea level, the air is thin and debilitating. On the lowlands a hot sun burns and the mixed *estizo* race of Spaniard and Indian that stemmed from the natives and conquerors. Old Mexico is an indolent, sun-drunken people, ridden with tuberculosis, racked by seasons of malnutrition.

There is mahogany and rosewood in the forests, and more than 30,000,000 head of all variety of cattle, sheep, goats and pigs, range the plains. Forty per cent of the world's entire silver supply comes from Mexico, but the Mexican currency falters and stumbles, and there is poverty in the land.

## But Politicians Grow Fat

Two thirds, by official admission, of Mexico's 20,000,000 men, women, and children over ten years old cannot read or write. One third of that entire population is concentrated in the slums of the large cities or in the adobe towns of the interior. The ignorant and the poor are the peons, uncaring of

what mañana may bring, and for a peso in silver and a bottle of tequila they will vote as their masters dictate.

The politicians fatten. They acquire automobiles and haciendas and they live where it is cool and green and they have bank accounts in foreign countries where their money is safe from the uncertainties of internal Mexican politics.

The peons are the despair of those Mexicans who hope for a great future for their country as a respected republic. But if they are the despair then the *campesinos*, the peasants, are Mexico's hope. A cut above the peons socially and intellectually, they are the farmers of that potentially rich land. Their ancestors held the hills against the armies of France and they followed their Washington, Miguel Hidalgo, and their Lincoln, Benito Juarez, and later the godly but gullible Francisco Madero. Their cry was "Land—give us land . . ." And it is their cry today as Mexico goes to the polls in an election that will mark the turning point in the history of the republic, for the country is at the fork in the road. To the right lies the easy path to totalitarianism, to the left the hard road to reconstruction and democracy.

In the very poverty of Mexico rests the one hope there won't be a revolution. In the days of that Robin Hood renegade, Pancho Villa, the revolutionaries could live off the land. But Mexico has been so reduced economically and materially that it would be hard for rebel bands to feed as they march and ride.

Disillusionment is part of the story of that land of many revolutions where, quipsters say, Leon Trotsky came not for refuge but to learn the art of rebellion. Peasants followed Juarez because he promised them land. He died before he could give them land. Successive administrations have used the agrarian battle cry of "acres for the peasants" to win the elections, and never have they kept their promises.

That was one of the broadest, stoutest planks in the campaign of General Cardenas but, after his election, the peasants saw more than 50,000,000 acres of land confiscated, in September, 1938, and not one acre was given to them. Most of that land was owned by foreigners. Here was a perfect opportunity for the government, the peasants felt, to justify a persistent antiforeign campaign by giving the confiscated or expropriated lands to the voters.

But the government invested title to the land not in individuals, but in rural villages. It was made common public land. Even to the peasant this smacked of Communism. Sentiment against Cardenas grew. It rose steadily in proportion to the rise in the price of frioles and corn and meat. Beans that you could buy for four or five centavos for two pounds a few years ago cost 30 centavos now. It is the same with corn and tortillas and salt.

The people are expressing the gnawing in their bellies as Latins always express such sentiments. On the adobe walls of the villages, in neon signs in the cities, with black paint on the marble exteriors of public buildings, the scrawls read: "Long live Almazan. Down with the Government of the Imposition."

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General Juan Andreu Almazan is the Mexican "People's Choice" to succeed President Cardenas. He stands for agrarian reform, church rehabilitation and for better relations with the U. S.

Opposing Almazan is General Avila Camacho (saluting), candidate of the powerful Partido Revolucionario Mexicano, the Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O. which is controlled by President Cardenas





# Plenty of Experience

By Meyer Levin

THE touchiest moment always came with the coffee. As Rick lifted the cup, Lil would wait for the speech. According to how far back he started, she knew how bad it was, and how irritating his day had been. She never drank coffee herself.

Pretty bad was when he went back to high-school days: "Four years of domestic science, and can't even make a cup of coffee! Ye gods!" A woman who could concoct the most complicated five-piece bridge-party sandwiches. Yet day after day, month after month, into the second year now she could go on spoiling the one thing, the one little thing he needed made right. She knew how he depended on coffee.

Then Rick bought her the trick glass brewing pot. This was foolproof. A baby could make good coffee in this thing.

Well—she was no baby. Lil simply couldn't get herself to stand there like a chemist measuring precise cups of water into the flask.

Another item of contention was meals on time. This sermon always came from a weary, exasperated Rick who had been tracing lost shipments all day. He would march directly into the kitchen and glare at the unprepared food. Then he would look at his watch.

Okay! So dinner was late! Other girls had maids to do their shopping, and cooking too.

The most exasperating thing of all, though, was the way he expected her to pick up after him—leaving his socks on the floor, and his stuff scattered around the bathroom.

So the time Rick got sore about the bookcase, there was an explosion. Lil had bought an unpainted little stand, to put by the bed, as she liked to read rental-library mysteries in the mornings. The delivery man left the thing in the middle of the bedroom. Some time soon Lil intended to paint it and put it in place. Once or twice Rick, getting up at night, bumped into the rack. You'd imagine a man would take the trouble to move such a thing out of his way; but not Richard Edmonds. He went on bumping his shin, until one night he rushed barefoot into it and stubbed his toes, hard. "Of all the stupid, slattern tricks!" he howled.

Lil could scarcely believe her ears. Slattern! When he was too lazy to move a little bookcase— But what came afterward was even more astounding. Rick accused her of laziness!

Well, that was enough for Lil. Coffee, to the hair measure! Meals, to the minute! Lazy! So she told him a few. It wasn't a wife he wanted, oh, no! What he wanted was a servant, a drudge, a slavey, a housekeeper! Well, not for her—

Drudge! he shouted. Did she think he had a picnic? Slaving at a desk! Then out he came with the craziest accusations about the lousy way she had been doing her job. Her shopping was wasteful! She left closet lights on for weeks at a time! She threw away enough food to feed a family! He hadn't wanted to kick because he was fond of her, but—



He would glare at the unprepared food. Then he would look at his watch. Okay! So dinner was late.

Fond! A charwoman was all he could be fond of, Lil declared. Nickel nurse! So he grabbed some clothes and stormed out of the house.

By morning Lil had packed; unslept, she took the 7:10 for Indianapolis. She'd stay with sister Helen, until she got a job.

She'd show Rick—she'd get divorced and marry again; someone who appreciated her. She'd show him!

HELEN had a six-room apartment and three kids but made room for Lil by having one of the kids sleep on the sun porch. Every day, Lil had to store the child's bedding on a high closet shelf, teetering on a chair.

Lil went job hunting; but, getting home, she couldn't sit idle while Helen slaved, so though her feet were falling off, she helped in the kitchen. What a family! Warm milk for the youngest, and Junior was thin and had to be coaxed to drink chocolate, and hubby liked tea, and Helen herself was on a vitamin diet; each meal was four meals.

The windows hadn't been washed in a month; Helen couldn't even afford help one day a week, for the heavy cleaning. Her husband was a postal clerk and with three kids it was a tight squeeze. Lil did the windows. She had to admit her sister made a great deal of extra work for herself, like ironing in the bedroom instead of the kitchen, and having to run back and forth to her cooking.

One day Lil sent her sister to a movie, while she undertook the shopping and

cooking. But instead of being pleased when she got home, Helen nearly cried. Lil had bought out-of-season strawberries and the sealed-tin coffee Rick used instead of the loose kind that was ten cents cheaper, and Lil had thrown away some veal scraps Helen had been saving for a meat loaf. That was when it really hit Lil, how her sister had to watch every penny. She couldn't be a drain on them, any longer.

She wired her brother Phil, in Chicago.

Phil's suburban cottage was spick and span. His wife looked fresh as a magazine ad. Even their baby had a polished appearance.

But the extra men Phil's wife Beatrice invited for Lil, at her little dinner parties, were always washouts. Maybe Rick was no Fred Astaire, but at least he could keep off a girl's feet. And when he put his arm around you, dancing, you felt he wanted to hold you, not tear you apart.

Then, Phil and his wife took to going out, evenings, leaving Lil to sit with the sleeping baby. Though Beatrice kidded Lil about her getting the home-town paper, always referring to it as "news from the big city," Lil would cuddle up with the Rock City Gazette as soon as they were gone, reading it from front to back, even the silly old want ads. Rick's name was never in the Seen About Town column.

Lil was there four weeks. Altogether she had been away from home nearly two months. Surely he knew where she

was. Oh, surely he was missing her too. Oh, why was he so stubborn?

She had to admit her sister-in-law was a good wife. Bea made old-fashioned breakfasts for Phil; the house shone, yet she did all her work in a few hours in the morning, efficiently, with horrible efficiency—just as she cooked with laboratory exactitude.

What finally got Lil, about her sister-in-law, was the coffeepot. It was a glass affair like the one Rick had bought and Beatrice had gone to work and marked the cup levels on the glass so she would always get the proportions. Lil tried it. It made good coffee.

ONE evening, the third time in a row Phil and Beatrice went out. Lil was simply going mad with boredom and loneliness. So she settled down with the Gazette.

It was only nine-twenty and she had even read the long editorial about extending the county fair. Now she only had the two columns of want ads; she read the ads, one by one. And there was a new one.

"Wanted," it said. "Housekeeper. Elderly woman. Experienced. Address: Richard Edmonds, Merchants Shipping Service, 120 Main."

Lil was almost laughing as she opened her pen. Elderly. The darling in her heart, a swing band was playing as she wrote:

"Though I am not so elderly I am sure I can qualify, having had plenty of experience. . . ."



PIERRE laughed and said, "The fools, they missed again. That is two hundred and five shells today."

We were in an advanced observation post on a hill and some distance away was another hill. A German battery was on that hill. It kept firing at the farmhouse in the valley. The farmhouse had a red roof and its sides were pure white. Only the chimney had suffered, but the farmhouse wore its crooked chimney in a very jaunty manner, as an amiable drunk wears a battered hat. This was a gallant farmhouse, perhaps because it knew that it had a whole German division worried.

Our little concrete-and-steel observation post was fooling everyone but the sun. It had been dug into the side of the hill and evergreens had been placed over the steel and the concrete. Sturdy scrub oak and fir trees had been planted in front of it. For the moment this post was the eyes of the army; at least of that part of the army that was defending this sector. Behind us were heavy French tanks and light, quick tanks, machine-gun detachments, heavy 155's and lighter 75's.

We knew what was behind us all right. We knew too that the Germans were in front of us. We could see the flashes from their guns and sometimes through our glasses we could see something move for a moment, but against the dark green foilage of the woods we couldn't tell whether we had seen a tank or an ammunition wagon.

Technically we were in what army people still call No Man's Land. But we were very snug and comfortable in our little pillbox and very safe too. Pierre sat on one side of me and André on the other. Bright young artillery sergeants, these two. There were two slits through the steel and the concrete. Each one was a foot long and ten inches wide. Pierre and André talked and laughed but their eyes never strayed from those slits. Hardly ever. I mentioned that our little nest was fooling everyone but the sun.

André said, "In English you say it like this, you say it is hot like hell?"

"You said it, kid, it is hot like hell." I wiped the sweat from my forehead. André laughed and then Pierre laughed as though they shared some secret joke. They did share a joke. A swell joke. Pierre got up and went back through the dark tunnel that led to another part of our observation post.

Pierre came back. He had a large aluminum canteen with him and its sides were gleaming with cold sweat. He had three tin cups with him. He laughed and poured cold wine into the cups. I had met Pierre and André an hour before but we were pals now. They had accepted me.

"To what shall we drink?" Pierre said.

"To the little farmhouse," I said, and we all laughed and drank to the little farmhouse. We looked and it was still almost intact. The wine was cold and it was beautiful.

#### Face to Face with 15,000 Germans

We sat in companionable silence watching the scene below us. The German guns were firing fast. We knew that a division of Germans had orders to break through. A division is 15,000 men. That's a lot of men. They were all there in front of us. Some were to the right, thousands of them were behind the hill from which the battery was firing. Thousands were to the left. The French guns were firing fast but we couldn't hear them as well; we were so much closer to the German guns. When a shell leaves a gun it whistles for perhaps five seconds. We could see the flashes of the German guns, hear the whistle and then hear the dull boom.

The story of how I got into that pillbox beyond the front would take too long to tell. A reporter has to know a thousand tricks to get anywhere near the front these days. The last six miles of the trip had to be made on foot. That wasn't good because it had rained the night before and the paths were ankle-deep in mud. The last two miles weren't easy. But they were interesting. A young lieutenant was with me. We'd cross a road and bump into a queer-looking concrete object; a pillbox commanding every horizon. Guns would bristle from a dozen slits in the concrete. An antitank ditch would stop us then. It meant destruction for any German tank that blundered into it. The closer to the front you approached the more your admiration for (Continued on page 50)

"I've never seen anyone like this anonymous French pilot. He was up against superior speed and superior maneuverability. And yet he wasn't getting hurt"



## Front Seat in Flanders

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM PARIS AND  
CENSORED AT THE SOURCE

From an advanced observation post, the French army behind him and before him a German division with written orders to retreat under no circumstances, Quentin Reynolds watched a day's action on the fighting front. Here's what he saw, heard and felt





# WHEN IT'S A DATE

By Henry L. Jackson

By Helen Hilck

THE noncombatant in upper left, in squatting position, is wearing a coconut-colored shirt and slack combination, with thick-soled sneakers. His wool hose absorb perspiration, which is exactly what wool hose are supposed to do. He's wearing a short-sleeved shirt, you will notice, but he's also got one just like it with long sleeves. These three-piece outfits and accessories are calculated to blitzkrieg any dame. Anyway, short of a uniform, there's nothing gets the gals like the proper clothes for the proper occasion.

A date for a sail gives our hero an opportunity to show off striped lisle shirt—like the Basques used to wear before they took up khaki—yachting cap and shorts. Canvas shoes with nonskid soles are an essential unless you prefer to go barefoot, which is really more sensible on any boat although, of course, it doesn't look so good. Not if you've got feet like mine. Lower right illustrates the general idea.

And again (lighting the lady's cigarette) he's all set for a swim, because judging from the way his hair is neatly combed he hasn't been near the water yet. He's wearing a wool lastex swim trunk—not recommended for fat guys, potbellies or other loose livers. For most of us it would be better to wear shorts, just shorts, loosely cut. He is also wearing a mesh shirt—it's air-conditioned and permits the sun to snipe through and do a gentle bit of tanning.

At lower left we see our boy friend in Palm Beach cloth jacket and slacks. Notice how tweedy he looks as he spears a weenie. His shirt is a chamois-colored Oxford and he's wearing with it a foulard bow tie, short, rust-colored socks, Norwegian style shoes. The straw hat is a Pandang.

WITH a gay swing of the sh... ders girls today stride... ready for fun, flirtatious... free in clothes cut for action. The... learned that the quickest way to... out of a man's life is to shiver on... boat so he has to take off his... warm sweater and offer it to... or say you're tired, because... can't walk around all day on th... high heels, or tell him that... dress you're wearing will be ru... if you indulge in a bit of real e... cise.

Our Collier's girl has solved... bowling problem with her stri... blue silk shirtwaist dress. The n... here is a sleeve with a fabric in... which allows the most violent... motion without fear of ripping sea... It buttons down the front too... gives her plenty of leg room.

On the boat she wears yel... corduroy slacks and sweatshirt ca... gan that can take the salt spray... are both warm and washable. A... fect frame too for golden beauty.

A bright tricolored midriff in... white celanese rayon bathing... and the turkish toweling shawl... definitely summer 1940.

Ready for the picnic in her b... red and yellow gingham dress t... won't show grass stains and sh... boyish topper in blue flannel v... brass buttons.

And remember the crispness... white gloves, the trimness of l... bound in a mesh turban or bri... scarf. It's the attention you give... the little details in your wardr... that makes it a joy to you and th... who see you.

He wants to play and so do y... but make yourself stand out agai... the background, and the light in... eyes when he smiles approval... mean you're going to have a won... ful time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN AND IFOR THOMAS





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Berkeley, Calif.



"Ringo wa'n't good enough for a fine gal like Carrie," Dave said. "So I and Carrie hauled off an' divo'ced him. Didn't us, baby?"

## The Mule-Angel

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Uncle Henry knew about mules. That made him an authority on any subject—especially on theology

GILES had been tactful and Uncle Henry appreciated it. The foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation put on an awful fuss about having to send Ringo to help the aging lotman are for the eighty-odd mules. "You runs around too much at night," the foreman stormed in mock rage. "You ole goat! I bet quick as de sun go down ev'y night, you gits out and wawks de bayou. Den when daylight come,

you's too tired to lift de cawn basket. You claim you got a gimp in yo' back. Efn you don't watch out, some lady gonter bus' yo' back!"

Uncle Henry laughed. "I jest can't he'p gittin' about wid de ladies, Mist' Giles," he lied.

"Well," the foreman said, "I'm gonter send Ringo to he'p you tote dem baskets ontwell you settle down."

The blow had fallen, though it had not been as bad as Uncle Henry feared. For some time now, he had expected Ringo to take over the duties at the lot, but Giles had made a good joke about it. Uncle Henry seldom went anywhere except to his cabin across the road, because there was no knowing when something might happen in the lot and he ought to be close at hand. And any

mule in the lot would tell you how, many was the time, Uncle Henry had rolled out of bed and grabbed his "drench bottle" at old Sadie's first groan when her bellyaches set in. Or how he had braved flashing heels and milling feet to rescue the arrogant Miss Patsy every time Jude and Queen hemmed her against the trough and began giving her the "heel tonic" she deserved. Yes, the mules knew that Uncle Henry had not neglected them. And Giles knew the same.

But Giles knew and Uncle Henry knew that age was slowing down the lotman.

"Daidhaid," Uncle Henry mumbled to himself. "Hit's bad but hit's a fack." He had told many an old mule just that. He remembered when old Deemus got

too old to work and was turned into the pasture. He had seen Deemus watch the other mules go to the field and, instead of eating grass and getting fat, Deemus just stood up and looked sorry.

"You eat yo' grass and forgit dem mules," Uncle Henry told Deemus. "You know good as me you can't drag yo' end er de doubletree all day in de field, like a young mule. You's too old. You's a daidhaid, now. Deemus."

He wouldn't eat, though, and he died off that summer. All the deadheads usually died off soon after being turned into pasture. Once, Uncle Henry experimented with an old mule named Blue. He caught Blue from the pasture and put him to light plowing in the vegetable garden, just to keep up the

(Continued on page 27)



# Where Credit was Due

By Jeffers Godfrey

The rise of Beemish Todd, who found love a more complicated matter than business

THERE'S been a mile of stories in newspapers and magazines about the rise of Beemish Todd, but they tell only half the story. . . .

Our town is a town of ten thousand population, and it has a high school of three hundred pupils, and I went through the high school with Beemish. He was an energetic boy, tall for his age, and I suppose was just as good-looking in a steady-eyed, dark-complexioned way as he is as a man today in the newsreels and magazines. But we never noticed his looks much, for his outstanding feature was a kind of cash-mindedness that made him a decided pain in the neck as treasurer of the class, a job he managed to wangle every one of our four years.

Whenever the ice-cream cones at the school cafeteria were looking their largest, there was Beemish to jog the elbow and confiscate the nickel for class dues; and when for a graduation essay he took "Grab the cash and let the credit go" as his theme, we all agreed he certainly was preaching what he always practiced.

About a dozen of us got store jobs around town after graduation, and Beemish Todd was very happy in the cash-only atmosphere of one of the big grocery chains where he could bounce quarters and halves into the till from morning to night. Then his Uncle Dan died and left Beemish alone in the world with an estate that netted a little over eleven hundred dollars cash money.

Beemish immediately enrolled in a night-school course in merchandising, and began to look around town for a business to buy into with his legacy. Several local merchants were receptive to his partnership, for Beemish was a good worker and they could use his money; but Beemish found the stigma of credit attached to their various businesses, and he passed them all up. So he had to look beyond our town, for only the chain concerns were on the strictly cash basis that he demanded.

HE SENT out perhaps thirty letters over a period of a year to small firms in the city of which our town is a suburb, but got no answers. Then he asked me to let him use my father's typewriter; and on Dad's machine he ran off this letter:

Pollard Hardware Co.  
27 Canal Street  
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

The STRICTLY CASH sign in the rear of your store pleased me, but the rest of the store is all wrong. For instance: you have tables of low-priced, quick-turnover hardware right down through the center of the store. Now I read that myself on page 36 of Bloom's Modern Merchandising, just the way you did; but the trouble is you didn't read far enough, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Let me quote Bloom, page 211: "Get your traffic into the store. Sales are in direct ratio to customer penetration. The farther in the customer walks, the farther out he has to walk. And every customer step is a potential sale."

I am ready to invest \$1143.32 in Pollard Hardware when and if:

1. You remove those tables that bounce a customer back on the sidewalk before he's in the store, and:
2. You fire the cashier.

Yours truly,  
BEEMISH TODD

An answer came with surprising promptness.

Dear Mr. Todd:

The tables are out, and if you really have \$1143.32 to invest, you'd better hurry up.

But the cashier has to stay. What's wrong with her?

Yours truly,  
POLLARD HARDWARE CO.

Pollard Hardware Co.  
27 Canal Street  
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

This is what's wrong with her, as found out when in your store. I bought a five-cent article, and went over to her with the sales slip. She was reading a love mag. I gave her a dollar bill and the five-cent slip. She gave me back a dollar and five cents in silver. I gave her back the extra dime. She looked at the slip and gave me back a nickel. I gave her back the nickel. She looked at the slip and looked at the nickel. She said: "What are you waiting for?—it's nickel sale."

Now, being a man of the world, I know the biological effect of a baby-faced blonde with the probable conformation of a bubble dancer. But in successful cash business you have to be objective, and there are two necessities for a hardware cashier:

1. The ability to make change and say "thank you," and keep her nose out of a love book, and:
2. Brains.

Your blonde has neither. However, I agree to let her stay, if she has to, and I will be in at 11:30 A.M. the 28th inst.

Yours truly,  
BEEMISH TODD

My dear Mr. Todd:

Never mind coming in.  
Very truly yours,  
POLLARD HARDWARE CO.

Pollard Hardware Co.  
27 Canal Street  
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

I will be in at 11:30 A.M. the 28th inst.  
Yours truly,  
BEEMISH TODD

On the next Monday, Beemish walked into Pollard Hardware. The middle floor of the little store was empty of tables and stock; but, unless you could call a few pounds of loose nails scattered over shelves and floor stock, there wasn't any stock anywhere.

Beemish said: "You've overdone it. No one answered him. He looked around and saw there wasn't a clerk in the store. There was no one in the store."



"Do you know how many times I've asked her to quit cashiering and marry me, Beemish?" Harry asked. "I don't want to hear about it," Beemish said



pt the blonde in the cashier's cage, in she was too busy reading a love oc to pay any attention to him. Beemish walked over to her.

"Where's Mr. Pollard, or whoever was Pollard Hardware?" he asked her. "I'm Rita Pollard," the girl said, going on with her reading, "and I'm Pollard Hardware—what's left of it." "Where's all the stock?" Beemish asked, gulping down his natural chagrin finding anyone like her was Pollard Hardware.

The jobbers took out whatever belonged to them, and let it go at that. Harry Harmon got them to agree to it so there wouldn't be any bankruptcy, and Pollard Hardware would be a going concern when you were up with your money."

"You call an empty store like this a going concern?"

He turned a page.

"SURE, it's going," she said, "but you can figure for yourself which way it's headed."

Beemish asked: "Who's this Harry Harmon?"

She stopped reading.

"What do you want to know for?" she asked.

"He seems to have an unhealthy interest in you and this business," Beemish said darkly, letting his natural chagrin get the better of him.

"He's the son of Harmon and Son, the biggest wholesale hardware house in Pottsburg," she said, "and don't kid yourself that he has any interest in Pollard Hardware as a business." She giggled suddenly, slapped shut her magazine, stopped giggling and came walking out of the cage. She was a little bump for bubble-dancing, but she had that was Beemish's idea of a perfect type. She demanded: "Just what's healthy in a fellow's having an interest in a girl like me?"

Beemish couldn't answer that. At the moment, he was suffering a vital interest in her himself. He was tingling through every inch of his circulatory system; it was, if anything, too healthy a tingle; and it certainly had nothing to do with the hardware business.

"You'd better keep away from that Harry just the same," he said.

"Say, you've got a nerve! You'd think you owned—"

"I own half the business, don't I?"

She stared at him. Her blue eyes, widening, were very blue and very beautiful. "You don't mean you're going to put your eleven hundred dollars to a defunct concern!"

Beemish chided: "You said yourself it was a going concern."

"It's been going for fifty years, sure—but right now Pollard Hardware hasn't a nickel's worth of assets to its name."

"You're wrong," Beemish said. "It has my money, it has fifty years of good will, it has my brains."

She grinned at him.

"Oh, well, in that case it's got me, too—in the cage."

"I was speaking of assets," Beemish said.

"Is that so, wise guy! Well, let me tell you something. As long as Pollard Hardware has a cashier, I'm it, and don't kid yourself it'll ever be anyone different!"

Beemish nodded in resignation.

"I know that," he said. "I agreed to that in my letter."

"Your letter!" Then she went so fast from indignation into a dulcet giggle that Beemish was a little dizzy. "That reminds me that I'm late for a date to eat lunch at the Brass Rail with Harry Harmon. Here—take the keys. I can't seem to get away from Harry since you put that about the bubble dancer in your letter."

She tossed over the keys, she got out a dainty compact and accentuated her beauty, and she walked out the door. Beemish's heart went right along with her.

However, Beemish lost no time indulging his jealousy. He hustled into the back office and got down the ledgers to get a true picture of Pollard Hardware. It was a bad picture. No funds—and a thousand unpaid customer accounts dating back as far as fifty years. So the sign in the store about Strictly Cash didn't mean anything. Well, it would in the future.

He grabbed his hat, locked up the store and set out for the Brass Rail.

He found Rita and Harry in a rear

booth, and he sat down and had lunch with them. Harry was so pleasant and well-groomed and smilingly sophisticated that Beemish was suspicious of him from the outset. However, he ordered seven hundred dollars' worth of basic hardware from Harry during the meal, cash on delivery and cancellable in part or in toto at the buyer's will, and Harry reciprocated by paying the three lunch checks.

While Rita was weighing herself on the free scales on the way out, Harry said: "I tell you one thing, Beemish. You'll never get anywhere with Rita handling the cash. That was the trouble the last time."

(Continued on page 48)

"You figure you're keeping within the terms of our partnership agreement, Beemish?" she said

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROBERT O. REID



ROBERT O. REID





Here, as Dr. Langer envisions it, is the new and fascinating way of life that lies within the immediate grasp of man through utilization of Uranium-235, the long-sought, practical source of atomic power. It's a world that is changed socially as well as physically, and a world of ease, comfort, luxury and security for everybody in it

## Fast New World

By Dr. R. M. Langer

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE IN PHYSICS,  
CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Science unleashes a tremendous new source of energy. Here are the things, fantastic only yesterday, that you'll probably live to see

IN NO war of the past has the average man had more reason than he has right now to look forward toward the inevitable peace with greater faith in the eventual prosperity, security and happiness of himself and his family. In no other year of despair and suffering among men has there been a kinder and brighter light on the horizon ahead. This is not a promise of Utopia centuries away. It is a statement of facts that will profoundly change for the better the daily lives of you and yours.

Despite current headlines we are about to enter a period of unparalleled richness and opportunities for all. Privilege and class distinctions and the other sources of social uneasiness and bitterness will become relics because things that make up the good life will be so abundant and inexpensive. War itself will become obsolete because of the disappearance of those economic stresses that immemorably have caused it. Industrious, powerful nations and clever, aggressive races can win at peace far more than could ever be won at war.

This is not visionary. The foundations of the happy era have already been laid. The driving force is within our grasp. Reality is about to be handed from the scientists in their laboratories to the

engineers in their factories for application to your daily life. It is a new form of power—atomic power. It will change our lives in a thousand ways. On the basis of how you live today you cannot make the chart of how you will live tomorrow. You must draw a wholly new picture.

Transportation anywhere on, over or beyond the earth will be at your personal touch. The face of the earth will be changed—with rails, houses and roads gone. Your social and cultural and recreational life will have infinite variety. Everything—your clothes, food, health—will be touched by the wand.

The source of this new power lies in the element called U-235. This is a special kind of Uranium, which, until recently, was the ninety-second, or last and heaviest, in the scale of known elements. (Now the discovery of a ninety-third and a ninety-fourth has been reported.)

Uranium is derived from pitchblende, a mineral found in many parts of the world from Connecticut to Norway and Germany. Ninety-nine per cent of the Uranium is uninteresting for us here, but in a ton of pitchblende there are some ten pounds of a special kind of Uranium. Concentrated and disposed





ROLF KLEP

a suitable manner, already known, special Uranium, called U-235, is a fuel of remarkable intensity and flexibility. One pound of U-235 can be made give out as much heat as can be obtained from 1,000 tons of coal. If coal is worth \$5 a ton as fuel, then a pound of U-235 is worth \$5,000 as fuel. But this does not do justice to U-235. Coal is bulky and limited in the temperatures at which it burns, U-235 is marvelously compact and incredibly easy to manage. It can be made to maintain a constant temperature, high or low. It could be used to incubate eggs, or to give white-hot incandescence. It can be turned on and off like an electric light. It can be exploded with a violence beyond anything known on earth, and it can be stored, without deterioration, indefinitely.

Now I have said that as cheap and simple fuel, compared with coal at \$5 a ton, U-235 is worth \$5,000 a pound. But it would also do what is required of gasoline. Compared with the production cost of gasoline, at four cents a gallon for the best quality, U-235 is worth at least \$10,000 a pound. When substituted for electricity at one cent per kilowatt hour it is worth \$100,000 a pound. As a competitor for the storage

battery; or for radium, in treating cancer; or as fuel for rocket ships; it is vastly more valuable than any of the rates quoted.

But so far this picture has been drawn upside down. It is nonsense to discuss the dollar value of U-235. If veins containing 1 per cent of the Uranium in the earth's crust are discovered, and when refineries are developed for extraction of U-235 from the Uranium ore, then U-235 will, itself, be the standard of value. It will furnish the true energy dollar. The gold standard will have become incomprehensible. It is not too soon to begin adjusting ourselves to the situation that will exist then.

#### The Age of U-235

As a physicist, perhaps, I ought to be devoting myself now to a deeper study of U-235, itself, and leave to the new generation of businessmen and housewives the design for the civilization of the next era: "The Age of U-235." But the subject is fascinating. I have dabbled in it and I present without shame a look across the threshold of a new and startling world:

Your "Sunday driving" will be in a propellerless plane 50 miles above the

surface of the earth. When you make a trip to see a fine display of the aurora borealis you make a note, on the way, of the weather that is moving toward your home so that you can make plans for the next few days. A little practice at a height of 50 miles makes you practically infallible about the weather.

In your home the big problem is entertainment. You have access to everything produced anywhere in the world—so too have your friends. But it is harder than ever to provide something interesting, new, unexpected, colorful. With universal facilities at command, people have become experts on colors, sounds and flavors. They have everything and still they must keep on their toes. They have the best of everything, but tradition forbids them to be too easily satisfied. They are driven to achievement.

Energy has become so cheap that it isn't worth making a charge for it. It is so convenient there are no distribution costs. That means that freight as well as passenger transportation are public utilities; like the heat and light and water in your house, you don't have to pay for them at all. But the big, sudden change brought about by U-235 is that man is no longer dependent upon

the sun for his cheapest and most essential manufacture—the production of food. This means that any country, with any climate, at any time of the year, on very small acreage, indoors, can grow what it needs to feed and clothe and provide shelter for its citizens. The citizens need only contribute according to their talents: administrative, manipulative or technical services for a small fraction of their time.

#### Real Steps Toward Utopia

The notion that food will become less important, or less attractive, or less palatable than it is nowadays is obvious nonsense. There may be artificial foods, but they will have to compete with Nature's products, improved by all that genetics and complete control of environment can contribute. Surely we can expect to accelerate the growth of plants and animals, to improve breeds, to generate new species.

We shall be able to satiate ourselves with all the plastics our ingenuity can discover. Textiles and building materials would be scarcely worth charging for, and we shall have to invent luxuries sufficiently interesting to occupy the

(Continued on page 54)





Then Montana came again. A left hook blazed again and didn't miss. McGinty heard the thunder in his head

## Down Went McGinty

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**It's easy to give up the title when you're still champion, but it's tough to get it back if you should change your mind**

**B**USINESS was hot cakes within the Midnight Club. The trumpets blew the dinner music higher than the rhythm of the piano and the strings, but kept it soft and disciplined with mutes. Some people danced. McGinty drained his drink. "The sweetest little girl in all the world is what you are," McGinty said. "Just let me have the fifty bucks."

The girl said, "No."

McGinty laughed and watched the girl. The drinks he had inside of him were multiple and fine, of rum and lemon juice and goodly things he'd never had in quantity before. "True love is not a matter of accountancy," he said. "Fifty bucks is corn flakes to a guy like me."

"Where I live it's the rent," she said. "Oh, Barney, cut it out. You're such a clown. Don't make a face like that. It wasn't my idea, you know. You said we'd put aside so much each week. You took a hundred yesterday."

"I knew a guy who needed it," he said.

"You knew a horse. A milk-wagon

horse. He must have been dragging the wagon. He was ninth."

McGinty was startled. His eyes found refuge from her wise and pious glance, and viewed, instead, his knobbed and lumpy hands. But McGinty wore no lumps upon his head. He was a clean and very pleasant-looking gent. "How'd you know?" he asked the girl. "Where'd you hear a thing like that?"

"I hear a lot of things I'm not supposed to hear. I wouldn't care," she said. "I wouldn't care a bit if you hadn't promised me. It was your idea, Barney, and your money, too. It's not mine. You can mind it yourself. I wish you would."

Mary wore her anger quite attractively, he thought. It gave new color to her strong and lovely face; it gave live meaning to the dark depths of her eyes that were so large and soft and deeply blue, now gleaming with the moisture of the tears she hadn't shed. He'd never seen her cry, but she'd come close a time or two, as when one time he'd been hit

cleanly on the chin, or that other time, more ghastly still, when their marriage plans were made, then dissolved with quick disaster in an all-night game of craps.

"I'm gonna buy you a rock as big as your eye," he said. "A five-thousand-dollar rock. A headlight, wait and see."

**T**HE words just made him foolish, he supposed. He'd said them all so many times, and so sincerely he would swear to all the saints they would come true. "Tonight's the night," he said. "Tonight my pal the Sailor becomes a golden goose. He even looks like a goose. Just wait'll you see his nose."

She only smiled a little bit, her soft lips breaking slowly from her white and perfect teeth. She might have been Miss America, if she tried to be. He placed a finger firmly on one nostril, and then nasally intoned, "Them — wedding — bells—are—"

"Barney—be sensible!" she said, then

nudged him gently with a toe beneath the table set for two. "Paul will be coming over," Mary told him then. "People can hear you. They're looking at you."

"They're looking at you," he said. "Because you are so pretty." He placed the finger on his nose again and threatened to renew the song. "Gimme the fifty bucks," he said. "Gimme; gimme; gimme."

She concealed the money in her pocket and managed to get it under the rumpled napkin next to him. McGinty said, "You're a great big bag of sugar."

"I'm a what?"

"You're sweet," he said, but believing she was better than that, and hoped did not consider him a worm for wanting all the money he had firmly resolved to save, through the simple measure of placing it in her more trustworthy hands. Except McGinty was in hock, and knew it well.

Paul Keegan stopped to ask them if the service was all right, and if the ste-



just exactly as they should be, and drinks. Paul was a tall and serious young man whose face was just as honest as the tinkle of a silver dime. He owned the Midnight Club and all the costly things therein. He used to be a dancer in some clubs around the town, but everybody said his brain was nimbler than his feet. He used to dance with Mary, who was eleven years ago, when both of them, aged nineteen years, saw Barney in the Golden Gloves.

Paul sat and drank some claret wine. He never used the stronger stuff. He said to Mary, "You're the finest decoration in the place." He always said something like that when Mary was around, and he wore a slightly punchy look until she went away. Paul was a noble gentleman, McGinty was convinced, but he knew that sheer nobility was not so easily starched. He never felt quite comfortable with characters of tested metal. He had another drink, a habit very strange to him. The fights at the garden were scheduled to begin, and he went to the checkroom together. He chose this moment for the fixing of his hair. "Great little girl," Paul Keegan

said. "The best in the world," McGinty said. "It always went like this. 'You've got a nice place, Paul. You're doing pretty swell.'"

"I'd be lying if I said things weren't good. You know I'm opening up another fight in a little while."

McGinty said he'd heard.

"I'll have to plug the other place," said Paul. "It's going to be uptown a bit. I have to give it all my time."

"You'll find time, Paul. You always get things done."

"I thought that you might like the job to manage this place here. People like you, Barney. You know that. It's worth a hundred dollars every week to you."

McGINTY feared something like this.

He knew that Paul was being nice to him, being big, and stretching his nobly content heart as long as a city block.

He looked at Paul. He said, "No, thanks." The way he said no, thanks, he meant no, thanks. "But it's nice of you, Paul, and things are not as fourteen-year-old as they might be, pal. Mary and I are getting married soon, you know, but I guess the Sailor's gonna pull us tough. The man is tough."

Paul made no further offers through the kindness of his heart. He said, "Best luck to the Sailor, Barney. How's the fight he's going to fight?"

"Delaney? A pretty smart boy, Paul. He's been around. Nice boxer, but no teacher. Sailor should eat the guy."

"Eat him?"

"A slip of the tongue," McGinty said. "The Sailor will eat anything, regardless of race, color or creed. He's a sporting fellow. He bit a guy's ear in Boston. Lookit, Paul—" Mention of the Sailor's appetite reminded McGinty of further indebtedness. Being an indulgent man, he had permitted his heavyweight to be fed the two-dollar lunches at the Midnight Club—special rations of rare meats and spinach for the Sailor, but strictly no sweets, except a cup of custard now and then, a little ice cream, a chocolate bar. "What do I owe you for the Sailor's meals, Paul?"

"That's all right, Barney. See me after the fight." The implication was that McGinty had no scratch. It was a state of mind he wished to leave with no one other than Mary, and certainly not with Paul, who used to have a bank account of twenty bucks a week. He drew the fifty dollars from his pocket. "I meant to speak to you before. How much?"

"Oh—oh, let me see. Maybe twenty-five, twenty-six—say twenty-five, Barney. No rush about the thing at all."

McGinty saw his fifty dollars cut in half. He hoped the Sailor enjoyed the

meals. It would be all right if the Sailor won tonight, and, naturally, there was no doubt that he would win tonight. But just suppose—suppose he lost tonight!

"Great guy, the Sailor. Nothing but the best," McGinty said. "I'll tell ya, Paul—I'll tell ya what I'll do." He flipped a nickel lightly in the air, then held it flat and covered on his hand. "For a gag," he said. "It's fifty bucks or

on the house." His careless smile said this would be the sporting thing to do, but his hand upon the nickel was wet with sudden sweat.

Paul didn't smile. He just said, "Tails."

The nickel showed the buffalo. "Tails is right," McGinty said. "Some day I'm gonna shoot a buffalo. I'm goin' up to the zoo in the Bronx and shoot one in the

head." He gave the fifty bucks to Paul.

"You'd probably bring the buffalo home for ham and eggs. Or pawn him for his hide." The voice was just in back of him. The voice belonged to Mary, no one else, and no doubt she had stood silent there while he lost the fifty bucks.

Their cab moved slowly in the rain. (Continued on page 38)



"For a gag," he said, "it's fifty bucks or on the house." His hand was wet with sudden sweat





No poetic nonsense bothered Greg, who snatched the paper from her and wolfed through it with his eyes

## Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

### The Story Thus Far:

**B**ITTER enemies, in the little city of Wallisport, Massachusetts, John Gabriel (whose machine-tool company is feverishly filling war orders) and Caleb Thatcher are in love with the same girl: Hope Shaler; and Hope is engaged to John.

Because Caleb had fought on the Loyalist side in Spain, John believes that he is a dangerous "Red." . . . Bert Hendricks, a labor leader, comes to Wallisport. Caleb had served with him in Spain and gives him a warm welcome; and when one of John Gabriel's factory buildings is burned and John accuses Hendricks of incendiarism, Caleb helps him to make his getaway. . . . Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel (widow of John's brother) has become infatuated with a British industrial spy: Greg Ashburn. From her, Ashburn is obtaining much valuable secret data. . . .

Hendricks returns to Wallisport. Unable to find Caleb, he approaches Hope and implores her to ask Caleb to meet him in Boston. Then, knowing that the police are after him, he steals away, disappears. . . . Hope delivers the message. Later, learning that John is on the point of calling in the G-men, she hurries to Boston, succeeds in finding Caleb (whom she warns). But Hendricks does not show up—before he can meet Caleb, he is drowned. . . .

Bert Hendricks drowned? Caleb does not believe it. He feels sure that his friend has been murdered. And, interpreting something that Hendricks had said to Hope, he is certain that he can name the murderer: a person named *Heinemann*.

Caleb and Hendricks had served under Heinemann, in Spain. Heinemann, a Nazi member of the fifth column in the Loyalist army, had betrayed his unit to the enemy. Many men, cruelly trapped, had died. Caleb and Hendricks had escaped, miraculously. Whereupon, Caleb and Hendricks had vowed that, some day, they would "get" Heinemann. But, coming to America, Heinemann had somehow succeeded in bringing about the death of Hendricks. . . .

Following a serious quarrel with Caleb—a quarrel in which Hope, who is present, takes Caleb's side—John Gabriel goes to his home. Entering, he finds the house dark. Hearing someone in the library, he steps into the room, seizes the intruder—*Natalie!* Natalie asserts that she, too, had heard someone in the room, and had come downstairs to investigate.

John goes to a safe. In it, undisturbed, is a copy of some important "mobilization plans." He turns to Natalie. "You saved it," he says. Then Natalie faints.

### VII

**N**O ONE had counted how often Caleb had said, "Oh, damn the police!" This time there was sharpness in Hope's voice when she answered, "If you don't tell them anything, you can't expect anything from them."

She was right—and she had been right oftener than he throughout these weeks. But when, this morning, he had tried to make Jim Dowdy believe that Bert had been murdered, it had been absolutely clear that he must not tell anything of what he knew. He had to make sure of the crucial day or two when there must be no sign anywhere that he suspected anything. So, naturally, Jim Dowdy had stood on what he knew. There was no mark on Bert's body, there was water in his lungs—it was a drowning and there was no reason to suspect anything else. And Caleb, telling the union that he would put off the funeral for twenty-four hours more in the hope of locating

relatives, had repulsively had another physician verify the findings. Nothing. A drowned man—who had been murdered. . . . That crucial day or two of apparent ignorance might very well, he knew, serve the unseen antagonist as much as it served him. Or more. The risk had to be taken.

"You've got to tell them everything," Hope said. "I know all the arguments and I still say you've got to tell them everything. At once—now—before . . . Her voice trailed off.

But she was composed, and it was amazing how, these last weeks, the exquisiteness of her features had become strength as well. Only a little more than a month ago he had seen her lying on the same scuffed couch she was sitting on now, and had told her with an inconceivable casualness that a tomboy had grown up into a beautiful woman. And

(Continued on page 30)



# Batting Averages are Cockeyed

by George H. Sisler

Is the ballplayer who cleans the bases rate a better batting average than one who barely beats a bunt? George Sisler, former batting star, thinks the entire rating system should be changed

WHEN I was playing in the big leagues I never had any reason to kick about the way the scoring was done but even then I realized that something was wrong with the system. Then, when I became manager of the St. Louis Browns, I was even more convinced of it. I knew, for instance, that Al Severeid, our catcher, was the best to have up there at the plate in the world, but if we rewarded him on the basis of his official batting record, he would have been about the worst paid player on the squad.

The situation was bad in this instance because of the faults of the scoring method, the most glaring during last year's World Series. Certainly a team like the New York Yankees, winning the series in four straight games, ought to have a decided edge in the statistics. On the contrary, the present system of computing averages miserably failed to reflect this difference. The powerhouse Yankees had a batting average of .206 against a mark hung up by the Cincinnati Reds of .203. Does this explain why the Yanks whipped the Reds so severely? The difference of three points in the averages would seem to indicate that the teams were evenly matched in batting. Yet anybody who saw that game knows that the Reds were overwhelmed by the heavy-hitting New Yorkers.

It is obvious that a hitter who slams a home run with the bases loaded would have a higher rating than a man who beats out a bunt with the bases empty. One day with the Browns, Harry Williams, our edition of Babe Ruth, hit three home runs and drove in four runs. In the same game Herschel Bennett, a sub outfielder, had four sin-

gles in four times at bat, two of the infield scratch variety and none of them entering into the outcome of the game. According to the records, Bennett hit 1.000 for the day and Williams, who won the game for us, had to be content with .750.

Likewise, a runner who scores from first base on a double or one who goes from first to third on a single is of more offensive value to the club than a slow-footed individual who can't get those extra bases. During one of my late years I hit .340 with the Boston Braves and appeared, on paper, to be a great success, but in reality I was about through. My legs had begun to go and I found I couldn't get from first to third on a single, as I had easily done in the past. As an effective ballplayer I was about half as good as I had formerly been but you would never have known it from looking at the averages.

In short, the present method of computing baseball batting averages is all cockeyed. It simply doesn't give a just or fair or even sensible picture of the situation.

There are literally hundreds of examples every season to bear this statement out. Take this one: In New York the bases are filled in the last half of the ninth, with the score tied at 4-4. Two are out and Mel Harder, the Cleveland ace, is facing Joe DiMaggio, the hitting wonder. The crowd is tense in anticipation because this is the test of a true hitter. Spurning the first two offerings, DiMaggio swings lustily on the third and drives a sharp single into left, winning the game.

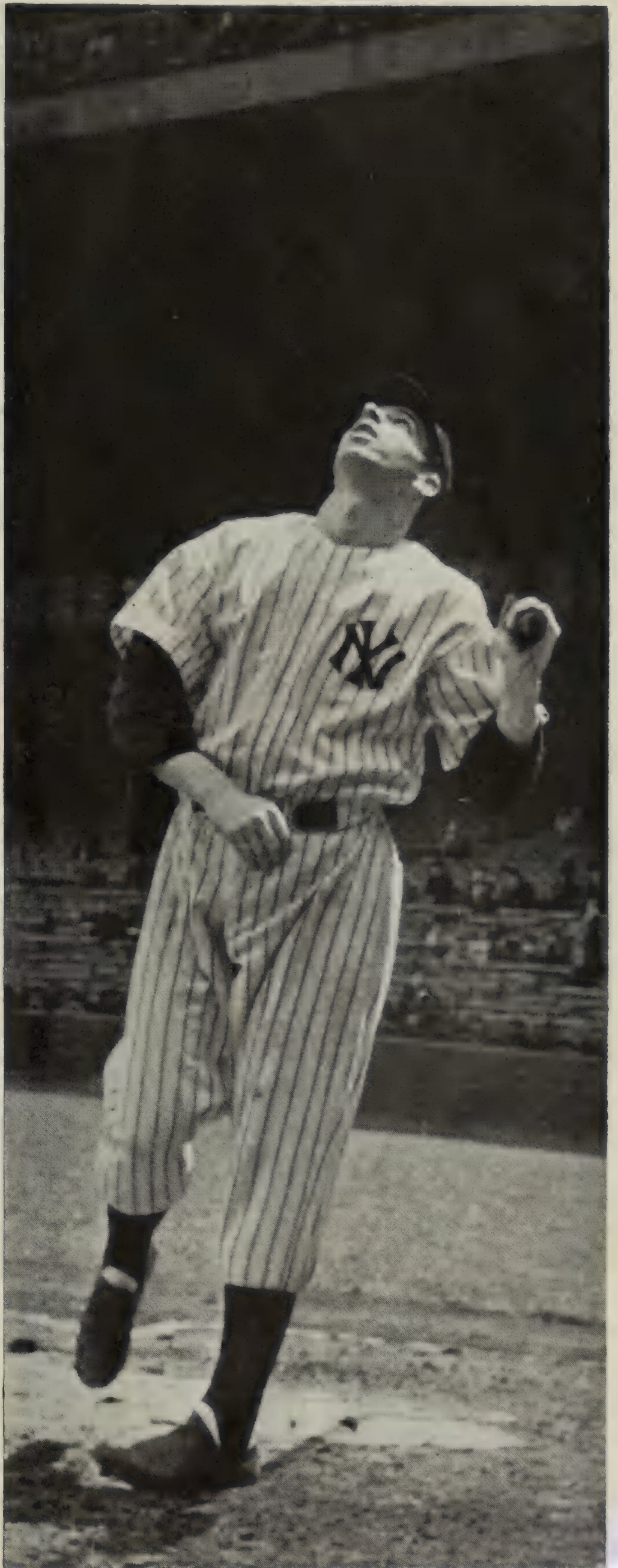
The scene changes to Detroit where DiMaggio is facing Buck Newsom, the

**Right: Joe DiMaggio, Yankee headliner. He would almost certainly retain his supremacy under the author's efficiency-rating system**

**Left: Frank McCormick of the Reds, who hit .400 in the World Series. His rating under Sisler's system would not be as impressive**



ANGUTI



THOMAS



# These Our Rulers

By John T. Flynn

**Lesson Number Two in practical politics: How to make a million dollars in ten easy years on an annual salary of \$15,000. Long-suffering patience and uncomplaining co-operation are what it takes. Not from you, of course. From the taxpayers**

ON THE thirteenth day of April, 1933, there was great excitement at Clark and Randolph streets. Crowds were streaming into City Hall. Edward F. Kelly was being crowned as mayor to succeed the dead Tony Cermak. Only a few were admitted to the Council Chamber for the induction. But it was a gala event. It was a notable event in Chicago history—notable for the odd assortment of celebrities there, celebrities who would before long add strange and even tragic draperies to their fame.

There were all the men who ruled that powerful machine which held—and

holds—Chicago in the hollow of its hands. There was Kelly, handsome, strong, capable—just being made mayor—smiling, showing a trace of gravity over the somewhat less friendly demonstrations outside. There was Nash—old P. A.—titular boss, co-partner in what has come to be the Kelly-Nash machine—squat, broad-shouldered, past seventy. At the door, exercising discretion on who should be admitted to the great scene, was Moe Rosenberg—good old Moe!—boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward, the man who, with Tony Cermak, picked up the wreck of the Democratic party in Cook County when George Brennan

**Pay-off man for Chicago utilities was Junkman Moe Rosenberg, who handed politicians, judges and other officials \$500,000 in cash in two years**

**County Clerk Robert Sweitzer was \$400,000 short in his accounts because his office was a loan agency for politicians. He was tried and was acquitted**

**William Harding Johnson, above, Chicago's superintendent of schools and storm center of the controversy over the principals' examinations that provided jobs for Kelly-Nash political favorites. Johnson's recent re-election has started a new wave of indignation among Chicago's rebellious teachers**



died, bailed it out of debt and put it on the road to power. There was Bob Sweitzer—genial, dapper, popular Bob Sweitzer, twice Democratic candidate for mayor and one of the great chieftains of the party. There was Frank V. Zintak, another one of the inner bund or ruling class. And there was old Bathhouse John Coughlin and Hinky-Dink Mike Kenna—the Hink and the Bath—for almost fifty years lords of the Loop, rulers of the mighty First Ward.

There was Jake Arvey, headman of the council, Number Three man or deputy assistant boss, smilingly managing the proceedings. There was William J. Conners (Bottsie Conners), Big Chief of the Forty-second, and John J. Touhy, equally Big Chief of the Twenty-seventh Ward, yet to be tried on the Sanitary District charges. And Tom Courtney, the young state's attorney, who would bring tears to Kelly's eyes ere long. Here was the cast of characters in the big show that was about to open as the Kelly-Nash bus tuned up, took off the brakes that April morning and set off on its career.

Before long there would be the darnedest, biggest "gittin'-up" day of skeletons—skeletons popping up out of various old closets to bedevil Mr. Kelly and Mr. Nash. And they are important to us because these skeletons help to answer the questions—who pays the bills? Where does the dough come from? What is it makes a machine possible?

One of the first skeletons to pop up rose from that biggest of all skeleton closets, the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington. It hit Moe Rosenberg. You've never heard of Moe—but if you'll take a look around your town you will probably find you have a little Moe of your own right there.

Moe Rosenberg was just one of the best fellows that ever lived. Any number of people in Chicago have assured me that he "was just a hell of a swell

guy." A fellow could go to Moe practically any time and put the bee on him for a grand or two, or even ten grand if the need was great. Moe went around always with a big roll of what Kelly's lawyer called "frogskins." And he would peel off a healthy wad for anybody who was a "right guy." In Chicago there are "right guys" and "wrong guys." A right guy is a fellow who is in your own racket and plays the game straight whether it is politics, dope or homicide. A wrong guy is one who can't be trusted. Personally, Moe was a junkman. Which was nothing against him socially—for right at this moment there's a gentleman in Chicago who is nothing less than a tycoon—Billy Skidmore—who is a junkman. Billy Skidmore is good enough to be indicted for owing the government \$300,000 in taxes—and Billy is a junkman. Moe was personally a junkman, but publicly boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward. "But Moe wasn't one to draw ward lines," a politician assured me. "I seen Moe pass out \$250 a precinct to every precinct captain for a half a dozen wards in a judicial election." He was big-hearted like that—not the least provincial.

Moe was one of three brothers. His pa was in the junk business before him and passed that enterprise on to Mike and Moe—brothers. There was another brother, Itchy—a fine man too. He was part of a gang that knocked over Eddie Loux, Western Electric inspector. Then he ran a black-and-tan joint in Cottage Grove Avenue known as the Ritz Carlton, until Judge Wilkerson put a padlock on it. This was all excellent training for Itchy's real career, for after this he became Morals Inspector of the Police Department. Fine boys, those Rosenbergs!

Mike ran the junk yard, but Moe knocked around a bit at first. He tried his hand at one thing and another—running a saloon for one thing, and arson

(Continued on page 56)



# LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCO MEANS LESS NICOTINE

**Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!**

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands\*—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests and confirmed, from time to time, by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is rich and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer, rich and mellow tobaccos with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

**With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1***



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#### **\*NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS**

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.





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Friendly Service*

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No wonder Mobilgas suits  
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balanced to give all good  
gasoline qualities...not  
just one or two. Drive in  
for Mobilgas, Mobiloil and  
famous Friendly Service!

COWBOY OR TENDERFOOT—wrangler  
or dude...everybody knows the Red  
Horse "brand"!

From coast to coast, it identifies  
Mobilgas, America's favorite gasoline!

This modern motor fuel is packed  
with all the punch, power, and smooth  
mileage today's fast-firing cars need.

It's made with *all 8* great gasoline  
qualities...every one of them essential  
for clean, smooth firing...full, quiet  
power...good, all-round performance!

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Visit your Mobilgas Dealer. Enjoy  
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7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.  
AND AFFILIATES  
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



# The Mule-Angel

Continued from page 15

tion that the mule was still useful. Old Blue was too accustomed to plowing in big cotton fields and too contrary to listen to reason, so, after destroying a whole row of butter beans and knocking down tomato sticks, Uncle Henry gave up and turned the mule back to pasture. Blue didn't die off until the following winter but he did die.

If Giles had been a man of less understanding, Uncle Henry knew that he, too, would probably have died of a broken heart as soon as Ringo came to the lot. This humbug of bayou-rambling and neglecting the stock—that made it easy.

"Giles is all right," Uncle Henry decided. "He ack mo' like a mule den any an I ever knowed."

B'R CHARLIE was not so tactful. B'R Charlie was the one-legged blacksmith who was also the plantation's teacher. His shop, not far from the barn, was a dull enough place to idle time away, but with Ringo doing all the heavy work in the lot and mules off in the field dragging plows, Uncle Henry had to talk to somebody.

"Set on de kaig," the blacksmith offered. "I figgered you'd do a heap er ettin' over hyar, whilst Ringo feed de cock."

Uncle Henry sat. "Yeah," he said. Ringo handle de cawn basket and de ump handle real good. So I'm gonter t him learn. Den when I git ole and ove up, he be able to go right ahaid id de mules, good as me."

"When you gits ole and stove up?" B'r Charlie repeated.

"Yeah. I was bawn endurin' de year er de surrender, dey tells me. And one er dese days—"

"One er dese days, nothin'!" B'r Charlie snorted. "You a daidhaid, right ow, and you know hit. Efn Giles a'n't skeered er de Widow Duck, he'd urn you a-loose and run you up in de hills. He know Mis' Duck is partial to ou, cause you a deacon in de church."

Being a deadhead was not a pleasant future to contemplate and the lotman was never a one to contemplate unpleasant futures. As a matter of fact, he was beginning to feel capricious, what with no work to do and nothing to worry about. "So," he said now, as if he idea had been with him a long time, "I'm fixin' to take up preachin'."

"Preachin'!" B'r Charlie exclaimed. "Whar you gonter preach at?"

"At de church. Ole Ship er Zion."

"Dat's my church!" B'r Charlie shouted. "Ain't nobody kin preach in dat church unless I say."

"I figgered," Uncle Henry blandly pointed out, "dat hit was de Lawd's church."

With that he abruptly walked out, leaving B'r Charlie in complete mental disorganization. Back at the lot, Uncle Henry saw that Ringo had placed the proper amount of corn in the long troughs, had the hayrack filled and the pump running. He gave detailed instructions on methods of getting the work done.

"And you got to start fussin' at Dave quick as he git in de lot to make him scrape de sweat off'n ole Bug-Eye's collar. Dave jest won't scrape a collar efn you don't fuss at him."

Ringo protested. "I don't like to fuss at Dave. Whyn't you stay hyar and fuss?"

"I got to git up de bayou along about sundown," Uncle Henry said airily, "and speak wid a lady."

Assured that the mules would be

cared for properly, Uncle Henry decided to go fishing. He dug a canful of worms and got his pole.

"Hit ain't de right season for fishin'," Ringo warned him. "You jest might as well stay in de lot. You ain't gonter ketch no fish."

"Didn't say I want to ketch a fish," snorted Uncle Henry. "I say I was fixin' to go fishin'. I'm 'way behind wid my fishin' and I'm fixin' to ketch up."

At the bayou bank, Uncle Henry found a comfortable seat next to an old willow tree. He unwound the line, adjusted the cork, threaded a worm on the hook and threw it into the water.

The afternoon sun was warm and pleasant, the sluggish flow of the bayou soothing.

After a while, he chuckled softly to himself. "I be dog!" he exclaimed. "Dat sho was nice er Giles to put dat bayou-wawkin' humbug on me. And den I turned right around and tole Ringo I couldn't be at de lot at sundown, on account er I was gonter bayou-wawk a

"I bet dey would. And I bet I'm gonter ax some lady to do jest dat for me."

The decision brought gaiety to his soul. It had been a long time since any woman had done anything for him, but this was a mighty fine fish. Uncle Henry began to sing, in a cracked voice:

*"Gonter roll my britches up-a to my knees*

*And wade up de bayou, far as I please.*  
*Cause hit's oh me and hit's oh my,*  
*Gonter wawk up de bayou 'fore I die."*

He shouldered his pole and started up the path. A feeling of complete lack of responsibility came over him.

He laughed to himself. "Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "I'm de he-coon er de camp and I'm fixin' to git about!"

He was strolling happily past the Widow Duck's cabin when he was halted by an enraged yell from B'r Charlie.

"Dar he go, now! I'm tellin' you, he fixin' to go lyin' on de church!"



lady." He slapped his leg. "I bet dat was a humbug!"

The idea amused him until he recalled his conversation with B'r Charlie. "I bet I put a humbug off on him, too," he laughed. "Me, fixin' to preach!" The idea was ridiculous. "I kin out-tawk any deacon dat ever hit de church, but I couldn't preach a tex' efn I had to."

FURTHER contemplation was interrupted by a sudden bobbing of the cork and before Uncle Henry could adjust himself to the idea of a nibble, the cork described a wide arc on the water and went down. Uncle Henry yanked.

A four-pound yellow-bellied catfish landed on the bank. If Uncle Henry was surprised by the off-season catch, he did not show it. He caught the fish by the head, expertly putting the dagger-like fins between the proper fingers and removed the hook. He spent a long, comfortable afternoon.

It was nearly sundown when Uncle Henry stopped fishing and picked up his catch. It was a handsome fish, long-bodied and fat. "I bet," Uncle Henry speculated, "dat hit's a heap er ladies along dis hyar bayou would be glad to fry dis fish for my supper." He chuckled.

"You Henry!" The Widow Duck's voice had the sound of authority.

"Yas'm, Mis' Duck," Uncle Henry replied.

The Widow Duck was on her porch and B'r Charlie was sitting on the step. "What dis tawk-tawk B'r Charlie givin' me?"

"B'r Charlie li'ble to give you any kind er tawk," Uncle Henry answered evasively.

"He claim you's fixin' to go to preachin' over at Ole Ship."

Brought to his attention again, Uncle Henry thought it an even pleasanter idea.

"Well," he admitted, "I'm got me a tex' in my mind I'm fixin' to preach about."

"You ain't got nothin'!" B'r Charlie exploded.

"Hit's about what happen to a one-laigged man on de Rizzy-riktion Day," Uncle Henry explained. "Now you take a two-laigged man—"

"Dat ain't no tex'," B'r Charlie snorted. "De Book say all de bones gonter rise and march, bone to bone."

"Hit's a fack," the Widow Duck agreed. "De Book say jest dat and hit ain't no tex'. De Book say, 'Come a day

and time, de bones will rise among de righteous and march to glory.'"

"Righteous bones, yas," Uncle Henry pointed out. "But what about de sinful bones? B'r Charlie was a sinner when he lost his yuther laig."

"I wa'n't neither no sinner," B'r Charlie denied.

"I never did b'lieve dat lie about a mule kickin' dat laig off," Uncle Henry put in. "Yo' laig was broke off below de knee and no mule don't kick dat low. Efn a mule kick you, he'd 'a' got you up close to de hip."

"Hit's a lie," the preacher insisted. "Henry know a heap about mules," the Widow Duck said.

"And a heap about mens," Uncle Henry added. "I bet dat laig got shot off in a sinful gamblin' game. I bet Charlie was gamblin' wid spot cyards."

"A mule!" yelled B'r Charlie. "He kicked me!"

Privately, the Widow Duck had long doubted the mule-kicking story, but out of respect for the office of pastor she had publicly accepted it for fear the truth would be less dignified.

"Hit's a p'int," she admitted now. "but you had ought to git a better tex' den Charlie's yuther laig. Speak on, Henry."

UNCLE HENRY had practically exhausted his stock of texts but his mind was working hard. He looked heavenward for an inspiration and found one. "Angels?" he suggested.

"Angels ain't no tex'," B'r Charlie challenged. "I preaches about angels in might' nigh ev'y tex' I got. Angels ain't—"

"Dey is," Uncle Henry stated, "de way I'm fixin' to preach about 'em." How, he didn't know, but he hoped to have an idea by the time it was demanded of him.

"How you fixin' to preach about angels?" the Widow Duck wanted to know.

Uncle Henry thought hard. Then, "What de angels do at night," he said.

"Dey shine de stars up," B'r Charlie said.

"Nawp," Uncle Henry shook his head. "Dey shine de stars in de daytime. Dey sleeps at night."

"Yep," the Widow Duck agreed, "dey would do jest dat. Shine up de stars all day long and den sleep at night."

"Sho," B'r Charlie nodded. "I knowed dat. Angels don't ramble about at night. Dey sleeps."

"Whar 'bouts?" Uncle Henry demanded.

"In heaven."

"Whar 'bouts in heaven?"

B'r Charlie looked appealingly to the Widow Duck. None too certain, herself, she suggested that angels might have fine beds to sleep in. "But de Book don't say," she admitted.

"Dat's my tex'," Uncle Henry announced. "My tex' gonter be about do de angels sleep in de bed at night, or do dey fold up dey wings and roost on a cloud. Hit's a question, souls. Amen."

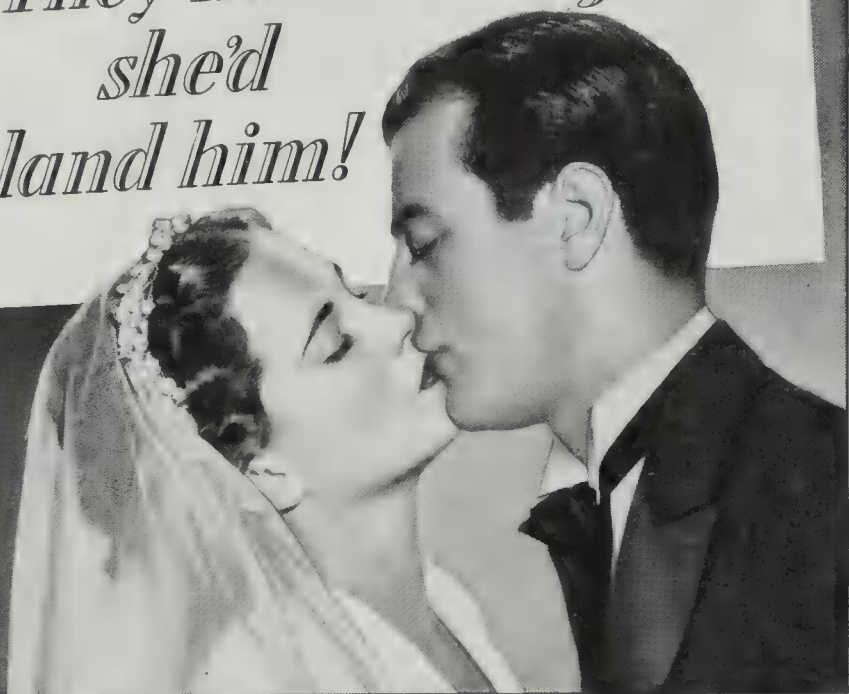
The Widow Duck was impressed. The preacher was flabbergasted. Uncle Henry bowed and grinned. "And now," he told them, "I'm fixin' to git up de bayou a piece."

Uncle Henry knew he would have no trouble finding a woman to cook the catfish. But of all the women on the bayou, he decided to go to Ringo's wife, Carrie. Not that he particularly liked Carrie but he did want to hear how Ringo had got on with the mules.

Carrie was none too friendly, but Uncle Henry brushed that aside. "Go



*They never thought  
she'd  
land him!*



**BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...**

I HEAR TOM  
AND CLAIRE'S  
ENGAGEMENT  
IS **ON THE  
ROCKS**

DEFINITELY! BUT  
YOU CAN'T BLAME TOM.  
**TOO BAD** NOBODY  
EVER TOLD CLAIRE TO  
SEE HER DENTIST  
ABOUT HER BREATH



**CLAIRE SEES HER DENTIST...**

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH  
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD  
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA  
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T  
CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND  
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL  
PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES  
THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.  
AND THAT'S WHY...



**COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH  
...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**



"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

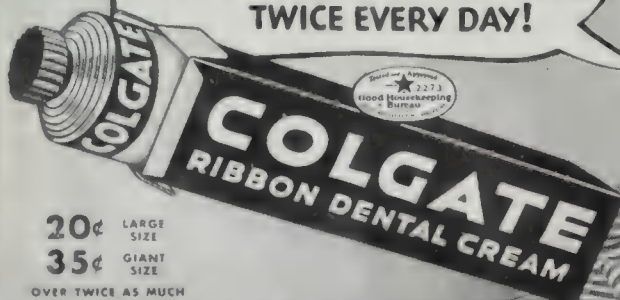
**AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...**

SAY! DON'T YOU KNOW  
IT'S **LEAP YEAR, TOM?**  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
MADE CLAIRE PROPOSE  
TO YOU!

I MADE CLAIRE  
SAY YES--AND  
THAT'S **ALL THAT  
MATTERS**  
TO ME!



**DON'T RISK OFFENDING!  
KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!  
USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM,  
TWICE EVERY DAY!**



**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE**

"haid, brown-skin," he told her. "Git me a nail and a hammer and dem wire-pliers, whilst I skin dis catfish. Maybe you don't like a good bait er catfish?"

"Sho, I likes catfish," Carrie said. "But—"

"Don't but me, gal," Uncle Henry said. "Don't Ringo like fish?"

"Yeah, I reckon so," Carrie admitted, "but you see—"

"Yeah, I know," Uncle Henry said. "Ringo learnin' how to take keer de stock, now, on account er I'm gettin' to be a daidhaid. But dat don't make me mad at Ringo. Now git dat fire goin' and git de skillet hotted up good."

Carrie went in the house while Uncle Henry cleaned the fish. When it was skinned, washed and sliced into cutlets, he took it to the kitchen.

"Th'ow a handful er dat yaller cawn meal on de breadboa'd," he said. "Ain't never yit been no woman c'd roll a fish in meal to suit me. You got to give hit dat certain roll." He proceeded to demonstrate, discussing the art as he worked.

"Ringo ain't comin'—" Carrie began, but Uncle Henry interrupted her. "Don't tawk so much," he said. "Hit's bad luck to tawk over hot lard. I know Ringo ain't comin' ontwell late."

A man's step sounded on the porch and a man's voice said, "I swear, honey, I smells fish cookin'. Did you git out and ketch me one for supper?" The voice was not Ringo's. It was Dave's.

"What you doin' hyar, Dave?" demanded Uncle Henry.

"You axin' me?" Dave answered, as he stepped into the kitchen. "I live hyar now. I thought I missed you at de barn. What you doin' hyar?"

"Did Ringo make you scrape de sweat off'n Bug-Eye's collar?" Uncle Henry wanted to know.

"Ringo ain't been speakin' wid me since I and Carrie divo'ced him off, last spring," Dave told him.

"And he didn't make you scrape Bug-Eye's collar?"

"I bet I forgot to scrape dat collar," Dave admitted ruefully. "You always reminds me and I bet hit slipped my mind."

"Dis batch er fish might' nigh done," Carrie interrupted. "Y'all set whilst I takes hit off and draps de rest in de skillet."

UNCLE HENRY and Dave sat down at the kitchen table. Dave ate and talked. Uncle Henry ate and brooded. If Bug-Eye went to the field with a sweaty collar tomorrow a sore shoulder would probably result.

"Ringo is a nice boy," Dave was saying. "But he wa'n't good enough for a fine gal like Carrie. So I and Carrie hauled off and divo'ced him. Didn't us, baby?"

"You ain't jest sayin' hit," grinned Carrie.

"Bug-Eye is a special friend er mine," Uncle Henry said. "And I don't like for my special friends to git a sore shoulder."

"I'll scrape dat collar off in de mawnin'," Dave promised.

"Nawp," said Uncle Henry. "You'll forget. You go scrape hit off, tonight."

Carrie looked first at Uncle Henry and then to her husband. Her eyes rolled and her mouth tightened. "Dave don't wawk about at night," she said.

"Jest to de barn," Uncle Henry said. "Dave don't wawk about at night,"

Carrie repeated firmly. "Not to de barn and not nowhars else. He tole me he wouldn't wawk at night and dat's how come I married up wid him."

"Hit ain't no harm in goin' to de barn," Dave protested.

"No harm stayin' in de house, too," Carrie assured him, "and you's fixin' to stay in de house."

Uncle Henry discreetly stayed out of

the controversy. Had it been a pair mules, he would have known exact what to do about it. But people we funny. A man never could tell what do when two people started arguing ar going on.

Presently, Uncle Henry came to a d. cision. He, himself, might be a dea head and responsibility for the mul might belong to Ringo, but even an o deadhead owed it to a good friend lil Bug-Eye to scrape his collar for hir. With a word of thanks, Uncle Hen left.

ALONG the moonlit bayou path tried to capture a sense of usefulne but the best he could do was to rece the fact that the old deadhead, Blu had lasted only a few months longe than the others. And with that realiz tion, all of his exuberance and irrespo sibility left him. The peace of th afternoon was gone and the whimsic humor with which he had plagued B Charlie had seeped out of his soul.

By the time he reached the barn he felt almost too feeble to scrape Bug Eye's collar. He stopped in the midd of the road trying to decide whether t turn to the left and work on the sweat collar or turn to the right and go to h cabin and lie down.

As it happened, Giles made the de cision for him. "You Henry!" the fore man roared. "You come hyar! Wha you been at? I been huntin' for you."

The gimp went out of Uncle Henry back and the shuffle left his feet. He pu both hands on top of the lot gate an sprang over it. "Comin', Mist' Giles," h called. He knew instinctively what th trouble was. Old Sadie was having on of her chronic bellyaches. As he passe the gear room, he snatched up th drench bottle and the liniment.

He found the foreman and Ring struggling with the sick mule, trying t make her walk close enough to a cros beam to get a hackamore line over i

"Step up, Sadie," Uncle Henry sai softly, slapping the mule's rump; an Sadie moved docilely forward. "Pitc dat rope over de beam and h'ist he haid," he continued.

The old lotman worked the long nee of the bottle into Sadie's mouth an poured a quart of salts solution down her gullet. "Now, Ringo," he instructed "you take and rub her belly wid da liniment, whilst I tie up her tongue palate." He twisted a knot of hair be tween the mule's ears, spat upon the knot and then gave it a short jerk "Now, dat'll fix you up," he concluded "Turn her a-loose, Giles."

The foreman released the hacka more. "I swear!" he exclaimed. "I wa jokin' dis mawnin' when I 'cused you e wawkin' de bayou, and den I turns my back and I be doggone efn dat ain't jes what you's doin'!"

"I was steppin' about a little," Uncle Henry admitted.

Giles was not joking. "You kin jes quit steppin' about," he said. "Hyar figgered I was sendin' a man to he'p you cause you was gittin' too old, and you you ole goat, was jest gittin' yo' second wind. But when you gits so you'e druther wawk de bayou den to 'tend to business, I'm gonter run you off and git me somebody else. Understand?"

"Yassuh," Uncle Henry said meekly.

After the foreman left, Ringo fol lowed Uncle Henry to the gear room. "I knowed how to drench her," Ringo apologized, "but ole Sadie wouldn't budge. Fust, I tawked to her, den I begged her and den I cussed her."

"Sadie won't do nothin' for you," ex plained the old man, "onless she likes you good. She just ain't been acquainted wid you long enough."

In the gear room they found Dave scraping Bug-Eye's collar free of sweat and grime. Dave grinned sheepishly. "I



jest made up my mind," he explained, "dat I'd druther have Carrie fussin' at me fo goin' out at night, den havin' Giles fuss at me for lettin' my mule git a sore shoulder."

"Carrie kin fuss purty good," Ringo recalled amiably. "You ain't never hyared her git strung out, real good."

"And you," Dave told him, "ain't never hyared Giles cuss when a mule come in wid a sore shoulder."

Uncle Henry inspected the collar when Dave was finished. Then he crossed the road to his house. B'r Charlie was waiting for him.

"Henry," the preacher almost pleaded, "I didn't git my laig shot off in no gamblin' game, like you said. But I did git hit shot off in sin. My Book say I got to confess my sin befo' mankind, and I'm confessin' hit to you."

"CONFESS on," said Uncle Henry with more patience than interest.

"I was at a man's house," the preacher continued. "Hit was when I was a sinner. And I was at dis man's house, a-sinnin'. And den, dis man comed in on me and I run out de do'. But 'bout de time I got to de gate, dis man th'owed his britch-loader on me and shot me in de laig. And de doctor had to cut hit off." B'r Charlie's recital had been accompanied by violent dramatic gestures, and as he finished he was almost winded. "But don't tell de Widow Duck. She wouldn't like to know dat about her pastor."

Uncle Henry studied his mind for a minute. Then, "Did you drap dem chickens when de buckshot hit you?" he asked.

"Sho, I drapped 'em," B'r Charlie answered before he realized what he was saying. He tried to deny it a moment later, but Uncle Henry held him to it and the preacher finally admitted he had received his infirmity through chicken-stealing.

"I might not say nothin' 'bout hit," Uncle Henry promised. "And den I

might. I'll study hit over in my mind." When B'r Charlie left, Uncle Henry chuckled, "He called me a daidhaid and it ain't good to call me dat when I ain't."

He entered his cabin and went to bed. But the events of the night were not over. Just as he was about to drop off to sleep, he heard a scratching at his window. "Who dat?" he called.

"Hit's me. Duckie Miller."

"What you doin' at my window, Widow Duck?" he demanded. "You, a senior usher in de church, scratchin' at my window at night! Woman, I's a deacon. Not a hyppercrit!"

"Aw, you ole goat!" the Widow Duck snapped. "Stop dat kind er tawk and speak sense."

"Dat's all I speaks," the lotman said shortly. "And you?"

"Well," the Widow Duck confessed, "when I went to bed, I got to studdin' my mind about dem angels."

"What about de angels?"

"I was studdin' 'bout efn dey goes to bed at night or went to roost on a cloud. I jest laid dar, and studied and studied. Some time hit seem like dey'd lay down on a fine white bed, and fold dey hands and sleep; and den some time hit seem like dey'd scrunch up on a cloud and fold dey wings. I couldn't git to sleep."

"Humph!" Uncle Henry snorted. "How do I know how angels sleep?"

"But you said—" the Widow Duck began.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout angels," Uncle Henry grumbled. "All I know is mules. Some mules lay down and sleep, and some of 'em stand up and sleep. And I reckon angels got as much sense about dey sleepin' as a mule. I reckon dey sleeps to suit deyse'ves. I bet mule-angels do, anyhow. And if men-angels don't know how to sleep, dey kin watch de mule-angels and learn. Hit's plenty er good mule-angels. Ole Deemus went up last summer, and ole Blue drapped off in de winter. Now, go 'haid and let me be. I got to be in de lot befo' sunup."

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that pep appeal!



The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been feeling right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we try a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B<sub>1</sub> and D."

The model: Wait a minute! This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be this much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

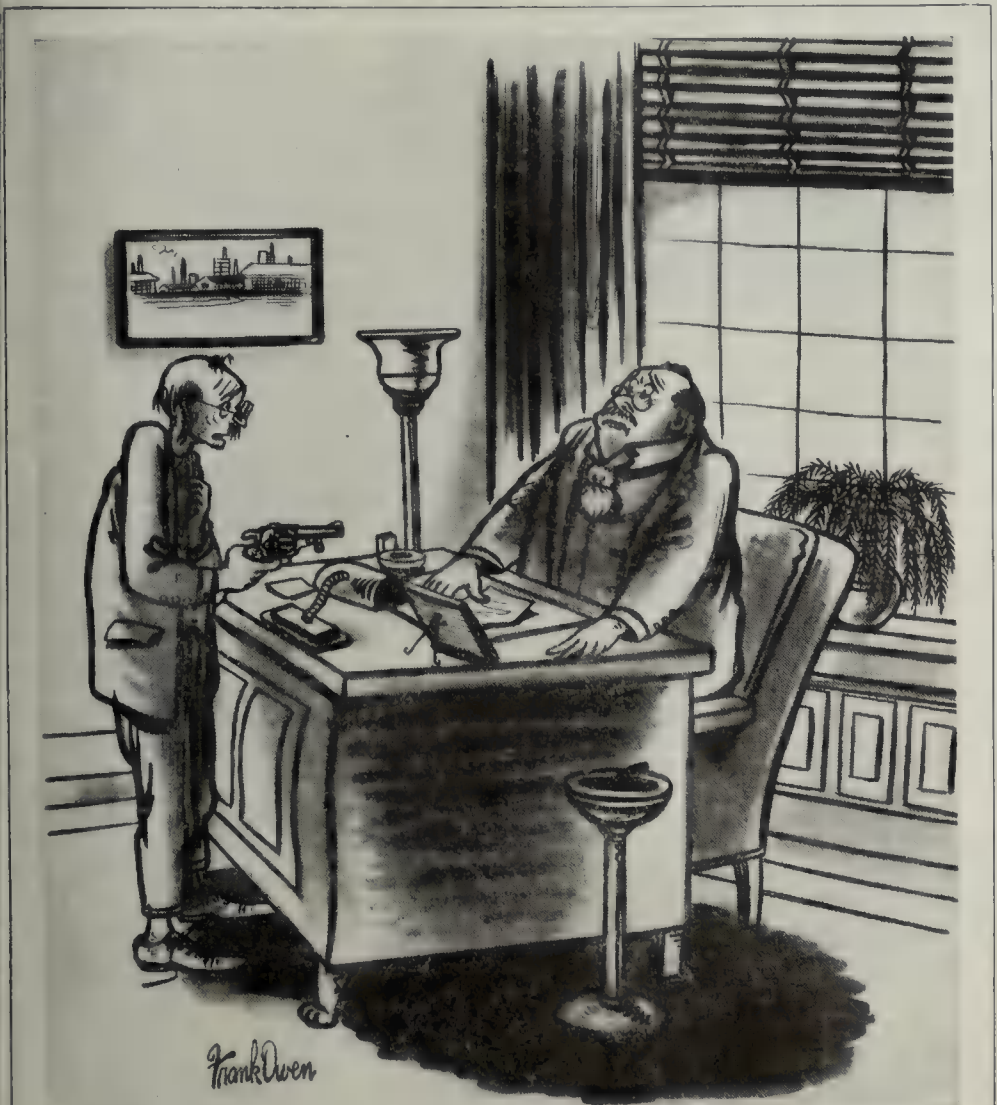
The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"I hate to bother you, Mr. Grigsby—but it's about that raise again!"

FRANK OWEN



## Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 22

all the strain and fear that overshadowed the spring that should have been the spring of her flowering had been entirely of his inflicting.

He said, "Hope, go on home. Don't see me any more, don't phone me, don't think about me. Begin to repair some of the damage I've done you."

Blue eyes held his. "You've got your choice, Caleb. You can let me go on with this, or you can shut me out of it. If you do, you'll just convince me that you're lying when you say you're in no danger."

At any cost he had to head her away from that idea. "Whatever brought Heinemann to Wallisport, the one sure thing is that he's far away now."

"Then let's get to work." She came to stand beside him, so close that her shoulder softly touched his. She made it worse by taking his hand. "Nothing counts except that Bert was killed." Mercifully she dropped his hand to pick up, from the array of Bert's possessions on his desk, the snapshot they had discussed so fruitlessly. A pertly pretty blonde in a bathing suit, laughing over her shoulder. She might be a sister—if Bert had a sister—or a fiancée, or a pickup. "You've got to tell the police, if only to follow this up," she said.

"Not yet. There's just one chance—I've got to go it alone for a day or two. If I don't seem suspicious, whoever is looking on will—"

"Yes. You haven't admitted that before."

"Of course there's someone. If Heinemann was here, he came to see someone. If he's gone away, he's left someone to keep an open and desperate eye busy."

Scornfully, "So you're as safe as you would be anywhere!"

THAT was precisely the idea he must root out. "You see, the man is a Nazi agent—a spy. He dare not let himself be known. The whole cumbersome thing hinged on that—he had to maneuver somebody else into putting Bert away. Maybe he originally intended something at the Gabriel mills, but he gave it up when he found Bert here and tried to frame him so the mills would get him. That was the whole idea—to make it look as if Bert had set that fire, so that Bert would be taken care of."

"In the end he didn't maneuver someone else into getting Bert."

Glibly, "That makes me safer still—he won't dare take another chance. . . . It all comes back to the night of the fire. He must have been here then—or just before. That's what I've got to work on."

"So you've got to tell the police everything."

"Why not tell Greg Ashburn?" Surprise came to her face, then urgent denial. "I'd stake my soul he's a British intelligence man. It may even be that Heinemann came here on Greg's trail—counterespionage. Maybe not. But it's Greg's job to find out things—maybe he can find this blonde for me, maybe he can find Heinemann. If he's what I think, he'd be glad to try."

Her hands fastened on his arm. "Whatever you do, don't say a word to Greg Ashburn! He isn't—Caleb, don't let him know anything at all."

"Sure, you don't like him. But we've passed the place where that can count."

"Don't say a word to him!"

Her intensity was irrational, resting on Greg's unwelcome advances, and he did not intend to yield to it. "It's tell Greg or tell John Gabriel," he said calmly.

"Why not tell the people who ought to know and can do something?"

"That would be the FBI. How would I tell a G-man—what would I tell him? He'd think I was drunk, coked up or crazy! Who are we? Just a couple of people with a story no one could possibly believe. A story like somebody's nightmare."

"All right," she said gravely, "we'll tell John."

THREE minutes in Gabriel's chromium and red-leather office at the mills was enough to make clear that nothing could be accomplished. Caleb was detached enough to realize how preposterous the story sounded, to find no blame for John's unshakable disbelief. It was so fantastic that it sounded like a silly, futile lie, even to him, who would have to go out from here and do the job alone. He had no blame for John's skepticism. But he was getting angrier at John's quadrupled anger and at some mysterious triumph that glistened in him.

But he kept at it, laboring his simple points. And Hope sat with her toes together and her hands folded in her lap, putting in a word now and then but only

expect that he may have agents in your works, this minute?"

No point to it. Gabriel just sat behind his beautiful desk and looked baleful. "Precisely what is it you want of me?"

Caleb drew a deep breath but Hope said, "You were going to call the government in. It was silly then. Now that Bert has been killed it isn't silly. We think you'd better."

The suggestion released something behind Gabriel's stubbornness. "If I had called the government in then, I might have got somewhere!" He loosed an accusation at Hope. "You wouldn't let me! You were protecting your damned jailbird—"

Caleb was moving forward, but Hope said, "Caleb!" and he stopped. She stood up and came forward, quiet and sure, to stand before Gabriel. "You have fixed ideas, John. Remember, I advised you to consider other explanations. We've got the right one now. You see, it wasn't Bert that set fire to your building. It wasn't Caleb. They weren't conspiring against you. It was exactly the other way. There was a plot but it was



"You should have seen the garden in the spring before it got away from us"

CHARLES PEARSON

making Gabriel more stupidly obstinate. And Gabriel's odd satisfaction steadily increased.

But he kept himself in hand with what seemed to him an admirable evenness of temper. "You see spies so facilely where they don't exist, Gabriel, I'd think you'd see a real one when he's pointed out. You've started so many phantoms who were supposed to be plotting against you, I'd think you would recognize a real plot when it proves you fell for it. . . . God knows what this Nazi was doing in Wallisport to begin with. I'd suppose you'd leap to the conclusion that he was trying to sabotage your mill, which was making machines that make munitions that could be used against his country. Very likely he was. But he found Hendricks here—and for his own sake, Hendricks came first. He couldn't act against him directly—"

"But you claim he did."

"That was—afterward. . . . What did he do? He had your building fired—pretty carelessly, conspicuously carelessly. That was so you'd get rid of Hendricks—which you immediately tried to do. Doesn't that make you sus-

against Bert, and it used you—you were a setup. So now you've got your chance. You can stop everything forever. Just be sensible, just use your head, just be a little more than twelve years old."

CALEB could not stand her pleading with this incompetent, but restrained his protest. But Gabriel turned away from her, to him. "You've played on her as a musician plays on a violin. You've deluded her out of her loyalty out of her dignity and responsibility, out of her good sense. You've systematically used her for your own purposes. And"—the harsh voice shook—"that she was engaged to be married meant nothing to you. You've made love to her." He glared at Caleb, momentarily voiceless, then shot his absurd question, "Haven't you?"

"Yes," Caleb said.

More furiously still, "You're in love with her!"

"Yes."

Hope's quiet bearing did not change at all. But Gabriel released a sigh that was charged with satisfaction, and the

triumph he had been half repressing all along now spread over his face. He was easy, assured; he was enjoying himself. "I always underestimate you, Thatcher. I wanted to see how far your effrontery would carry you." He turned back to Hope. "Are you too infatuated to see that he must be in a desperate corner in order to try a bluff like this? Why, yes, I've intended to call in the FBI. You stopped me once but no one could stop me after last night. If you want Thatcher to make love to you some more, that's too bad—he won't be able to."

An intended drama must have failed. Gabriel had obviously expected some sensation; he waited for some expression of consternation, perhaps some plea. When none came, annoyance tarnished his triumph, and he was goaded to say, "The bluff doesn't work, Thatcher. What we'll get the government to find out is who was at my house last night."

Someone at Castle Gabriel last night? Instantly Caleb began to analyze the information. Wait! This could be—

But Hope had analyzed it too. "Is there some notion Caleb was?" she said.

A smug shrewdness blended with his pleasure. "I was forced to take back one premature accusation. I don't know. We'll ask the FBI."

"Well, he wasn't. He was with me."

So now there was one more kind of fool Gabriel could become, a vicious fool. "You've had to lie for him a lot. Are you willing to say he was with you all night?"

"No," Hope said. "But if that's what you mean, why, he was with me quite long enough. What time are you interested in?"

The fool was exulting. "Let's make it as hard as we can."

HE WAS with me up till about two o'clock. And, yes, John, an awful lot could happen between eight o'clock and two. Out there in the darkness, by the sea, away from everyone. Why, maybe we've been lovers all along, maybe we—

"Maybe it would be a pleasure to wring his neck," Caleb said, "but I haven't got time. . . . Does this mean that somebody broke into your house?"

"I'll let your lawyer ask that."

Remember he wasn't a responsible adult, remember the fool was also a child! "Then that would be—the answer to everything. The man who set fire to your factory. The man who killed Bert. The man we want to find. What did he do? What did he want? What did he come for?"

"That's between me and the United States government." That was with the same juvenile canniness, and Gabriel was being the man who had the answers. But it couldn't last—he had to let his enormous jubilation free. "You were certain to dig your own grave in the end! The bluff would break down somewhere, the great intelligence would slip up, the man who can use women for his own purposes was bound to make a misstep before he was done. I've got you now!"

"Then for heaven's sake, get the government in!" If a fool was all you had to work with, then you must make folly serve your purposes. "Get them in fast! Tell them I broke into your house last night. If you can't see your own interests, do what you can to ruin mine. But get started!" He turned to Hope. "That's all a damned fool can do for us. Let's go."

"You go," Hope said. "I'll see you





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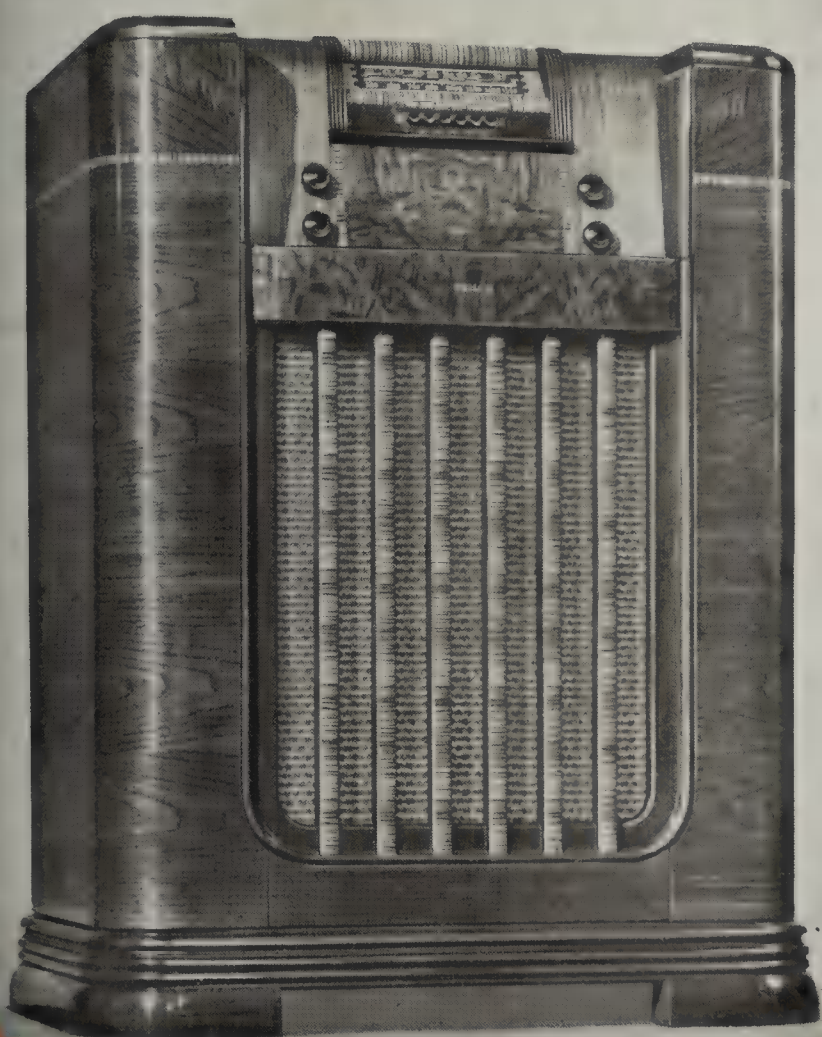
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\* \* \*

That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is

quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember a bath may only take care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

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Ask the ladies, they know! Your wife, sister or mother uses a deodorant—probably Mum. But shy away from daily arguments and don't try to "borrow" theirs. Druggists are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence Mum brings—safety from perspiration odor. Try Mum, today!

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Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.



The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

later. I've got a job to do. Here. With John." . . .

Natalie said, "You took your time."

In the last week Greg seemed to have shrunk—his cheeks were hollow, his skin stretched tight, his eyes mobile and feverish, his nerves bared. But the astonishing thing was that the explanation no longer troubled her. She felt exactly nothing. Was she anesthetized? Had the capacity for pain gone, along with the capacity for self-respect?

"I can't come the moment your whim is to call me," Greg said. The sitting room in John's house was as familiar to him as his own, but his gaze kept moving about it, and he had to struggle to maintain the imperturbability that had always been natural to him. No matter. "You've got what I told—you've got that copy?"

"What you told me to get. Yes. You could count on my being as obedient as Radnor." There was only a remote and passionless irony, crystal clear, omnipresent, which she breathed like air. An antique mirror on the wall—rich young woman at leisure, beautifully groomed, dressed expensively. Dressed, to be precise, in a black thin wool dress with a gold zipper at the throat. "Mata Hari had so few places for concealment," she said, and delicately pulled the zipper down, reached under her brassiere, and took out the folded paper. In this crystalline irony it was appropriate that the paper that climaxed her ignominy, that she was giving to her lover in a final parody of decency, had been molded by hours of concealment to the shape of her breast. Most poetic, she thought, as pretty as a love song in a book.

NO POETIC nonsense bothered Greg, who snatched it from her and wolfed through it with his eyes. He had it, she had done it, and might the anesthetic last forever! "It's all there," she said, "it's quite authentic. I copied it from the original with my own hands, in my own room, on my own typewriter, last night."

When the anesthetic faded—well, she was going to live a long time, probably, and all the moments of last night would have a long time to torture her. The moment when, with the door of the safe just closed after she got the original back again, she had heard John in the hall. The moment when, in the darkness, her raw nerves had felt his presence. The terror of that sensation, and the inconceivable shock when he had seized her. The inconceivable relief

when, the lights on, he had accepted desperate lie and decided that some must have tried to force his safe but he been frightened away by her. A space dizzy nothingness and then she woke his arms, he was carrying her upstairs and she had realized that if he carried her to her room he would see what was beside her typewriter.

She thought: You don't believe in him but you find out.

Greg folded the paper. "I knew could depend on you. Thanks."

Exactly there was the deepest bottom of her degradation: that he could depend on it. It's a little thing. I had no honor left to lose. So that's all right.

HE WAS eager to get away. With dry curiosity, she wondered if he would assume the obligation of making a little love to her—a kind of tip services rendered. But what he said was, "You look dreadful."

No doubt. "You do, too. People on our line of business must expect to."

He wasn't here at all, really, he had already moved on to whatever was next. If it was true that they had loved each other, clearly this was no time for him to remember it and there was no point in her remembering it. Then inattention fell away from him, he came back from whatever plans he had been making and said abruptly, "Don't come see me tonight. Or tomorrow. Be absolutely sure. Don't come near my place."

How ingenious and manifold were the designs of irony! Blind and tone-deaf all she had felt, all she had done, all the finality that had been worked in her, could stand there and say that—and say it warningly, even commandingly. In his mind, she was altogether his slave.

"I'm not likely to try, if Sir Eric still there."

"He'll be there till I leave. It's not certain that I'm going to."

Doubtless that should pulverize her the ending. She had dreaded it as certain to come in thunder and turbulence but really it came like a tiny dust flurry faraway. "Then," she said coldly, "the last memory I'll have of our—shall I call it our honeymoon cottage?—will be a memory of an intolerable brute whom it would be a great pleasure to kill."

"You are not permitted to criticize me—" Greg said instantly, with a rasping violence, his face contorted. Almost as instantly, with the rapid thinking that never failed him, he became pen-



"Well, if you say no one here called the plumber, it must have been the people who lived here before"

DAVE BREGER



and pleading. "It should not happen like this! You can't know how I hate I am. I mean no unkindness. I would make it up to you—I would—" He let his arms go around her. Would he feel any emotion when he kissed her? . . . No, not even contempt. But at last she did feel something, an oblivion, and she drew away from him. To her it clear, to get it said—for her sake, hardly at all for his.

Things never happen with the right timing, or the proper music, or people going the way they ought," she said sadly. Yes, she was feeling a faint sadness now, a grave regret. "I got it for Greg. I got it—well, when a woman has done and been what I have, it seems hard to stick at anything. But that's what I stuck at, getting that. It was no less than anything else—I'd been false to everything decent in my life long before that. When that happens, it's silly to think that anything is worse than anything else. But that was the one thing I couldn't do. No reason. Just there was where I had to stop."

He was remembering John Gabriel, who believed in her, bending over her in an anguish of alarm and gentleness. Not it. You see, we had been in love. It was pointless to say that being in love with you was a kind of progressive corruption. If I was corrupted, I wanted to be. . . . You've had—oh, whatever there is that's worth anything in a worthless man—whatever eagerness there is in a trivial woman's life. You had what no other man had had. That's true. That's why I had to do what I couldn't do. You wanted it and I got it for you and it's in your pocket. Call it a kind of memorial to a twisted love that was gentle enough. Call it a valentine with the best sentiments. I got it—and that shed me. It finished us. It's over. Nothing we could say now would just annoy. Don't wait for any ceremonies—just go home."

With the last word her will leaped up, and its resurgence carried him into the hall, hat in hand like any casual visitor saying goodbye. But suddenly he turned to her, pure fury: "You didn't find out that Thatcher saw the night of the fire. Order you to—"

"Now I can despise both of us," Natalie said.

There was a torrent of words and he caught her arm but she wrenched free and went upstairs. After a while she came back to the head of the stairs, and he was gone.

ALL that the end.

While she stood there, John came in. It was not possible for her to meet him with any assurance, it was hardly possible to meet him at all, but she must. The terror and alarm of last night's drama and of a consultation they had had this morning roused in her as she went down the stairs. But they were extinguished when she saw his face. It was lined and gray, it was exhausted, it was . . .

"John!"

It was pitiful to see him try to smile, for he had always seemed as unshakable as the fundamental rock. He muttered something about detectives, and shame came flooding over her. He had been tortured all day long, fruitlessly trying to find out who had made an attempt on his safe.

Not the end but the beginning—now he could feel the knife beginning to twist that was going to twist in her forever.

She said, "There comes a point where it's wisest to give up altogether. You've given yourself till you can't any more. You've got to rest."

He submitted to her, let her lead him into the library, sat heavily in a chair, watched her with gratitude wakening in his eyes. She brought a lounging coat

and helped him into it. She said, "A drink will help—a little—for a while." She charged some Scotch with soda and said, "Drink this, my dear." She pulled the shades against the afternoon sun and touched a match to the logs in the fireplace—why, certainly, bring a fictitious cheer to this room which she had dishonored. He looked around him and she saw he wanted a cigarette, so she found one and held a match for him, and the gratitude that robbed her of her last strength kept growing in his eyes.

The worst of all was that he did take comfort from her. . . . She sat on the floor beside his knees. She had done this to him. So, now that it had been done, she could be sweet, consoling, the woman who had ruined him making him feel that she was the woman he wanted her to be.

The anesthetic was quite gone. This was where payment started. John began to tell her of the scene with Caleb and Hope, of their defiance, of the sequel, after Caleb had left and Hope had stayed to break her engagement. John's voice was husky; almost broken. It was the voice of a man in pain. Not the pain of grief. No, the pain of outraged vanity, of broken pride, of confidence destroyed. For the first time in his life John Gabriel was tasting the bitterness of defeat. For the first time his strength had been scorned, his love rejected, his righteousness impeached. He had failed, so he was fallible. The agony of lost assurance overwhelmed him. It meant that Natalie was all he had left. His betrayer was appointed to sustain him. This was her penance.

IT WAS Aunt Elinor's inconceivable innocence that made horror precipitate out of solution. Up to then there had been such a swift succession of impacts that Hope had been unable to feel anything but the exalted solemnity that had begun when Caleb's long story ended the night before. The truth was that, at John's, she had even felt encouraged. . . . It had been simple enough after Caleb went out. There had been John looking at her and she looking at John while the office grew quiet, the way a great wind ends. She had said, "Will you feel better if you say it, or do you want me to?" Hesitating among rages, John had begun a heated speech which she cut off. "No. We won't have any more accusations. There are a lot you could make. We won't have any more confessions. There are a lot I could make. Only, will it gratify you to say, 'Begone, unworthy woman!?' Or will your gallantry insist on my saying, 'Sorry, there seems to have been some mistake?' Or should we just say, 'So long, stranger?'"

He didn't say anything. His face was an angry child's face, and she remembered that Caleb had wanted help from him and she had too, and that was just too bad. Should she remark politely that the best intentions could be mistaken? No. She took off the big diamond and laid it on his desk—and there went her first love affair and there went that hallucination that she could be the mistress of Castle Gabriel. She laid it on his desk, just the way women did in the movies, and a sudden, unholy impulse made her say, "Stick to pure girls, John." She went out on the crest of a momentary but exhilarating joy—it was ended, the mistake was corrected, the delusion was blown away.

It had taken so little time that she ought to be able to catch up with Caleb. But his car was gone from the curb. She took a taxi home and on the way she remembered that, despite that conventional scene with the diamond, she still had John's signet ring. Finish it off, get everything fumigated! She went to get it—and began to shake, suddenly sick with the thought of what that jewel case

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had held. She was still shaking when Aunt Elinor came in.

Clearly some explanation had to be made. "It's just me with my pressed primrose and my memories. I took this ring on approval but it's going back."

Aunt Elinor nodded. "Of course. I've never been much disturbed—obviously it would take more than John Gabriel to hold you very long. I suppose this happened over Caleb? That's excellent. But you needn't be tremulous about it."

Right there was where the little horrors began to fuse into one great horror, and where it was no longer possible to dam back her terror. Aunt Elinor thought she was shaking because her engagement was broken. Aunt Elinor lived in a sweet, unshadowed world, a world where—where it was just "odd" that Bert should be drowned. She didn't know that Bert had been murdered. She didn't know about Bert and Caleb in Spain. She thought that now an unfortunate mistake had been cleared up, Hope and Caleb were going to fall in love and get married and have some cute babies. In Aunt Elinor's world there could be nobody like Heinemann, Bert Hendricks could not be murdered, Caleb could not—or, don't, *don't!* And there was no possible way of making her comprehend. She was like the police, who just had a drowning. Like John Gabriel, who thought Caleb had made up a nonsensical story to hide his unspeakable crimes. To all of them the whole thing would be just a silly yarn, less sensible than a fairy tale; they couldn't begin even to imagine it, still less believe it, least of all realize it. Stark horror was walking the streets of Wallisport and they could not even see it.

**S**HE had to get out! . . . She got out, saying something meant to be gay and airy. It was pure carry-over that made her drive to the mills. She had intended to take that signet ring to John and so, in a daze, she did. A guard told her that John had gone home, and she heard him as through thick walls, and in the same trance she turned around and started for Castle Gabriel. Cars and people in the streets were just something in a dream—in a nightmare. One of them was Nate Jenkins, saluting her at a corner. If she stopped and said, "Somebody murdered Bert Hendricks," he would just laugh at that. Jim Dowdy had already laughed at it. If she said, "Somebody may kill Caleb, I'm afraid Caleb may kill somebody," he wouldn't laugh, he'd tell her to see a doctor, so would anyone else, anyone would think she was going crazy. . . . And not far wrong at that.

She went up the imposing steps of Castle Gabriel and rang the bell and said she wanted to see John. Natalie came out of the library and said that John didn't want to see her. Hope handed her the signet ring, said, "I just wanted to give him this," and was a mile away before she bothered to think that she must seem queer to Natalie, and come to think of it, was it gallantry or just childishness that made John say he wouldn't see her? And Natalie didn't look any too happy herself. Who did?

She stopped the car. Hands on the wheel, foot on the brake, knees, shoulders—she was shaking all over. And her stomach was writhing. . . . A little before sunset. Here she was on a winding drive in North Wallisport, and people were going home from work, and the bay was turning purple. No chance that this was a nightmare—it was real! Heinemann did exist and these things had happened. Nobody would believe them until too late but they were real. . . . One by one the lowest floors had fallen out, and each time you had reached the most terrible place, but there were a lot more floors to go.

She would not faint! But Caleb! She had let him get out of her sight.

She made herself stop trembling. She refused to be either sick or faint. She drove to the common at about sixty, she went through the square at fifty, and once beyond the square she went seventy, seventy-five, eighty, and thank God for a good car and if there were any speed cops around they could speak to her later on. She turned down the side road with a slurring skid and was off again, slowing only a little when she reached Caleb's lane. Then she stopped with the brakes screaming and dust billowing up. For she had reached Greg Ashburn's and had seen Caleb's car in his drive. She was out of her car, running, and a fear that had no meaning was squeezing her. She saw Smurthwaite hurrying toward her but didn't have time for him. She burst through Greg's hall into his living room. And there was Greg smoking in a chair, and there was Caleb smoking in another chair.

She collapsed into a third chair and managed to gasp, "Oh! I've found you! You're all right!"

Caleb said, "Greg thinks he may be able to find the blonde for us." So he

the dance, Natalie was with John. Oh, of course, Caleb had told him—Caleb had told him everything. Well, not everything, if he had to ask that—so if anything could be held back, it must be held back. She said, "All we saw was a fire and we never got to that." She was going to get Caleb out of here before he could tell anything more. So she stood up and made a mighty effort to be girlish. "I'm hungry." She caressed his arm. "It's all over, darling, you'll never learn anything more about it." She pinched that forearm as hard as she could. "Please find some food for me."

**C**ALEB accepted it. And Greg, shifting fast again, was no longer thinking furiously but had become a genial family friend. "Take your girl to dinner, Thatcher. I don't promise any results and I'll need a little time to make a start. But come to see me tomorrow." That would have been just lovely, except that his eyes lingered on her. She shuddered, wondering if she had a dress on.

Caleb drove ahead of her to his house, and she came into his living room with an uprush of relief, the first ease she had felt in hours. "What's the idea?" Ca-

did he think she was too stupid to know that? Did he think she didn't know? Go carefully!—this was the time to be clever. "What are you going to do," she asked.

"Tomorrow I'll go to Boston and Tanner again—see if he's learned anything. I'll get back for the funeral. At that I'll talk to Ashburn again."

"I'll go to Boston with you."

He shook his head. "No."

She said quietly, "So you are in danger. You won't let me go with you."

Actually, he patted her cheek! Wasn't he offer her a lollipop and tell her to hurry off to school? "If I thought you was in danger of so much as catching cold, I'd hire a bodyguard. I'm just going to be busy seeing what I can do out. Too busy to take you to dinner a while."

Well, try this one. "I broke off with John."

Caleb said, "Of course." He sat down by her and took her hand, just as she would take that schoolgirl's. "It would be nonsense to say I'm either surprised or sorry. I've known you wouldn't be able to take it. I congratulate you on recovering your health."

Just that—sunnily, in the most friendly fashion. He wasn't so bright he didn't seem aware that this would make her absolutely certain. Only a couple of days ago he had said, "I could stop this car and be kissing you a minute that would be forever." The night before that he had been kissing her. . . . What resources did a woman have?

**H**OW quiet the house was, how far away from everything, how peaceful! The window looked out over Wallisport, flowing through salt meadows to the sea, and in that twilight you might even believe that there were untroubled hours.

What resources? She leaned against him, and he smiled at her. She drew her arm round her shoulder and it stayed there, touching her lightly, with a friendly impersonality. They just sat there on the shabby leather couch. What had he said years and years ago? Something about once she had been about as seductive as a rag doll but that was all changed. It was Caleb who had changed now, and she wasn't seductive enough, she was helpless, the thing was going to happen and she could do nothing at all.

But try! "We could go to California," she said gently. "We could go to the Thousand Islands. There are a lot of places where we could go."

He nodded approvingly. "You ought to get away and forget the whole mess. Now it's over, you're entitled to a good time. Where would Aunt Elinor like to go?"

She shook her head. "I'm worth being honest with, Caleb. I was talking about us. You and me."

His arm did not tighten. He looked at her, and for a moment all that he ever been in his face was in it again, as she had first dreaded and then greatly desired. The moment lengthened on a moment. He didn't move. Then he did move—away. She stood up. He did too. She tried to find his eyes but couldn't. She stepped close to him. She put her arm around his neck and pressed against him. He kissed her. So she had won, it was turned aside, their lips had settled it, it would be California, the Thousand Islands, anywhere at all but it was turned aside and they were safe. . . . No. He kissed her again, lightly and mirthfully this time. "You're a sweet child, Hope," he said, and he had given his voice so that it was almost convincing. "You have the most charming idea but they don't suit the times."

There was nothing she could do about it. Caleb was going to kill a man.

(To be continued next week)



"I have a little surprise for you, honey—I'm going to take you out to dinner tonight!"

had told Greg, after promising her he wouldn't! Smurthwaite came lumbering into the room. Greg waved him out again with an angry gesture, and now that she was coming together she could see that Greg was tense, that there was a quivering sense of disturbance in this room. But, of course—everyone was tense—what did it matter? Caleb was here.

No matter how right she might be about Greg, Caleb had been right too—for she could see how fearfully keen the man was, how aroused and alert. He was thinking hard and fast, he was thinking frantically. He could be dangerous—and dangerous in other ways than as a man who wanted to get his hand on your knee. She had abruptly learned that any man could be dangerous.

"It's an incredible story but how can anyone doubt it?" Greg said to her. Then to Caleb, resuming: "I tell you, not Wallisport. His car was found in Gorham. Everything must have happened there—that's where you've got to concentrate." Then with a sudden shift: "What did you two see the night of the fire?"

How do you know we were together? she thought instantly—you weren't at

lebed demanded. "You talked like a debutante. I'm not taking you to dinner. Not this month."

"He scares me. I had to get out."

"But you see, we need him. . . ."

He didn't admit anything, of course. He didn't need to. Yes, his organization was in touch with labor unions. It had no contacts with unauthorized investigators, he wasn't much interested in rumors, but he had, well, call them representatives. He would see if they could learn anything. If I know him, he's got started by now. I gave him the snapshot.

"I hope you won't be sorry."

"We've got to use what tools we find!" he snapped at her. Then he smiled and, come to think of it, she hadn't seen him—or anyone else—smile for a long time. "To go back to where we left off," he said. "Here you are again, cluttering up my house. You shouldn't be. Go on home, darling."

So that was the line he meant to take—to seem to be re-establishing the casual comradeship of that long-ago time when she was the tweeds type and he was the charming loafer without a serious thought. . . . Did he think she wouldn't understand? Time was getting short, the inexorable walls were closing in—





## ANCHORS AWEIGH ON THE FORD FLEET

their home port is six hundred miles inland. Their busy docks are on the River Rouge . . . yet many of them know salt water, and the Ford house flag is a familiar sight in the distant ports of the world.

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**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**





## Down Went McGinty

Continued from page 21

and west on 49th. The alcohol did hand-springs in McGinty now. He wasn't drunk, nor even close to such a merciful condition. He was sharpened by the drinks and quite aware of all his sins, and punished by the silence of the girl who sat beside him in the cab. "It's not that I don't care," he said. "It hurts so much inside it's got me on the ropes. I used to be a champion, can't you see? It isn't easy just to be a tramp, to walk around without two bucks to buy a waiter or a cab. I'd like to save my dough. I know I'm wrong. I know you've waited seven years. I know we're always gettin' married next week, Mary, baby, or the next one after that. It's just—aw, hell with it, it's just—"

He took her in his arms. This was a part of him, this taking Mary in his arms. She fought a little bit. She said, "Let go of me; Barney, please!"

The cab was near Eighth Avenue. He let her go. "You love me, don'tcha, but-tercup?" he asked.

She blew her nose. "Of course I do, you—you—I don't know what you are." He kissed her lightly. The cab had stopped, but not the rain. He paid the guy, then helped her from the cab. They made their way into the lobby of the Garden.

The Garden was sold out. Not to see the Sailor fight, but for the main event. Benny Montana was the man they came to see tonight, the chocolate Puerto Rican who held the middleweight crown.

The Garden lights were on inside and there was some announcement going on, and faces turned around to see McGinty and his girl. They always had bright things to say when McGinty walked the aisle, clutching the priceless tickets that Mike Leonard gave him free. Mike was the promoter, and he never gave things away, except to pals like McGinty who had helped to make him rich.

McGinty liked to hear the fight bugs yell and call his name. It let him know he was alive. He wasn't any dope, they were aware. He'd given up the ring when he was young and in his prime, while his brain cells worked as neatly as his fists.

An usher placed them in the second row, while some preliminary quarrel ground away. The Sailor had the semi-final ten-round bout. "I gotta see the Sailor," Barney said. "You'll like the guy. He hits like Louie Firpo used to hit. He's hay in the sunshine, Mary, doll. Just say a little prayer."

**S**HE raised two hands, with fingers crossed. "Luck," she said. She smiled the nicest smile she had. "No bets," she said.

"No bets," he lied, but didn't worry for the Sailor's fate. He felt a bit unfaithful to her now, but hell, the bet was made before he'd even thought of what she'd say. The bet was made three weeks ago, when articles were signed. He'd bet Delaney's manager their own cuts of the purse.

Mary saw him walking with the Sailor through the crowd, with a little man named Fatso Berg who bore the burden of the towels and tape and necessary items of repair. Up into the ring they went, with most of the noise for McGinty, and not so much for his fighter, whom they hadn't learned to know.

Sailor Joe Rappaport was a mighty man, with bushy hair that stood like dry wheat upon his head. He was a quiet, unassuming guy, who rubbed his feet in the resin there and listened to the things McGinty had to say. He walked out to the center of the ring and shook the hand of Marty Delaney, the veteran from St. Paul. Marty was tall and nicely made,

in the mold of Tommy Loughran and fancy lads like that.

The Sailor moved straight at Delaney and used a shuffle that was for all the world like one that Barney used when he was champ. Delaney found him difficult to solve. There was a brief exchange along the ropes. The Sailor ripped a short right hand inside, and when he walked away Delaney's back was on the floor. The crowd stood up. Delaney shook his head and struggled to his feet. McGinty shouted wise words to his man. The Sailor moved in calmly and measured his skillful foe. Delaney was no puncher and had to use his legs. The Sailor caught him on the ropes and splashed him with a left hook to the chin. Delaney swayed and clutched the atmosphere with drunken hands. The Sailor let one go. Delaney took it high and slipped inside and held with desperate strength until his head could clear.

**T**HE Sailor was a wildcat in the clinch. Delaney moved away. The veteran was brave. His mouth hung open so the mouthpiece showed. He measured with a long left hand. He threw a despera-

arms let the fighting gloves hang nearly to his knees.

"Too bad, Mageenty," Montana said. "I guess the Sailor was a bum." Montana's teeth were white and small. They showed a great amount of gum. McGinty didn't know the man so well.

"He's not the only bum I know," McGinty said, and why he spoke like that he couldn't tell. Montana laughed a little bit, then moved along the corridor, looking back.

McGinty slipped inside and had another drink, then slowly made his way up to the ringside gate. He stood behind a cop and saw Paul Keegan sitting in his chair, talking there with Mary, as though the girl were his.

McGinty stood just where he was and watched Montana in the ring, the way he moved, the sudden, burning strength of him, and he was jealous while he watched. The guy Montana fought was quite a slob. He wasn't smart. Mike Leonard, the promoter, came and stood there in the aisle, beside the cop and Barney, looking at the ring.

Mike said, "The boy is good."

"Can be beaten," Barney said, "when the right guy comes along. A matter of



"I really want milk, but they always just laugh and give me this"

WADE MONROE

tion punch as Sailor Joe moved in. It wasn't such a fearsome punch. It wasn't one a sturdy welterweight could not endure. The Sailor's eyes rolled white. His gloves no longer beat the air. His knees went first and then the rest of him. The Sailor lay quite cold upon the deck.

The dust came up from where the Sailor lay. There wasn't any noise within the house. Just for a moment things were still. Just for a moment McGinty's heart had stopped. And then there was the noise. The count was done. McGinty climbed the steps up to the ring. His man lay still. There was no doubt this new Achilles had his weakness in his chin. McGinty was the heel. He kept his eyes away from Mary's eyes, where she sat quite still just two rows from the ring.

McGinty knew that he was through. There were no other straws to clutch for economic life. Somebody had a bottle in the dressing room, and Barney took a shot of glue the like of which he'd never had before. It lifted him a bit. He said, "The hell, the Sailor might've been a champ. It's not his fault his chin is glass. You guys've seen enough of that. You know the way it is."

He knew his eyes were just a little wet. Outside, he met Montana, coming from his dressing room. This year Montana was the champion of the world. Montana was a chunky man with dusky skin and eyes like raisins in a pie. His long

style. A long left hand, a pair of legs."

"A guy like you?"

"I didn't say a guy like me."

"That's what you were thinking, though. That's why you mentioned style. You'd have a chance. Two years ago you'd have a chance."

"Today I'd have a chance! I'm only thirty, Mike. Except I'm not a dope. The smart ones stay retired."

Mike said, "You haven't got a dime."

"I got plenty packed away," McGinty said. "I got it livin' with a family of moths. I'll always eat."

"You'll eat at Keegan's, kid. That's where you'll eat. I hear that Paulie offered you a chance to run the other joint he's openin' up."

"Who told you that?"

"There's lotsa things I hear. Paul's a friend of mine."

"Paul is everybody's friend," McGinty laughed, and thought too many people learned too many things they shouldn't know. "See you later, Mike. I got to see some pals."

**M**ARY said that it was tough about the fate of Sailor Joe, and all around the Midnight Club they said that it was tough. McGinty bought three rounds of drinks and signed a tab. The talk was of Montana now.

"A fast left hand will beat him," Barney said. "A guy who really moves can make Montana miss."

"I'd like to see you with him," some one said. "I'd pay a hundred dollars to see a fight like that."

"It's style, that's all," McGinty said. He nearly started in to shadowbox. "Montana might murder a lot of guy who were better men than me. But then you turn the thing around—"

"Your drink is dripping on your neck tie," Mary said. It was about the only thing she'd said for hours now. "Let's not stand at the bar all night," she said. "I'd like a sandwich, Barney. I'd like to talk with you."

**H**E LET her lead him to a table. Mary said, "You're getting dangerous ideas." Her face was pale. Her eyes were tired. "The boys are selling you a bundle Barney. Don't be a patsy for the boys."

"You're telling me? You know there never was a guy along Broadway was less a slob than me."

"That was just a legend you began when you retired. Just let it stay that way."

"I didn't say—"

"But you were thinking just the same I know." Her hands were nervous on the tablecloth. "You're going to pull some rabbits from your hat," she said. "I'm going back to work. We both can't sit around and live on dreams."

"You're gonna what? But, lookit, Mary, doll. We're gettin' married in a month or so. You know that's what we said."

"That is exactly what we said. Each month for seven years. I know that I'm as foolish as yourself. I know that I am helpless when you start to talk. But talk is not enough."

"I couldn't help it if the Sailor didn't win."

"That's not the point. The Sailor tried. He did his job. I know you bet your portion of the purse. I'm not exactly deaf, you know. I can hear them talking at the bar. You promised me you wouldn't bet. You couldn't do the slow and steady thing for once. You just won't try. Paul offered you a job."

"So I didn't take the job. So what? It's not my line."

"You could have taken it a little while. Until we managed to get on our feet. If you cared." The tears were in her eyes as active as the seltzer in his drink. "Well, he offered the job to me. I'm going to take it while I can. We aren't children any more. I have no weird objections to an honest job."

"Neither has Paul. He'll like it fine," McGinty said.

"Perhaps I'll like it pretty well myself," she said. "You'll have me off your conscience, anyway." He looked and saw the resolution in her face. "It may be that we won't be married ever," Mary said. "We might as well get used to it. Just come around and take me to the movies once in a while." She stood up then. "Montana will probably kill you," Mary said, and went away. He sat there looking dumbly into his drink.

He woke up in the hotel where he lived. He woke up with his head held in his hands, but with his memory in his head. He called the desk downstairs and asked for orange juice, with ice in it, and for a pot of boiling coffee, too, and for the papers. It was afternoon. "Get a coupla papers," McGinty said.

The papers said the things that he had said to Mike. "It's all a matter of style," the papers quoted him. "McGinty promises to regain the crown he gave away."

He telephoned to Mary's place. She wasn't there. "Gone to work," they said.

He called up Fatso Berg, who had a



ely sympathy for such mistakes. "You'll make a lot o' money," Fatso said. "You'll fill a ball park with Montana. You an' him will draw them in." "You think I've got a chance?" "You mean frankly, on the level, Champ?"

McGinty said he did. "We'll see the way you go," said Fatso. "We'll see you in the gym."

McGinty was a picture man, the way he stuck his left hand out, the way he moved like music on his feet. That was the same. You couldn't take his style away, when he was punching butterfins around a training ring. He dared work with good men who would bring out his defects. He tired too fast, and punches hurt him more than they had two years ago. He couldn't get the rhythm that he wanted in his hands; he couldn't get that extra juice from smoothly waltzing legs. It all was very flash and was pretty, just to see, but McGinty knew inside that it was movie-picture stuff.

He fought Joe Burns, of Jersey City, in the armory over there. They went eight rounds and Joe was sliced like a ham in a machine. Joe was a pudgy, rather-dusting man who bled beneath punches he absorbed. They stopped the fight and all the critics said that Barney was a master of a long-forgotten art. McGinty was so tired that he could scarcely lift a hand. He didn't let them know how near he was to falling on his face. He signed to fight Montana on Decoration Day, outdoors in a ball park, for twenty per cent of the gate.

McGINTY had some money now, and Mike advanced a generous bit to carry him through his training for the fight. Somehow he had no great desire to spend the dough. He worked along and did the best he could. He beat his body to shape. His weight was right, and all the drinking he had ever done would fit conveniently inside one pail. His eyes were sharp. His limbs were fast. Just didn't have the stuff that made him a champ. He couldn't catch the rhythm that had made him master of his trade. All that was gone, except the picture stuff. He hadn't heard from Mary in the longest while. He knew that she was busy, but he had hoped that she would call. He'd not called her. His need of her was very great, he thought. He talked one dinnertime into the Midnight Club.

She was much better as a hostess than she ever was at wearing tights, or singing songs.

"Hello, Barney," Mary said. She took his hand. You'd think he was a customer who dropped in now and then. She went to fix a problem in the kitchen, then returned. "You're looking fine," she said. "You're looking splendid, Barney, honestly you are. You'll have a drink? A little one?"

"You know that I'm in training for a fight."

"Of course I do. It's just as well," she said. "In deference to Montana, huh?"

"Montana, hell. I'll stab his eyes out. He's a bum." McGinty reached around to find his hat. The way she talked. Who the hell was he, a traveling salesman from Duluth?

"Why, Barney!"

"All right; all right." He tried to grin. "I guess I'm just on edge, that's all. How's Paul?"

"He's fine. He'd like to see you, Barney. Why don't you wait around?"

"I just thought things might be slow tonight," he said. "I thought we might jump in and see the movie down the street."

Mary touched a wine list to her lips. They smiled. "Monday's always slow," she said. "Paul and I are going to show. I'm sorry, though. I know he'd like to have you wait around."

"I haven't got much time to spend in barrooms," Barney said—and left.

Montana was the first man in the ring, and then McGinty came. Montana was an animated chocolate ball. His hair was the kind of wire you use to clean a kitchen pot. He pranced there in his corner like a race horse full of hop.

Sailor Rappaport, vast and unashamed, maintained a pal would always be a pal and came with Fatso Berg into the ring behind McGinty.

McGinty listened to the introductions and the crowd. This time he hadn't bet a nickel on the fight. This time, at least, the lesson had been learned. He would like to make Montana miss, for just a little while. He would like to show Montana what McGinty used to be. He didn't wait for long.

McGinty moved like paper in the wind around his man. He found the champion's nose. Montana slipped inside and threw quick bombs to Barney's sides. The punches hurt.

McGinty stabbed him with a long left hand. He worked it fast and put some

thunder in his head. He tried to hold Montana trapped him on the ropes, then hit him with a leather bomb. McGinty hit the canvas floor. McGinty rolled around on hands and knees and heard the count.

He found his feet. He found Montana, too. They stood and punched. This was no fighter-boxer duel. It's hard to be a fancy Dan when your head is full of fog and funny lights. He punched some more. He hit Montana square. He felt the impact on his glove, a nice right hand. He slipped away and danced a bit and hoped that things would clear.

The hard hands found his head again. McGinty had been a champion, himself. He stuck it out. He moved against the leather storm, and then it was a funny thing. He didn't know just where he was. He just kept moving all the time.

THE voice was soft and clucking in his ear. The hands were kind. "You're doin' pretty all the time. You got 'im blind. The guy can't see so good no more." The voice was quick and soft, as though there wasn't time. The voice be-



meat behind the jabs. A little bit of claret moved along Montana's lips. A left hook hit McGinty's chin. The ring lights were a sheet of gold, the swift and pretty lightning of a summer night. McGinty gave a deadpan to the damage done. His left hand was a hissing snake that took a quick reprisal as it burned Montana's flesh. There was the bell. There were so many rounds to go, McGinty thought.

MONTANA moved the beat up in the second round. The Puerto Rican burned his energy because he had so much. He carried six or seven hands. McGinty thought, and it was very hard to block them all.

"I stink in there," he said to Fatso Berg. "Can't box, can't do a thing."

"Keep movin' fast and make him miss." There wasn't any other thing a man could say. McGinty moved out for the third and found Montana boring always in, relentless as a steady rain. McGinty caught the rhythm of the fight for just a while. He tied the sweating brown man in a clinch, then punished him inside with tricks Montana never learned.

All this was fine, and then Montana came again. A left hook blazed again and didn't miss. McGinty heard the

longed to Fatso, and the Sailor rubbed McGinty's legs. The Sailor wore a look of quiet worship on his face.

McGinty heard the bell and moved on out. He saw Montana with the patches on his eyes that weren't there before, still coming in, but heavily, as though he walked in sand. McGinty shoved a left hand out. It made a soggy contact at the point where it was aimed. Montana shook the cobwebs from his eyes. McGinty tried again. It wasn't hard. Just stick it out, and then some more, although his arm seemed weighted with a thousand pounds. The blood was on the dark man now. There wasn't too much damage in the punches that he threw. McGinty really couldn't understand. He fought his fight on just the little strength he had until the bell. He sat down on the stool. "What round is this?" was all he wished to know.

Fatso said, "You got the fourteenth comin' up."

It's happened once to Dempsey and to several other guys, it really has. A punch comes up and memory goes away. A man fights on. It's not a gag. It's happened lots of times. It happened to McGinty. He said, "This guy's a tramp, but I can't throw no punches any more. I can't even walk two rounds."

"Go walk 'em," Fatso told him. "The

other guy is dead. You were a champion once yourself."

They moved with soggy resolution. McGinty wore a grin. He faked some deftness with a wooden arm. He used long seconds just for tugging at his tights. He let Montana start a desperation punch, then moved away and left Montana stumbling by the ropes. McGinty did the gracious thing and helped him straighten out. The crowd thought this was wonderful and said so with its heavy voice. McGinty thought that he would die. He clowned the last two rounds away. He heard the final bell and kept his feet. He saw the judges write upon their slips of paper, the referee do the same. He saw them all collected and he heard the winner's name—his own. He held onto the ropes and said some pleasant things for those who called his name.

They led him through the crowd and to his dressing room. He wouldn't let them see the way he felt. Mike Leonard crowded after him and several writers worked their way inside. The clamor was too great. They shook his bandaged hands too much. Mike Leonard said, "It was the greatest fight you ever fought."

McGinty moved his swollen lips until they made a sick and little laugh. "It's just a matter of style," he said, and stumbled toward the showers. Then they saw the great McGinty topple over on his face.

His friends and telegrams kept coming in all through the following afternoon, to shake his hand and wish him well, to see the rainbow colors he displayed around his eyes. Then Mary came.

She wore a tailored suit and summer furs, a little hat that merely held her lovely hair in place. He thought she looked like the sweetheart of a thriving national bank. She wore a smile. She put her furs aside, then labored at the fingers of her gloves. "At least you'd think a gentleman would stand."

"I'd like to stand," McGinty said, "except that I'd fall down. It's nice to see you, Mary." He really couldn't tell her how it felt. "You look like all the pretty lights I saw last night."

"Last night you were tremendous," Mary said. "Today you are a flop. Just look at you." She had her gloves off now. She wore a diamond that looked bigger than a dime. It was the sort of diamond he had hoped to put upon her hand. "Paul must be doing extra-special fine," was all he said. He thought she didn't have to wave that ice beneath his nose.

"He's opening up a third place," Mary said. "He wants a place in Brooklyn, too. You can't be up to Paul. He's much too practical for me. I quit. I didn't want to be reformed."

"The rock," McGinty said. He wasn't quite as stupid as he seemed.

"I ALWAYS wanted one like this," she said. "I got it cheap. From you to me." She looked like all the sunlight in the world. "You gave it to me, Champ. You had some money on account with me that you forgot about. You never were too bright at figures, Barney dear. I had some money of my own, not much, of course. I bet the whole thing on the fight."

"I didn't even bet myself," he said. "I wouldn't bet a dime. You really didn't think I'd win the fight?"

"I thought I'd find your body in the morgue," she said. "It was a sentimental little bet. Of course, we all can make mistakes."

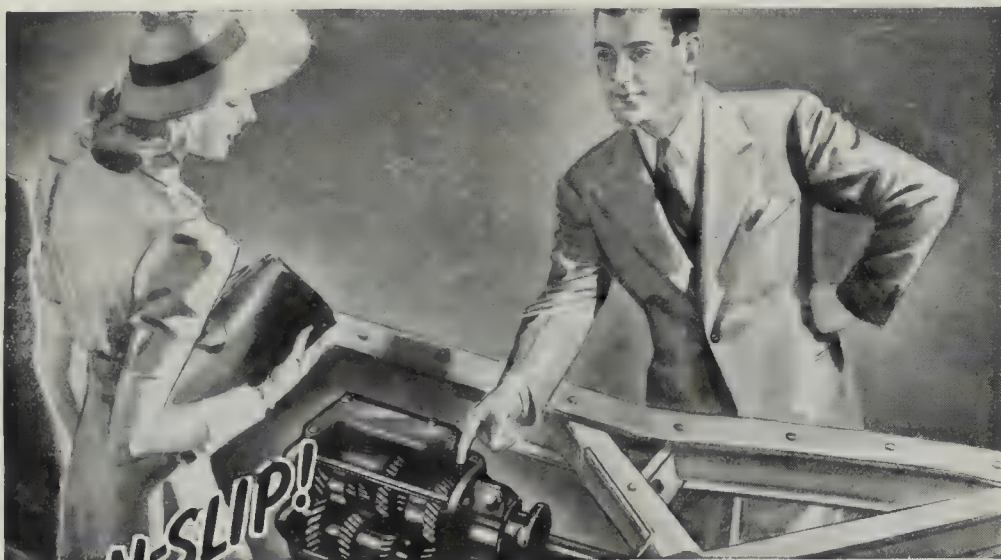
He kissed her on her warm and willing lips. "We'll do it now," he said. "We won't wait seven years. I'll quit this game before they pack me in a box." He kissed her once again. "And then what will I do?"

"That's up to you, McGinty," Mary said. "I haven't got the least idea."



## Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 10



NON-SLIP!

Miss Joan Anderson, popular fashion model, inspects the transmission of a new car. The salesman explains how power reaches the wheels through gears, for gears can't slip . . .



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# MILLER TIRES

## GEARED TO THE ROAD

1940 IS MILLER'S 48TH YEAR IN RUBBER

The man seemed to see nothing ridiculous in using that friendship as a reason for making threats.

"Would he find work for me in Berlin?"

"At once, Fräulein. You may rest assured!"

Carola walked to the window. She had a desperate choice here and she knew it. Stockmann's visit was planned to force her back to Berlin. It might be best to go, no matter what work Blaerchen might offer. Either she had to return or be hunted from city to city by an organization that would never let her rest.

She turned to Stockmann slowly: "You may tell Herr Blaerchen that I shall return to Berlin."

Stockmann smiled broadly and his fat cheeks wrinkled. "He will be delighted."

When he had gone Carola recalled what he had said. Blaerchen would be delighted! She smiled to herself. She remembered how she had fled Berlin in panic the night that she had heard of her husband's death. She had fled in grief and panic but she could return cool and clearheaded. By continuing cool she might find in Berlin the answer to a question that had made the years of her widowhood more miserable than most.

AT NOON on a January day Karl Dietrich stepped from a third-class carriage at the Friedrichstrasse station and walked away, as if to a certain destination.

In his early thirties, he was a tall man with broad shoulders and long, swinging arms. His face showed that he had once been much stouter. His gait was peculiar. He walked with a slight stiffness as if his back pained him. At each step he could not swing quite freely from the waist. His face was a large, round face, reddened, not unattractive, rather comic, for his features were oddly assorted, like the window of an odds-and-ends store. His clothes were of the cheapest.

On a bus platform outside the station, he took a few coins from his pocket and fingered them, as if they were his last. Then he boarded a bus.

At the corner on which Café Buda, with its neat blue-and-white awnings, stands, he got off and stood indecisively at the curb. Then, with that unbending walk, he entered the café, and went directly to a large round table at the rear.

A waitress brought water, a napkin, and a menu. She greeted him mechanically; then as if she had seen him first through a screen and now clearly, she stammered, "Herr Dietrich!"

"It has been long, Marie," Dietrich said. His voice was surprisingly deep, pleasant and musical.

"Yes, Herr Dietrich. What may I bring you?"

He saw her nervousness and smiled. "You get younger, Marie. You haven't married yet?"

"Oh, no, no sir." The girl was confused now. "What may I bring you?"

"There's no hurry, Marie," Dietrich said kindly. "Tell me, do the same people come to this table?"

"Few of them, mein Herr. You have not been here for how long, Herr Dietrich?"

"Three years, Marie."

"There are many changes in that time." She was eager to get away. "What may I bring you?"

"Coffee will do," Dietrich said, remembering how little money he had. Marie left.

A heavy-set man of fifty came down the aisle, hurrying a little, looking neither right nor left, as if anticipating a pleasant lunch. Two or three steps from the table he stopped, recognizing Dietrich and was flustered.

"Dietrich!" He came forward, smiling with hurried, forced warmth. "How nice to see you."

"It's nice to be seen."

"Strange to see you here." The man did not sit down.

"Strange to be here."

"You've just returned to Berlin?"

"I've just returned."

For a moment the man was embarrassed, then he said nervously, "Well, must be going. I just came in to look for someone." He turned and hurried toward the door.

Karl was not left long alone. On his way to the kitchen Marie had stopped and spoken to the proprietor. Now he came to the table with the slightest trace of a smile.

"Herr Dietrich!" He was formal and cordial. "It's like old times to see you here."

"Hello, Herr Hoynig."

"Waiting for someone?" Hoynig tried to be casual.

Dietrich smiled as if he understood what was behind the question. "No, just hoped to see some of my old friends."

"The table is almost always empty."

Karl nodded. "Times change. Remember the day Blitzstein from the Philharmonic put his bass viol on the table so that no one would steal it?"

Hoynig nodded but did not laugh. He walked away uneasily.

Marie brought coffee and Karl sipped it slowly. He did not notice a third young man, rather tastelessly dressed, coming to the table. He was nervous but from shyness, not uneasiness. His voice wavered slightly as he said, "Excuse me, but aren't you Herr Karl Dietrich? My name is Schimpf, Wilhelm Schimpf."

"Good evening, Herr Schimpf." Karl had never seen him before.

"Pardon my speaking to you. I have always admired you, Herr Dietrich. I always thought that you were one of the best comedians we have ever had in Berlin."

"You are kind, Herr Schimpf."

"No, no, I mean it." Schimpf's forehead was perspired. "I have admired you so much at the Krokodil Café."

"We had good times there," Karl said pleasantly. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'm not detaining you?"

"I have no other appointment."

"THEN I am fortunate," Schimpf went on quickly. "I'm a clerk in the Agricultural Ministry here but a student of the theater, especially comedy. I remember an act you used to do at the Krokodil, the one in which you played the village butcher."

Dietrich smiled. "The Butcher and the Policeman! I had almost forgotten it."

"I have not seen you perform for some time."

"It's been a long time since I was on a stage."

"I can tell you exactly," Schimpf said triumphantly. "Just three years!" Then he dropped his voice: "I remember the Krokodil so well. It is not the same place today."

"Still open?" Karl was surprised.

"There is just a dance orchestra, nothing more. By the way, do you remember Carola Dirling?"

Karl nodded.



"I'll never forget the way she sang," Schimpf said as if the memory were something precious. "She used to stand on the platform in just a simple home-made dress. You know, when she sang those sea songs you could feel in them the terror of the sharp rocks off Skagerrak and the fog off Kattegat."

"There was no one like her," Karl said.

"She disappeared so quickly from Berlin after her husband died," Schimpf said. "I never did know how he died."

"An automobile accident."

"For a moment Schimpf was silent, as he were still thumbing over his memories of the Krokodil. "I remember one of the stories you used to tell, Herr Dietrich." He laughed to himself. "The owner of the Krokodil was Herr Blaerchen, nicht wahr?"

"One of the owners."

"He's an important government official now, in the foreign office."

Karl frowned, then nodded.

"He's an important Nazi, too."

"I know that," Karl said with abrupt sternness.

Schimpf looked surprised. Then, almost timidly: "By the way, if you aren't busy this evening, Herr Dietrich, perhaps you would dine with me. I should be honored."

"I would like that," Karl said frankly.

"There's that Hungarian place across the street if that would suit. At seven?"

"Anywhere. Anytime."

From a short distance off, Hoynig, the proprietor, was watching. Schimpf saw him gesture and turned to Karl: "Excuse me. I think Herr Hoynig wants you."

A few minutes later he came to the table, his manner shattered in embarrassment. "I am so sorry," he stammered. "Herr Hoynig has reminded me of an engagement I had this evening."

Dietrich nodded: "Don't be embarrassed, Herr Schimpf. You were kind to invite me. I shall remember that."

Schimpf's face showed his confusion.

"I assume that Herr Hoynig told you that it was not wise to be seen with me?"

Schimpf said nothing.

Karl was not concerned. "Just two questions—"

Schimpf interrupted: "First, Herr Dietrich, be good enough to let me help you."

He reached in his pocket. "You just need money."

He offered a hundred-mark note.

Karl hesitated. To hear that and to know it was true was a new kind of pain.

The few coins he had in his pocket made him feel ridiculous. "I shall take it as a loan."

"As a debt owed you, please," Schimpf said, "and long overdue, for the many times you have made me happy."

"Thank you. Now, two questions. Is the Krokodil at the same place?"

"Yes."

"I'll go there tonight."

"You're new in Berlin," Schimpf said, as if eager to give every help. "It's hard to get around the city at night. Everything is blacked out. You'll find the Krokodil a popular afternoon tea-dancing place."

"Then I'll go this afternoon." He hesitated.

"You had another question?"

"Yes." Karl still hesitated. "From which concentration camp did Hoynig tell you I had just returned?"

"From Sachsenhausen, Herr Dietrich."

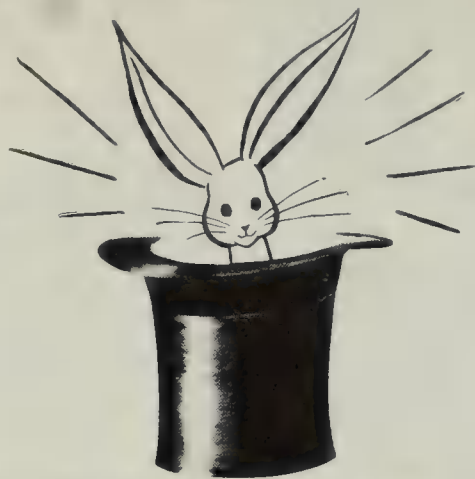
"He was wrong. I was in Buchenwald. It's by far the worse!"

IT WAS harder than Karl had imagined it would be to turn into Martin Lutherstrasse and go toward the Krokodil. A thousand times he had seen ahead the small sign over steps that led down to a basement. He could remember the time in 1933 that he and Blaerchen had hung up that small painted board. In those days cellar cabarets were opening all over Berlin. The formula for them was simple: a small stage, some tables and chairs, a piano, a few sandwiches, some beer, some entertainers and unlimited hopes. Blaerchen had interested a young wealthy man, Paul Lesser, in the Krokodil. With his backing it could run for more than a month, the usual life of the cellar cabaret.

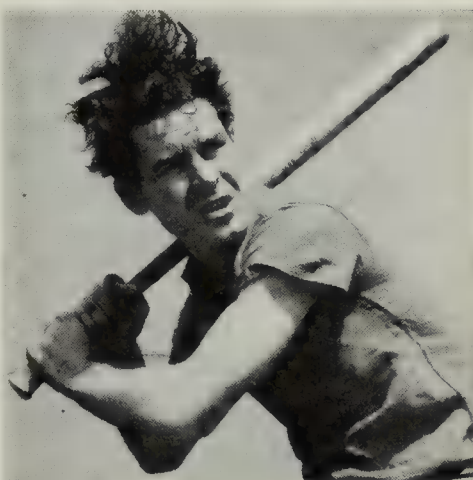
As Karl came down the street he saw a gaudy sign ahead, with the word KROKODIL. The entrance was deserted. Karl could remember nights when police were stationed at the door to prevent more people from pushing in. To go down the steps into the cabaret now took force of will. He was sure that everyone connected with the place was new and that he would not be recognized. It would be better that way.

A headwaiter greeted him, and led him to a table. Several dozen people were at other tables. Most of the men were in uniform.

In a moment he realized that he would not be uneasy and pained here; he would only be bored. The little stage was now a useless small platform protruding slightly into the room. A curtain, streaked and shoddy, hid most of it. Sometimes he had stood there for a half-hour, sometimes longer, saying whatever came into his mind, an ad-lib



## "HOUDINI" JONES and the great "hair" trick



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comedian whose remarks went around the city the next day. A roar came at him from the audience, then another and another.

The crowd laughed, too, when he said, "You know, my friends, we should be grateful to our friend Hermann Goering. He says that after five years of Nazi rule every German citizen will have an automobile and at the end of ten years an airplane. Think, my friends, with an automobile and an airplane we can hunt that much farther for a pound of butter!"

Today no man could get on a platform and say such things. Once a man could laugh in Germany. Today no one could laugh lest some flea-skinned Nazi think he was being laughed at.

Karl looked slowly around the room. It was difficult to see the stage without thinking of Carola. No one else had ever left such a clear-cut shining memory. He never understood her effect on him; before her, he was always one of an audience, watching as a child watches, never able to break through the distance between them. Other men, he knew, felt the same way. Later, he realized that what he had interpreted as aloofness was only shyness and that was the greater part of her charm. She baffled him the more because he had grown up in the theater and was used to theater people.

He had taught her much about stage presence and stage timing and she had once said, "I should die from stage fright sometimes, Karl, if it were not for you." He remembered that remark always, because it was the most closely personal remark she ever made to him.

HE TOOK one more look around the room. Like so many other things in Germany, the Krokodil had changed.

He rose from the chair and started toward the door, but he had only taken one step forward when he stopped. At the doorway, looking around the room with a sort of blinking unbelief, was Carola. He told himself instantly that he did not want to see anyone from the past, even Carola, but he could not restrain himself. He went to her.

"Carola!"

"Karl!"

As Karl led her to a table he realized that he had not seen her since that night, three years ago, when men had come to this room, even as she was singing, with a message about her husband's death. She had finished her song and gone out, alone. Later he heard she had left the city.

It would be hard to pick up from there. It was harder than he thought. The girl seemed nervous, uncomfortable. "I've only been in Berlin a week," she said. "Every day I wanted enough courage to come here. If I hadn't, I should always have known I was cowardly. Now that I've come, the place is so changed that it's completely impersonal."

Karl nodded. "I felt the same way."

"You've been in Berlin all the time, Karl?"

He was startled. Obviously, she knew nothing of his recent history. She had left Berlin in a hurry a month before his arrest, and no one had known where she went. He hesitated about telling her the truth, decided against it and said, "I've been here off and on."

"You've changed, Karl," she said after a moment. "You look as if you hadn't smiled for years."

"Really?" He was tempted to tell her that he had just returned from Buchenwald but a man could not be too careful, even with an old friend. Yet he could not ask questions point-blank about her friends, her opinions, and he was silent, not knowing what to say. For one thing, it was hard to talk in this place. "I feel so awkward here," he said.

"How about having dinner with me tonight?" Carola asked.

"I'm sorry, I can't." He wanted to find a small hotel for the night. "But we could lunch tomorrow." That would give him a chance to ask the sort of questions he had to ask.

"Gladly," Carola smiled. Then she frowned. "I can't tomorrow. The day after? Tomorrow I'm lunching with Rolf Blaerchen."

Karl did not look up. That fact made any question unnecessary.

"Have you seen Rolf?" she asked.

Karl shook his head. It was best now to get away as quickly as possible.

"Suppose you call for me about one o'clock the day after tomorrow? I'll look forward to it, Karl." She gave her address.

"Certainly." Then, brusquely, "Shall we leave?"

They went out together. Carola said,



"But, Bob, I am wearing flat heels!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"You haven't told me where you're living."

"At the Muenster Hotel near Friedrichstrasse."

They separated. It was bitter to have thought of a woman for three years, to have met her, and to have found her a person who was friendly with Blaerchen.

TWICE, while en route to Berlin, Carola had thought of turning back. She did not fear the poignancy of old associations, of having to live alone again in the surroundings where she had once lived with Paul. She did fear having to see old friends, and await their questions. Meeting Karl had set the whole problem afresh. She was grateful to him for not talking of the past. His awkward reserve had puzzled her. She assumed that he had changed with time as had everything else.

Since boarding the train for Berlin she had thought chiefly of Blaerchen. On arrival she found that, as usual, he had been thoughtful. She expected to find no one at the station, but a young man met her, took her to a small hotel and insisted that he be allowed to do anything possible for her comfort. A car was

put at her disposal the next day and she found a small apartment.

Blaerchen had telephoned the first day, his voice as ever smooth, gentle and warm. He explained that he would not be able to see her at once but that he would arrange for lunch as soon as he could.

The lunch was tomorrow.

She had felt that their first meeting would not be difficult; with it imminent she was not sure. It would take restraint not to speak of Paul's last letter, the letter that clearly indicated that Paul, who had gone on a confidential government mission to Warsaw, had suspected that he was entering a trap. She had destroyed that letter before leaving Rome but she knew every word of it by memory. It was the sort of last letter that a man facing death would write to the woman he had loved. But its poignancy and its finality were less vivid than the last sentences in which Paul said that he was sure that one man had set the trap that one man was responsible for his death—Blaerchen.

And now, lunch with him on the morrow!

ROLF BLAERCHEN had come to Berlin from Riga. Of his early years in Berlin Carola knew nothing. Because he was attractive, self-possessed and had a kind of boyish enthusiasm, people liked him. His only ambition, as he worked at one job, then another, was to get money, much money, and to meet people, important people. In a few years he was living comfortably and he was completely at ease in the homes of nobility along the Tiergarten, in the theatrical set on Kurfürstendamm or a lunch with the industrial crowd. People were his capital.

Paul Lesser came from an industrialist's family in Westphalia. He did have money. Paul was reserved, uncomfortable among people, lacking Blaerchen's gift for the quick remark, the proper phrase. It was inevitable that he should admire Blaerchen on first meeting. For the next years they were inseparable. It was Blaerchen who interested Paul in the idea of a cabaret, who hired Karl who laid plans for the Krokodil. It was Blaerchen who found Carola singing in a run-down café in Munich, who brought her to Berlin, who introduced her to Paul. When Paul and Carola were married he acted as best man.

It was Blaerchen who interested Paul in politics. Until that time Paul's whole interest, like someone who has found a new plaything, was in the Krokodil. Blaerchen had been a Nazi even before Hitler came to power. Now he began to talk politics to Paul, and soon after nothing but politics. To Carola that did not matter. She did not care what was said so long as she had Paul and her chance to sing.

"What opportunity have we young men of Germany had?" Blaerchen would ask. "With Hitler we have a chance."

To Carola that made no sense, but Paul nodded. Then he began to repeat those things. It did not matter what he said so long as he came to the Krokodil every night and sat at a front table while she sang.

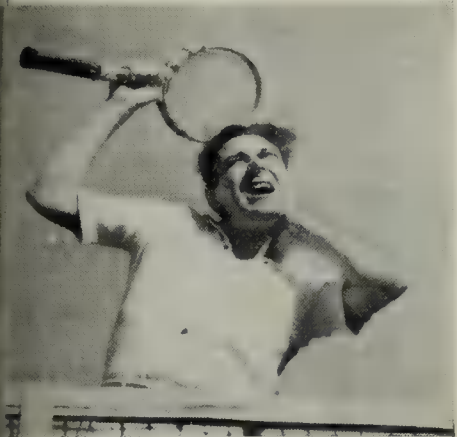
She could remember the first night that he failed to come. He had gone into politics, he explained; he had a position at the Foreign Office. Official business required him to go to Prague. That was the first absence. Then absence became something measured not by nights but by weeks. He was in Bucharest, in Riga, in Paris.

Then, one day, he had gone to Warsaw! It would be hard not to remember that, as she talked to Blaerchen.

The next day she waited nervously through a long morning. She dressed carefully, purposely choosing a black crepe that outlined her figure well. If



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Blaerchen remembered the simple gray, girlish dress she had worn on the stage this new one would be a surprise. At noon her bell rang. A chauffeur was waiting with an automobile. She took a last deliberate look at herself in the mirror as she used to do just before going out to face an audience, and went downstairs.

"I am to drive you to Wandsee," the chauffeur said.

The car headed out from the city. The January morning was too cold for comfortable driving. The roads in the suburbs were empty. The car turned down a side road into a large private estate. Carola had a glimpse of a tennis court, a long lawn that led to a lakeside and a bathing house and greenhouses. The drive led up to a huge, sprawling house of gray stone. On the porch Blaerchen was waiting.

He came running down the steps to greet her. As he helped her from the car his manner was that of a man greeting a close friend from whom he had parted just an hour before. Holding tightly to her arm, he led her to the porch, and into a smartly furnished living room.

"I am so glad you have come back to Berlin," he said. "You belong here."

"I am glad to be back." She had forgotten Blaerchen's skill in putting people at ease. She had to find something to talk about, something that would not lead directly to any question about the past, about the years in Rome. "You have a beautiful home."

"It's nice," Blaerchen said casually.

"Did you design it?"

Blaerchen laughed. "No, I picked it up at a sale—very cheap. The former owner decided that he preferred to move from Berlin, you see."

Because it was vital to be relaxed, to appear perfectly friendly, Carola laughed too. She knew what his remark meant. Many people had fled Berlin in the years of Nazi rule; their homes and their possessions, too, went to the State and the Nazis were the State.

A butler called them to lunch. Food was served that was on no restaurant menu in the city: beef fillet, fresh asparagus, fresh tomatoes. Green bottles of Rhine wine were cooled in a silver pail.

As if Blaerchen realized that Carola might be ill at ease, he asked no questions. He talked about his travels, about changes in Berlin, about the Foreign Office.

"YOU must have an important position," Carola said, hoping to get some clue to the work he wanted her to do.

"It's very interesting." Blaerchen smiled, as if guessing her purpose. "Have you been to the Krokodil?"

"I went there for a few minutes yesterday afternoon. Do you know who I met there? Karl!"

Blaerchen did not appear interested. "Karl Dietrich? Is he back?"

"Where has he been? He looked very ill."

"After you left, things went badly with him," Blaerchen said carelessly. "He was never very discreet, you know. Remember the things he used to say on the stage? After all, there are some things in life that one does not joke about."

"What happened to him?" She was holding a glass at the moment and it trembled in her hand.

"I warned him once or twice but it did no good. The police arrested him and he was sent to prison for a time. I presume he's just out."

She wanted to jump up and run, to run out and through the city at once, remorseful at having failed to recognize yesterday that he needed friends. No person in the world was gentler, more sensitive than he; Paul himself had said that many times.

"I should advise you strongly not to see him again," Blaerchen continued. "People like that are best avoided."

"Yes." She forced herself to sit back in the chair, to seem relaxed, to sip from the glass. "But I made a luncheon engagement with him."

"I should suggest that you break it," Blaerchen said. "For your sake, of course. People might misunderstand."

She wanted to throw the glass at him but she realized that she must appear unconcerned. At the moment her purpose in coming to Berlin was the important thing. She had to change the subject now and she did it awkwardly: "Your friend in Rome spoke to me about possible work here."

"There's plenty of time to talk about that," Blaerchen said.

"I really would like to know what I can do."

He ignored the sincerity in that. "Listen, Carola, I am so glad you are here in Berlin, so glad." He reached across the table for her hand. His voice was suddenly gentle: "I shall never know why you ran away so suddenly. I do know how Paul's death affected you. I wrote you many times urging you to return. You never answered my letters."

"THAT'S all past now," Carola said, grim in spite of herself.

"You could have come back before this. Why didn't you?"

This was to be the subtlest sort of inquisition, a delicate but thorough probing into motive. She was sure he held her hand for a purpose, to sense any reaction. She reached out and put her free hand on top of his and held it tightly so that he could feel no trembling in the hand he held. She answered slowly, "I hated to be reminded of Paul at every turn." Slowly she withdrew her hands, then took a compact from her purse and opened it.

Blaerchen lit a cigar and sat back in his chair. He looked at her intimately. "You're even lovelier than I remembered you. Stockmann told me a curious thing about you."

"Yes?" She held the compact tightly.

"He said that you were disinterested, shall I say, until he told you that I was in Berlin again."

Mechanically, she began to powder her face. She could not have looked at Blaerchen at that moment.

"I wanted to ask you, Carola—did my being here make your decision to return for you?"

She was frightened now, frightened cold. If he had guessed her thoughts about Paul's death then she had better run quickly. She had to look up at him and she saw his face, and fright left her at once. Instead of suspicion she saw silly satisfaction. As he caught her glance he smiled the pleased smile of a man who has guessed an absurdly simple puzzle.

"We can be good friends again," he said gently.

"Of course we can," she said gaily, not sure where the conversation was going now.

Irrelevantly he continued, "I have never married, Carola."

"You must be very lonely at times."

"Not any more," he smiled. "Not any more, with you here."

She could have shuddered at that, at its deliberate implication. This and not any desire to give her work might be his whole reason in having her back in Berlin. Any attempt of his to assume some intimate basis could be checked for a time by reminding him that she still loved Paul. For a time!

He stood up and took her by the arm. She did not like the way he held her. "I'll have to return to my office shortly," he said, "but first let me show you around my place."

She did not follow. If Blaerchen as-



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**CALOX SMILE**  
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**WHO  
IS SHE?**

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### Peg's "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE" gets her man!



**1** **Gwen:** "Why Peg! You're mad as a hatter! Where are you going?"  
**Peg:** "Home, that's where. Can you imagine Dick telling me it was a shame the way I neglected my teeth!"



**2** **Gwen:** "He didn't mean it, Peg. My advice is Calox Tooth Powder... its 5 cleansing agents do splendid work in helping to bring out the natural lustre of your teeth!"



**3** **Peg:** "What a marvelous show, Dick! And that new star—didn't she have the loveliest smile?"  
**Dick:** "Sure, but your 'Hollywood Sparkle' can match hers any day!"

Helps your "Teeth shine like  
the stars" by bringing  
out natural lustre



### CLUES

By Harrison Carroll  
HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT

1. Who played the part of a Confederate spy in "Virginia City"?
2. Who leads a quiet life with her adopted son, Michael?
3. Who has blonde hair, blue eyes and—like so many other stars—a vivacious Calox smile?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page\*)

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POLISHES  
SAFELY**



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### CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath.

\*Miriam Hopkins



sumed that some close, intimate relationship was going to develop, that had better be cleared at once. "You have said nothing about the work I am supposed to do."

"We'll discuss it later," Blaerchen said carelessly.

"I cannot accept money unless I know that there is work I can do for you."

"There is work you can do for the Foreign Office," Blaerchen said. "From time to time there may be some slight favor. That's all."

That was scarcely clear. "How would you describe that occupation?"

"Oh, well," he said carelessly. "Occupation: widow. And a very attractive widow. Isn't that sufficient?"

It did not satisfy her at all.

"For instance," Blaerchen said, suddenly matter of fact, "accept every invitation you get. Meet all the people that you can."

"And nothing more?"

He laughed. "Enjoy yourself! Now, come and see the greenhouses. There's a fine collection of orchids in one of them, odontoglossums, and particularly hard to grow. The poor fool who owned this place was crazy about them. Today he wishes he had the price of one plant!" With the air of a proprietor he took Carola by the arm.

She went along, uneasily, troubled by

his vagueness, his hints about being "good friends," his request that she avoid Karl. His manner might be that of an employer to a new employee. It would be upset at once by mentioning Paul's last letter. She could question Blaerchen point-blank but that would be the ridiculous question of a silly, hysterical woman and easily denied. Then after Blaerchen would suspect her of her suspicion.

"YOU must see my country estate, Pomerania," Blaerchen was saying. "It's rather large but for a man in my position—!"

No direct question would ever tell her what she wanted to know. If she were to find out the truth about her husband's death, she would have to agree for the present to whatever Blaerchen might say, and do whatever work he wished her to do.

"We'll have many a pleasant weekend in Pomerania," Blaerchen smiled, holding more tightly to her arm.

But it was difficult not to be uneasy, difficult not to shiver now as she felt his hand on her arm. His might be the attitude of proprietor or of an employer. But it might also be that of a man who has caught something unique pleasant and desirable in a clever trap. (To be continued next week)

## Mexico Must Choose

Continued from page 11

Almazan—his full name is General Juan Andreu—is the people's choice. His lieutenants say he will sweep the country if there is an "honest election" on July 7th, when every married man over 18 years of age and every unmarried man who has reached his 21st year goes to the polls to vote.

Cardenas, in a statement that is both a confession and a promise, has guaranteed that for the first time in Mexican history there shall be an honest election. The validity of such a promise, of course, is relative in a country where there has never been an accounting of the number eligible to vote, where ballot falsification and box-stuffing and bribery have been as common as terrorism and murder.

### Camacho Sans Political Machine

Into the election against middle-aged, vigorous Almazan, the machine of the PRM, *Partido Revolucionario Mexicano*, controlled by Cardenas, has projected Avila Camacho. Honest enough not to want to be a "machine candidate" and sensitive to the cries of the people against having a candidate thrust upon them by the outgoing president, and mistrustful anyhow of Cardenas, Camacho in his recent campaign speeches has indicated he wants to stand on his own legs. He has said, in effect, that he wears no man's collar. That may split the PRM machinery and, if it does, Almazan may be elected, honest election or not.

There are two other candidates in the election. Neither is important at the moment but when the ballots are finally counted—well, you never can tell. One of them is Rafael Sanchez Tapia, former secretary of national economy. The other is Joaquin Amaro. Like Almazan and Camacho, a former undersecretary of war, they are generals. There are so many generals in Mexico that in 1925 500 were put on the retired list at one stroke.

Sanchez Tapia is a real threat in the election because he may be used by Cardenas, the wise ones say, to double-cross Camacho, by throwing to him the

support of the PRM. The *Partido Revolucionario Mexicano* is in turn supported by Lombardo Toledano's CTM, the *Confederacion de Trabajadores Mexicanos*, Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O. and all-powerful labor organization. It includes in its dungareed legion the "Eighteenth of March Division," an armed body of men whose pistols are rifles, added to the weapons of that portion of the army controlled by Cardenas may be the deciding element in the balloting. Pulque and pesos will help, of course, as will the free rides on government busses and trucks, but the strong-arm squad is a tower of strength to the PRM and CTM cause.

But it is generally conceded that there will be between Almazan and Camacho that the issue will be decided, barring unpredictable internecine quarrels that cloud Mexican politics with the frequency and violence of the tropical storms that sweep the Eastern Coast. Almazan's platform as enunciated in his campaign speeches to date is a simple one. It consists largely of promises to fulfill the promises of past candidates regarding agrarian reform, the rehabilitation of the church in an officially anticlerical land and the amelioration of relations with the United States.

Almazan's friendship for the United States is one of long standing. Back in 1931, in a report to President Pascual Ortiz Rubio, he wrote:

"In the event of another war, Mexico should unhesitatingly and, with the utmost dignity, place itself beside the United States. That is the only way by which we could derive any advantages."

In a nation that has suddenly become aware of the danger it faces from Communism and Nazi and other foreign forces working for the appropriation of Mexican markets and the rupture of the peaceful life of the country, Almazan's avowed friendship for the protector to the north is certain to gain votes. Personable and powerful of build, Almazan is the figure of the "strong man" the Mexicans love so well.

Almazan is about forty-nine years old and stands well over six feet. He speaks with intelligence and vigor and with



ough of demagoguery to cause the  
ombreroed thousands who gather about  
im to shout until the burros rear with  
right.

He is a "general de division" the high-  
st of the "general" ranks, and comes of  
n old family of revolutionaries. He is  
n official leave from the army to make  
is campaign. He became a revolution-  
ry at eighteen, when he was studying  
medicine at the College of Puebla.

As a child he lived in the home of  
evolutionists. Once when soldiers came  
o arrest the family he was sneaked out  
y friends and with them took to the  
ills. He gathered a group about him  
nd at one time had a following of 20,-  
00 men in the Guerrero hills. He  
elped the brigand Zapata overthrow  
yrannical old Porfirio Diaz and bring  
Madero to power.

To the peasants and the more articu-  
ate of the peons, Almazan is Zapata and  
Madero and Villa. In Cuatla, the head-  
quarters of the former Zapatistas, a  
laughter of the famous revolutionary  
made a stirring speech and she wound  
p by saying: "Almazan picks up the  
lag of Zapata, the flag of my father,"  
nd you could have heard the cheers all  
he way to Durango and Monterrey. Za-  
pata was the first to promise the peons  
nd peasants land.

Almazan's educational program is  
popular with the latently Catholic and  
rankly religious masses. Under the  
Cardenas regime, education was placed  
directly under control of the State in  
his socialization program. The consti-  
tution was amended along Marxist lines,  
excluding all private and religious  
schools. He abolished teaching in con-  
vents, monasteries and religious insti-  
tutions.

Almazan has promised to guarantee  
the investments of foreign capital in the  
belief that indolent Mexico needs the aid  
of foreign investors who have the funds,  
skill and energy to exploit the nation's  
resources.

Even Cardenas' enemies admit that  
his program for socialization of the  
country was more misguided than evil  
or intentionally Soviet in aspect. Who-  
ever succeeds him inherits a cockeyed  
economy and a completely empty till.

### Who Gets the Army Support?

In the proportion that Almazan is the  
big hurly-burly boy of the campaign,  
Camacho is the smoothie. He's almost  
as smooth and silky as the olive-  
skinned, curly-haired Vicente Lom-  
bardo Toledano, his pal. Camacho, too,  
is a "division general." As such he  
should have the support of a large  
section of the army but, the experts  
down there say, he hasn't, except what  
he picks up from the fact that Cardenas  
raised the soldiers' pay from one peso  
per diem, roughly 16 American cents, to  
one peso 40 centavos.

There are 50,000 soldiers in the Mex-  
ican army and since it is not known how  
many voters there are in the whole  
country it cannot be estimated how im-  
portant the soldier vote would be in the  
elections. There is no commissary de-  
partment in the Mexican army, by the  
way, and on that one peso and 40 cen-  
tavos per day the Mexican infantryman  
must feed himself and his family. In  
peace time he lives with his whole fam-  
ily. When on active military service in  
war, the soldier's wife is the commis-  
sary. She forages for her man and has  
camp ready for him at night after a bat-  
tle, with the kettle boiling. The children,  
if old enough, come along to war, too.

Almazan, however, gained the confi-  
dence of subalterns and privates while  
in the army. They say he's their hero  
in peace as well as war. He's supposed  
to have a number of "great victories"  
to his credit, while Camacho was  
largely a swivel-chair general.

Almazan is personally skeptical of  
getting a fair break at the polls. This is  
the way he puts it:

"There is no electoral census in Mex-  
ico. Never have the voting lists been  
published. No one knows how many or  
who have the right to vote. We are care-  
fully preparing our voting lists and, if  
necessary, we will install our own polls.  
We hope that on Sunday, July 7th,  
President Cardenas will place the army  
in charge of watching the polls, not only  
for the purpose of maintaining order,  
but, particularly, to count the votes of  
the citizens and render true affidavits."

Although the election is on July 7th,  
Mexico will not know who won until late  
in August. On August 25th, the electoral  
college of the Federal Congress meets  
and canvasses the returns and an-  
nounces the result of the voting. Five  
days later, the outgoing president makes  
his valedictory to congress and con-  
tinues in office with lame-duck powers  
until November 30th.

### Anything Can Happen

If trouble there is to be, it will come  
between July 6th, pre-election night,  
and August 25th, the day the election  
results are announced, with danger of  
revolt ever present, of course, until the  
new president takes office at the end of  
November. Mexico, anybody will tell  
you, is a country where anything can  
happen.

Last December there was a series of  
political murders, particularly in the  
state of Puebla, stamping ground—but  
maybe it's just a coincidence—of Can-  
didate Camacho's well-muscled brother,  
General Maximo Avila Camacho. Mex-  
icans say the killings, placed as high as  
twenty, were done by terrorists drafted  
from among the lower strata of the  
Spanish refugees.

In recent appearances in the north  
country, Almazan has been met with  
stonings and on one occasion the roof of  
a public building collapsed just before  
he entered. Two or three of his lieuten-  
ants were injured. Another time shots  
were fired at his party, and aides were  
wounded. At least three nonpoliticians  
were killed in a shooting scrape at an-  
other Almazanista rally.

On paper Camacho is in—solid. This  
largely because of the support of the  
CTM and affiliated labor unions, which  
are thoroughly thumbled by the able,  
energetic, reputedly Communist, Tole-  
dano. His main union boasts a million  
members and that's at least a million  
votes for Camacho. There are no peas-  
ants in those unions.

The union members are held together  
by a political expedient known as the  
"exclusion clause." This is an article in  
the bylaws of the union under which a  
worker who refuses to march in a pa-  
rade, carry a banner or vote as his  
leader tells him to is blackballed on  
some union technicality and loses his  
job—a practice not altogether Mexican.

That there are some union elements  
in Mexico who hate Señor Toledano's  
viscera was exemplified last May Day.  
During the big parade down Mexico  
City's main street, a group of workmen  
shouted in the teeth of Toledano's gun-  
equipped thugs: "Down with Camacho.  
Viva Almazan." Maybe Toledano's to-  
talitarian troopers aren't exactly solid.  
Republican Mexico may march on.

In the event there is an obvious or at  
least provable skulduggery on the part  
of the machine, Almazan says he's going  
to name his own electoral college and  
set up shop in Monterrey with a rump  
parliament and everything. This might  
mean the establishment of a two-party  
system in Mexico and end the long line  
of quasi or total totalitarians who've  
ruled the country for decades.

It might mean revolution, too. Out-  
going Mexican *politicos* die hard.



## Stop Squirming

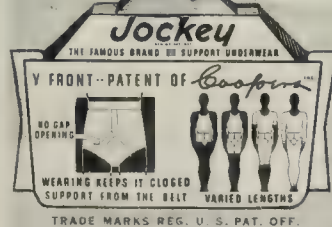
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Price, 50c  
and up, a  
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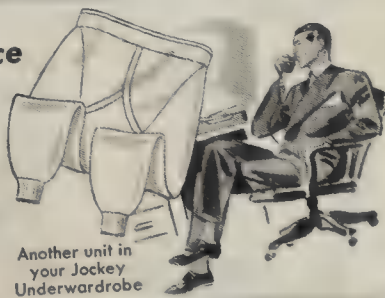
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## Where Credit was Due

Continued from page 17



Your home is right behind home-plate when you hear the umpire yell "Pl—lay ball!"

The Crosley radio line for 1941 runs from \$7.95 to \$149.95. It includes table models, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations with and without automatic record players, home recording devices, frequency modulation sets, portables and auto radios.

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THE HOME OF WLW, THE NATION'S STATION—70 ON YOUR DIAL

... The model illustrated has American broadcast and international short wave bands, personal tone control, five tubes and ballast, for A.C. or D.C. and is priced at \$19.95. Prices slightly higher in the far West and South.

Beemish had been expecting some such move to break up his and Rita's business proximity, and he knew for sure now that Harry was what he looked like—a snake in the grass.

Beemish said: "You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine, Harry. There'll never be any other cashier in our store but Rita. In fact, that's the main condition of our partnership."

"I was afraid of that," Harry said. "How such a perfect girl as Rita can be such a rotten cashier is beyond me. Do you know how many times I've asked her to quit cashiering and marry me, Beemish?"

"I don't want to hear about it," Beemish said.

BACK at the store, he told Rita that henceforth Pollard Hardware was on a strictly cash basis, and Rita agreed that it might be a good idea. Then Beemish suggested, since an all-cash business meant a busier cashier, that she had better save her eyes by laying off the love books.

She didn't take his head off when he suggested that—she just got superior.

She asked: "Which is more important—love or hardware?"

Beemish nodded in defeat.

They opened their cash business the next Monday, and Beemish did a little advertising and worked up quite a traffic of customers. But the end of the day and the end of the week and the end of the fortnight found Pollard Hardware running behind. Cash and sales never checked. Rita's absent-minded cashiering was costing the business a pretty penny. And there was an argument every ten minutes around the cage that was ruinous to good will.

When a third week took them to the very brim of bankruptcy, Beemish hinted that they might attempt a modification of the partnership agreement as to her being the exclusive all-time cashier of Pollard Hardware. She refused to listen; and Beemish hastily dropped the matter by saying: "There's a good show at the Palace, Rita."

"I know there is," she said. "I'm going with Harry Harmon."

So Beemish just put his nose back on the grindstone, and went on with his losing hardware fight. Day followed day, and loss followed loss. At the end of the fourth week his original investment was chicken feed.

He stepped into the cage with his mind made up.

"Rita," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"I love you, Rita. I want you to marry me."

She looked up at him with her big blue eyes, and her voice was sad and sure. "You'd do anything, wouldn't you," she said, "to get me out of this cage? You'd even prostitute love."

"Prostitute love?" asked Beemish.

"Yes, just like in this story I'm reading. Oh, you can't fool me, Beemish Todd. I may not know as much about business as you do, but I know love. I've read love and studied love—"

"But I love you, Rita!"

"That's what you say. How would ever know you weren't marrying me just to get me out of this cage, the way you've been wanting to do from the very first?"

Beemish had no answer that would go over with one as deeply versed in the mysteries of love as she. He put his nose back on the grindstone for a fifth week and fought desperately to prolong their waning partnership.

On the next Saturday, Harry Harmon came in.

"My father wants to see you, Beemish," he said.

"He wants to see me!" Beemish said.

"Pronto, Beemish—and I'll do the waiting-on-trade for you till you get back."

Beemish slowly removed his store coat and got ready for the trip over to Harmon and Son. This must be the end, and he felt regret only that it would be the end of Rita. He knew his powers and possibilities. There would be other businesses and other money—but never a girl like Rita.

HE FOUND Mr. Harmon a whole lot like Harry—easy to look at and easy to talk to. Mr. Harmon took him into an inner office, made him comfortable in a big easy chair with a cigar, and proceeded to talk to him like a father. His every sentence bespoke hardware erudition, and he voiced a veteran's appreciation of the sheer merchandising genius that must be Beemish's.

"To keep going so long, under such conditions," he explained. "But the present picture of Pollard Hardware, as Harry paints it, has given me pause."

"Pause?" said Beemish.

"Exactly, Beemish—pause. If I didn't have pause, I'd be closing you up this minute. As it is, I'm giving you till the end of next week. But if you'll do one thing for me, I'll back you to the sky, Beemish, for you are a born merchandiser."

"What is that one thing, Mr. Harmon?"

"Get rid of that Rita."

"I can't, Mr. Harmon. It is in our partnership agreement."

"Then I'd better close you up today, so you can open up next week alone with my unlimited backing."

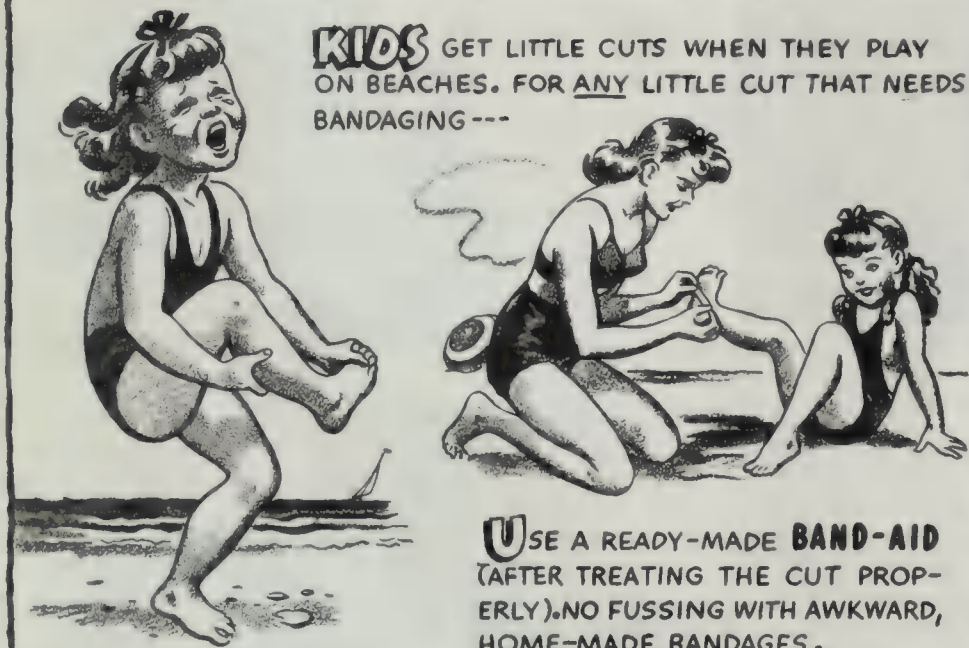
"No, please! Don't do that, Mr. Harmon. I love Rita—and which is more important, love or hardware?"

"Why don't you marry the girl, Beemish?" Mr. Harmon asked reasonably.

"Because she won't marry me, sir."

Mr. Harmon swore a little.

KIDS GET LITTLE CUTS WHEN THEY PLAY ON BEACHES. FOR ANY LITTLE CUT THAT NEEDS BANDAGING---

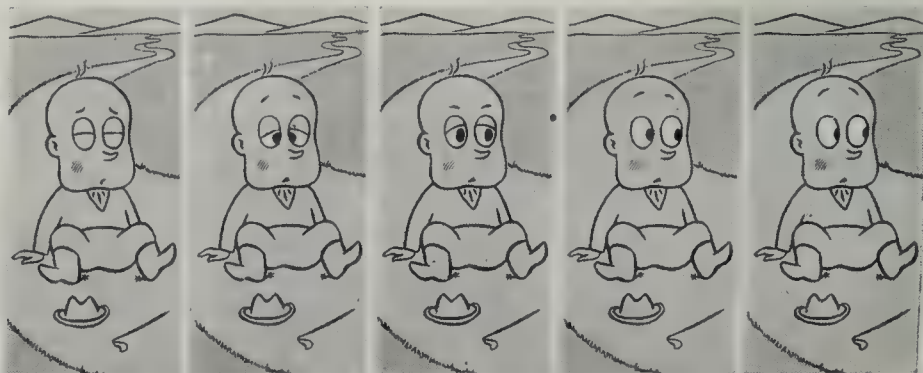


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ADHESIVE BANDAGES



EMPTY SADDLE

CROCKETT JOHNSON



"Well, I'll have to close you down a week from today, Beemish," he said. Beemish went back to the store. There were two customers in the store waiting to be waited on, and Harry had his hand stuck through the window of the store talking to Rita.

"I'll right, Harry," Beemish said. "I'll right, Beemish," Harry said. He held his head out of the cage. He said: "Right, Rita—then we're all set for the next show at the Palace tonight." He stepped out of the store.

Trying to rid himself of the awful realization that a week more would sever him and Rita, Beemish rushed over to the customers.

"Who's first?" he asked. The man looking at the electric irons was Beemish. Beemish explained to him the differences in price and guaranteed performance of the three models, and the customer pleased Beemish by deciding on the most expensive iron—a dollar de luxe number that Beemish was afraid he was stuck with for a week or rather until next Saturday now. Beemish wrapped up the iron, and the customer told him to charge Beemish pointed at the CASH ONLY signs all over the store and told the man that nothing was ever charged at Pollard Hardware or ever would.

"You don't trust me, hey?" the customer said, and went stamping out.

Old Mr. Morehouse, the other customer, was handing over an electric light fuse.

"Give me a slip on this fuse, will you, Beemish?" Mr. Morehouse was saying. The radio plug had a short circuit in it and night and blew out all the lights in the right-hand side of the house.

Certainly, Mr. Morehouse," Beemish said.

Beemish gave him the package and a ten-cent sales slip, and said: "Thank you, Mr. Morehouse—come in again, Mr. Morehouse." Then Beemish went to the back office and sat down and the way to gloom and disillusionment. He'd applied every principle of cash merchandising he'd learned at night school, yet in a week he'd be closed up because Rita hadn't been able to handle cash. In one short week she would be gone from him forever. What could he do that he hadn't done? How could he stop the dissolution of their partnership that would drive her into Harry Harmon's waiting arms?

"Listen, Beemish!" Mr. Morehouse said from the doorway. You could fry an egg on Mr. Morehouse's face, and it was the red of astonishment.

"WHAT is it, Mr. Morehouse?" Beemish said, jumping up.

"She gave me this!" He was holding a five-dollar bill. "I gave her a nickel to pay my nickel sales slip. I said: 'Five out, Rita.' She tossed my nickel into the till, said: 'Five is right, Mr. Morehouse,' handed me this five-dollar bill and went on with her reading."

Beemish just stared at Mr. Morehouse, and Mr. Morehouse stared back at him. Mr. Morehouse came out of it first.

"Listen, Beemish," he said. "You'd be far better off with no cashier at all than with a cashier like her."

Beemish kept staring. Then suddenly he jumped.

He put his arm around old Mr. Morehouse and hustled him to the front door. "You keep the five dollars, Mr. Morehouse," he said on the sidewalk. "Put it in a frame and I'll buy it back from you for a thousand dollars one year from now."

"Will you have a thousand a year from now, Beemish?" the old man asked.

"You bet I will!" Beemish exulted.

He went back into the store, locked the front door, and pulled down all the shades.

"Hey, Beemish," Rita kicked. "How can I read with—"

"Rita!" Beemish said.

"Yes, Beemish? What is it?"

"Did you ever hear of a man sacrificing his principles for love?"

"Of course I have—right here in this story I'm reading. Say, you either put up those shades or switch on—"

"Well, that's me, Rita. I'm sacrificing cash for love. There'll be no more cash in Pollard Hardware."

"No more—"

"And I'll triple the business, see if I don't. It's a new idea, born of love and faith—faith, for instance, in that man who almost bought the flatiron just now. No money of any kind will be accepted in this store—everything's to be on credit. Collector goes around once a month like the gas company—wearing Pollard Hardware's special uniform. People won't mind. Neighbors will say: 'It's the man from Pollard's where you can't pay cash even if you want to.' And people will buy more."

He paused, took a long breath and went on: "You hear me, Rita? Everything will be sold on credit. There'll be absolutely no cash, and hence—no cashier!"

He braced himself for the worst.

RITA got down slowly from her chair. She came out of the cage toward Beemish, and in the twilight of the shaded store her golden beauty raised unplumbed havoc with Beemish.

"You figure you're keeping within the terms of our partnership agreement, Beemish?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Beemish said boldly. "It was agreed that only you would do the cashiering in Pollard Hardware. So I've abolished the cashiering—and incidentally got unlimited backing from Harry's father, so the future's rosy."

Rita yawned.

"Thank goodness that job's over," she said.

"You mean you don't mind leaving the cage!"

"Of course I mean it—having my reading interrupted a thousand times a day. Why do you suppose I stayed in there—because I liked it? I stayed in there because I recognized you as my true ideal that day you came snooping around, and I was bound no other girl would get into that cage to be winning you away. And if you were to ask me to marry you again, people certainly couldn't say you were doing it just to get me away from the cash, for there isn't going to be any cash."

Beemish closed in.

"You mean you'll marry—"

"You get away from me, and put up those shades in a hurry, Beemish Todd. We'll see what's what after the movies tonight—"

"But you're going to the show with Harry!"

"Oh, no, I'm not. I'm going with you, Beemish."

And that's the part of his story that Beemish, for business reasons, doesn't tell. Certainly he's revolutionized retailing in America. But I'm sick of reading that the STRICTLY CREDIT slogan of his four hundred twenty-seven stores in three hundred fourteen cities and towns in the forty-eight states of the United States and the nine provinces of Canada and the northern half of the Mexican province of Coahuila was the child of Beemish's vision and Beemish's brains. Sired by a chance remark of old Mr. Morehouse, it sprang into his head at a time when STRICTLY CASH had got his love urge down and only STRICTLY CREDIT could get it up. So let's give credit where credit was due.



John Morrell & Co.  
Ottumwa, Iowa

Gentlemen: This sounds unbelievable but it's true. I heard a roaring sound and rushed out to find the roof of our home on fire. We had no phone or near-by neighbors. My husband had gone downtown. I was frantic. Quickly I scribbled a note, "The house is on fire, and tied it to Resolute's collar. Find Harry quick!" I shouted. In a flash Resolute was on his way. How I hoped and prayed he would bring help before it was too late. Soon my husband and the firemen came and put out the fire. Resolute thrives on Red Heart dog food, and you may be sure he gets 3 glasses from a grateful mistress.

Mrs. J. Richards  
Marshall, Ill.

## More Dogs Eat Red Heart than Any Other Dog Food\*

From thousands of appreciative dog owners have come enthusiastic letters about the high quality and stimulating appetite appeal of Red Heart 3-flavor Dog Food.

This well-balanced food is made in federally inspected plants from clean, wholesome meat and meat by-products, vegetable and bone meals, cereals, cod-liver oil, Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Irradiated Yeast. It provides abundant supplies of

Anti-infective Vitamin A, Anti-neuritic Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, Sunshine Vitamin D, Growth Vitamin G, and other essential vitamins. Laboratory-tested and kennel-proved. Always insist on Red Heart... the 3-flavor dog food. Accept no substitutes.

Feed economical Red Heart 3-flavor Dog Biscuits, too. Heart-shaped or kibbled. They furnish abundance of vitamins, vigorous gnawing exercise, and solid nourishment.

\*According to independent, nationwide surveys.

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## LOST AND FOUND DOG LOCKET

Limited Offer! Inside this Red Heart dog locket is space for your name, address, phone, dog's name, etc. And with this locket get the Official Obedience Rules taught to dogs at famous Von Motzck Training Kennels, Chicago. Just send 3 Red Heart labels—Diets A, B, and C—to John Morrell & Co., Dept. 37, Ottumwa, Ia.

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# RED HEART

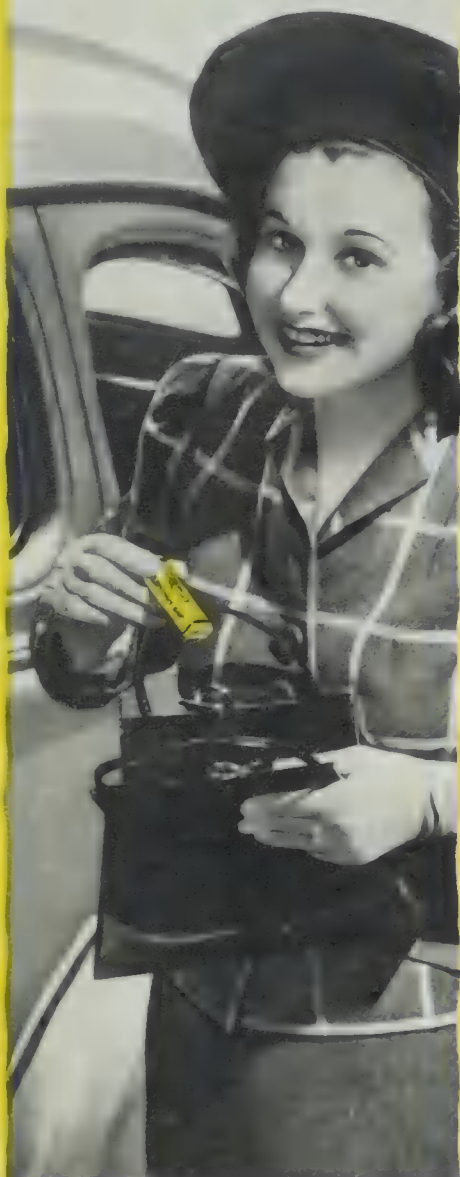
THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD

FEED IN ROTATION



## Front Seat in Flanders

Continued from page 13



## What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated) Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon  
Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Canajoharie, New York), famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

## Beech-Nut Gum



GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

the French army increased. They had thought of everything and yet if a plane flew over the observer would see nothing but green French woods and fields.

Then came the last mile and the lieutenant laughed and said that from now on we'd be under observation by the Germans. There were two open fields to be crossed. The German shells had been dropping here all morning. There is a technique about crossing open fields at the front. The young lieutenant asks you whether the restaurants in Paris are still as good as ever. You light a cigarette and start walking casually across the field with him. And you tell him about the food in Paris. You start with the *pâté maison* at Pierre's, then touch on the fish at Armenonville and by the time you are discussing the small wild strawberries that Maxim serves you are safely across. Of course you're sweating a little.

Then finally you are at the last outpost. You go down into a large dugout and for a while watch the colonel in action. He has men at telephones and others with maps and he sits with his staff. His command has the fight of its life on its hands today. Earlier in the day, prisoners had been captured. I had talked to them. I had read instructions taken from their pockets. "Stand fast," they read, "if you retreat you will be court-martialed." The instructions were signed, "Your Fuehrer." Yes, the colonel had a fight on his hands. He knew that 15,000 men had been ordered to break through his lines or else. But he didn't seem worried.

"How long you been here?" Pierre asked me suddenly.

"Four days and four nights."

"You like it?" André asked.

### War Correspondent's Mecca

Like it? That wasn't a tough question to answer. At this moment I wouldn't have been anywhere else in the world. I had a front-row seat at the greatest show ever staged. I wasn't with the army, I was in front of the army. A month ago I was listening to Eddy Duchin and loving it; I was having a drink with my colleagues at Collier's and loving that. I was worried about Carl Hubbell's left arm and Mel Ott's legs. Now? Now I was in a steel-and-concrete observation post in No Man's Land, watching flashes from German guns a mile away, listening to the roar of French guns in the rear. Like it? Hell, I loved it.

There are a lot of keen young newspapermen around here now working their hearts out, lying, conniving, manipulating, doing anything to get near the front. But for today the front was mine.

"Le Boche," André said, and there was excitement in his voice.

I haven't met a French army man who ever refers to the Germans as anything but "le Boche." They never say Germans. I looked through the slit and the woods seemed quiet. Then I looked up. It was a Messerschmidt. That's a good plane. He was flying lazily down our valley. By now this valley belonged to us. He flew quite close to us and Pierre swore very indelicately in French. His right wing almost kissed our side of the hill but, of course, he didn't know we were there. He was up for reconnaissance. Then, miraculously, two black specks appeared. I knew where they had come from. I'd spent last night there at that little lopsided ridiculous airdrome. Then they weren't specks. They were French Moranes—small, maneuverable ships. Nothing like the

Messerschmidt. But nothing is, except the English Hurricane and the American Curtiss.

The Messerschmidt wheeled quickly. We watched and the guns suddenly stopped. The three planes wheeled all over the valley in front of us. Then one of the French planes seemed to get tired. When planes are shot they invariably blow up in a glorious cloud of flame and smoke. It's always like that in the movies, anyhow. During the past four days I've been living in a place where fights between planes are commonplace. Planes don't die spectacularly. They die slowly. The French plane wobbled and then glided down happily in back of us. It seemed to be well under control, but it was out of the fight.

Now it was one against one. A Messerschmidt against a Morane. The Messerschmidt dove at the Morane and I held my breath. Eight hours ago I sat in a Morane.

"It is simple," the pilot explained,

## CAUGHT WITH OUR GUARD DOWN

It will take two years to arm the National Guard. Yesterday you laughed as they awkward-squadded up the armory floor. But with Hitler thinking westward and his agents digging in below the Rio Grande, we've stopped laughing. The world's richest country may have to fight tomorrow's blitzkrieg with yesterday's guns. Walter Davenport gives you the low-down—

In Next Week's Collier's

"You hold the wheel with your left hand. When the Boche gets within the circle of your arm, your right hand presses this button on the dashboard. Simple? That released your two guns, 'Dop, dop, dop.'"

That's what the pilot of that little Morane was doing now. Within two minutes one of these pilots would be dead. It isn't fun seeing men killed. I see men killed quite often, now, but I never get accustomed to it.

The experts could tell you the maneuvers. The Messerschmidt was below the Morane and then suddenly the little French plane raised its nose in the air. He raised his nose and gained altitude and suddenly he was on top of the Messerschmidt. Pierre grabbed my arm. I realized suddenly that my mouth was dry, and that the neckband of my shirt was too small. I've seen all the great fighters of our time but I never saw anyone like this anonymous French pilot. He was up against superior speed, superior armament, superior maneuverability. And yet he wasn't getting hurt.

Then suddenly the Messerschmidt wheeled sharply to the right and passed

perhaps within two hundred yards of our little nest. And the Morane was a hundred yards behind him. The Morane had a gun on either wing and both were spurring lead. I couldn't see the lead but I could see smoke trailing from the wings. They hit something. The pilot? I don't know. You aim at the pilot now in air fights. His motor is armored too well. Shoot off half the tail and he can still hobble to the ground; aim for the pilot.

I think the pilot was hit. The Messerschmidt wobbled questioningly, certainly and then dropped rather slowly into the woods a mile away, woods which hid the German battery that had been sending shells at the farmhouse all day.

It was very quiet, the guns of both sides hadn't resumed and, ridiculous birds were singing protestingly above us. There was a phone at Pierre's bow. Every ten minutes he had talked into the phone. He had usually said in French, "Nothing to report."

Now he said it again. He was talking to a dugout two miles back, "Nothing to report, everything is quiet, Captain. He was right, of course. Only a report who didn't know any better would be tense and excited at what he had seen these past few hours.

### "We'll Get Them"

My escorting lieutenant had appeared from somewhere. We said goodbye to Pierre and André and started back. It was a long walk and then the darkness fell like a quick, black blanket. It began to rain; slow miserable rain. There was no path to guide us. Now and then one of us would slip and more than once we ran into barbed wire. But we could show a light, couldn't even smoke. Finally we got to a small village where troops were quartered. We went in headquarters. A dozen officers sat around smoking. It had been a hard day for them. One of them grinned and said unexpectedly, "On les aura."

They all smiled and something came back to their faces. "On les aura" is an expression made famous by General Petain during the last war. He was at Verdun and things were bad. He sent one three-word message to Paris: "On les aura." It means "We will get them."

The men around me were smiling now. One finds nothing but supreme confidence at the front. Defeatist talk is the theme song of the loafers in the Paris bars. You never hear that kind of talk from soldiers at the front. They know they are in a tough war but they know too that they are going to win or die. You get to believe them. I did.

I walked outside into the night. The guns were roaring again but that is sound that is unheard after a while. Like the sound of city street traffic, it is a part of the scene.

It was pitch-black, but now and then flashes from the guns would streak upward through the night to light it for a moment. Trucks were rumbling past. Through the blackness I could distinguish a white square of the side of each truck. Inside the white square there was a red cross. These trucks were going away from the front. They were all full. One truck stopped and there was incredibly the sound of swearing in an unmistakable American voice. This was one of a group of ambulances belonging to the American field service. One after another they passed ghostlike through the night. There were a lot of them. They told the story of what had happened. It had been a tough day.





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*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



## Batting Averages are Cockeyed

Continued from page 23

Tiger speedballer, in the fourth inning. The bases are empty and one man is out. The Yankee slugger tops one of Newsom's fast balls, it dribbles down the third base line and Joe beats it out for the luckiest of scratch hits.

There is every difference in the world in those two hits. The first broke up the ball game while the second merely broke the monotony of a dull game. Yet in the present system of scoring, those hits amount to exactly the same in the percentages.

Or take an even more interesting example: Charlie Gehringer is at bat in the ninth with the score tied at 5-5, two out and the bases filled. Red Ruffing is pitching for the Yankees and the struggle is tense. Ruffing is a great pitcher and Gehringer is one of the keenest-eyed hitters in baseball. Working very cautiously, Ruffing gets the count up to three balls and two strikes. The next pitch means everything. The ball speeds toward the plate and suddenly breaks down toward the inside corner. Gehringer starts his swing, but suddenly checks it and lets the ball go by. Umpire Moriarity calls "Ball Four," gives Gehringer a walk and forces over the winning run.

Later in the season, in Chicago, Gehringer is again the batter. This time there is nobody on base and it is only the first half of the third inning. Two men are out. After fouling the first pitch off, Charlie catches the White Sox infield asleep and dumps a bunt toward third base, easily beating it out for a hit.

Under the present scoring rules, Gehringer's expert judgment in the first case got him nothing but the satisfaction of winning the ball game. In fact, officially, he wasn't even up to bat. In the second instance, his bunt meant just as much in the averages as a home run.

Obviously, something is wrong and another method of scoring is needed. In this article I am suggesting a new plan that I think will establish the true offensive worth of a player to his team.

### An Equitable Rating System

The start of a scoring system of this kind must be, of course, from the highest standard. Under my system, a home run with the bases filled is perfection. Since this is a perfect performance, all other offensive actions by a batter are relative to this.

A base on balls with nobody on is actually worth the same as a single with nobody on. A single plus a steal of second is as important as a two-base hit. A single plus a steal of second and third is worth as much as a triple with nobody on. With men on second and third, a single scoring both is worth more than a single that scores nobody. In short, a batter's true worth is dependent not only on the length of his hits and his speed of foot but on the number of bases he has advanced his teammates.

This system of rating is based on the fact that getting to first base is the most important thing of all. If the hitter doesn't get on, there is no chance for a rally and no chance to score a run. The old adage still holds: you can't steal first base. After long investigation I have found that the following ratings are most equitable:

I have rated first base two points; first to second one-half point; second to third one point; third to home  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points.

This may sound complicated but it is really very simple. A batter hitting a home run with the bases loaded would score 12 points, made up as follows: he

gets compensation for the bases he makes, 5 points; he scores a man from third,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points; he scores a man from second,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; he scores a man from first ( $\frac{1}{2} + 1 + 1\frac{1}{2}$ ), 3 points. Total: 12 points.

The base runner gets extra points when he achieves an extra base through his own efforts. In the case of the home run with the bases filled, he would get no extra credits because the cause of that success would be due to the hitting exclusively. However, if a runner on first goes to third on a single, he is given credit for one extra point. His advance to second base would be caused by the hit but his progress to third would be his own achievement. A slow man wouldn't attempt it; a fast man will make it. He gets proper value for that feat.

Likewise a batter who sacrifices with runners on first and second gets  $\frac{1}{2}$  point credit for advancing one man to second and one point for advancing a runner to third, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points. A batter who hits a long fly and scores a runner from third or advances a runner to another base gets credit for each advance, although he gets no direct credit for his own hitting since he did not reach first.

Should a batter receive a walk with the bases filled, he would get five points; two for his own advance to first base and the others for the advance of each base runner. If hit by the pitcher, the batter

would get the same credit as if he had obtained a base on balls.

If a batter gets to first on an error or if runners advance on an error, no credit is given since the success comes from blunders of their opponents rather than from any effective effort of their own. Naturally the hitter would get no credit on an intentional base on balls.

### Some Figures Do Lie

That brings us to percentages:

If a batter is up four times in a game and has made as a hitter and base runner three points his first time up; four his second time up; five his third; and none his fourth, he would have accumulated twelve points in his four appearances. Now, if he had a home run with the bases filled on each of the four times up, his total in points would have been 48. Therefore, the total number of points he could have achieved by a perfect performance for the day divided into the number of points he actually made would give his offensive rating or efficiency average.

Well, frankly, I consider this method outshadows the weak and unjust system of averages we now have. For the first time a man really gets credit for every good offensive action he takes. Batting averages under my method take into consideration the kind and length of hits, the number of bases the runners are ad-

vanced by these blows and the ability of the hitter as a base runner. If he takes extra bases on hits and steals, he is rewarded for it in the average.

We have talked a great deal for of a "player's player," meaning a man whose fine work did not show in the averages, but it was not always pleasant for that man himself who went into the owner's office and to get a better salary in his next contract. All the owner had to go by the figures he saw in the percentages. Unless the manager, who knew the value of the player, also happened to be a man who set the wages, it was no way so good.

"We'd like to do something for the owner would say, 'but the figures don't lie.'"

The figures do lie and they have for years.

Joe DiMaggio gets most of the headlines for the New York Yankees and is almost certain that he would retain his supremacy under my system because of the timeliness and long range of his hitting, but the offensive value of a man like Joe Gordon would get proper credit. If the records of last year could have been worked out under the system I propose, I am confident that Gordon would be right up around the top. Gordon strikes out a lot and often looks bad but the opposing teams are always scared pie-eyed for fear the little fellow will pop one into the stands in the clutch.

### Look at the World Series

The last World Series proved a lot of points for me. According to the official averages, Crosetti batted a mere .067, the classic, which looks horrible. Rolfe, on the other hand, had .167. However, under my system, Crosetti had an efficiency rating of .0347, which placed him three points ahead of Rolfe with .0347. It is further interesting to note that in the same series Bill Dickey, New York catcher, had an official batting average of .267 while Frank McCormick of the Reds hit .400 in the same four games. Dickey, however, was actually more valuable as a hitter. According to my figures, he had a rating of .1196, putting him fifteen points ahead of McCormick at .1042.

Charlie Keller broke up that series with a succession of long-distance slams and happened to win both top rankings in the regular system and in mine, but might easily have been possible for another hitter specializing in innocuous singles to have topped him in the official ratings. One poke from Keller at the proper moment was enough to wipe out five misplaced singles by the Reds but he was only credited with a hit that meant no more than a wasted gesture.

As a matter of fact, the complete futility of the present system of averages was beautifully revealed in the third game of the series. The Reds got two hits and three runs in that contest and the Yanks got five hits and seven runs. The difference was that four of the Yankee slams happened to be home runs, three of them with men on base. You would never know that from the records.

I don't want to be too chesty about the system I have proposed and it is quite possible that there is another one that will be even more effective in correcting the present abuses, but I am convinced that something must be done. The players have always sensed that something was wrong and I think the fans will realize it when it is presented to them.



"Whew! That certainly kept me on the edge of my seat!"

RICHARD TAYLOR





Give your home new style — with paint. You'd be surprised how much attractiveness modern paint styling in effective color combinations can add to your home's appearance. Be sure to insist on white lead paint—for long wear and economy. Consult your painting contractor.

## Down here in the lead mines we're working on your next PAINT job



**N**OW take this lead we're mining. You know how it's used for outdoor metal work because it's so tough weather doesn't seem to harm it any.

But plenty more is used in making white lead that goes into paint. And white lead is no slacker, either, when it comes to standing off rain and sun.

So it's easy to figure why white lead armors paint against the elements—makes it tougher and longer-lasting. It goes on smooth as velvet, too, and lasts for years—*without cracking and scaling.*

What's more, white lead paint wears away so evenly it doesn't need burning off or scraping when you repaint. And when you figure in its longer life, you make a double saving.

So if you're looking for real satisfaction it's a good

idea in buying paint to find out how much white lead it contains. It's a pretty safe rule to follow: *the higher the lead content, the better the paint.* You can't, for example, get a more durable paint than one containing a hundred per cent white lead. This is the kind good painters mix from lead-in-oil. In many places it is now being sold in prepared ready-to-use form, in white and colors.

Remember, most good painters recommend white lead paint. Try it on your next paint job and you'll find it's one case where the best is cheapest.

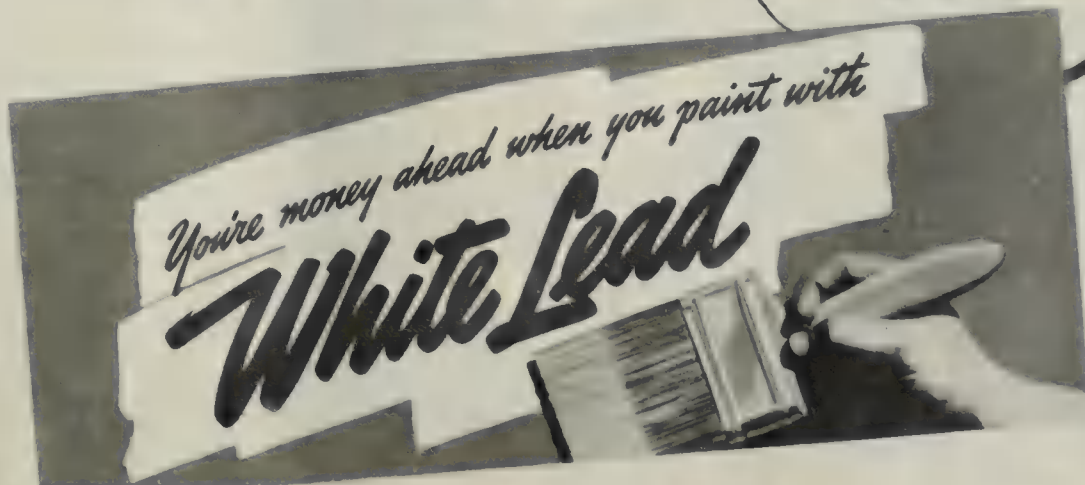
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**Blatz**

**OLD HEIDELBERG  
BEER**

## Fast New World

Continued from page 19

attention of those who are naturally fascinated by the activities of business and trade.

The ease of transportation and, still more, the refreshing independence of service and storage made possible by the compactness and convenience of U-235 will cause our cities to spread out all over the countryside, even to territories barren and now uninhabitable. Agricultural lands will be returned to Nature, and wild life will share in the bounties of U-235. Humanity might well become a single, uniformly spread community, sharing as neighbors the whole surface of the world.

The new generation will take much of their recreation out-of-doors; for shelter and rest they may retire to their underground apartment. The problems of air conditioning will be reduced to a minimum by the insulation of the earth and perhaps by a surface swimming pool which would serve as a roof.

### Life Goes Underground

Their plants will be grown under artificial heat and light, using the technique of hydroponics, in the water that flows through the rocks just below their underground ranch. Light is generated by fluorescence which occurs around the U-235, and is piped under the house through transparent plastic sheets along the interiors of the rooms.

Normally, the household supply of U-235 is stored, and slowly used, in the chamber where the plants are grown. Appropriate portions are automatically delivered by a tube-distribution system to stations where they are needed to provide heat or power for machinery or cooking.

In a world where energy is free, servants are unobtainable. There will be no excuse in the world of the future to lose our human dexterity, no matter how many ingenious gadgets are invented.

The occupants of the completely private underground home, refreshed from a sleep in perfect quiet under minutely controlled conditions of comfort, may arise to take their baths of water, or vitamins, or perfume, or ultraviolet light, and proceed to their garden to satisfy their taste for fresh fruits which they pick from dust-free, sterile plants, and prepare in a few moments in the high-frequency cooker their favorite breakfast foods.

An elevator to the surface lands them at the door of their automobile. It is a spacious room or rooms of transparent plastic, with drawn blinds overhead to keep out the direct sun. The wheels are big as tractor wheels, to minimize disturbance because of bumps and to prevent damage to lawns or fields. Roads are practically unnecessary, except for main thoroughfares used mostly for freight transportation. There is no conceivable use for a railroad.

The automobile is suspended from an overhead axle so that it banks itself on turns and permits the occupants to write letters or do chores while under way.

Unencumbered by a complicated engine, minus a battery and heavy metal transmission system, your car will be light in weight and delightful in simplicity.

It will be something like a trailer, roomy and able to make long journeys through the wilderness. It might well be built in the monocoque construction developed for airplanes, whereby all the rigidity is obtained through the outside skin. Since this will be a plastic, and transparent where necessary, there need be no windows or other seams in the

surface, and the vehicle might even serve as a power boat as well as a yacht.

For long journeys a special type of airplane will be developed. It will depend on a remarkable property of U-235 not yet described. This property, by-product of its energy generation, consists in the ejection of high-speed particles. Such a process can be used as a means of propulsion in the same manner that the ejection of a stream of water can be made to cause a sprinkler to rotate. Such a device would eliminate the necessity for a propeller and would do well what a helicopter can do only badly. It would overcome gravity, and cause an object to move vertically. Airplanes of this character would be able to fly at any height above the earth because they are dependent on the atmosphere to keep them aloft. At a height of, say, 100 miles, the resistance of the air is slight that such craft could attain speeds of several thousand miles an hour.

You can have supper in Paris, and speed across to New York faster than the wind, to see a matinee performance on Broadway. You can see what happens to time scale; and, of course, geographical and national boundaries will lose their meanings too.

In the hands of eccentrics and criminals who might be capable of using U-235 for destructive purposes, a weapon of extraordinary power will be available. The destructive power of a U-235 explosion is even greater than you would judge merely by its energy content. A ton of U-235 might well be made to destroy every creature for hundreds of miles, and the atmospheric concussion it would set off would be heard around the world. Moreover, some of the rays given off through U-235 are deadly in character and imperceptible to the ordinary sense. They could be used to mow people down by destroying their blood corpuscles. However, they would be effective only for a few yards. There is, actually, no indication that U-235 or anything else will ever supply the dreaded death ray.

### No Room for Imbeciles

Clearly, in any case, the destructive potentialities of U-235 are great enough to make it imperative that the citizens of the future be educated better than they are now with respect to their social responsibilities. Certain kinds of abnormalities, ordinarily considered lightly, will have to be overcome or their possessors destroyed. At the same time, society will have to keep track of all the Uranium produced and refined and take action at once against any individual who tries to accumulate a dangerous supply.

That, roughly, is a suggestion of the revolution that may be brought about in daily life in our own time.

None of the things mentioned have yet been worked out, but the difficulties are difficulties of detail. I can justify every one of the possibilities that have been indicated. In some senses the picture is an understatement. If anything it is not imaginative enough. Certain things as surprising as all these things will come to pass when U-235 is produced at the rate of ten thousand tons a year.

The story of U-235 is fascinating in itself.

Uranium is white, as most metals are when clean. It is practically as dense as gold but much harder. It forms beautiful compounds, which often fluoresce



be sometimes self-luminous. It is a complex atom. It is like a miniature system, with 92 planets swinging in a nucleus. The miniature planets are called electrons; they consist of particles of electricity. Such electrons may be in their orbits many billions of times in a millionth of a second. The force that holds them in their orbits is attraction exerted by positive electric charges located at the center of the orbits. Hydrogen, the simplest of the elements, has one positive electrical charge at its center, or nucleus; Uranium has 92 such positive particles in its nucleus. These positive particles are called protons. The 92 positive protons just balance the negative electrons.

To cement these protons together, it is necessary that there be associated with the 92 protons in Uranium a still larger number of similar particles which are only in the sense that they carry electricity. These particles are called neutrons because they are electrically neutral.

Most Uranium atoms contain 92 protons and 146 neutrons, making 238 particles in all. About one Uranium atom lacks three neutrons, so that it has 235 particles in all. Thus, U-235. Heavy atoms are fairly unstable and that is why so many of them are radioactive and break up spontaneously. Up to the discovery of Element 92, Uranium was the heaviest atom known. U-235 is on the verge of instability, so that if one neutron is added to its nucleus it splits up into simpler and more closely knit parts. The physicist studies the fission of Uranium when it takes on an excess neutron.

There is an important accompaniment of the fission of U-235. Not only do the parts separate with a billion times the energy that an ordinary atom has, but in the process of fission two or three neutrons are born or are thrust from the products of fission. When this fact was discovered physicists became wildly excited. Here is the reaction:

One neutron was put in; one atom of U-235 was destroyed; two atoms with a billion times as much energy were produced, and two new neutrons were made available to repeat the process. A banker would be excited about that of compound interest.

### Energy as You Need It

The actual scale of the atom is so small that the neutron can reach its work in much less than a thousandth of a second, provided only that its original high speed is cut down so that it does not rush past its goal too rapidly. Hydrogen in water, wood or paraffin is ideal for the slowing-down process. We can say, then, that neutrons could reduce themselves and double their number a thousand times a second if there were enough U-235 about to produce the necessary fissions.

To control the energy-production process it is necessary only to insert into the Uranium a small percentage of cadmium. The cadmium nucleus has the property of absorbing slow-moving neutrons with exceptional ease, and very often escape to reproduce themselves by fission fissions. By changing the amount or position of the cadmium the rate of production of neutrons, and consequently the rate of generation of energy, can be modified at will.

The power for your automobile of the future probably will be supplied in a tank about the size of a typewriter. This will be filled with water. In this a small chunk of U-235, say a few pounds in weight, will be immersed. For chemical reasons the U-235 will not "burning"—neutrons will begin

splitting atoms all over the place. It is as though the tank were crowded with a lighted bunch of invisible but immensely powerful Chinese firecrackers. The water will be turned into steam. This will run turbines, from which the power will be transmitted to your wheels.

Meanwhile, the physicist plies his trade with minute amounts of U-235.

U-235 is so similar to ordinary Uranium that it is extremely difficult to separate them. That, in fact, is the real barrier at present to cheap atomic power. Uranium can be had by the carload for around one dollar per pound. If the one tenth of an ounce of U-235 in a pound of ordinary Uranium could be extracted for one hundred dollars it would still be a fuel several times cheaper than coal at \$5 a ton. I estimate that the cost of extracting that much U-235 by methods already known would be less than twenty dollars. Professor Wilhelm Krasny-Ergen of the Wenner-Grens Institute, Stockholm, Sweden, described the design of a suitable plant. He started to build it but had to stop because of the war. The trouble is not the operation cost, but the initial cost, which would run to millions of dollars for a practical plant. It is like an oil well. The first quart it produces might be said to cost \$10,000 and that is why many people have done without wells.

### It's Only a Beginning

Now it has just been reported that Professor Krasny-Ergen has stepped up the production more than ten thousand fold over the previous rate announced by Professor Nier at the University of Minnesota only a month ago.

The Germans, who take science seriously, were the first in the field. They are quite active but they say nothing about their results if any. Probably no one else is close to getting a useful quantity, although the French under Joliot were doing very well up to the start of the war. I feel that one year of peace would bring a gram of U-235, and two years a ton. If the Germans have production and waste it for bombs, they are madmen for sure because with U-235 a nation could win a peace and no one would be a loser.

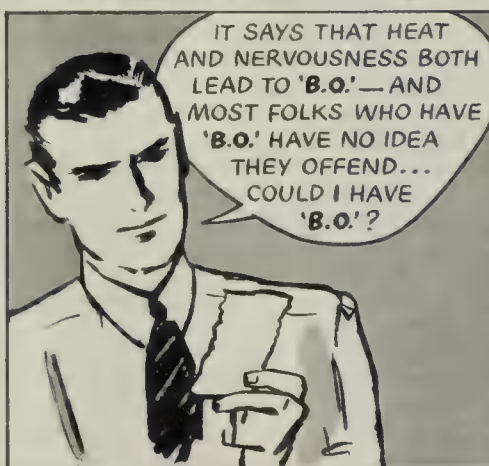
Possible developments almost in sight may extend horizons far beyond what has been contemplated in this article. We could, if we liked, send rockets to the moon. A method could be worked out for using the copious supply of neutrons generated through U-235 to reproduce on a small scale the conditions that exist in the interiors of the stars. Under these conditions, the most commonplace form of matter becomes a far richer source of energy than the U-235 dealt with in this article. The kind of civilization we might expect, when technique has reached that far, is so different in kind from anything we know that even guesses about it are futile.

The newly discovered Elements 93 and 94 are produced by neutrons that strike U-238. These elements are almost certainly as subject to fission as U-235.

For the immediate future it is safe to say that the practical applications of U-235 open a new world for invention and ingenuity. A whole generation of bright young men and women will be unable to exhaust the opportunities presented by this universal tool. There will be no end of applications to our wants and needs and they will contribute to the richness of life and bring rewards of wealth and satisfaction to self-made men in the tradition of Duryea, Edison, Kettering, McCormack, Westinghouse, Ford and the Wrights. Only some of the glory must be reserved for the physicists.

What a day to tackle old Forbes for that order!

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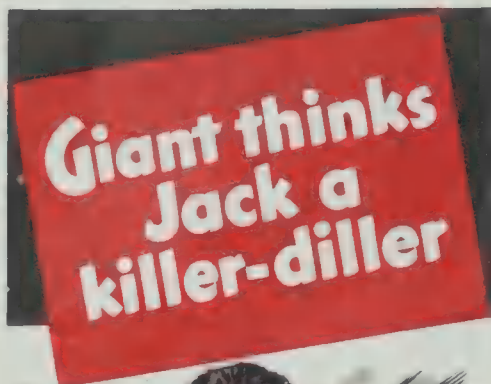
**LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP**

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts



## These Our Rulers

Continued from page 24



Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—(that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

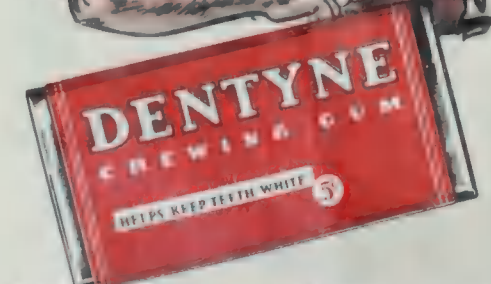
"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures—but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

**Moral:** Even giants need mouth exercise. Dentyne provides it in its pleasantest form.



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT MOUTH HEALTHY

for another. He gave a fellow named Ben Fink \$350 to burn a barn for the insurance—a little matter of \$35,000. Moe was indicted for this, but confessed, turned state's evidence and escaped prosecution. Later, in a moment of inadvertence, he was caught stealing 2,800 pounds of copper from a train bound from Utah to New York. For this he did a stretch of thirty months in Leavenworth. This, of course, was a crude job. It was before Moe entered politics and learned that there were more respected ways of lifting more refined metals and accomplishing the same result.

For instance, after graduation from Leavenworth, Moe settled down in the junk business and then organized the Cook County Trust Company. He got some 272 receiverships from some dozen judges and he and his counsel, Jake Arvey—now his successor as boss of the Twenty-fourth—did very well at this. This is one of the fine things about Chicago politics. Little irregularities like copper snatching, arson and such did not prevent an ambitious young fellow like Moe from getting along.

His brother Mike was boss of the Twenty-fourth and a member of the Sanitary District. He died in time to escape indictment, leaving to Moe the junk business and the Twenty-fourth Ward. "Me and Tony Cermak," said Moe, "found the Democratic party flat when Brennan died, owing \$200,000. We got the money together and cleaned it up." He meant the deficit, not the party. Thereafter Moe was one of the party's chief lawgivers and its biggest frogskin-giver.

### Good Old Generous Moe

Before Tony Cermak died Moe handed him in various sums over \$90,000. He peeled off in that same time, to various aldermen, frogskins to the sum of \$92,000. They got from \$2,500 to \$5,000 each in the campaign. He supplied precinct workers with cash to the tune of \$300 per precinct on election day alone. On one occasion he gave Tony Cermak \$30,000 to pay a Cook County deficit. On another he handed him \$25,000 to man the polls at a judicial election. Judicial elections are important in Chicago. After all, justice is an asset not to be sneezed at. But the circuit judges elect the South Park Board commissioners and that board has the dispensing of countless millions in patronage and contracts. Kelly was elected commissioner of the South Park Board by the judges.

Moe handed money to judges, to public officials of all sorts—loans and campaign contributions. And not only did he go outside his ward, but even outside his party, so boundless was his generous heart. Everybody loved him. Henry Horner, the night he was elected governor, went to Moe's headquarters in the Twenty-fourth, embraced Moe and kissed him on the cheek.

Moe seemed to be especially generous when matters affecting the telephone company or the power companies were at stake—in elections, before the aldermen, the legislature.

In two years Moe, according to his own estimate, passed out to politicians in Chicago \$500,000—which is quite a sum for a humble junk dealer, whose junk yard was by no means imposing. The question naturally arises—where did all this money come from? It reveals where a lot of politicians got money. From Moe. But where did Moe get it?

One day the Treasury Department in-

dicted Moe for ducking his income tax. They said Moe had failed to report a mere matter of half a million dollars in two years. Moe was heartbroken. And worried. So were Kelly and Nash and others. Nash did all in his power to extricate Moe. Democrats even offered, it is said, to raise \$150,000 to pay the tax. Moe and his lawyer, John L. McInerney, Mayor Kelly's counsel, went to Washington. And there Moe told the following story—secretly of course. It was never intended for publication.

The \$500,000 referred to as income by the Treasury was not income at all, said Moe. Moe was in the junk business, but that was just a subtle device for providing money for political purposes from the utility corporations, particularly the Insull companies. Insull's companies had immense quantities of old iron, copper and other discarded metals. The companies sold it at a very low price to Moe. He then sold it to the regular scrap trade at the market price. The difference was his—or so the Treasury insisted. But Moe said no. It was for use among the politicians. It was just a way of converting old rails, broken-down trolleys, ancient fly-wheels, old copper wires and dynamos into the precious metals to be handed out to judges, lawmakers, public officials to be in turn converted into laws, orders in council and good will for the power companies. It wasn't Moe's income. It merely passed through his hands. It was just a well-concealed, legal method of equipping Moe to buy the friendship of the boys for their great and good friend Sam Insull and other utility leaders. Having revealed this precious morsel to the tax authorities, he then proceeded to give the names of all the politicians to whom he gave the money. This he did under the careful questioning of Kelly's counsel. Of course Moe was supposed to keep some of the money for himself. He kept plenty. But alas! Moe, whose business was to make suckers out of the voters, was something of a sucker himself. Politics was his game—buying politicians, judges, aldermen. But Moe liked to play other people's games. He bought stocks. He dropped \$280,000 with the brokers in two years. He tried his hand at finance—the Commercial Finance and Discount Company—and thus Moe was taken for another ride of \$220,000. He had losses in two years of \$640,000, besides paying out half a million to the boys.

When Moe told this story Democratic Treasury Department in Washington (he had been indicted by the Republicans) he and his took a train for Chicago. On the train he was taken ill. He died a week later. He was given a grand funeral. Judges, the aldermen, the great town gathered around the bier. Kelly was there. He made a speech.

After Moe's death, somehow—some treachery perhaps—Moe's complete statement to the Treasury Department leaked out and was made public. It helped to explain to students of public affairs where the dough comes from—at least some of it.

When the mayor spoke at Moe's funeral he said tearfully: "Moe was a good man to me." The mayor was not happy in his expressions of gratitude. Unfriendly critics were always to be found. On another occasion he had said: "All that I have I owe to the people of Chicago." But this was not strictly true. It turned out that, like Moe, he took some of it to the people of the United States.

### Some Questions for His Honor

In fact, only a few months after Moe Kelly took office, a rumor popped up and danced about the Loop about an "important person" who had been indicted for a hundred grand income tax by the government. Who could it be? Rumors went to Kelly's house. They asked if he knew who the public official was. He said he didn't. And he added that he was not interested in knowing. Then four days later the facts came out. The mayor, it seems, in the years covered by the Sanitary District scandals, had failed to report \$450,000 in income.

The Treasury had made the discovery, had gone after Kelly about it instead of indicting him as it did Rosenberg, had permitted him to make the claim. It had all happened before he became mayor. The Treasury settled with him for \$105,000 and he paid it with a check from William Kenny, Al Smith's old friend and wealthy Tammany contractor. It all happened during a Republican administration. But it had been done quietly—no court action, no publicity. Some powerful Republican influence in Chicago had managed it. Not a



JOHN A. RUGE





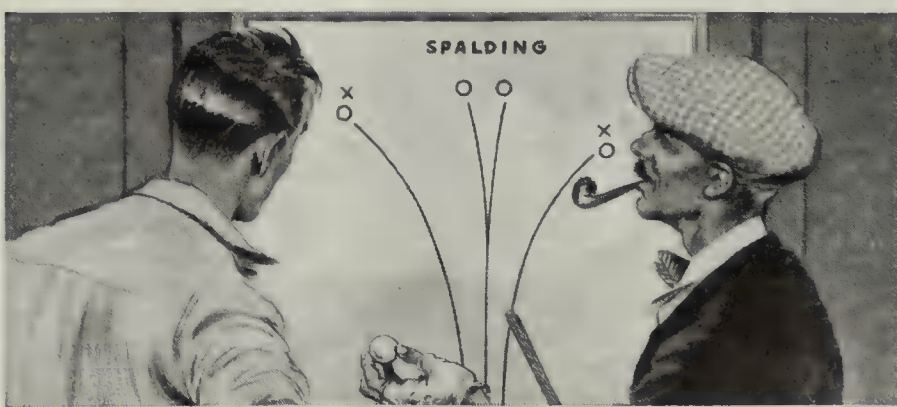
“D-d-darling I just  
b-b-broke ninety!”



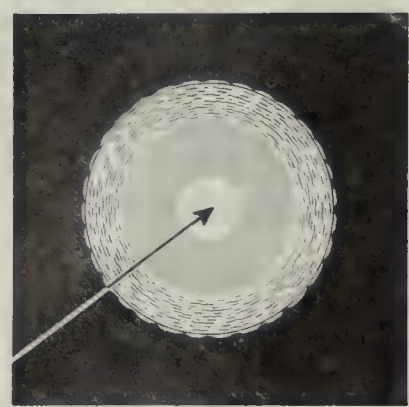
**1** “So help me, honey...sober as a judge. Listen, on the 6th I wouldn't've given a dime for my chances. There I was, in the daisies, cussin' my slice. Up pops Tom the Pro, 'Hold everything! Your form's okay. Maybe it's that ball that's making you slice. Here, next hole play this...'”



**2** “He hands me a Spalding. Zowie, I hit a screamer lead to the pin. From then on, baby, was I hot! Miracle? Well, says it's that Spalding balance. The old ball I've been using was off balance, sliced or hooked even when I hit it clean.”



**3** “Look”, says Tom, showing me a chart. ‘Here's what the driving machine proves. Hit an off-balance ball over 200 yards and it may slice or hook 20 yards. But Spalding balls will vary less than one yard!’ Golly, no wonder I cut 5 strokes off my score. Well, honey, the boys want me... What? Oh, okay, I'll be right along...”



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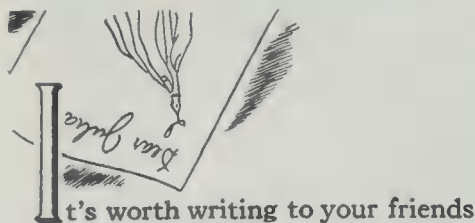
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had reached the public ear until now.

Of course the papers demanded to know how a \$20,000-a-year engineer got \$450,000 in three years. And people asked—what would have happened in the Sanitary trials if it had been known that Kelly had such an income in those years?

At first he refused to say where he got the money. Then he said it was a "lot of hullabaloo about nothing—just a simple business transaction." Then he intimated that he had advanced a lot of money to the Brennan campaign for the Senate and this was a return of that money. But it was pointed out that the total cost of the Brennan campaign was only \$97,000. And, moreover, the return of a loan is not income and not taxable. The reporters pushed him cruelly for a better explanation. He said crustily: "I won't talk. Anything I say will be used to put me on the spot."

### The Mayor Explains

But finally he decided to explain. And the explanation was even more startling than the original charge.

The mayor said he had had an income in the ten years from 1919 to 1929 of \$724,368. In that time he had a salary of \$151,000. In other words, he had an income in those ten years of over half a million dollars in excess of his salary.

His salary in that time averaged \$15,115 a year. But his total income was \$72,436 a year. It was almost five times as great as his salary.

Then he added that this large sum did not include the \$450,000 claimed by the Treasury. And he let it go at that. He never did tell where that \$450,000 came from. He merely insisted it was not income. But, of course, he had not contested the point when the Treasury called on him to pay \$105,000 taxes on it. He had paid up.

Taking his own figures for the years 1926, 1927 and 1928, his income was truly surprising. He had an average of \$72,436 in those three years which he admitted, reported and paid income tax on. And in addition to that he had the \$450,000 or \$150,000 a year that the Treasury unearthed and that he had concealed. The two together gave him an average income for those three years of \$222,436 a year.

How much he made in those ten years outside of the \$724,000 he reported and the \$450,000 he didn't report we do not know. Taking merely the admitted figures, we find that this \$15,000-a-year city engineer made over \$1,100,000 in ten years. And all this was in spite of losses of several hundred thousands of dollars in the stock market and on real estate.

He was asked to explain the explanation. But he never did. He has never revealed where that \$450,000 came from. It may be that it was not income. It may be that it was merely money passing through his hands. But from whom and to whom?

The incident rises now to plague him anew. For now he is the leader of the Roosevelt forces in Illinois—indeed in that whole region. Kelly has said his organization was the spearhead of the whole Roosevelt movement in the West. His enemies—and Roosevelt's—have taken him at his word and are asking him what he thinks of the dictum of Mr. Roosevelt when he was governor of New York.

When Samuel Seabury revealed that Sheriff Farley in New York City had over a hundred thousand dollars in cash in his tin box, Roosevelt removed Farley because he refused to say where it came from. Roosevelt said: "As a matter of general sound policy I am very certain that there is a requirement that where a public official is under inquiry or investigation, especially an elected

public official, and it appears that his scale of living or the total of his bank deposits far exceeds the public salary which he is known to receive, he, the elected official, owes a positive public duty to the community to give a reasonable, a credible explanation of the sources of the deposits or the source which enables him to maintain a scale of living beyond the amount of his salary."

The revelations about Kelly produced some revelations about Pat Nash and Jake Arvey. Arvey is a lawyer—a member of the firm of McInerney, Arvey and Epstein. McInerney is Mayor Kelly's personal lawyer. Jake Arvey, in addition to being a lawyer, is also Moe Rosenberg's successor as boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward, Kelly-Nash leader of the Board of Aldermen and vice-chairman of the County Committee. He ranks next to Kelly and Nash—is in fact the Number Three Big Shot. Many say he is the real brains behind the throne. This is all merely by way of dropping in here the fact that the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington leaked several times more and spilled the information that Pat Nash had been nailed by the Bureau for an unreported and unpaid income. He was charged about the same amount as Kelly—\$108,000 for income tax in the same years, 1926-28. Jake Arvey was caught for a very much smaller sum. Another gentleman—Mr. George Chamberlain, a political contractor, head of the United States Electric Company, of which Arvey's partner, McInerney, Umbrella Mike Boyle and George Chamberlain were the organizers—was one of the ring that got juicy contracts from the Sanitary District. And he too was hooked for \$110,000 in unpaid taxes and penalties for those same years—1926 to 1928.

### Mr. Sweitzer is Persecuted

One of the important mechanics of the Cermak and later the Kelly-Nash machine was the Honorable Robert Sweitzer—genial, jaunty, gay, festive Bob Sweitzer. A prince of a fellow. He had run for mayor twice and had been overwhelmed by Big Bill Thompson. He was in no sense a small potato. In fact he was in every way a big potato. He was made a Knight of St. Gregory by the Pope. He was the glass of fashion and the mold of form—a man to grace any social or ceremonial occasion. He stood out among the hardier and lustier sons of the sod who grew out of the rough soil behind the stockyards. He too, like Moe Rosenberg, was a good fellow. He too was ready to peel off a grand or two for a needy judge or ward committeeman with a fight on his hands.

Mr. Sweitzer was city clerk for years—a post of importance. He was known also as a very considerable investor. Almost any sort of invention or gadget or project looked good to him. He put money into making a new type brick, a new kind of drug chain, a modern streamlined monkey wrench. He invested in a bond house. He took a share in a race track. He entertained lavishly. He loaned money freely to his colleagues in statecraft. As a matter of fact he ran a regular loan business—only without charging any interest, just an accommodation to the numerous members of the guild of mechanics of the Cermak-Kelly-Nash machine.

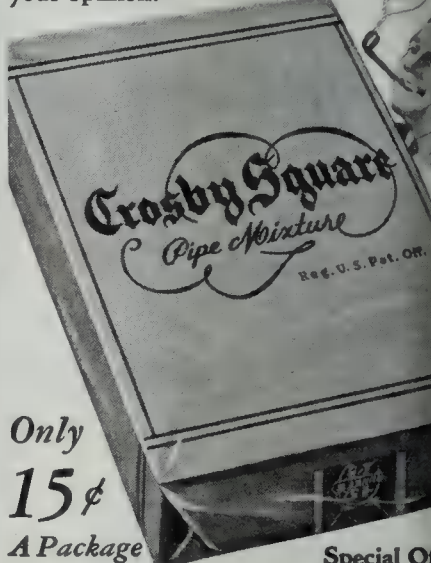
But where did he get the money? Why, bless you, where but right out of the treasury of the city! His offices collected fees of various kinds that somehow got lost in the maze of municipal bookkeeping or lack of it. Besides, he was in the office so long that he sort of got the notion that the thing belonged to him. And so his office became a kind of loan agency for the politicians. What was the harm? He wasn't stealing

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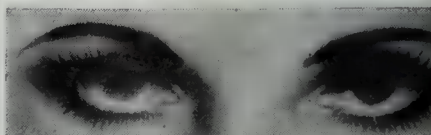
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the money, just lending it. Was it his fault if the boys didn't pay it back? In any case a time came when auditors went over the books and found he was \$100,000 short. He had to be indicted and cast out of office. He was very indignant, however. He refused to believe that he had done anything wrong. In fact, he felt deeply wounded by the indictment—he was a very sensitive man. He had a heart-warming philosophy that enabled him to perceive only the good he had done with the funds.

The funds were fees, he complained—fees allocated to no purpose. They really belonged to no one, he argued. In fact the city owed him money. He had been taking care of these and other funds for years as city clerk. That was a treasurer's job. Therefore he would be paid as a treasurer. He demanded about \$250,000 from the city. He was tried by a jury of his peers. And the jury seemed to agree with him. Naturally he was triumphantly acquitted.

#### Tribute to a Hero

The city, however, sued the bonding company that guaranteed him and got judgment against it for \$298,000 on the ground that dear old Bob had stolen the money, for the stealing of which he was acquitted by the jury. That is to say, when Bob was tried the jury said he didn't steal it. When the bonding company was sued, the jury said he did. Thus Bob went free, the city got back \$298,000, a lot of good political leaders had been aided in distress, and nobody offered but an insurance company which had no soul anyhow. The experience undermined Bob's health. He died. And he, too, like Moe, was given a splendid funeral, as became a great tribal chief, with Governor Horner and the mayor and all the other tribal chieftains present.

Take the case of another one of those grandees who stood around in power the way that Ed Kelly was crowned. That was Frank V. Zintak, a ward boss as well as Clerk of the Superior Court. He too was a prince of a fellow—always good for a loan. In fact, he ran a loan club for judges. And, presently, one day it was discovered that he was operating his private politico-judicial bank with the court's funds. He was \$26,000 short when the auditors looked at the till.

Zintak too was indignant at his indictment. He had loaned to the judges—the judges, can't you understand? He was tried on five embezzlement counts in 1937—and triumphantly acquitted.

You ask—how do they do it? Well, this particular jury got into a little trou-

ble. They were hauled up for contempt of court. It seems that when these jurors were supposed to be locked up, buried in profound deliberation on the fate of Mr. Zintak, they were in a tavern enjoying gay drinking parties and banging away at the old slot machines. Five of them were sent to jail for five days, six for three days and one was fined. The bailiff who guarded them got six months and two other bailiffs were fined. A federal receiver, Mr. Robert V. McKinley, a friend of Zintak, was tried for offering to bribe one of the jurors. It is pleasant to record that he was acquitted, but that the juror who told of this proceeding got a year in jail.

Of course most of this, but not all of it, was brought to the attention of the people of Chicago by 1935 when Kelly had to stand for election. But it must be said for Chicago that she did not permit herself to be swayed from the main issue by these irrelevancies. What the main issue was I do not know. But the record shows that Kelly and the Kelly-Nash machine were triumphantly re-elected in 1935. And I am bound to record that such distinguished citizens as the late Bishop Donald Stewart, Protestant Episcopal leader, various other prominent clergymen and such unquestionably good citizens as Harry Barrett Chamberlain, head of the Crime Commission, endorsed Kelly's re-election.

To an outsider it is a little puzzling. I asked two distinguished Chicago Republican leaders about it. One was Judge Robert Crowe, one of Chicago's most famous and audacious Republican leaders—the Crowe arm of the once powerful Thompson-Crowe machine. The other must be nameless.

The nameless analyst put it thus: "First of all," he said, "a machine must have patronage—that is its heart, soul and stomach. No jobs—no machine. Every day in the year the machine has political work to do. It takes men. There must be workers in every precinct. They have to cultivate the voters, do them favors, establish friendly relations with them, keep them registered, round them up at primaries and on election day. It's hard work. No one will do it save one whose bread and butter depends on it and whose bread and butter is controlled by the machine. The only way to create and support an army like that is on the public pay roll. Therefore the machine, by the very law of its nature, must hunt jobs, jobs, jobs. Jobs on the public pay roll. Jobs with private concerns dependent on political aid and protection—public contractors, taverns, bookie joints, gambling houses, race tracks, power companies and so on.

"The Kelly-Nash machine has all the

## Easy Arithmetic for educated palates



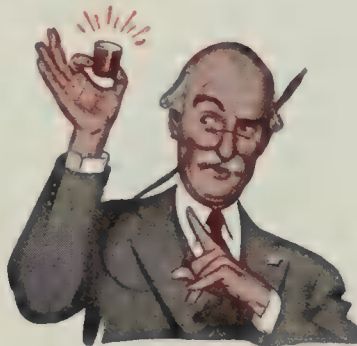
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jobs—national, state, county, city and a horde on numerous private pay rolls. The Republicans have absolutely none. Therefore the Republicans have no machine. It's a case of a machine against no machine. No one can lick a powerful machine save another powerful machine or an aroused mob. There was no machine against Kelly in 1935 and there was no occasion for a mob.

"The Kelly-Nash machine was pretty bad. But the Republicans had been bad and they offered no alternative that anyone need get excited about."

I asked Bob Crowe, astute, audacious, plain-spoken, Republican Cook County boss or ex-boss. I got a blast from him about the Republicans. "The Republican party of Cook County," he said, paraphrasing a public attack he once made, "is like a fine old house that used to be inhabited by nice people, who have moved away. The neighborhood is run down, the house is empty, the shutters are hanging on one hinge, the windows are all broken, the porch is sagging, the whole place is weed-grown and filthy, is infested by rats and inhabited by tramps. That was the organization that opposed Kelly in 1935."

#### To the Rescue of the Schools

There was, of course, no uprising in 1935. There was, however, an incipient uprising in 1938 when that powerful machine got a taste of its unsuspected weaknesses. There was a little more of an uprising, right in its own ranks, in 1939 (of which more later). There are grave signs of what might be called discontent, restlessness now. That is the reason given in Chicago for the zeal with which Mr. Kelly leaped on the Roosevelt third-term band wagon in the spring and began whooping it up for "Roosevelt and Humanity." It was really for Roosevelt and Humanity and an unnamed hero named Kelly.

And one of the elements of politics that is causing no end of trouble for Kelly now is this eternal search for jobs. One must stand aghast at the industry with which jobs are created or seized. And at this very moment the school people are in arms because, they say, the Kelly-Nash machine has wrecked the school system and attempted to turn it into a Sanitary District job factory.

There are some professors of bossism who teach that the boss should keep his hands off the schools. The people are funny about them. Dr. Kelly and Dr. Nash are exponents of the other school which teaches that a job in a classroom is just as good as a job on a garbage wagon for political purposes. It is merely a difference in techniques.

Poor Kelly! He has certainly learned that it is better to monkey with a swarm of bees than with an army of school teachers on the warpath. When he took office the schools were in tragic disarray. The town was virtually bankrupt, people had stopped paying taxes, so the school board was broke. There was \$22,000,000 in back pay due the teachers. And the ladies were pretty hot about it. The schools were dirty, unpainted and unrepaired. There were hundreds of portable tin classrooms doing duty for a board that had no money to build schools. And there were tax-conscious gentlemen in State, Randolph and LaSalle streets who were talking about closing the schools. Kelly had to cut expenditures, raise revenues to resume pay rolls and raise money to pay the unpaid bills. There wasn't a chance of doing this and getting off with a whole skin.

There are men—particularly what are called State Street Men—who will tell you that Kelly made a good job of this financial snarl. Perhaps so. Kelly has a feeling for money. He has handled a lot of it. He will tell you that he paid that unpaid bill of \$22,000,000 in back pay,

that he has kept the pay rolls going since, that he has painted and repaired every school and built twenty-two others and all without injuring any essential educational function. There are Chicagoans, however, who will tell you there is another side to the story.

Kelly's critics say he thought only of the money problem. There are values—imponderables—in the schools for which the schoolmen have struggled for years. There are services that took decades to build—services for protection of the system and the teachers from politicians. School leaders say Kelly seemed not to be aware of these; was not in sympathy with them.

The Democrats didn't have control of the board until Kelly was made mayor. He appointed what he called businessmen. The teachers say they were political businessmen. He appointed James B. McCahey president of the board. McCahey is a coal dealer—a political coal man, just as Kelly is a political engineer and Nash a political contractor. McCahey had been a leader of the coal dealers. He had had a good deal of very unpleasant criticism because of his alleged part in founding what Chicago knows as the T.N.T. (Truckers and Transportation Exchange). It was a sort of combination between the coal merchants and the Teamsters' Union to monopolize the coal trade. McCahey was charged with representing the coal merchants; Red Barker and Three-Finger Jack White—two gangsters, subsequently slain—represented the union. But the teachers lifted their eyes and suggested that this was an odd appointment to a school board.

School boards, it seems, must have labor members. So Kelly named Mr. Charles W. Fry, of the Machinists' Union. Whatever might be said of Brother Fry, he was no scholar. Back in 1915 he was indicted for an attempted shakedown along with Mike Galvin and Mike Artery. On that occasion when reporters asked him for comment he said: "Don't youse ask me no questions. I ain't got nuttin' to say."

#### Mr. Fry on Education

After his appointment to the board, a teachers' and parents' committee listened to the following neat little speech from him on educational policy:

"I ain't got no ax to grind . . . Let me say to you young ladies and gentlemen educators who are so uncouth . . . if you were members of my union you would get disciplined. There probably is never a year that Chicago University ain't facin' a deficit . . . When I ask them (students) that has been receivin' this kind of education that you are advocatin' . . . what they want to be . . . as God is my judge, they don't know what they want to be. They receive so much of this kind of education, it shoved them from spot to spot, that they cannot make up their minds what they want to do. That is no kiddin', boys and girls."

Then he added: "God bless you mothers and fathers. God bless you—that is the only thing I can say—and give you more sense."

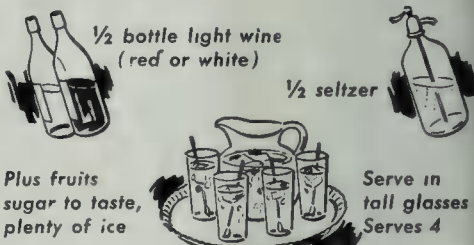
For some reason many teachers and educational organizations felt that these new members were not too conscious of what might be called the intellectual and subtler cultural values in education. It seemed to the friends of the schools that since cuts had to be made they should have been made by men with an obvious sympathy for and understanding of the institution. But it was these gentlemen who did the cutting. It seems pretty raw. They abolished the junior college and all the junior high schools, discontinued half the kindergartens, most of the physical education and enormously important supervisory service.

McCahey forced the naming of a gen-

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named William Harding Johnson school principal—as assistant superintendent. And when Superintendent died, which he conveniently did soon, they made Johnson superintendent. He has become a storm center. He has just been elected for another year and this has set off another wave of indignation.

Johnson's star performance was a principals' examination. Principals must be chosen by a merit test. The examination is divided into two parts—written and oral. The candidate must get over 70 in both, but the average must be 80.

Written examinations were marked according to accepted standards. But an oral examination may be easily rigged. Examiners could give the candidate a high or low mark arbitrarily in the oral. They could flunk him with a low mark or pull his average up to 80 with a high one. Johnson controlled this examination. And some of the results were turned out. Some teachers took the examinations. Of 155 passed. One curious feature of this: Miss Marie McCahey, the wife of Coal Man Jim McCahey, president of the board, is a teacher. Twice she had taken examinations and this time she not only qualified, but was near the top of the list and was one of the first fifteen appointed immediately. Of these fifteen, eight were friends of McCahey or his sister, six were friends of influential politicians. And another curious incident was that one teacher, universally regarded as one of the most brilliant in his profession, widely esteemed as a scholar and a teacher, flunked.

It was, perhaps, human that teachers should be suspicious. In any case they were. Cain. And then in good time their suspicions were confirmed. One of the examiners who had left the system district superintendent—made a statement under oath describing what happened. The examination, he

said, was headed and controlled by Johnson. Before a candidate entered the room for the oral test Johnson would indicate whether he or she was to pass or not. "This lady is out," he would say. "She is not loyal to me." Or "This fellow is a troublemaker. Mark him low enough to fail him." When this rather shocking revelation was made another one of the examiners corroborated it.

It helped explain, for instance, why 122 of the 155 who qualified were pupils of Superintendent Johnson in a class he conducted for pay at Loyola to prepare teachers for the principals' examination. It also brought out the fact that eight out of every ten of the 155 had failing marks until they were boosted to a passing mark on the oral test.

That examination still dogs the steps of Johnson and of Kelly. It is, however, but a single count in the long indictment of the Kelly-Nash domination of the schools. It makes clear what Dean Freeman, of the School of Education of the University of California, means when he says that the Chicago schools are one of the sore spots of the Union. It explains why, as I write, the school system is in an uproar over the sudden snap reappointment of Johnson, in the face of denunciation and protests from almost every civic organization interested in the schools.

However, the machine has the jobs and that, apparently, is what counts. And it is that search for jobs in order to support political machine workers and the hunt for money to lubricate the machine that accounts for so many activities in so many other directions—labor, gambling joints, mob leaders, contractors, banks, power companies—every kind of person or institution that can yield up an honest dollar or a year's work for a faithful soldier. It carries the bosses and their satellites into strange places. We shall presently see some of them.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week.



LAURENCE REYNOLDS

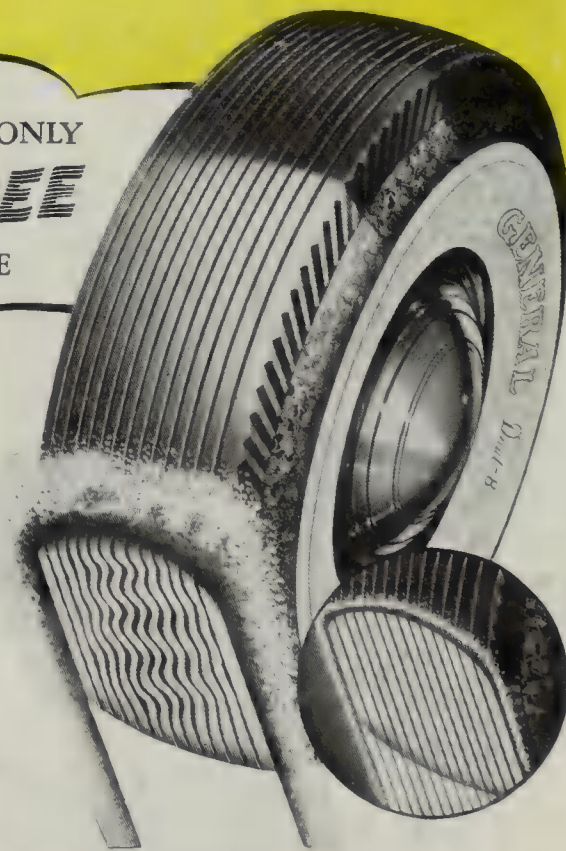
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## U. S. Help for the Allies

**A**BOUT 24 hours after the fearful battle of Flanders (May 10th), United States majority public opinion veered sharply to the belief that the United States ought to send the Allies every possible form of help short of actually sending another A.E.F. to Europe.

Whether isolationism is right or wrong, if that is the way Americans feel, that is the way Americans feel. Most of us at this writing, so far as the most respected public-opinion indicators show, do want to help the Allies by every means short of going to war ourselves.

So the main question under this head becomes: What is the best way for us to help the Allies?

From a 22-year perspective on the previous big war, it looks as if we helped the Allies that time in about the worst possible way. We rounded up an army of about some 4,000,000 men, and sent about 2,000,000 of them to France. In addition, we financed a considerable part of the whole Allied war effort; it was in that field that we possibly made our big mistake.

Our mistake lay in not foreseeing that the World War was going to bankrupt the Allies, practically, and in confidently expecting to be paid back all our money

in due time afterward. The war overhung world money adjustment years, soured relations between ours and Europe and in the end were repaid in large part because our debt simply could not pay.

If we're going to help the Allies this time, why not go the whole route regards the money, while withholding men? We mean simply give the Allies what planes, guns, munitions, food supplies and clothing we can, and forget about repayment, because we shan't be repaid anyway.

If the Allies feel like putting up some real estate as collateral—Bermuda, Jamaica, say, and some of the French West Indies—all right. But if most of them really believe in the justice of their cause it would hardly seem gracious or generous to press them on this score. Of course, though, if Germany wins, they should at once move to make sure that any of that Caribbean real estate changes hands, it shall come to us.)

The main thing, it seems to us, is to get this country to nurse along as much goodwill as it can into a postwar world which at best will be badly crippled with assorted hates and hopes for revenge.

## Some Cats, Your Life and You

**I**T'S well to know that most people can learn things from animals—almost any animal. It comes over us that plenty of people could learn nothing less than a whole way of life from the Siamese cat.

The Siamese is the blue-eyed cat, usually beige-coated with seal-brown points, which was brought to this country in the old days by sailors who ventured up into Siam, and about which numerous legends are told of its having been crossed ages ago with monkeys or rabbits or pandas—such legends being 100% untrue.

But the Siamese does differ from most other cats in one striking respect. Aside from being as affectionate as a dog (most Siamese cats, given any encouragement, will climb all over you, kissing you with their little sandpaper tongues and draping themselves like fur pieces around your

neck), the Siamese takes a phenomenal interest in the place where it lives and the people it lives with.

It never seems to tire of exploring its own home, large or small; of studying every little nook and cranny of the place where Fate has elected that it live. And obviously gets endless fun out of the simple practice of taking its own world as it finds it and eternally surveying and resurveying that world.

Isn't there a hint in this for human beings? To know your own job, your own chink in life, your own personal world, to know it thoroughly as you can, and to keep refreshing your interest in it by everlasting study of its details, its changes, its story—that's one road to happiness, and probably to a more and more spacious personal world.

## Why Hound the Alien?

**W**E MUST confess to some alarm over the huge multitude of plans for policing, regulating, restricting or, in plain English, hounding aliens as a part of our national defense drive.

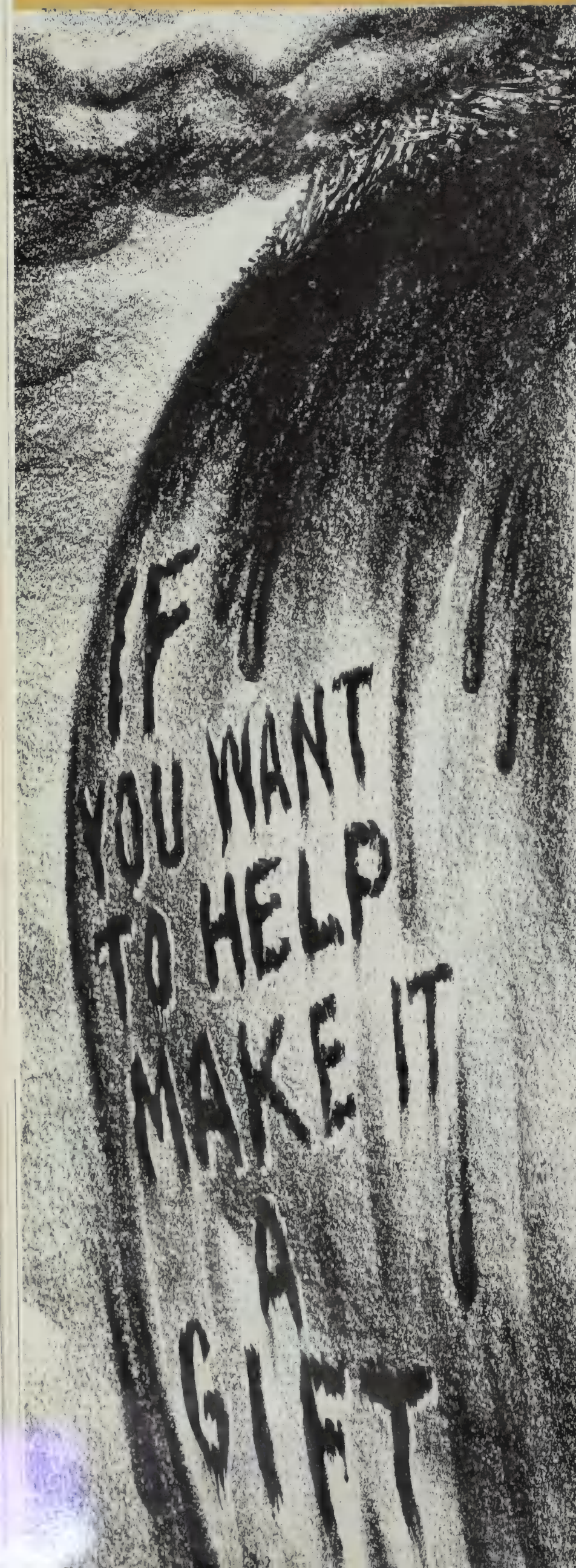
There are now some 3,800,000 unnaturalized foreigners in the United States. From some of the proposals to fingerprint them all, make them all trot around and report to some bureaucrat once a week or month, forbid any of them to possess guns or shoot off firecrackers, etc., etc., you would suppose that every last one of these persons was a whole fifth column, complete with parachute and false whiskers.

We doubt seriously that many of our foreigners are as bad as all that.

There must be a large number of them

who are so glad to be living in a relatively happy country that they are more loyal to our government than is many an old time American who takes this country and its liberties for granted. Another large number of our foreigners must be afraid to plot against our institutions even if they wanted to, and still another husky percentage of them must be just too dumb to plot against anything.

Keep professional agitators and members of subversive groups under strict surveillance—certainly. But why make citizenship or noncitizenship the criterion? Let's use some discretion. Our traditional hospitality to newcomers has been responsible for most of our growth as a great nation. Why toss it away?





July 13, 1940

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ONAL WEEKLY



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BOARDERS  
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**Caught with Our Guard Down**  
**By Walter Davenport**

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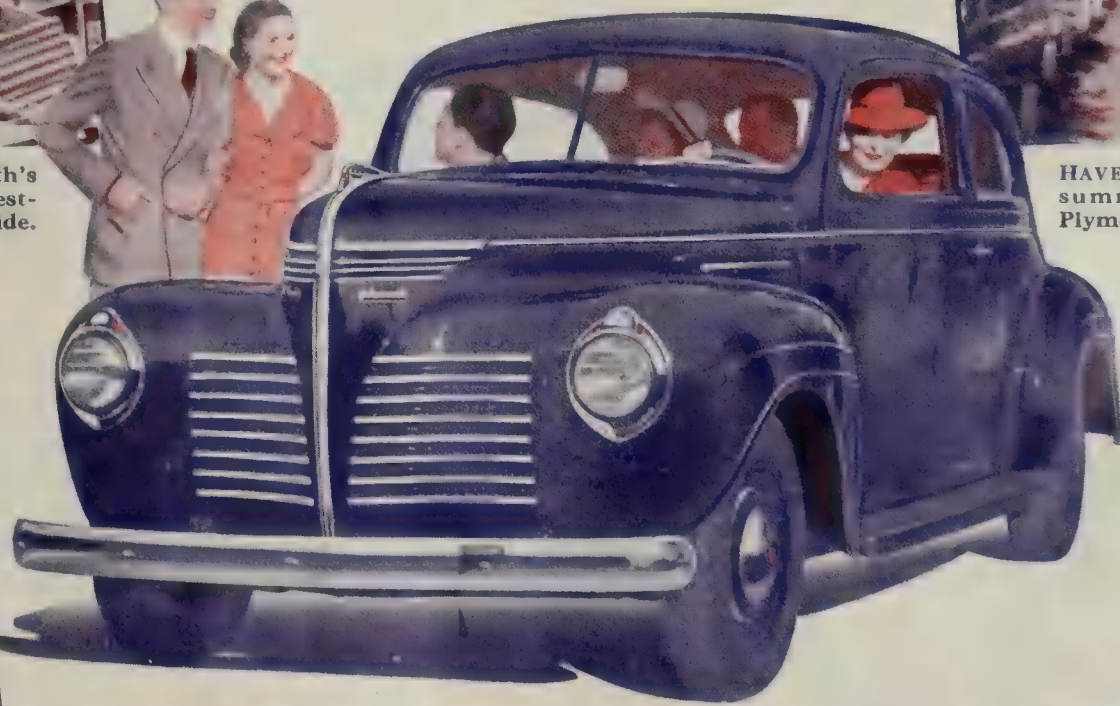
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OVER

ROBERT O. REID

## ANY WEEK

WE'VE been listening lately to the Communists, starting with the acceptance speeches of the Messrs. Browder and Ford, their candidates for President and Vice President. Somehow we doubt that these two self-confessed redeemers of mankind will be successful in the coming elections. And yet the point is that we were never very much interested in what they had to say until we heard all this bellowing about denying them the air. Alas, we've found Mr. Browder and Mr. Ford pretty dull going, quite as dull, in fact, as those who would deny them the right to demonstrate how uninteresting they can be when aroused. Therefore we shall not accept Mr. Dumont D. Aschipe's invitation to join his True American Blues, a violent movement pledged to "the extirpation and ruthless extermination of un-American Reds." There's too much extirpation and extermination going on already. Mr. Aschipe writes from Buffalo, New York, that "We Blues reserve the right to suspect the loyalty of all who refuse to join us in suppressing the Reds." But we think that gentlemen like Mr. Browder and Mr. Ford are valuable. Without their dismal exhortations how would we know how lifeless life would be under their management? We wonder, too, who would pay for the handouts they offer us for our vote. We have listened to eighteen or twenty Communists, always hopeful that at least one of them would suggest that we go to work. But work wouldn't be necessary. We would be educated, fed, housed, warmed, cured, transported and entertained free of charge. Babies would cost us nothing and old age would be Nirvana whilst the years between would be a cultural and well-fed ease. What we really intended to say was "Nuts."



OF MORE substantial stuff are the thoughts of Mr. Toby Wolff of Bismarck, North Dakota. For twelve years Mr. Wolff was Sergeant Wolff, United States Army. And he assures us that he'd still be Sergeant Wolff were it not for Nettie. Nettie finally broke seven of Mr. Wolff's ribs, ending his days as a soldier but not, happily, as an otherwise useful citizen. "That mule," writes Mr. Wolff, "finally met her match. It was a freight train. But if she was around today this problem of what to do for the Allies would be solved. All we'd have to do is send Nettie to France and turn her loose on

a blitzkrieg. I'm not trying to be funny. In one afternoon I saw her ruin two field guns, a rolling kitchen, a company street, two lieutenants and four other animals. She was shot several times, fell into a granite quarry and ate twenty heads of cabbage all in one day. The freight train got her when she was asleep on the tracks."

THERE are other evidences that things are not what they used to be. And the answer is not "Thank God." For example, Mr. A. J. Sitton of Pyote, Texas, having seen our mention of that Missouri oasis Ye Olde Rumme Shoppe, is reminded of the pleasant place that Mr. Wills Key used to run in Berlin, Oklahoma. The sign over the door attracted Mr. Sitton—"The Road to Ruin." "I entered," says Mr. Sitton, "partook of one glass of the house's specialty and discovered to my amazement that I was in a revolutionary frame of mind. Thus inspired, I became embroiled with a gentleman whose whiskers indicated that he was carrying at least three dollars of some barber's money. I started the revolution on him. Two minutes later (but what a two minutes, son!) the revolution was over. Regaining consciousness, I made three resolves which I have never broken—never take another drink, stay out of revolutions and never, never again to speak out of turn to a farmer."

WE HAVE a letter from Mr. Eugene H. McManus, chief of police in Columbia, Pennsylvania. Mr. McManus' hearty approval is not given to Frank Gervasi's recent article about Signor Muti, who has done a variety of special political killings for his boss, Benito Mussolini. Mr. McManus fears that this "glorification of Muti" may have a deleterious effect upon the impressionable youth of the country. While we disagree with Mr. McManus that Mr. Gervasi "glorified" Signor Muti and agree that mobsters have been overromanticized, it is the chief's last sentence that gives us hope. "If you must praise mobsters," says he, "the least you can do, it seems to me, is to have them American."

BUT LESS understandable is a complaint received from Mr. Cornelius F. Fachalle of Atlanta, Georgia. Doubtless Mr. Fachalle has a reason for his assault upon us but we don't think we're being unreasonable in regretting that he doesn't tell us what it is. "Why I read your rotten magazine I don't know except it is that I ain't got any more brains than you have," chides Mr. Fachalle. "You used to be a guide post, now you're a hitching post. I used to be able to read what you print and forget it. Now you ain't fit for even a Republican to read. I have sent a marked copy to Congressman Dies. If you ain't in jail soon, there's something crooked somewhere."

WE'RE inclined to agree with Stevens L. Wethwinn of Washington, D. C., that there is too much in Democracy's military manuals. "Too many antis he," and too many Aunties them. We spend millions tank guns, antiaircraft guns, gas respirators, antififth snoopers, antitorpedo gadgets, propaganda propaganda and Only Hitler, may his end be distressing, fights positively defense against such as he tanks, more planes, more bombs, torpedoes, more gas, better columnists working the other the street, more energetic and propaganda. How about putting on the anti side? How much we need that the only thing a spect is a tougher guy. Let's of Anti."



IF YOU have a few moments and feel in the humor for a go you might look up something Mrs. Lauretta Dozy of Ann Arbor, Michigan. "What has become the Marines?" demands Mrs. "They're building up the Army, calling out the National Guard and they're talking about building big navies. But neither in my paper nor over my radio have I a word about the Marines landing where getting anything under And what has happened to Se Ickes? Not a word lately about Ickes. Has he gone the way of Florida Canal, Passamaquoddy hundred-mile belt of trees from Canada to Mexico and those training camps for the great American Anyway what's happened to Marines?"

WITH some sadness we note a from Mr. Ed Kullop of Chicago. Mr. Kullop tells us that the best restless minds of the National Youth Congress has deserted an over to the economic royalists. Kullop assures us that "this you low was a true revolutionary, the loudest hissers on the White lawn during the Youth Congress meeting in Washington last fall chances of becoming president Congress next year were excellent the poor dope has resigned and a job in a factory."

THE dirty scab. . .

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## "IS IT FOR ME?"

You kind of hope it is—for a lot of good news and good times come your way by telephone.

Maybe it's a date for Sister Sue. Or a golf call for Dad. Or Bill asking if Jimmie can go to the movies. Or Grandma calling Mother to find out if things are all right.

And everything is more likely to be all right when there's a telephone in the home. In many, many ways, it is a real friend of the family.



### BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco.





# Voted most likely to succeed



And remember, anyone may have halitosis. You might be offending at this very moment without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

## Why Gamble?

Take the sensible and delightful precaution regularly followed by so many men who are "going places." Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before appointments. Its antiseptic and deodorant effect is simply amazing.

## Halts Mouth Fermentation Odors

Some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are due to systemic conditions. But usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend. Keep this wonderful antiseptic and deodorant in home and office, and carry it with you when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**Before all engagements,  
use LISTERINE to combat  
halitosis (BAD BREATH)**

IN college how bright the future looked... but today he's just called Old John, a low pay hack in a fourth rate firm. "How come?" you naturally ask.

For every man who plunges headlong down the rickety steps to failure through a big mistake, there are dozens who go the route because of some small trait of character or a personal fault irritating to others.

That was Johnson's trouble. One little fault\* cost him his best job after he was several years out of school. After that, he went from one small job to another until he hit bottom.

## A Big Handicap

If you want to get ahead... if you want to be welcome to those you do business with, guard against halitosis\* (bad breath). At its worst it may keep you out of things, impair your contacts, jeopardize your business relations. Merely its presence can stamp you as a careless and objectionable person.



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In some parts of China, weight instead of price of food fluctuates with market conditions. For example, a housewife always pays the same price for rice, but she gets a "big pound" when it is plentiful and "a little pound" when it is scarce.—By Frederick Farran, Oceanport, New Jersey.

About half of the population of the world does not kiss or shake hands when meeting or leaving relatives and friends.—By Ruth Tag, Paterson, New Jersey.

More than 150,000 men and women in the United States are seeking wives and husbands through matrimonial magazines, bureaus and clubs.

Such places as old city warehouses, factories, breweries, churches and hotels provide housing for more than 40,000,000 egg-laying chickens in tiers of individual cages equipped with feed, water and egg-transportation troughs. For instance, a \$1,000,000 Florida hotel that failed a short time ago is now a "chicken coop" with 60,000 caged hens.

When witnesses are sworn in the law courts of Germany, all other persons in the room, including the judges, likewise rise and raise their right hand.—By Alice Phebe Ward, City Island, New York.

An expert in jujitsu, the Japanese art of self-defense without weapons, can successfully take on and disable, at one time, as many as twelve untrained men.

The identity of the chief of the British Secret Service is officially known to three men only—the king, the head of the treasury and the diplomatic adviser to the cabinet.

Of the 3,500,000 aliens who live in the United States and still owe allegiance to the country of their birth, about 1,500,000 are Germans, Russians and Italians.

So many quadroons, octorons and quintroons, or persons who are respectively, one fourth, one eighth and one sixteenth Negro, are white in appearance that about thousand a month pass "the color line" surreptitiously and become members of white society.

Men who do considerable smelling, such as perfume mixers, frequently revive their tired olfactory nerve by sniffing gum camphor while those who do much tasting, such as wine testers, usually clean their palates by eating cheese.

A new make of outdoor eyeglasses blocks out all reflected glare and permits the wearer to control the brilliance of the view. A second movable lens gradually decreases the transmission of light upon being rotated over the axis of the stationary lens. In other words, the "adjustable sunglasses" can be regulated to suit any pair of eyes any degree of brightness.

Horses have been known to die from seasickness, female apes have grieved themselves to death over the loss of a baby and human beings have developed such intense melancholia from homesickness that it has proved fatal.

Several phonograph companies now make recordings of trios, quartets and quintets in which the part of one instrument is omitted so that the amateur musician may accompany it. Similar records of famous arias, carrying only the accompaniment, are available for singers.

Under normal and comparable conditions, a woman's heart beats from five to seven per cent faster than that of a man.—By Alice Luckstone, New York, New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





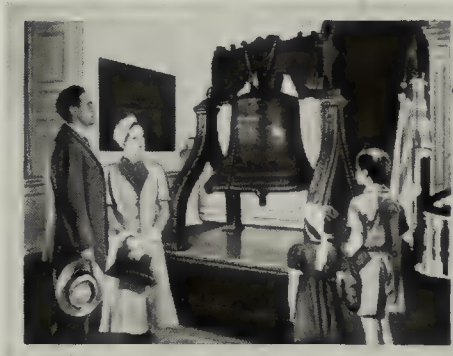
# Snapshots of our Fair Vacation— What a Trip!



**We got off** to a great start!  
Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct"  
—can't beat that!



**Washington saw us**  
first! You get a free stop-over. How do  
you like our White House pose?



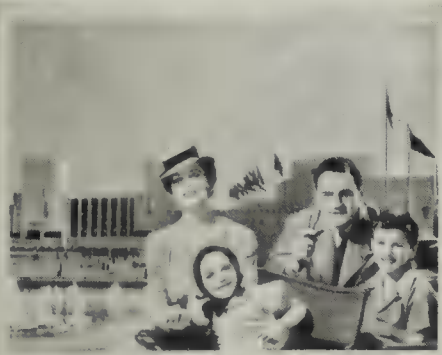
**Real Patriots, we folks**  
—before the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia;  
another free stop-over.



**Hello, World's Fair!** You  
glide right to the gate on the Pennsylv-  
vania's "Direct Route"—great!



**Our Railroads on Parade**  
and what a show! Wish we could pilot  
of those swell new engines!



**Those Foreign Buildings**  
—round-the-world in a mile! We're going  
to have a lot of fun with these shots.



**Looked Pretty Tiny** in this  
"snap" against the trylon and perisphere  
—but this Fair is a big place!



**This Night Life** gets you!  
Fountains playing in color . . . fireworks  
. . . man! you're in Fairyland.

**M**ake your vacation days Fair days! And go as America goes . . . by Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route." Avoid all highway and driving worries. Relax in a private room of your own on the *Luxury Fleet*, where you enjoy the newest Pullman appointments . . . or in a soft reclining seat in a cool air-conditioned Luxury Coach. Either way costs you little, as fares are so low. From Chicago you can ride the de luxe all-coach *Trail Blazer*—that's a real pre-Fair thrill! The "Direct Route" goes through historic Philadelphia, so you can stop off and see the many patriotic shrines. Or you can go via Washington and return by Niagara Falls at *no extra cost*, if traveling from the mid-West. So consult your nearest ticket or travel agent now about a trip to the Fair over the Pennsylvania —and *be sure* to ask him about the new low all-expense tours!

Look into new Easy Payment Plan for purchasing Railroad Tickets

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BEST ROUTE BETWEEN WEST AND EAST . . . DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR . . . STATION ON FAIR GROUNDS

See The Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco, too! Take a Grand Circle Tour. Coast to coast . . . from your home station and back again . . . \$90 in Coaches, \$135 in Pullmans, plus reduced Pullman charge. And be sure to see Pennsylvania Railroad's "Magic Movies" at the San Francisco Fair.

### Here's the way Straight to the Gate!

As your Pennsylvania Railroad train glides into Pennsylvania Station, New York, merely step to a waiting electric train . . . in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair. No complications!



### And here's how little it costs

Examples of Coach Fares to New York

	One-Way	Round-Trip
From Chicago . . . . .	\$18.20	\$27.25
From Cleveland . . . . .	\$11.45	\$17.15
From St. Louis . . . . .	\$21.15	\$31.75
From Cincinnati . . . . .	\$15.05	\$22.55

Round-Trip Tickets good 60 Days

**STILL LOWER FARES** on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

**ASK ABOUT LOW PULLMAN FARES**







## The loneliest town in America

**T**HIS IS A LOVELY LITTLE TOWN, quiet, comfortable, not unlike many other restful spots throughout the U. S. A.

Happy, neighborly people live there. Children laugh. Dogs play in the streets. Birds sing.

But if it is not *your* home town and you happen to get into an automobile accident there, it can be, for you, the loneliest town in America.

You can be detained there, alone and troubled, with no friend to talk to or vouch for you, until many aggravating matters are cleared up. You may be deprived of the use of your car, temporarily or perhaps permanently. You may be re-

quired to make a deposit with the authorities of the state and it may be necessary for you to send home for more money. You can, in short, be made to feel like an unwanted stranger in a foreign land.

If you have automobile liability insurance in The Travelers, the town drops its cloak of loneliness. In such insurance you have the key to friendly assistance no matter how far you are from home, for you will find a Travelers representative within easy reach, anywhere you are in this country or in Canada. He will come to your aid promptly, whenever, wherever you have an accident. The moment he arrives, he takes over your responsi-

bilities and arranges it so that you can continue your journey in peace and comfort.

Call in your Travelers agent or insurance broker today. Get his experienced counsel on the type and amounts of automobile insurance that you should have.

New features such as the Classification Rating Plan and Safe Driver Rewards make such insurance surprisingly economical to own.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.



# The Wounded Don't Cry

By Quentin Reynolds

DRAWING BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY  
FOR JULY 13, 1940

Collier's correspondent  
France radios a poignant  
unforgettable story of  
wounded and of the  
less men and women  
who cared for them

FIRST it is hard to watch men die but after a while you get quite accustomed to it. Actually they die it easier for you because they die quietly. The wounded don't cry. In any way it is harder to watch a city die. As a middle-aged city still in the prime of life and it died very gallantly, not at all quietly. Perhaps the story of the life and death of this city and of the manner in which it was killed might be worth the telling.

It was an ordinary French city, proud of its beautiful cathedral and of its home for the aged. It boasted a little, too, of a large school for boys which was on top of a hill overlooking the city. The Germans will not let me name the city for fear that doesn't matter now because after all the city is dead. The city was very close to the front, so close that the sounds were brought directly to the front.

I met the city at ten o'clock one night. I came to it sitting in the front seat of an ambulance. The city was very beautiful at night but perhaps that was because nearly a third of it was in flames. The Germans had been bombing it all day and, quite by chance, not only had they scored a direct hit on the home for the aged. They had also scored a direct hit on a hospital in the center of the town, which was unfortunate because the hospital had been full of badly wounded. The school for boys on top of the hill had been turned into a first-line hospital and we brought our wounded there.

The two ambulance drivers happened to be Americans. One was a tall, lean, red-headed man with very blue eyes—Jack James, a terrific man. His partner was a slightly built, wiry man who needed a cane badly and who looked very tired. Well, he hadn't slept for some time. His name was Bob Montgomery and he used to live in Hollywood and act in pictures. When he would wear a white tie in pictures. He looked very much at home in a white tie. Here at the top of the small hill in the midst of 2,000 badly wounded he looked very much at home too. He and James were a good pair.

Now orders had been given for the ambulances to move the wounded out of the hospital to the railroad station. There was a train there to take the wounded south. Twenty American ambulances did the work. They worked nearly all night loading up, then in pitch-darkness crawling down the winding road to the station and afterward returning for more.

I stayed at the hospital. I went into the operating room and it was very busy. There were two surgeons and three operating tables. A surgeon would look at the wound and then nod to an assistant. The wounded man would be lifted on the table and an ether cone would be placed over his face. Then his clothes would be ripped off and the surgeons would work quickly, deftly. Each surgeon had three assistants who weren't doctors at all.

A French artilleryman was on the table waiting and he was smiling gently and talking very fast. "It was good. It

was good." The captain caught my questioning eye and he smiled. "Ten to one we got. There were only a few of us with our seventy-fives. The tanks came at us and we fired and fired and we destroyed those tanks as fast as they came to us. Each of our seventy-fives got ten tanks before they got us. The general had said, Hold your place or die. We did. Only I am left, but each of us got ten tanks."

Then this captain raised his hand to his lips and kissed it. "I tasted Boche blood," he said quietly, and then he laughed much too loudly and repeated, "I tasted Boche blood." He kept laughing and the surgeon put a needle into the fleshy part of his arm and then the surgeon shook his head and motioned to the orderlies to take the captain off the table. It was a pity the surgeon couldn't have done anything for this man but the surgeon knew what he was doing.

Both surgeons had been doing this ten hours now and they looked tired. Everything about them was tired except their hands, which were quick and fine and sure. They had run out of rubber gloves and they worked barehanded, occasionally dipping their hands into a pail of disinfectant. This operating room had been a playroom when the hospital had been a school for boys. There were pictures painted on the wall.

## And the Surgeons Work On

They brought in a huge Senegalese. They lifted him to the table and his eyes glanced at the wall to his left. Mickey Mouse was playing on that wall and near him was Popeye the Sailor eating a can of spinach. I caught the eye of the big Senegalese and grinned and he grinned back. Then I looked down at his leg which the doctor was examining and I stopped grinning. It wasn't a pretty wound. It was just above the ankle. The surgeon felt of the thigh and nodded. It was firm there. Then he took a pot of iodine and swabbed the man's thigh with it and at first I didn't understand. They started to tie the hands of the black man to the table and he didn't like that. They do that because often the wounded get delirious as they are getting the ether and they thrash their arms around. But he let down quietly enough and they put the ether cone on his face. Then the doctor reached for something and he held the man's thigh with one hand and I walked to the next table.

I stayed there an hour, and it wasn't morbid curiosity because no one in his right mind would be curious about the reactions of men in a first-line operating room. I was there because this was my trade. I mean my trade is to find out everything it is possible to find out about war: How men react when they are hurt and how surgeons react when they have to work without sleep.

One by one, men were brought in and then a little later brought out again and not once was there a sound in the room except for the crisp directions from the surgeons and, of course, the sound of the guns, if you count that as a sound.

I left when they brought two women in who had been hurt in the bombing of the home for the aged. Both were very old but neither said anything. The wounded don't cry, not even the civilian wounded. But I left.

Outside the night was heavy with darkness. Except, of course, for the

(Continued on page 41)

They brought in a huge Senegalese and his eyes glanced at the wall. Mickey Mouse was playing there





# The Gag Man

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Tom Berens and his ex-wife. He couldn't breathe in the aura of glamor

He saw her suddenly, standing there. She was tall, in an ermine wrap, and her eyelids were still mysterious



THIS fellow Tom Berens—you know, Mona Karrow's ex-husband—had lived in his house all winter before he met even his next-door neighbor.

He was standing at the foot of his garden one evening watching a cold February sunset, lemon-yellow with a bright gold bar, behind the hill. The thickets, which for months had been hard and bare against the snow, were smoky now with the first dimness of approaching spring. Hearing a footfall, he turned sharply just as a man walked out of the fir plantation on the other side of the stone wall. He stopped, as if he, too, were startled, and for a moment stood in the darkness of the branches. Then he strolled over to the wall.

"Soon be planting time," he said. He was middle-aged, a big man whose shoulders looked thin under his shabby Norfolk jacket. He was smoking a blackened old brier pipe and the ends of his gray mustache were faintly pointed.

"Oh, yes," Tom said.

The man bent over and picked up a clod, which he crumbled slowly between his long, delicate-looking fingers. It was still crisp with frost. "You a gardener?" he said.

"No," Tom said. "I'm going to try it, though, this spring."

The man dropped the loose earth from his hand and said: "Really?"

"This was my first winter in the country," Tom said. "I've always lived in the city. But I—I thought I'd try gardening this spring." He didn't say that it would be something to fill his empty days, nor that it seemed to be what people did here in this Connecticut countryside—the kind of people he wanted to be, people living quietly and with dignity in the country.

"Ah. Mmm," the man said. "My name's Vibart. I have this place here." He jerked his head back over his shoulder, toward the house which was somewhere beyond the trees.

"Mine's Berens," Tom said, and watched the man's eyes. There was no flicker of recognition at the name, only a cool, evaluating glance as they shook hands. With relief, with an almost childish relief, Tom suddenly felt very friendly toward the man.

"Well, p'raps I can give you some pointers," Vibart said. He glanced at his wrist watch. "It's too late now, but drop over some afternoon and I'll show you how I winter my bulbs. Root cellar south of the house—there's a path."

"Oh. Thank you," Tom said. "I'd like to."

"And look here," Vibart said. "Soon as the frost is out, I'll come over for a day. Help you get things started, anyway." He nodded abruptly and walked away, into the fir plantation.

ON HIS way back to his house, Tom still had the same pleased little glow of friendliness. He didn't know anything about Vibart, except that he had heard somewhere during the winter that the family next door had announced the engagement of a daughter to some man in New York. Then later he'd heard that the engagement had been broken—some sort of scandal, he hadn't paid any attention. But he liked Vibart, and he liked him especially because of the look that had not come into his eyes when he heard the name "Berens."

It was a look that was as familiar as a bunion to Tom; in its primary and crudest form, he had seen it first in Hollywood, after the divorce, and after that it had been almost as bad in New York. And even up here, in Connecticut, people—especially women—looked at him that way when he went into the village after his mail. He had overheard too many scraps of such low-voiced conversations not to know what they said to one another after he had

passed: "Why, don't you know who he is? My dear! It's Mona Karrow's ex-husband. . . ." But the worst was when he had heard one pleasant-faced woman whisper to another: "They say he was a Hollywood gag man before she married him. . . ."

The fire was burning brightly in the primrose colors of spring, and the hearth in his library. Tom walked to the desk, where his new play was done of it, was strewn in a disorderly scatter of papers. He picked up the page he had been writing, but he put it down again without reading it. He had a heavy sort of feeling about this play—some very soggy touches with the sickness of defeat. It was dark, ugly writing; probably swung too far toward bitter grandeur out of overcorrection. But there was a gag in it, not a damn' one. He thought. . . .

Gag man. They didn't remember his first play, the one that had taken him to Hollywood. Six years ago; and his play hadn't had any gags in it. It was serious, in the way that serious only when they first began writing, before they began to make a living out of it. And hardly anybody realized how thoughtlessly easy it is for a serious young man to become a wit in Hollywood, where nearly everyone spends too much time in cafes and other people's houses. Because he ought to say something, he made a timid nifty about something or other, and people laugh, and maybe it's printed in one of the leading thirty-two columns—and after that he has a reputation to support. Then, he finds that he can make a very nice living by needing innumerable "funny" scenes. And people begin to laugh automatically at everything he says, he hasn't common sense enough left to get out quickly to get his old job back on the desk of the Tacoma Ledger. . . . I remember, Duck, his Chinaman, appeared in the library doorway to mention that the play was ready.

IT WAS nearly a month before he met his neighbor, Vibart, again. It was a blowy March day. Swinging a Malacca stick, he had trudged up a muddy and muddy country road to a high hill where a sort of informal horse show, an annual neighborhood event, was going on.

Vibart was standing beside a white rail, smoking his pipe and with his hands in the pockets of an old tweed ulster that looked at it had been with the rains of many springtides. Facing him, rocking back on his heels to peer up into that remote, thin face with its slightly twisted mustaches, was a dumpy little man nervously fingering a flower in his lapel: Major W. L. Schauer, the excessively wealthy rather new country gentleman whose interest in horses had made him the chief patron of this annual gentlemen's show.

Tom pulled his upper lip down over a grin of fellow feeling and waited until the major strode horsily away, swinging plump knees with a riding crop. Then Tom started to go forward with a deliberately casual "Hello, Mr. Vibart." But he stopped suddenly, in mid-stride, almost in mid-breath. Because a girl had turned to Vibart and said in a clear voice: "You know, Dad. That colt Prell's. Shows his conquistador strain. A girl who had been standing a little way apart, her hands shoved deep in the pockets of a brown polo coat, pointed old felt hat with a pheasant feather in it pulled low over her eyes.

"Conquistador. Yes," Vibart said, turning. He saw Tom and nodded.

"Hello, Berens," he said.

The girl turned too, and looked at Tom. (Continued on page 26)





He fought deliberately, emptying his revolver to good effect before they had him fast

# Dusk to Daybreak

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Freedom comes, but only for a brief interlude, to a man who has spent his lifetime in search of it

THEY caught General Moreno at dusk, neatly wiping out his cavalry escort with a blast of rifle fire from ambush and laying hands upon him after he had freed himself from his stricken horse. At that he fought deliberately, emptying his revolver to good effect before they had him fast. But when it was not dignified to struggle further. He submitted composedly when the raiding party gagged him in preparation for the dash back through the lines of his own troops.

He was composed as he was rushed through the deepening darkness toward

the lines and the headquarters of his enemy, the dictator. He even found himself taking note, from sheer habit, that Viznega had placed one battery very badly behind that hill crest, and that Cervera's system of outposts was at this one point inadequate.

All of which was futile, but the result of habit. He had, however, no habits to guide him when he was brought bound into the presence of the man against whom he had fought in open rebellion for so many years. The interview was typical both of the dictator and of General Moreno. It was very

brief. General Moreno composedly refused to make the craven submission which, in published and publicized form, might have weakened the revolutionary cause a little, but would merely have delayed his own fate by days.

He took the expected sentence of death without emotion, and without any sign of unease he accompanied his guards to the cell in which he was to wait for sunrise. There they released his arms. He thanked them politely and waited, standing, for them to leave him.

WHEN he was alone he flexed his muscles, cramped by the hours of their fettering. Then he lighted a cigarette and sat down comfortably on the cot in his death cell. He was grateful that at least they had given him cigarettes. He had several hours yet, and it occurred to him as an amusingly ironic fact that these next few hours would be the only ones in years when he was really free. Free of the demands of duty as he conceived it and of the requirement that he make innumerable decisions, whose importance now seemed to have been considerably exaggerated.

He looked at his watch. Not anxiously. It was simply interesting to reflect that he had six—seven and a half hours of absolute freedom from any

conceivable demands. Freedom. It was quaint. He had fancied, all these years, that he was fighting for freedom. And all the while that he fought for freedom he was not himself free. He was bound in chains as confining as the utmost tyranny could impose. And now that he was caught and was to be shot in a relatively few hours he felt an expansive leisure, a restful liberation from all obligations to be omniscient or indomitable or persuasive or stern. He had no longer to accomplish the almost impossible with the wholly inadequate, on pain of defeat for his followers with all its consequences. He was—to be brief about it—as free as any man can be in a stone cell some six feet by ten and with only a little over seven hours to live.

The cigarette smoke was soothing. He understood, suddenly, the enjoyment with which he had seen other men smoke even at the last instant with their hands tied behind their backs—even sometimes after the blindfold had been put on and they were waiting for the firing squad's volley. They had nothing more to worry about. They did not have to think or plan. They had literally nothing to do but enjoy themselves, to savor the feel of living—and

(Continued on page 49)



# Nickel Empire

By C. M. Black

Every summer millions of dollars pour into gay, noisy Coney Island, the biggest, gaudiest amusement park in the world, where it's fun to be fooled and a nickel is money

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Part of the 3½-mile boardwalk and the beach at Coney Island. As many as 1,000,000 people may visit them on a summer Sunday. Below, the Island at night, with steep roller coasters and the giant Wonder Wheel dominating

CONEY ISLAND operates the well-known theory of salaried ship that people like to be entertained—if it doesn't cost them too much. Every summer 300,000 people visit the Nickel Empire every day, and on gala occasions as July Fourth and Memorial Day a million men, women, children and dogs came to the two-mile strip of sand that has been the world's largest amusement park for more than fifty years.

Last summer a city editor and a young, conscientious reporter to Coney Island to get a story. "Take your hat," he said, "go on every ride in the park. Eat your heads off and write a story about what happened. And be sure to keep track of your expenses."

The reporter and his wife enjoyed their assignment. They went for a walk, visited Steeplechase, threw hoops, played with china dolls, rode the roller coaster, and munched happily on hot dogs and ice cream the while. Back at the office the reporter wrote his story and then itemized his expense account. It came to \$1.00. That is part of Coney Island's story. A nickel goes a long way on Surf Avenue. Visitors coming to New York for the first time may forget to see the Metropolitan Museum, the Polo Grounds, the Hayden Planetarium and the LaGuardia Airport, but they never forget to see Coney Island.

Coney was once the greatest gambling place in the East, and three-card monte men plied their persuasive trade to the splitting profits with neighboring gamblers, spiritual ancestors of the modern racketeer of today. Today not a card is turned and the only wheel that spins is the Ferris wheel.

Once upon a time Coney Island featured the ultimate in undraped entertainment. Today not a strip tease, even a seminude show is allowed—by law but by edict of the concession owners themselves. That is the strange, contradictory two-mile-long strip of sand which is Coney Island.

## Playground for the Millions

Suppose we take a walk down Surf Avenue, the Island's Main Street, where we find seven hundred of the nine hundred assorted amusements at Coney Island. It's noisy and it's crowded and it's alive. There are barkers and blarney men, merry-go-rounds whirling, the calliopes that call attention to the games, and the shrill songs. In the heart of Surf Avenue, running parallel to it is the Bowery. Properly, the Bowery is not a street at all, but an alley ten blocks long, and its only traffic is people. Old people, young people, fat people, thin people; sailors on leave; whole families out for a day's fun. In back of the Bowery is the Atlantic Ocean, two miles of which belong absolutely to the Nickel Empire.

The boardwalk, thronged with half a million people on a warm Sunday, runs all the way from Sea Gate to Brighton Beach—a distance of three and a half miles. This year it's bigger and better than ever. Robert Moses, the genius who builds highways, beaches and parks for New York on practically a moment's notice, took a week off last winter to build and enlarge the boardwalk. Like everything else at Coney Island, it's the biggest in the world.

Between the boardwalk and the Bowery is the Wonder Wheel—you guessed it—it's the largest. You get in a swinging compartment and are hoisted

(Continued on page 24)

**Steeplechase Park provides a vast number of thrills on one admission**





# Light in the Window

By Octavus Roy Cohen

He was tall and blond, and against a lighter background—that of a glittering night club, for instance—you have said that she was beautiful. The patch of sunlight that shone over the roofs of adjoining houses was not merciful. It showed that he was no longer young, and that he was a heavy-set man in the faded red shirt stretched his legs comfortably in doing so, flipped back his head so that she could see the police in his vest. His words were enough, but his manner was unimpressive. He said, again, "It doesn't matter to me if you play or not, Rita. It's the percentage in not stringing me along with me?" He said sharply: "I'm not ratting on you and that's final." "You know where he is." "It's my idea. You were his gal, weren't you?" "I suppose I was, that don't prove anything." "I never said it did. I'm only asking you to get you. I'm asking why you got a guy you'll never see again. He may tie up with some dame somewhere, sometime—but it'll never happen. You're out of the picture from now on—because you'll be watched, makes you bad medicine for him. It doesn't seem reasonable you'd be crazy about a guy that bumped you off—for dough." "I said he didn't do it." "Steve Mason said flatly, 'He did it, Rita. I saw the shooting myself. Why I'm so anxious to pick him up.' I said, 'I don't wonder. You drift an arm time to see a man murdered in a satchel of money grabbed. But he gets away. Smart dick you are.' He nodded placidly. 'Have your gun, Rita. I've learned to take it. The cops been ribbing me plenty down at headquarters. The chief has been giving me hell. I've got everything it takes to convict Eddie—except Eddie. I want to nab him. Which is half the battle. I'd be sitting pretty if I could nab him. Which is half the battle. I'm talking turkey to you. The other half is the dough. I could use five hundred and dollars. And from what I see of his hard eyes swept the room—he could use the same amount.' He said, 'You're wasting your time.' But Steve Mason wasn't so sure about that. He kept plugging. 'He was your sweetie. So what? He was the first, and he wouldn't have the last.' 'I skip it. I was crazy about Eddie.' 'That was before he had somebody.' 'I seated herself and leaned forward. The gray-green eyes were hard calculating. She said, 'I ain't having any—but I'm curious. What's your plan?' 'You can get in touch with him . . . no, I'm mind denying it. Call it a guess. You want, but let it ride that way for a while. So you do. You tell him you want to see him, you tell him it's safe. He'll come to see you and I pick him up.' 'And then?' 'My own testimony would convict

him. I seen him do that shooting. And the chances are a hundred to one he'd have the gun on him."

She gave a short, derisive laugh. "How'd you figure that one out?"

"Easy. Eddie'd come to see you, but he'd come heeled. And I'm playing the hunch that he's still got the gun he used on that messenger. If I'm wrong, we've still got him hooked. If I'm right, a ballistics test will clinch it. I get the ten thousand reward, and give you half." He puffed deeply. "It adds up fine."

She said, "I'd feel pretty lousy, doing something like that."

His eyes bored into her. "If I was you—I'd do it." He rose and shrugged into his coat. "I'll be drifting, Rita. If five thousand cold cash don't mean anything to you . . ."

"But it does!" she broke out suddenly. "I've scrimped and suffered and half-starved for so long. Damn it, you've got no right putting me on the spot this way. You got the cards all stacked against me."

"Uh-huh," he agreed mildly. "I'm trying to deal myself the winning hand. Only I'm cutting you in. So for the last time: 'Is it Yes or No?'"

She walked to the window and looked down on the shabby vista of family washing, garbage barrels, unkempt housewives and ill-clad, noisy children. She hated the whole thing. No decent clothes. None of the things a girl wants—especially a girl who was created to look pretty and to have fun. She snapped around suddenly and said:

"I'm playing it your way. What do I do now?"

Steve Mason was too smart to show his elation. His voice remained calm and unemotional. He said: "Get in touch with Eddie. Tell him you got to see him—here."

WITH Eddie's arms around her, this way, she could look straight into his eyes. Just the same height, they were, which made him kind of short for a man. Short and slender. You couldn't feel his arms around you, and see those eyes of his, and believe he'd ever killed anybody. You couldn't believe anything about Eddie that wasn't all right.

Steve Mason knew what she was thinking. He knew women could go blah all of a sudden: change their minds and do crazy things. So he stepped out of the kitchenette and grabbed Eddie. He said, "Jig's up, kid—so take it easy."

Eddie backed away. He put his hands up defensively, and Steve Mason acted. He said, "No, you don't . . ." and he swung. His fist caught Eddie high on the forehead and Eddie went down. Hard.

Steve was on top of him, there on the floor. Eddie couldn't do anything about it, but he tried. They wrestled around, and Rita screamed, and then something clicked and when Steve got up, there were cuffs on Eddie's wrists.

"Get tough with me," grunted Steve. "I'll show you. . . ."

There was a banging on the door and Rita opened it. Three men barged in, and Steve said, "Hello, boys. What gives?"

The other three plain-clothesmen looked at him and said that was just exactly what they wanted to know, too.

"This is Eddie Gregor." Steve explained. "He's the guy I saw bump off that messenger a couple months back."

Detective-sergeant Wallen said yes, he guessed it was—and all the time Eddie was trembling and Rita was standing there tense and rigid.

Wallen said, "You sure this is the guy, Steve?"

"Positive. I saw him do the shooting and run away. I been laying for him." He even smiled a little. "Why don't you search him?"

THEY searched him. Wallen himself found the gun. He held it in the palm of his hand and showed it to the others.

"That'll be the clincher," exulted Steve Mason. "I'm betting that's the gun that killed the messenger."

Wallen nodded. "I think you got something there, Steve." He shook his head slowly. "There's only one hitch. We got this gun off Eddie, but it don't belong there."

"How about talking some sense," suggested Steve.

"All right. Try to answer this one. Me and the boys brought Eddie right to this door. We frisked him thorough. He didn't have any gun on him. Now we find one. What does that mean to you?"

Steve Mason felt cold inside. He said, in a voice that was not too assured, "What is this: a gag?"

"No-o. I wouldn't call it that. But since we're all sure that a test will prove that this gun killed the messenger, we got to ask where it came from. Eddie didn't have it when he came in here, and—"

Rita said, "That's why Mason slugged Eddie and jumped him. He planted the gun when they were wrestling around on the floor."

"Nice figuring," said Detective-sergeant Wallen. "In fact, you've played a neat game all 'round, Rita. We know that Steve saw the shooting because he said he did. That plants him at the scene. Now we've tied him up with the gun—and cleared Eddie at the same time. . . . And you and Eddie—you've got a neat slice of coin coming."

They took the cuffs off Eddie, and he put his arms around Rita. He didn't look like anybody you might have suspected of murder, because he was crying and he didn't care who noticed. Sergeant Wallen said: "Look, Rita—you played it straight across the board, and you won. But what made you so sure Steve Mason would try to plant the gun on Eddie?"

Her eyes flicked Steve Mason. "He just the same as told me so," she explained, "when he wanted to bet that Eddie would have the gun with him. I've had a tough time, Sergeant, but right along I've managed to think straight when it concerned Eddie. You see, the trouble with Steve is that he knows a lot of things . . . but he's awful dumb about a woman in love."

"You've got no right putting me on the spot," she said. "You got the cards all stacked"





# Girl from Home

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HEIER

A small-town boy finds what makes a big-town romance—a pretty girl

HUGH BARLOW walked across his room in the Hotel Randon—once, twice—and then stopped at the writing desk. On the green blotter his notebook was opened to a page on which was written: "Dora Appleby—ASHland 6-3246." He picked it up, looked at it, chucked it down. He stretched and walked to the window.

Already the sun, at eight o'clock in the morning, was so hot he could feel its reflected waves from the red tin roof of the short buildings two floors below him. A July haze dulled the line of buildings down Eighth Avenue. From across the Hudson River the wind carried the oily smell of factory metal.

Hugh Barlow looked out on the city. "Hi, New York!" he said.

Last night from the Chicago plane he had seen the World's Fair on flat Long Island. Two men and their wives clicked tongues over the color arrangement of the Fair. "What will they think of next!" Hugh Barlow said to the stewardess. "How are the crowds? Still packing them in?" People from his country in Iowa made him feel solid with the city idea—made him feel that his twice-yearly business trips to the city admitted him into the ways of the city. The stewardess said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Barlow," and looked at him as a woman looks at a fine horse. Last night the telephone operator in the hotel remembered his voice and said so with warmth. That was when he was calling Ed Manton's home.

Manton had purred in his thick voice that he was damn' glad to hear from Hugh Barlow. "Come around to the office at four tomorrow—something big is stirring for you, old man."

The third time Hugh walked across the green rug of the hotel room, he picked up the notebook and brought it to the telephone on the table beside his bed. He sat down on the edge of the mattress, and lifted the phone.

Four days ago in Clinton, Iowa, he had stood in Martin Appleby's drugstore and promised the little gray man that he would look up Dora, Martin's only daughter who had gone to the city two years before. "You won't forget this time, will you, Hugh? Just call her up and see how she's getting on, will you?" And Hugh remembered that he had thought then, as he listened to Martin talk, that he'd call her up, find out how she was and let it go at that. Why should he waste his time with a home-town girl while he was in New York?

He heard the brisk, airy voice of a girl say in a hurry, "Hello!"

"Dora. This is Hugh Barlow, you remember, from Clinton? I'm in town on business and—"

"Why, Hugh Barlow!" The voice changed, became intimate. "Of course I remember. I'm so glad to hear from you."

Her voice now helped him to remem-

ber her—the little blond head busy with high-school things—the sudden way of looking around to catch you looking at her. She had hero-worshiped him as the great football player and she wrote about him in the school paper.

Hugh recognized a catch in her conversation which told him that she was afraid of being too enthusiastic. So she added more carefully, "Why don't you drop around this afternoon—if you're not too rushed?"

AS HE heard her words, Hugh let his mind pick its way to a decision he knew he had already made when he first heard her voice vibrate in the darkness of the receiver against his ear. But, after he hung up, he didn't think about her again until about four o'clock that afternoon when he was in Ed Manton's office. He had called on Johnson Carr & Company in the Graybar Building and had kidded with Donald Streeter, the sales manager. Hugh had bought, on October delivery, about ten thousand dollars' worth of glassware and chinaware for his people, Ericson & Livermore—the BIG store of Clinton. He had lunched with Dunlop's man at the Brayton and had defended old man Ericson's conservative policy. Hugh Barlow put loyalty above everything.

The reason Hugh remembered Dora was a chromium paperweight in the shape of the Trylon and Perisphere on Manton's desk. Before he had started talking to her that morning, he had thought that maybe he would take her to the Fair, which he hadn't seen yet, and in that way kill two birds with one stone.

Manton sat on the edge of his desk, swinging his round, short-shinned legs, his gray eyes studying Hugh. Finally he said, "Look, Hugh, I mentioned last night on the phone about something big. Remember? Well, it came about this way." He smoothed down the light gray

vest of his suit, which fitted tightly over his stomach. Then he looked at Hugh Barlow.

He began talking. He pushed his words slowly, feeling his way, as a man works gently toward a skittish horse. He told Hugh Barlow that he and Connett, the head of L. J. Connett Company, had watched him grow into a man who knew his way around—who had lost the wide-eyed glimmer of the Midwesterner. "Hugh," Manton said, "things are breaking pretty good for Connett & Company."

It took Manton ten minutes by the clock on his desk to get to the point. And then it came as gently as a sleepy dog poking its nose into your hand.

"So," Manton concluded, "we're holding out a block of stock for you. It's sort of in recognition of our three years' association."

The two men regarded each other silently for a minute. Then Manton said casually, "It's about five thousand dollars in stock."

Hugh whistled. He looked at Manton. Manton said, "Well?"

Hugh Barlow said, without thinking, said instinctively, as he might act if he

saw a man about to beat a dog, "Thanks, I guess not, Ed."

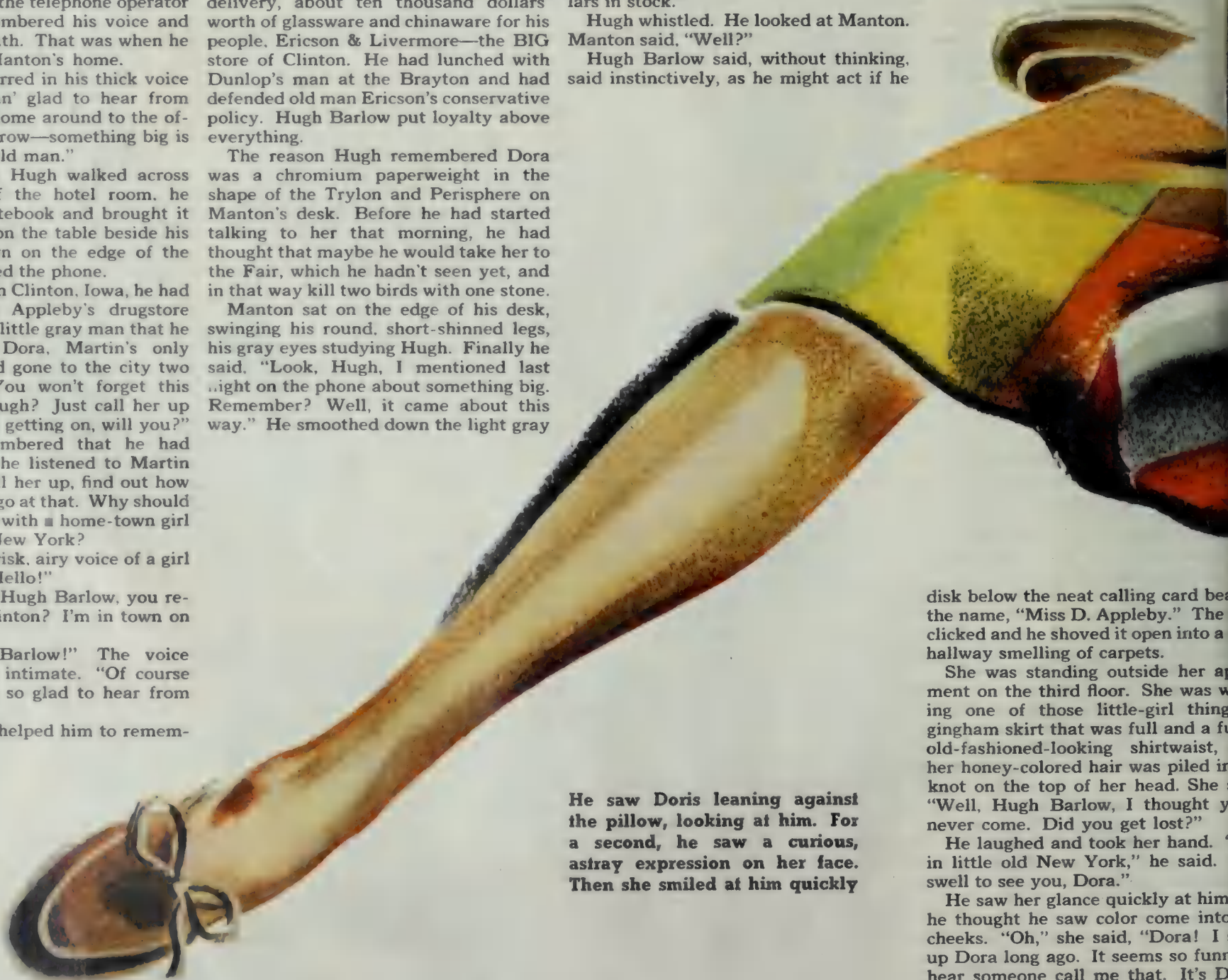
Manton's eyebrows went up. "Be a fool, Hugh," he said gently; then, "Of course, you could register stock in some name other than Leaves you free to serve Ericson—out prejudice."

"That's right," Hugh said, "but I'm sort of funny that way. It was nice of you and Connett to think—"

"Suit yourself," Manton said, "hard feelings, heh, Hugh?"

They went down to the bar Comando and drank Scotch. Manton told Barlow that the L. J. Connett Company had a swell exhibit at the World's Fair. "Run out tomorrow at ten. L. J. will be there with me. I'll have a couple of passes left for you at the hotel," Hugh said, "Good—I'd like that." They went to work on an order for immediate delivery to the Ericson & Livermore Co., in Clinton, Iowa. It was a solid, well-balanced order—typical of Hugh Barlow's usual orders.

An hour later, Hugh Barlow, one hundred and eighty pounds, solid, burned, long-striding, left the bar Comando. He walked to the East 100th Street address and pushed the little



He saw Doris leaning against the pillow, looking at him. For a second, he saw a curious, astray expression on her face. Then she smiled at him quickly

disk below the neat calling card bearing the name, "Miss D. Appleby." The disk clicked and he shoved it open into a doorway smelling of carpets.

She was standing outside her apartment on the third floor. She was wearing one of those little-girl things—gingham skirt that was full and a fun old-fashioned-looking shirtwaist, and her honey-colored hair was piled into a knot on the top of her head. She said, "Well, Hugh Barlow, I thought you never come. Did you get lost?"

He laughed and took her hand. "Not in little old New York," he said. "I swell to see you, Dora."

He saw her glance quickly at him and he thought he saw color come into her cheeks. "Oh," she said, "Dora! I gave up Dora long ago. It seems so funny to hear someone call me that. It's Doris now. Don't you like that better?"





Hugh said he thought he did, but Doris was all right out in Clinton.

She smiled. She looked pretty when she smiled.

"Come in," she said, "I have cocktails waiting. You do drink cocktails?"

HE MUST have shown his surprise, for Doris put her hand on his arm and said, "You're the same Hugh Barry, aren't you? Always thinking I am a kid. That's because I was two years below you in High."

It was a small room with lots of things in it. Fragile, useless things—easily knocked over. Aluminum and glass figurines, colored leather chairs, a coffee table with woven grass coasters. There was a smell of cigarette smoke and powder.

Hugh said politely, "You have a nice place here, Doris."

"I like it . . . What'll you have to drink, Hugh?"

For the first time he noticed the three glasses set out on the coffee table. He said, "I'd better stick to Scotch. I've been absorbing it pretty steadily this afternoon talking business."

Doris stepped into the kitchenette.

On the wall over the sofa Hugh saw a striking photograph of Doris—one of those with a very black background, very white flesh, curiously lighted from below. He went over to the wall and looked closely at the picture. "Who's the candid camera around here?" he asked.

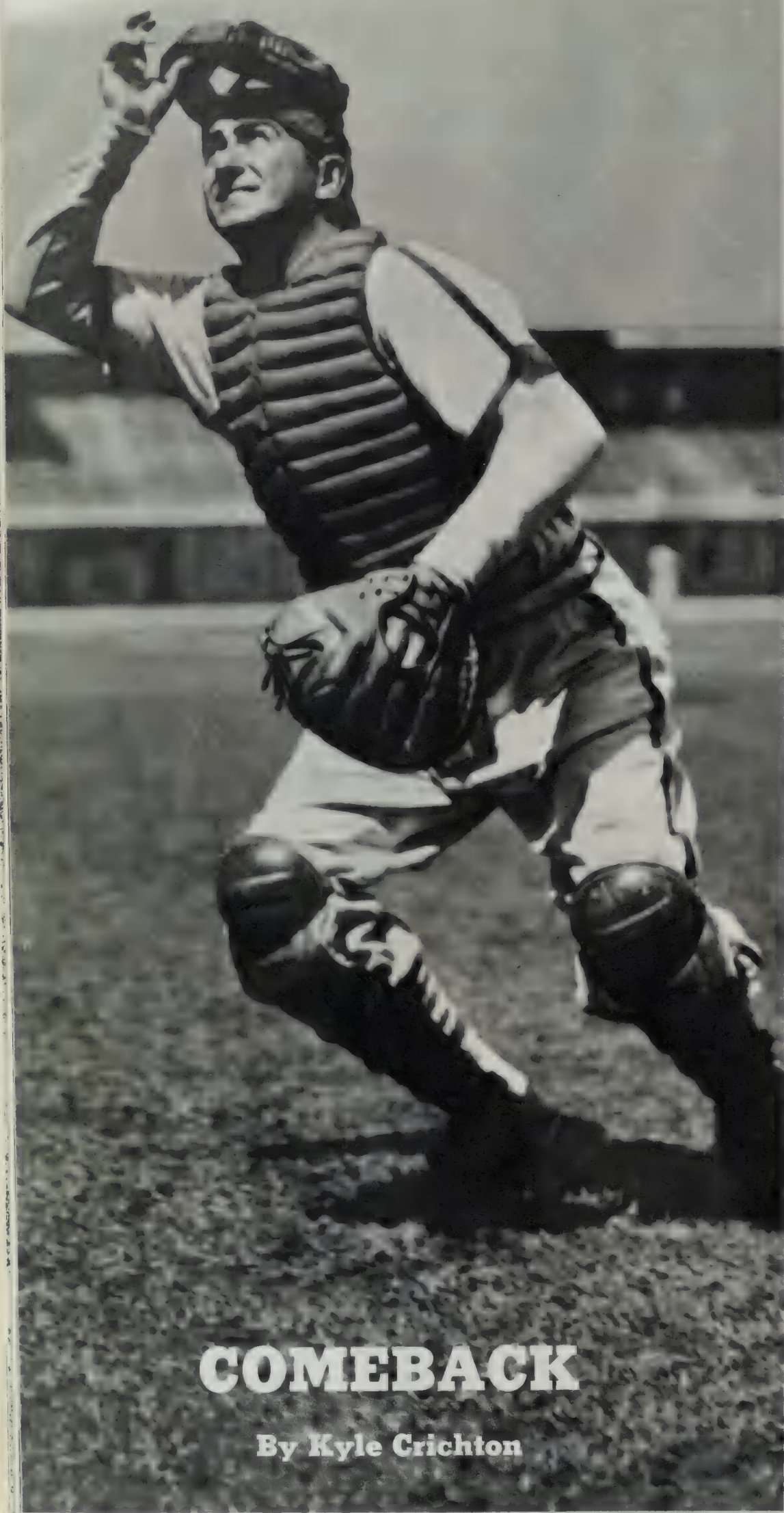
"That?" Doris came out with a tall glass tinkling on the tray. "Wade Sturgess did it. Do you like it?"

"Sure. It's all right."

"Wade's one of the best of the younger

(Continued on page 43)





# COMEBACK

## By Kyle Crichton

**I**F THE audience will kindly refrain from breaking down in maudlin gulps of sentimentality, we will tell you the story of Bill DeLancey, the man who came back. This is not an ordinary comeback—some player who was shunted off to the Nebraska State League and then recalled in time to win the world series for the Yankees. DeLancey is the first man in history who ever conquered a lung disease and returned to active service in the big leagues.

His previous period of servitude in the prison camp of the St. Louis Cardinals ended in 1935 when he blew up with a loud report and was lugged off to Arizona on a shutter. This is no mere form of rhetoric; he was on a stretcher when he landed in Phoenix. He stayed in bed the next eight months without putting foot to the floor. Some specialists say he had tuberculosis; others maintain that it was a bad case of pleurisy. In any event it was pleurisy of such virulent nature that he had to be

**When Bill DeLancey was carried off to Arizona on a stretcher five years ago no one expected to see him in a baseball uniform again. But he's back and we hope he stays.**

tapped and drained every second day for the next four years.

This spring, when he reported to the Cards camp at St. Petersburg, only Pepper Martin and Joe Medwick remained of the fabulous 1934 Gas House Gang that licked Detroit in a tumultuous seven-game series in the world classic and almost chased the Tigers into Lake Michigan in the deciding game. Delancey was a first-year wonder on that outfit—a player who came up from Columbus and became first-string catcher almost immediately, something unknown in major-league annals. He handled the shots of Dizzy Dean, Paul Dean and Wild Bill Hallahan, whanged the apple for a season record of .317 and was accounted the find of the year.

Along about the middle of the 1935 season, he began to feel woozy. His pep was gone, he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep. But he pushed himself through the season and it was only when he was fooling around in a post-season game with a bunch of kids at Westville, Illinois, the home town of his wife, that the blow fell. It was a hot day, Bill was pitching and it went to sixteen innings. He became overheated, caught cold and it developed into pneumonia.

"Everybody thinks that game did it," says Bill, "but I know now it had been coming on for months. If it hadn't been that, something else would have smacked me."

The newspapers toyed around with the idea that Bill would be on hand for spring training in 1936 but instead he was resting on the back of his neck in Phoenix and the outlook was dark. One lucky break was the fact that Branch Rickey, general manager of the Cardinal chain, had been through the mill with tuberculosis himself. On one of his trips west he stopped in to see DeLancey. "Don't you say a word," he admonished Bill. "I'll do all the talking."

## A Break for Bill

So Rickey sat on the edge of DeLancey's bed and talked for five hours straight, relating his own story, discussing baseball, letting fall advice about life. "Never gave me a bit of hope," says Bill. "Just sorta let it drop that if somebody could do it, maybe somebody else could."

The Cards were not paying anything toward Bill's keep and medical expenses and the \$10,000 he had saved from his salary and world series cut was going fast, so it was something of a break for him when St. Louis took over the club at Albuquerque in the Arizona-Texas League and put DeLancey in as manager. That was two years after he reached Phoenix and, in the meantime, he had bought himself a little ranch and was raising chickens and growing grapefruit. He was able to be halfway active but the pleurisy and the tappings went on and he was as much surprised as the next one when the baseball offer came.

Albuquerque turned out to be a great town. In his last year there, 1939, the home admissions were 110,000 in a town of 35,000 population, an entirely remarkable record. What gave Bill hope about himself, however, was that he could keep up with the road trips of the club. In the circuit were Tucson, Bisbee and El Paso. The shortest jump was to El Paso, three hundred miles away. From Albuquerque to Tucson was a mere jaunt of five hundred miles.

taken in a bus with the Southwest  
beating down.

"Three hundred and fourteen in shade," reports DeLancey. "I know I lived through that, I could stand anything."

DeLancey ran a temperature streak that first year but only missed one on the coaching lines. He occasionally took batting practice with the team in 1937, but it was August in 1938 when he shoved his nose into a box score and slammed one up against the fence and drove in two runs at El Paso, winning the game. It would have been a lot more if he barely walked down to first base. After that he did a few more stints as pinch hitter but otherwise confined his occasional appearances to work on the mound after a game was beyond repair. It was a stunt by Bill, intended for clowning purposes exclusively.

His greatest discovery at Albuque was Bobby Sturgeon, who picked up by DeLancey at the Samento camp at the age of fifteen was later sold by the Cards to the cago Cubs for a reported \$35,000. I who is now with DeLancey on the Louis club, was another find.

## On the Road Back

When the 1939 season ended he had thoughts only for his managing in Albuquerque. Rickey would come at intervals but he never said anything about the big leagues. Then, during winter, Bill saw an item in the paper that said the Cardinals were considering bringing him back for a tryout. There had been stories of this kind every since he had left but DeLancey decided this time he'd try to get in shape for a comeback. He set himself a regimen of training. For two weeks he walked ten miles every day. It was tough at first but it got easier. Encouraged by this Bill started running two miles a day. On the second day, he collapsed and was barely able to get back home.

"I thought that was the end," he said. "I lost my nerve completely."

He was in bed for ten days and kept from writing Rickey that he couldn't come back only by the fact Rickey had never urged him to come. Eventually he regained his confidence and started training again. Then he wrote Rickey, asking for a chance.

"I'd been hoping you'd do that," answered Rickey. "I've talked it with Sam Breadon and he says right."

The hardest thing he encountered in training camp were the sympathetic looks of his teammates. Most of the rookies had never heard of him and the old-timers had to be shown before they would believe he could do it. Because they were afraid if they talked about his case it would only make it worse for him, they said nothing about it.

"That really made it tough," says Lancey.

The first day out, tragedy over-  
him when the middle finger of his th-  
ing hand was stove in by a pitch-  
thing like that wouldn't happen to a  
player once in a lifetime. In his an-  
to look good, he got his meat har-  
ahead of the glove.

"Couldn't have done anything but if I tried," says Bill sorrowfully. "I could barely throw as far as the pitcher's box; when I tried to hit, I couldn't hit the bat."

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# Rain Before Seven

by John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

## History Thus Far:

Caleb Thatcher, of Wallisport, Massachusetts, is fighting on the Loyalist side in Spain, he and his closest friend, Bert Hendricks, have a narrow escape when a Nazi columnist—one Heinemann—betrays them to the enemy. They vow that, if they ever have the chance, they will kill Heinemann.

After the war ends, Caleb returns to Wallisport. There he presently falls in love with Hope Shaler, who is engaged to John Gabriel, the wealthy head of a machine-tool company which is feverishly filling war orders for the U.S. Jealous of Caleb, and regarding him as a dangerous "Red," Gabriel decides to get rid of him.

An opportunity comes (so he thinks) after Bert Hendricks comes to Wallisport for a labor union. Seeing Bert and Caleb together frequently, he suspects that they are part of a Communist conspiracy. Then, when one of his factory buildings is burned, he accuses Hendricks of incendiarism. But before the police can arrest Caleb's friend, Caleb (assisted by Hope) enables him to make his getaway.

Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel (the widow of John's brother) has become infatuated with Greg Ashburn, a British industrial spy, who has inveigled her into giving him copies of important secret documents entrusted to John in Washington. . . .

Bert Hendricks is murdered. The authorities claim that he has been drowned. But, having learned that Heinemann has come to Massachusetts, Caleb knows that the police are wrong. He feels certain that Heinemann has killed Bert. He feels sure, furthermore, that the police have burned Gabriel's building, and that they are now on the trail of Greg Ashburn.

When, accompanied by Hope (to whom he has told everything) he calls on John Gabriel and informs him of his suspicions, his suspicions, Gabriel refuses to believe him. A quarrel ensues. Hope takes Caleb's side. She and John exchange sharp words. In the end, realizing that she has fallen in love with Caleb, she breaks her engagement to John.

Knowing that Greg Ashburn is in peril, Caleb tells the Englishman of Heinemann's presence, warns him to be careful. Then, alone with Hope, he discusses the situation with her. He knows that he may be murdered if he remains in Wallisport. She urges him to go away with her. But Caleb refuses to run away to safety. And Hope guesses the truth: Caleb Thatcher is going to kill a man!

## VIII

THE undertaker's chapel was hideous in its good taste, and exactly twenty people were there. Caleb was with two pallbearers—had he been to Boston?—and except for Hope and Aunt Elinor the others must be from the neighborhood. The service was mercifully brief, three cars followed the hearse to the cemetery, and with Aunt Elinor's hand on her arm Hope stood beside the grave and watched the coffin lowered into it. She reached blindly for Caleb when he came up and his hand steadied her. She said to Aunt Elinor, "Will you drive your car home if I walk her for a while?" Aunt Elinor would be glad to, and they turned away from the grave, strolling slowly down the exquisitely landscaped path where Wallisport would call it the final resting place of Caleb to bury Bert. Hope said, "I'm all right," and in a way she was, for agitation had become the normal thing. Caleb said, "Sure, but you

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In the unalloyed horror of that moment, nothing was clearer than that she really desired that kiss





# Caught with Our Guard Down

By Walter Davenport

**D**OWN Main Street again comes the National Guard. They're pale, perhaps, but it's sunlight they lack, not valor. They're on the scrawny side, but wait a few weeks. Their hats seem too big and their uniforms too small, but that's because they don't know how to wear them. After a month or so in camp they'll mend all that. They are short of the stride and shy of the swing that marks the old soldier, but what do you want? They're clerks and salesmen, bakers and bookkeepers; they're boys out of high school and bellhops and what not.

They're what the brass-and-leather General Staff of the United States Army solemnly calls sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Force. And in that youthfully awkward column stumping down Main Street there are kids who don't know a right flank from a right turn. Give them time, give them time and they'll tell Hitler how to run a blitzkrieg.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they'll be on their way to a Texas town to live by the bugle, to sleep under canvas, to learn discipline by the numbers, how to kill by machinery. Suddenly they're men. That queer something that gets into a man when the uniform's on has straightened their backs and squared their shoulders. Already their eyes are clearer because they're looking toward something they never believed they'd see. You see for yourself—the kid from the farm, the factory, the WPA. A new and resolute glower on his clerkish face, a pack on his back, a couple of beers in his belly, a Testament and four chocolate bars in his pockets. Well, he's ready to march off to war or whatever.

He's less prepared than his old man who marched off like this in 1917. Almost half a million guys like the old man went off then in the National Guard. Two out of every five divisions we sent to France to make the world safe for democracy were militia kids like this. The overwhelming majority of them saw active service in the actual firing line with what the General Staff's writers of militarese call "some expenditure of personnel." Of the nearly forty thousand Yanks killed outright, they furnished a third.

And when they marched off twenty-three years ago they were unprepared—soft as flounders, underarmed, innocently proud of antique weapons and blissfully ignorant of anything better. The kids on Main Street now, the kids who may be jerked tomorrow out of their jobs and classrooms to be hammered into warrior men, are even less prepared. In the past few months even the General Staff has been throwing away their textbooks—almost throwing up their hands. When the old man went to war it was all man power. Napoleon stuff. But war has become wheels and gears, wings and gasoline, bombs and shells that make the First World War little-boy stuff.

And don't forget—out of those armory warehouses of amateur soldiers is coming sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Force. They've got to be good. What we're going to arm these militiamen with nobody knows. There are 251,000 of them, men and officers. Starting this minute, eastern daylight saving time, it will take a year and maybe two to equip these militiamen that they might be something more than a wide-open target for an up-to-date enemy. Maybe they don't know it and you may

**Even the Army regulars, looking down their noses at the National Guard amateurs, have to admit they are two thirds of our "Initial Protective Force." In double-quick time they'll be ready and willing to fight, too—but with what nobody knows. They have only a handful of guns and equipment and in the whole Guard there is but one honestly mechanized unit. Even Holland was better fixed for defense**

be sure they don't give a damn. It would take that long to fix up our regulars with weapons that would give the invader pause. And if the day should come when the General Staff's M-Day mobilization of all the country's youth is the law of the land—heaven knows what we'll do. That would mean 4,800,000 more kids to arm. And ten million more to come. And in all our Initial Protective Force today—the militia you see there on Main Street and the regulars scattered far and wide in Army posts—there's but one honestly mechanized fighting unit. It's a mere brigade, a third of a division. Even Holland was better off than that.

There are eighteen divisions of this National Guard of ours. They're scattered helter-skelter from Walla Walla to Key West. Later on we'll sketch out for you what they're lacking. But for the moment be satisfied with the hollow voice of General Marshall, the Army's Chief of Staff. "National Guard Divisions are now tied immobile to the ground. They cannot maneuver as divisions. They cannot take the field as such. And yet they are a part of the Initial Protective Force which we must be able to move in an emergency."

## Tomorrow They'll Be Heroes

Yesterday the regulars looked down their military noses at these Main Street grenadiers. Yesterday, before the fear began to sour your stomach, you laughed as you talked of tin soldiers and postgraduate boy scouts. You'll not laugh now. You'll be loading them with gifts and food and knitting them woollies and writing them mash notes. And the regulars will be telling the editors what remarkable lads these tenderfeet are.

What was it that the valorous Mussolini called them? Oh, yes—"Playboys who specialize in picnics." And not that Little Caesar was altogether wrong. For years they drilled but forty-eight periods a year exclusive of summer encampments. As often as not the periods were less than an hour each. Of late they've been drilling sixty hours a year and their summer picnics lasted three weeks instead of two.

If the dauntless Duce wants a real

**The National Guard goes over the top, each man armed to the teeth with an old-style Army rifle and earnest if awkward determination. Below, a little entertainment as the 245th Coast Artillery, N. G., takes the subway to Fort Hancock**

laugh he should know that each militiaman costs the federal government the crushing sum of \$206 a year—in peacetime. With this they give him two uniforms—one for summer and the other for the winter. It arms him with such weapons as the Army may have to spare, leaving him virtually unarmed. It pays a part of his expenses when he's on maneuvers with the regulars, making the regulars laugh or curse as the mood is on them.

Certain states contribute more generously to the militia's maintenance but others starve him. The National Guard Bureau of the General Staff refuses to specify, but high among the reasons why they've not been able to get the militia off the lower rungs of the efficiency ladder is the persistent refusal of states to co-operate with the military chieftains. Regular Army officers are detailed to the Guard as drill and training instructors. They report increasing order that the amateurs survive their courage poured upon them by state governments. And yet there are hundreds of instances where the military spirit has been so keen that individual members have paid their own expenses of membership. In times like these, however, the lads get smiles. New Jersey, for example, has just appropriated an extra \$425,000 to mend the seams of its militia's britches.

Tradition is about the only thing that has held the National Guard together anyway. In the less populous states it is numerically unimpressive. Delaware, for example, has but 900 militiamen. They'd be shuffled into the 44th Division along with some from New Jersey, some Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers.







INTERNATIONAL  
Here the 245th Coast Artillery gets down to serious business, with work clothes replacing uniforms as they prepare to load one of the big coast-defense guns at Fort Hancock, N. J.



INTERNATIONAL  
Battery C of the 16th U. S. Field Artillery brings up its guns—with horses

da's contribution at the moment is 1 and they'll struggle along in the 45th Division. North Dakota has 1,300 men for the 34th Division and New Mexico sends a thousand to the 45th. The big contributors are New York, Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Texas, Michigan and Wisconsin, which is as it could be.

Any time Mr. Roosevelt wants them and if Congress lets him he has only to give the order. The General Staff has their training camps selected. It's going to cost a lot of money to mobilize them and the General Staff wants it understood that any such turnout can't be blamed on them. Merely to provide uniforms the Guard would need to outfit them for active service would cost \$5,000,000, and that doesn't include overcoats or blankets. Before the mili-

tiamen got to camp that five million dollars would look like the kitty in a high-school poker game. For about a billion dollars the National Guard could be put into fairly adequate fighting shape. And after that the real expense would start. A real war today would cost us about ten times what we had to pay for our part in that 1918 shenanigan.

#### Here's Where You'll Go

But if you're mobilized, lads, here's where you'll go for hardening. The 26th and the 43d Divisions (Massachusetts and Connecticut) will go to Camp Jackson, South Carolina. The 27th and 44th (New York, New Jersey, Delaware and increments from Pennsylvania and Maryland) to Camp McClellan, Alabama, and Chickamauga, Georgia. The

28th and 29th (Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland) to Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, and Fort Eustis, Virginia. The 30th and 31st (Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana) to Fort Benning, Georgia, and Camp Blanding, Florida. The 37th and 38th (Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and West Virginia) to Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and Fort Knox, Kentucky. The 32d and 33d (Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois) to San Antonio, Texas, and Fort Clark, Texas. The 34th and 35th (the Dakotas, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas) to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and Fort Bliss, Texas.

The 36th and 45th (Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona) to Camp Hulen and the San Antonio area, Texas. The 40th and 41st (California, Nevada,

Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana) to Camp Merriam and Camp Lewis, California.

And if that happens, you militiamen may as well reconcile yourselves to a lot of changes. You'll probably be triangularized—if there's time. You're going to lose quite a few of your officers, particularly the older line officers who can't take it physically, to make room for sprightly young field marshals from the Reserve Officers' Training Schools and the Citizens' Military Training Schools. There are 60,000 or so of these gentlemen. However, the great majority of this officer material will be saved against the day of conscription—M-Day. But there'll be no Officers' Training Schools as there were in 1917 and 1918. If you go in as a private your chances of emerging a field marshal will be slim and you ought to be glad of it.

You'll get no favors even if Uncle Dan's your congressman. The chances are high that the United States will follow desperate England's example and draft everything in sight from money to monkey wrenches.

What kind of fighting the National Guard will be asked to do will depend on where the fight's held. If the Fighting Ghost of Berchtesgaden gets away with what he's mapped out for himself in Europe and doesn't emerge punch drunk, he may decide to pursue his luck on this side of the Atlantic. As the General Staff and almost everybody else knows, there's no telling what evil tidings Mr. Hitler may have on his mind. He'll probably pay no attention to this bit of advice but we hope he'll be satisfied where he is and be glad it's no worse.

It gets you nowhere in particular to enumerate the equipment shortcomings of the National Guard. If they're mobilized you'll see. If you were to

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"When you report this conversation to him tell him I do not fear him any longer," she said

# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## The Story Thus Far:

**R**OLF BLAERCHEN and Paul Lesser start a night club, the Krokodil, in Berlin. They employ Carola Dirling, a singer, and Karl Dietrich, a comedian, whose appeal to the public is so strong that the venture is soon a success.

Blaerchen, a Nazi, and Lesser both fall in love with Carola. Lesser wins her, marries her. Then, sent to Warsaw on a mysterious "government" mission, he writes to her and tells her that he does not trust Blaerchen—that he fears he is to be murdered. A short time later, Carola is notified that he has been killed in an automobile accident. She leaves Berlin at once—at about the same time that Karl Dietrich, who has offended the Nazis with his jibes at certain officials, is arrested and sent to a concentration camp.

Three years later, Carola is in Rome when she is approached by a Nazi agent, who informs her that Blaerchen (now a power in the German Foreign Office) has a job for her. He tells her brutally that she must return to Berlin, or else—

Realizing that she will be in peril if she remains in pro-Nazi Italy, she goes to Berlin, reports to Blaerchen, who asks her to lunch with him the following day. Then, at the Krokodil, she encounters Karl Dietrich. Karl, who has just been released from the concentration camp, does not tell her of his misfortunes. They agree to meet for luncheon two days later.

The next day, Blaerchen (now exceedingly prosperous) sends a car for her. She is driven to his beautiful country estate (taken from some wealthy exile) near Berlin. There he greets her, makes clumsy advances. Carola, on guard, asks for information concerning her job. Blaerchen smiles, makes a cryptic reference to "Occupation: Widow." Carola is puzzled. Blaerchen will tell her little other than that she will be expected to accept every invitation she receives, meet all the people she can. And he insists on showing her the estate.

Sizing up her host, as they walk along, Carola thinks that his might be the attitude of an employer; or it might, also, be that of a man who has caught something pleasant and desirable in a clever trap!

## II

**I**N THE late afternoon, after lunch with Blaerchen, Carola sat in her apartment, glad to be alone, freed from the need for pretense. Winter darkness was coming swiftly. As the light dimmed in her deep-set eyes, uneasiness settled on her like a shrinking garment. It tightened as she recalled Blaerchen's vagueness about her work, the touch of his hand, the casually assumed intimacy in his voice. For the hundredth time she told herself that she had had no choice in Rome but to return, that attempting to discover the truth about Paul's death was a real and worthwhile objective. If that were so, then she could endure this cold, lonely and frightening Berlin.

Yet, on every side she was closed in; leaving Blaerchen this afternoon, she had left like a prisoner reaching out and, for the first time, touching the nearness of cold stone walls. The careful thoughtfulness of the man who met her at the train on the first morning might well have been a warden's meticulous attention to a new arrival. Even Blaerchen's order not to see Karl was an instance of restraint. Carola would have liked to see him, to offer sympathy and any help that she could. If he had come out of the concentration camp with hatred, then she might find him a friend when she needed a friend. Yet it would be unwise to disobey Blaerchen. She wrote Karl at once and broke the luncheon engagement.

To shake off her mood she changed

from the black crepe dress to her gray flannel suit. In the mirror she looked so young, but with unhappiness firmly on her face that she laughed and applied a powder puff viciously to that would change her expression. Then she put on a little black hat, moving to an impudent angle and revealing a line of golden hair.

A gray tweed coat completed her newish appearance. Hands in her pockets she swaggered a few steps before the mirror. After all, the sense of constraint could be the product of loneliness in a lonely city. Nobody was hindering her from going out where she wished, from going wherever she chose. To prove it to herself, she left the apartment hurriedly. Fear, a few minutes before, seemed ridiculous in the cold, clear air outside.

As she came to the street she saw a man standing near the doorway. Her fears returned with the premonition that he was there to watch her. She walked along for a hundred feet, then looked back. The man was following. She stood still, frightened, but not convinced that an imagined danger would be so quickly real. Then the man turned around. A moment later a large, young woman came from a doorway and joined him. They walked off in an opposite direction, like any respectable middle-aged German couple taking the air.

That, Carola told herself firmly, was enough imagination for the day! She walked on, insisting to herself that she could be less worried if she made the effort.

On Kurfürstendamm the cold east wind of winter moved the crowds quickly. Music from the cafés flooded lightly on the street; that was as it had to be, in this gayest part of Berlin. The absence of traffic noises, the scarcity of automobiles because of gasoline rationing, the way that passers-by pulled on tighter their thin coats around the neck—this was something new, this was part of wartime Berlin.

As Carola passed Café Buda she remembered the time when Paul and Blaerchen and Karl, too, used to gather around the large table in the rear. If Karl was visiting any of his old haunts he would be sure to come here. If he were to happen on him by accident, Blaerchen could not criticize her for that. She entered the café. At first glance nothing had changed; the past three years and the war months might well have been stopped at the door. The same little orchestra was playing the same music, the same sort of people were at the tables, the same sound of conversation splattered on all sides, and the same stout proprietor, Herr Hoyt, was standing near the door, a cross between a brooding hen and a traffic policeman.

Then Carola saw one thing change: the large table at the rear was occupied by strangers.

Hoynig came to her at once: "Fräulein Dirling! It's like old times seeing you here."

"Danke schoen!" She smiled as she followed him to a table. War rationing had not cut into his waistline. She



his chatter, then asked casually, "Do any of my old friends come here?"

"Seldom," Hoynig said sadly. "I haven't seen Karl Dietrich, for instance." The question sounded as if they were making conversation. Hoynig frowned and hesitated. "No, I can't come here."

It was just as well not to find him. His manner was suspicious and he probably had reported any such thing. She had to remind herself that in Berlin one could not be too careful. A café employee might be working for the Gestapo. As she sat drinking imitation coffee, she wondered whether the feeling of restraint was just an inevitable reflection of a whole nation under restraint. Eighty million people scarcely two who trusted each other!

A little orchestra turned from a waltz to a tango, one of those old German tangos played by two violins and an accordion, that were popular in 1930. She could bathe in nostalgia in that

Fräulein Dirling?"

Carola turned nervously. She saw a tall, dark, almost tropical face. Around her neck soft fox made her face look stouter. "I'm Senta Mainescu. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

"Don't you sit down?"

"I scarcely believed my eyes! I used to see you so often at the Krokodil and I thought you had left Berlin."

"I have recently returned," Carola said cautiously. "Trust no one! There is something unusual in this woman's behavior."

"It's just by chance that we never met before," Senta said. "I used to know so many of your friends at the Krokodil. I named a half-dozen entertainers. And I knew Rolf Blaerchen, too."

Carola did not comment on that although she felt that she was supposed to. The woman spoke German with an unfamiliar accent that Carola could not place. "You aren't German?"

"I'm Rumanian." Then she continued. "Your departure from Berlin was a loss. We missed your singing."

"Thank you very much."

"I knew of your husband's death. I am so sorry. If you'll pardon me, you have remarried?"

"No." Carola was annoyed at that familiarity.

"I don't suppose you'll return to the Krokodil?"

"No." Carola was more annoyed.

"The whole crowd is broken up," Senta said regretfully. "I don't see any of them any more. Do you?"

"No, none of them." Carola buttoned her coat, ready to leave. She would answer no more questions.

Then, like a lonely woman, Mlle. Mainescu said, "I'd love to talk to you about old times. May I call on you some day?"

"Some day," Carola said vaguely.

The woman insisted on having her address and telephone number.

Carola walked home slowly.

WHEN Blaerchen phoned the next morning, as he always did, Carola said, "I met a friend of yours yesterday, a Rumanian woman named Mainescu."

"Really!" He sounded as if he were pleased.

"She spoke of wanting to call."

"See her, by all means! She's charming!" There was something peculiar in his voice, as if he were trying to stifle sudden laughter. "By all means, see her!"

She began to tidy her apartment, trying to bring some air of intimacy into the old furnished rooms. The echo of

Blaerchen's laughter remained—unpleasant, sardonic laughter.

The doorbell rang. A large, round-faced woman asked for her, in the accent of Bavarian speech. "Gut Tag," she said loudly. "My name is Maria Kunkle. I was told you needed a maid and housekeeper."

"Who told you?"

Maria handed a letter to Carola. It read: "I thought you might like someone to do chores for you. You will find Maria most competent. I suggest you employ her." The note was signed by Blaerchen.

Here was living proof of her fear—someone to watch every move, to listen to every telephone call, to report every word overheard. At least, there was no place here for her to sleep. The woman stood confidently, watching Carola reread the note.

"Very well," Carola nodded. "Put your things in the kitchen." . . .

After changing to a uniform, Maria said, "You have a ration card?" Then, briskly, "I'll attend to all the buying. I will get butter, coffee, meat—!"

"Where?" Carola was astounded.

"I have my secrets."

Perhaps that was why Blaerchen had sent her! Such things could not be found in stores by people without connections.

MARIA acted at once like a person taking charge. She asked for instructions, and began to rearrange the kitchen. Carola watched her, all her fears alive again. The woman had a peculiar gait—waddling best described it.

When Carola returned in the afternoon from a walk, Maria was in the living room, smiling. "Look!" In one corner of the room was a small piano.

"Where did that come from?"

An opened envelope and card were on a table. The card was signed "Rolf

Blaerchen." The piano did not interest Carola at the moment. She asked coldly, "Do you usually open letters addressed to your employers?"

"No, Fräulein," Maria said, surprised, "but I thought there might be some mistake. You didn't say anything to me about expecting a piano." She pointed to it. "Now you can sing, Fräulein."

Carola turned away, not answering.

"I heard you sing once," Maria said pleasantly. "My husband brought me to hear you. My husband—his name is Fritz Kunkle—said, 'It's our fifth wedding anniversary,' he said, 'and we'll celebrate.' So he said the best place was the Krokodil and he took me there."

Carola was suspicious of the woman's attempt to be friendly.

"My husband's in the army now, but not at the front," Maria smiled. "He's a cook in a barracks at Cologne."

The telephone interrupted her and

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"Look here, Dietrich," Kreitz said, "I don't want any dirty tricks from you, understand?"



ONE bright day, about a year after Mayor Edward J. Kelly received the scrolls of office as Burgo-master of Chicago, a Daily News reporter went to him with the disturbing tidings that the News had found a nest of horse-betting parlors—of all places—in Chicago. Well, you could have knocked Brother Kelly over with a feather. What? Gambling in Chicago? He would not have been more astonished if he had been told that Adolf Hitler's blitz-bombers had just landed behind the lines of Democratic headquarters over in the Morrison Hotel.

"Gambling in Chicago!" exclaimed the mayor to the reporter. "I am surprised there is any gambling in Chicago." Then with a sharper tone he cried: "And I will not countenance it."

It was not long before this that Mayor Kelly, talking to the American Legion, had said with pride: "We have purged the city of gangsters, hoodlums and racketeers. The underworld, realizing that we mean business, has moved to other places."

And now here was the mayor's own City Hall literally encircled by gambling spots; the Hall itself set like a sapphire in a cluster of bookie joints. And no one had even breathed a word of it to the mayor.

And so the question arises—do these official gentlemen in Chicago know what is going on? Or are they just giving us what Mr. Dennis Cooney—the Duke of Madison Street—calls the old razz-ma-tazz.

The visitor to Chicago is not there very long before he becomes aware of a mysterious, shadowy power that everyone speaks about, seems to know about, but actually is unable to describe save in the foggiest terms. It is that invisible, sinister organism known as the Syndicate. Frequently it is referred to as the Capone gang. But that is not satisfactory, for Mr. Capone has not been in Chicago for eight years. It is, however, made up of the men who were what might be called department heads of the old Capone mob—but how changed! It does not ride the highways, throw pineapples, spray machine-gun bullets, bomb homes, murder cops. It doesn't have to.

### They Streamlined the Rackets

By the time Kelly became mayor the old gang wars were over. There reigned in Chicago what might be called the Pax Caponeum. That is to say, by a process of elimination nobody was left to contest the supremacy of the Capone mob. The elimination involved some 550 murders in ten years.

Of course the Capones did not do all the killing. There were a number of gangs. They blazed away at one another for ten years, cutting down the competition, eliminating unfair trade practices, delimiting spheres of influence, slowly, but surely, introducing order into that great basic industry of vice in Chicago. By 1933, when the dry era ended, peace had descended on the city—all of the Capone rivals were in heaven or in jail or in other towns or were bums.

Today the Capones are men of different mold. There is gray hair at the temples. Some are bald. An air of sobriety and, in cases, respectability encompasses them. Some of them go to church. They do not appear at first nights or in gaudy night clubs in evening clothes surrounded by bodyguards in Tuxedos. They go to the office during the day; at night they go to their homes, sit in their slippers, read the afternoon papers and wonder what this dreadful world is coming to.

They are in business—all sorts of business. They will sell you firewater or groceries for your home or your bar. They will organize and operate your labor union. They will sell you a drink,

a set of dice, a fresh didie for the baby, a bookie bet or a girl.

They have streamlined the racket. It is now a well-organized department store of vice—commercial vice. And they now enjoy the most cordial relationships with powerful figures in the great Kelly-Nash machine. That great party is organized to fight for "Roosevelt and Humanity," as it proclaims, and Humanity has to have its fun. All work and no fun makes Humanity a dull boy.

The machine furnishes the work to fifty or sixty thousand of Humanity and the Syndicate furnishes fun to the balance.

The great problem of Chicago is this invisible alliance between the rulers of the Upper and the Under World.

### The Police Do Some Shooting

On December 19, 1932, Detective Sergeant Harry Lang, accompanied by two other officers, walked into the headquarters of the Capone gang at 221 N. LaSalle Street. Capone was in jail, but Frank Nitti, his cousin, known as the Enforcer, was looked upon as the generalissimo of the Syndicate. Nitti had not long before finished serving a sentence in Leavenworth. It was afternoon and Nitti was in the LaSalle Street G.H.Q. when Detective Lang walked in. Lang was the bodyguard of Mayor Anton Cermak. He was sent there by the mayor, he said later, to arrest Nitti, because the mayor believed that Nitti had imported Louis (Little New York) Campagna to kill him. Whatever happened, Lang blazed away at Nitti. His bullet brought the gangster to his knees. Nitti was taken to a hospital, fatally shot, it was supposed. Lang, with a bullet wound in his finger, was also sent to a hospital. Lang said he had fired in self-defense because the gang boss resisted arrest. Nitti recovered and was indicted.

This incident was taken at first as merely one phase of an effort by Mayor Anton Cermak to rid Chicago of the gangsters. There does not seem to be any doubt that Cermak had told various persons he was going to drive the Greaseballs out of Cook County. "Greaseballs" was a term of disparagement applied by the underworld to the Capones. But along that restless whispering gallery—the Loop—certain wise persons began to ask questions. Was Cermak driving the gangs out of Chicago, or just pushing the Capones out to make room for more favored operators?

In good time Nitti was brought to court for trial. The witnesses against him were Lang and his fellow officers. It looked like another ride for the Enforcer. Then swiftly the trial exploded in the most extraordinary manner. The prisoner became the accuser; the accuser became the prisoner. Very quickly it developed that Nitti was unarmed the day he was shot. One of Lang's fellow raiding officers testified that "only one gun was fired and that was Lang's." Then who shot Lang in the finger? "He must have shot himself," said this officer. This knocked the prosecutor back on his heels. When Lang, the accuser, took the stand, he said he had shot Nitti in self-defense and then refused to answer any more questions on the ground that he might incriminate himself. That bowled the prosecutor over so completely that he dropped the case against Nitti. The Grand Jury then indicted

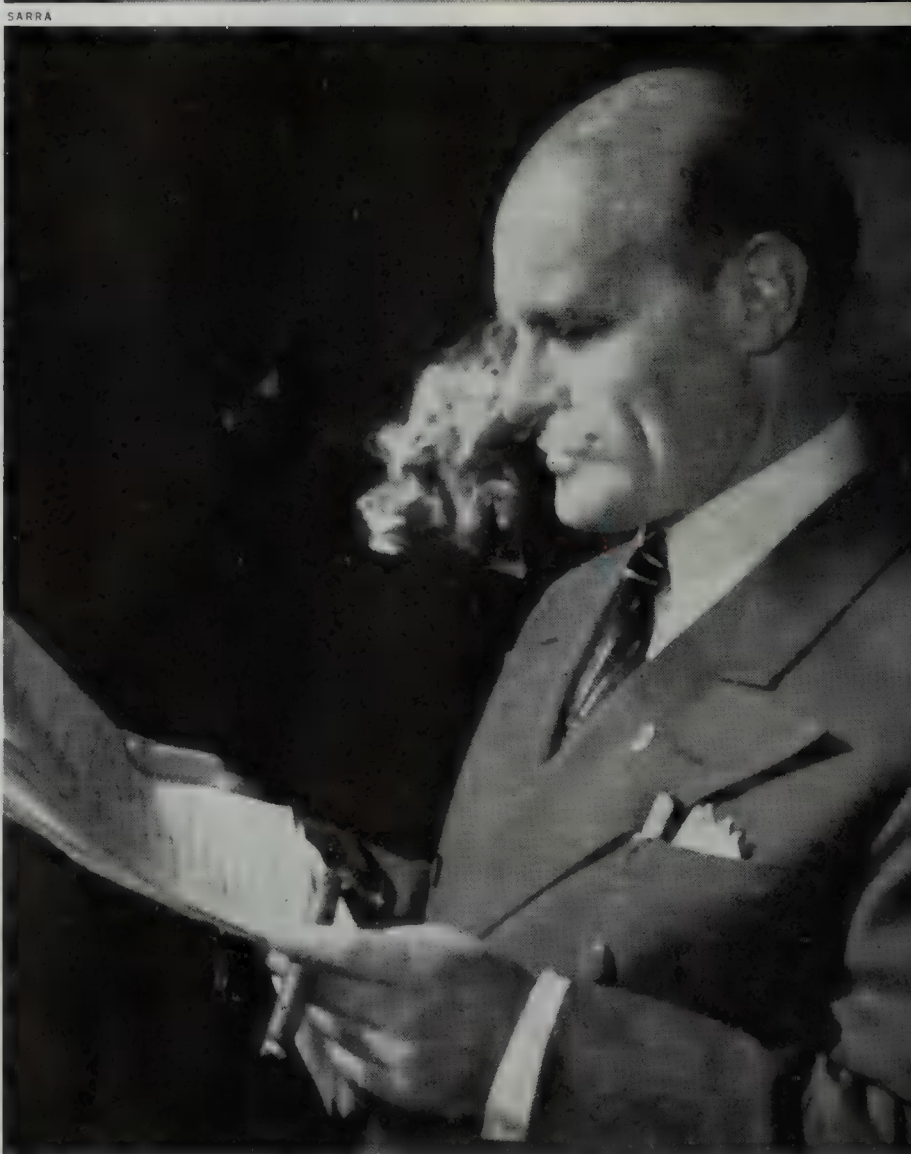
**Jake Arvey, No. 3 Kelly-Nash boss. Police Captain Thomas Harrison explained a \$10,000 mortgage on his expensive home by saying it had been arranged for him by Arvey**

# These Our Rules

By John T. Flynn

Sin on a mass-production basis threatens to down even Chicago's traditionally lusty appetite. Here's the whole unsavory picture of its gambling, vice and labor racketeering over which there approvingly the political machine that not makes it possible but thrives healthily on

Horse players studying form charts in a bookie parlor. There are over 100 such places surrounding the Chicago City







**Owners of the political machine that has engulfed Chicago are County Chairman Pat Nash and Mayor Edward F. Kelly**

CHICAGO TIMES

long for assault with intent to kill. He was tried and convicted. But he got a new trial and numerous continuances until the case was allowed to die. He was dismissed from the force. Chicago is used to assassinations. But there was a new one—the police assassinating a gangster. The man biting the hand. And why? Why did the mayor's personal bodyguard want to kill Nitti? Lang was one of the closest men to the mayor and, though a mere detective sergeant, lived in luxury, packed a heavy roll of "frogskins" and, it is said, handled some of the mayor's most intimate money transactions. Strange stories floated around Chicago. One was that Mayor Cermak was loosening the grip of the Capone mob in the gambling racket on the North Side as a starter in order to put the area under the "protection" of Ted Newberry, a former Capone lieutenant. Another was that Newberry had paid Lang to rub out Nitti. Along the whispering gallery the wise guys said that the Capones would have to get Newberry. Certainly somebody did three weeks later. His body was found beside the road. And three weeks after that, the whole city of Chicago was making a martyr's holiday over the body of Anton Cermak, slain in Miami by an assassin's bullet intended for President Roosevelt. The wise guys said Zangara, the assassin, was a Capone stooge. But the evidence is all against that. However, that was the last chapter in the local war against the Capone Syndicate. The new Kelly-Nash machine rose to power. The booze era closed. One by one the Capone gang filtered back

into Chicago. And very soon order prevailed in the Loop—the Pax Caponeum was over all.

The precise and intricate relationship of the invisible powers that rule gambling in Chicago are a little confused. The Capone Syndicate is supreme in the Loop and, of course, in Cicero and other outlying places. But there is another syndicate—the Johnson-Skidmore Syndicate. The exact mechanism through which these two machines mesh is not at all clear. But between them both this gambling racket is the richest prize in Chicago.

#### **Mr. Johnson Gets Along**

Consider Mr. William R. Johnson. He is perhaps Chicago's premier gambling magnate. Quiet, with that tranquil dignity of the Monte Carlo croupier, with a touch even of the spiritual in his countenance, he is the precise opposite of the brash mobster-businessman of the Guzik type or the meaty, Tammany ward-leader type of his partner, Billy Skidmore, the eminent junkman. Mr. Johnson's home is the lovely Glen Ellyn estate where he lives in the style of a rich English squire. He operates twenty-six gambling rendezvous, some of them palaces like, for instance, the vast Bon-Air Club in an adjoining county.

Mr. Johnson enjoys a high reputation in Chicago. The only thing against his name is his profession, his tax evasion

and the fix. But heavens! When was large-scale tax evasion and a bit of bribery a mortal sin in Chicago? And as for gambling, what is wrong with gambling?

And he made, last year, according to our Uncle Sam's auditors, over \$900,000. Which is a tidy profit for a purely local enterprise. He has been indicted by the government—and various others with him—for assisting him in evading another \$1,877,000 in income taxes.

The government says that Mr. Johnson operated twenty-six places, many of them run by managers who posed as the owners. They made income-tax returns as such, thus getting the benefit of a very much lower rate than if the profits of all the places were lumped and returned as a single income. Millions flow through the hands of these men—checks by the thousands, many of them involving transactions never intended for the light of day. And so, says Uncle Sam, they maintained a currency exchange—a sort of bank—through which these checks could clear more or less anonymously. It's business—big business, business involving millions—and business very strictly against the laws of Illinois and Chicago.

There is in Chicago a section that all the world knows as the Loop. It is that small collection of blocks that lie, generally speaking, within the arms of the old elevated structure that circles around them. It is the very heart of the city—including its big banks, the Board

of Trade, the great stores, the big downtown hotels, the great skyscrapers, bars, theaters, night clubs—only a patch on that vast metropolis, but hot with its most highly concentrated energies. There in that Loop is where the Syndicate—the dreaded Capone Camorra—holds sway. And in that little group of city blocks I counted some 110 bookie joints, gambling spots and betting commissioners.

#### **You've Got to See Skidmore**

In the Loop these places were operated by such distinguished Capone generals as Jack Guzik, Frank (Chew Tobacco) Ryan, Hymie (Loud Mouth) Levin, Harry (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Frank Diamond, (Capone's brother-in-law), Charles and Rocco Fishetti, his cousins, Louis (Little New York) Campagna, Eddie (Dutch) Vogel, slot-machine czar, Rocky de Grazio and their colleagues in the Syndicate.

Throughout the city, outside the Loop, there were some eight hundred more bookie joints operated by so-called "independents."

Now, obviously, this is no small business. The take is enormous. And it is utterly and flagrantly against the law. And the big question is—who permits it? To come to the point, in short, who is protecting them?

Of course there is Mr. Billy Skidmore. Like Moe Rosenberg, Skid runs a junk yard out on Kedzie Avenue. If you wish to open a bookie joint in Chicago—or a policy wheel, or a crap, blackjack and roulette parlor—you select your loca-

(Continued on page 46)



# Nickel Empire

Continued from page 12

high above the Island up into the blue sky and it's thrilling because there's nothing much between you and the ground and that's the cue for your gal to tighten her grip on your arm and for you to soothe her with brave, manly words. Of course it's as safe as a baby's cradle.

Now the Wonder Wheel in many ways is a symbol. It is the first bit of America immigrants see when they come to this country. Even from Ambrose Lightship eighteen miles out to sea you can see the Wonder Wheel, before you see the land line and long before you see the skyscrapers of New York. It dominates Coney Island, and it's a brave sight silhouetted against the dawn.

But let's pass the big wheel and walk down Surf Avenue to Steeplechase, where a visitor can buy a fifty-cent combination ticket for each member of his family, enter the gate and emerge a bit dazed and with aching feet eight hours later without having had to spend another cent. It is a big place, five acres of hardwood floor under a high-vaulted ceiling of glass and steel.

Steeplechase is owned by the first family of Coney Island, the Tilyous. It was built back in 1898 by George C. Tilyou whose father, a French Huguenot, was one of the Island's earliest pioneers.

By 1907 his Steeplechase was nationally known. There was nothing subtle about the fun at Steeplechase. A clown touched you with an electric wand, a floor began billowing under your startled feet, a puff of cold air sent your hat sailing or your skirts flying—that's Steeplechase fun, 1900 and 1940 vintage. There are all sorts of rides just as there were in 1907 when the big fire came to destroy the whole enterprise.

## The Fence Stayed Green

Frank Tilyou is one of the three sons of George Tilyou now running the business. Frank likes to tell of how his father refused to accept the doleful verdict that he was ruined by the fire that came just two days before a big holiday. Tilyou kept men working for two days and two nights building a flimsy fence around the still smoldering structure. Then he put up signs that read, "Ten cents to see the greatest fire ruin in history." He did a tremendous business.

Then the sprawling gaudiness of the brand-new Steeplechase emerged. It took a year to build. Workmen were just ready to paint the outside fence, the last part of the job. It was March 17, 1908. Tilyou had told them to paint it blue. Then he went into the apartment in back of his office to be greeted by an unaccustomed wail.

"It's a boy," the doctor said smiling.

Tilyou stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Change that blue to green." Because young Frank arrived unexpectedly on St. Patrick's Day, the fence around Steeplechase is a bright green. Frank, Ed and George Jr. now run Steeplechase and it is their proud boast that there is always at least one Tilyou in the building.

Luna Park, Coney Island's other big amusement center, also fronts on Surf Avenue. Founded by Frederic Thompson and Elmer S. Dundy in 1903, it covers 50 acres. Once this whole area was seething with boisterous crowds bent on having fun, but the past three years found Luna Park only a shadow of its former self. Gone were the gay throngs, the noise and excitement. But this summer a completely streamlined and reconditioned park awaits you behind its glittering façade.

Once more people will be standing in line to ride down Coney Island's only Chute the Chutes, the speedy toboggan that spills you into Luna Park lake. And with all the other "thrillers" in operation and new entertainment novelties the old carnival spirit and past popularity of Luna ought to be restored.

Feltman's is the place where you can get a hamburger and a gardenia for a dime. In Coney Island parlance, it might be added, a gardenia is a large slice of onion. Feltman's, perhaps quite truthfully advertised as the world's largest restaurant, was founded upon three things: shrewd German common sense, an act of God and a frankfurter. The common sense and the frankfurter were brought to Coney Island by a German baker named Charles Feltman in 1860. He opened a restaurant on a plot 200x150. One fine day a storm arose and when it had subsided some days later,

as sand at Coney Island. The roller coaster with the biggest "dip" is the Cyclone, owned and operated by George Kister and Chris Fuerst. Fuerst, who builds roller coasters, is a comparative newcomer to the Island. He arrived in 1906. Kister, a real veteran, has been there forty years.

## Thrills Without Danger

"Our Cyclone is a thrilling ride," Fuerst says, "but it's a safe ride. We've never had an accident. Come along, I'll show you why."

The cars that whirl up and down the roller coaster weigh more than a thousand pounds. Their center of gravity is very low and they are heavily weighted at the bottom. After inspecting the cars it is easy to believe that they can shoot around curves at sixty miles an hour without being derailed. Safety is an

cially true of the freak shows. Such a fine dyed-in-the-wool attraction as the Dog-Faced Boy lost his after four years. The next year he changed his name and dyed his hair. He immediately regained his popularity.

Entertainers at the various shows are all proud of the Coney Island tradition and each of them hopes one day he or she will find the fame so many did. They'll tell you of Jimmy Durante used to play ragtime at the old College Inn and that he was as funny as he is now. Ted Lewis played in a band there once and Irving Berlin was a singing waiter at the Inn. Victor Lopez got his start at Coney Island. Gallagher and Shean were an obnoxious act in Henderson's Music Hall. George Price was a kid star at the Island. Eva Tanguay once sang there for supper, going on just before Mabel Dressler.

Only the real old-timers will remember the Island's most famous hotel, the Coney Island House, a hostelry built years ago on a sandbar. It was destroyed by fire many years ago but its register was saved and now it is in the Brooklyn Museum, mute testimony to the days when the Island was a fashionable watering place, long before it was the Nickel Empire. P. T. Barnum took Jenny Lind to dinner there the night she arrived from Sweden. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay dined there (July 1850) and their names stand out bold on the register. John C. Calhoun spent a week at the hotel and Washington Irving visited the hostelry just before he died. General Sam Houston was a visitor and he wrote of the "ocean break in musical cadences beneath touch of summer breezes." Herman Melville, who wrote Moby Dick, is also on the register.

## It's a Big Business

But that was the Coney Island of another age. Today, on hot Sundays, Coney Island outdraws the greatest show on earth by three or four to one. By no all doubts are settled and we know there never was a show like the World Fair. But on a good Sunday the Fair will attract perhaps 300,000 visitors and Coney Island will play host to a million. During the summer twenty-five million of us will stream joyously into the Nickel Empire and we'll leave about thirty-five million dollars behind us.

We'll see the two largest amusement parks in the world, sixty bathhouses where half a million people can dress in seventy "ball" games, thirteen carroussels, eleven roller coasters, five tunnel rides, two wax works including the famous Eden Musee, six penny arcades, twenty shooting galleries, three freak shows, 200 eating establishments—in all more than 500 separate, comparatively small, business enterprises. If we lose a couple of our youngsters, we won't have to worry. Eighty-seven lifeguards and platoons of police are on the job looking for lambs that have strayed from their flock. Last year they returned 3,000 children of the 3,000 who were reported lost.

Yet here's a sobering thought. "No one from Coney Island was ever buried in Potter's Field," some veteran concessionaire will tell you. "For sixty years we've taken care of our own. Only two nights ago one of the freaks died and we took up a collection. We'll all be at the funeral tomorrow over at St. Andrews Church."

That's Coney Island—a nickel away from Times Square.



Feltman discovered that an additional 1,200 feet of land had been piled onto this plot by the obliging sea.

Charles Feltman must have been quite a man. He came to this country in 1856 as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel. Finally he gravitated to Coney Island. At that time the Island was not for the masses. Politicians, theatrical personages, underworld leaders went to the Island to relax at very high prices. Champagne was the standard Coney Island drink, and it was ten dollars a quart. Beer was fifteen cents a glass and even clams and oysters (without pearls) were expensive. Charley Feltman opened a small shack where he specialized in clam bakes and ten-cent beer. When the unmoneyed masses discovered Coney Island, Feltman's profited and soon skyrocketed to a point where it had 1,200 employees and could serve 8,000 at one sitting.

Soul-shattering rides are as common

important consideration at Coney Island. One accident will ruin a concession forever. The Cyclone and the other rides, for instance, are inspected each morning by employees of the concession owners and weekly by New York City inspectors.

There's Sam Wagner who has been running the World Circus Side Show for thirty-five years. He's a little unhappy now and he shakes his head dolefully as he tells you that "Coney Island isn't what it used to be. Back in the 1920's his exhibition of freaks would draw 20,000 daily. Today only a mere 10,000 troop in to see the Spider Boy, the Man with the Revolving Head, Fat Girl Laurello and the two famous pinheads (microcephalic idiots) Pip and Zipo. But Sam can still keep the wolf away from the sand with 10,000 people paying ten cents each.

Coney Island visitors insist upon being fooled, oddly enough. This is espe-



# chids to the hostess who discovers this really superb mayonnaise!



A superb blend of  
choice ingredients  
including  
Fresh Lemon Juice



NEXT TIME you want a bowlful of really elegant mayonnaise, delicately rich in flavor, beautifully smooth in texture, let Kraft make it for you! Your food shop carries a *kitchen-fresh* supply of this unusual mayonnaise of true "home-made" goodness.

Taste a little Kraft Mayonnaise, critically, just on the tip of a spoon. "What fine eggs Kraft must use"—you'll say. "What excellent salad oil and vinegar! And don't I taste, just faintly and delicately, the fresh delightful piquancy of real lemon juice?"

Everywhere women are saying that Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise is a real find. Everywhere dealers report that their most fastidious customers come back for more . . . again and again! Won't you try a jar . . . soon?

Especially good on *fish* is this rich mayonnaise with the delicate touch of Fresh Lemon Juice! Above, shrimp share the honors with olives, celery and radishes . . . to make a platter of hors d'œuvres your guests will take to greedily. Try Kraft Mayonnaise, too, with cold lobster. It *couldn't* be better! And keep it in mind for salmon and tuna.

## KRAFT Mayonnaise





**You'll fall hard** (it's a promise) for the new COLA LIFE SAVERS. They bring you the tasty, tangy flavor of cola in *candy* form.



**A girl with sweet breath** seldom turns into a sour old maid. Keep yours sweet with PEP-O-MINTS.



**Newest** and one of the nicest of all LIFE SAVERS flavors is COLA. It's refreshing, zippy, wonderfully delicious.



**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

## The Gag Man

Continued from page 10

as he came up. He had been watching her, and he was surprised that her eyes, seen unexpectedly, were sad. The little permanent crinkle of laughter at their corners went with the tilt of her chin and then you noticed the queer, deep look in her eyes.

"My daughter, Mr. Berens," Vibart said. "Didn't know you were interested in horses."

"Well, I've b-been thinking of getting a couple this spring," Tom said. That was true, anyway.

"Really?" the girl said. "Too bad Prell's colt isn't up for sale. But the Denmans have a pair: a pretty good heavyweight hunter, six years old, and a ladies' mare."

"I don't need a ladies' horse," Tom said. "I'm alone. And the hunter sounds too big."

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't know," the girl said. "But you'll be able to find what you want. Somewhere."

"Probably. Thanks," Tom said.

Vibart was looking at them, judiciously letting a thread of smoke dribble cut under his mustache. "Don't quarrel about horses," he said. "Pick something else—"

"We aren't quarreling," the girl said. "I'm coping. For the neighbors."

"Horses still surprise me," Tom said. "I come from Tacoma, Washington. I learned to ride in Hollywood." The girl didn't pay any visible attention to his defiance. "What I mean is," he tried lamely to get out of it, "they still have what the chess books call 'the vaulting movement.' You know, you start in one direction and then it's suddenly two squares to one side. Or the other way. However you start, it's always a jerk, one way or the other. Horses. Mmm. It's always a surprise."

"Chess," Vibart said, looking at him with sudden interest. "You play?"

"Not well," Tom said.

"We'll have a game some time," Vibart said. "Marjorie, Mr. Berens is our next-door neighbor, you know."

The girl looked at him with a new expression. "Oh," she said. "You're . . ."

"Yes," Tom said.

"Buying horses," Vibart said absent-mindedly. "Marjorie can help you. She's a good judge." He nodded and moved off, toward a cluster of people around a dancing bay colt.

"Are you showing any of your horses today?" Tom asked the girl.

"We haven't any, just now," she said. "We used to, but we're awfully broke at the moment."

"Oh, well," Tom said, "it's a holy condition, advised by many spiritual teachers."

SHE strolled away, and after a while Tom went home again. On the way, he had an idea for a new play, a really good one—or rather, he thought of a character around which he would construct a play, which is the way that such ideas usually come. He wasn't any too clear about the character, just yet, either, except for an impression given by the way a pheasant's feather was thrust into an old felt hat; but as he pushed into a drawer the gloomy litter of papers he had been tinkering with, he thought of the title for the new play. He would call it *The Wildwood Tree*. He didn't know why yet, but it seemed the right title.

He had the first act nearly done before he saw the girl again. It was an April morning, and he was still so new at being a country gentleman that the singing of so many birds in his trees sounded like the too-enthusiastic sound effects of an amateur stage manager. And when he

came to the fence, he saw her kneeling beside the deep brown earth of the border.

"Good morning," he said, quite casually.

She looked up and nodded absently.

"Hello," she said. "Have you got horses yet?"

"No," he said. "I took your seriously."

She watched him calmly, her hand upraised in one gloved hand.

"I mean," he hurried lamely, "I thought you'd help me—that is, I've been rather waiting around, thinking that perhaps you'd—"

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry. I understand. I will."

"Will you really?" he said.

"Of course. This afternoon, if you wish."

ON THE way back to the house, she thought: "Gosh, I didn't know I'd raised real ladies any more," and she thought of several lovely professional aristocrats who could profitably do a few ermine wraps for his glimmering a lady with muddy knees and a trembling hand. And he was ready at ten o'clock, when she swung her long skirt over the fence and came striding across his lawn, carrying a really battered crop.

Three hours later, as they emerged from a stable into an evening dusk starred by the dim constellations of dogwood, he owned two horses. But they were curiously unimportant—although they were large and alarmingly enough—in comparison with other horses he had acquired that afternoon. The memory of a shining head rearing competently through the stable door and of a voice speaking crisply through the restless, muffled noises of clopping hoofs, and the deep, nervous breathing of horses. Those, and a picture he never forget: the girl had a great, chestnut hunter sailing in a living across the windy spring sky above while he stood at the fence with his trainer. . . .

The stable had a cupola, with a face dim as the ghost of a moon. He glanced back at it as they started down the long slope of turf toward his house, wondering if he could ask her to stop for a cocktail. She seemed queerly less now, plodding along beside him in silence, as if she were leaving a life behind her life behind, there. He bled abruptly:

"Look: with both the horses, I mean, wouldn't you use the chess? He'll be right next door, and any you could—that is, I think he's a bit too much for me just yet, and he'll exercise, and—and the way you put him this afternoon, it occurred to me that . . ." Conscious that he was making a pretty bad hash of it, he broke off floundering.

"Thank you," she said. "Perhaps Sometime."

Something in the perfectly courteous detachment with which she spoke that the excitement of the horse business was over, made him aware of what she was thinking. ". . . But, after all, the ex-husband of Mona Karrow."

Holding open the car door for her, he said:

"Oh, well. Any time you want to see him. He'll be there. I won't be here much time for riding myself."

But the second act of *The Wildwood Tree* was finished before anything of his invitation. The evening he wrote the last line of that difficult and



...ue, Vibart had asked him over to chess, and he walked across the lawn to the Georgian house feeling pleased with himself. Because, most people know now, that second one of the best in the American era.

...found that there was no Mrs. Vi-Marjorie and her father were sitting in the library. Once or twice, in the silent pauses of the game, he caught the girl watching his face with expression—a speculative expression which he could not read clearly in her eyes.

...part moved a bishop which Tom had gotten and looked up from the board, seeing his mustache with doubtful expression.

...heck," he murmured, "and I'm not sure but perhaps—" "Yes," Tom said. "It's mate. And a checkmate."

...part looked at the combination of the chess and pushed his tobacco pouch across the table toward Tom's hand. "I've asked your daughter to use the snout hunter," Tom said, filling his glass. "He's getting sinfully fat."

...part turned in his chair to look at Marjorie. "Why don't you, my dear?" he asked. "I think it's what you need."

...he girl put her knitting down and up. "All right," she said. "I will tomorrow."

...after she had gone out of the room, looking with her free stride, Vibart said: "You know. It's damned decent of you. She's been restless lately. Prowling about the house in a way that worries me. She's never shown nerves before, when—" He broke off abruptly and looked at Tom. But Tom watched him calmly, knowing his face was perfectly blank of any knowledge of that affair of hers, whatever it was. "... Nuisance," Vibart muttered obscurely.

...Marjorie came back in, carrying a silver tray with a siphon and glasses and a bowl of ice cubes. Watching her, while Vibart talked about gardening, Tom was struck with the quaint charm of a girl knitting while she sipped a highball; especially when she presently put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to peer at the fine type in her fiction book. That was so far from Hollywood. ...

...O IT came about that at five o'clock the next evening they were riding slowly homeward, knee to knee, along a quiet country lane where last winter's dead leaves lay softly under the tired hoofs of their horses. There hadn't been much chance for talk, with the way she took them over the country, across pastures and rainy hilltops and down stony roads. That little he had said to her had been wanted anxiously, because he was not a good rider and even his horse was giving trouble from being too long inactive in the stable. But now the horses were tired, too, and content to walk; and the girl said suddenly:

"You must have had a different kind of time in Hollywood."

"Yes. In those interior-decorated salt mines," he said.

Another evening after they had been riding she came in for a cocktail before the fireplace. The Wildwood Tree was finished by that time, and he had just come back from New York where he had signed the production contracts in his agent's office. Rehearsals were to start the second week of September. This was late August. Standing on the hearth-rug in her riding boots, she said abruptly:

"You know. Marking time like this. We aren't very good influences on each other."

**STARTLED**, he looked up at her. "Marking time? I hadn't thought of it as that."

"You. You have your play coming," she said.

"On the other hand, you're a very nice influence," he said. "But I'd hate to hear you call yourself one."

"Well, you're not a good influence," she said. "I should be out getting a job. Doing something."

She lifted her glass, but didn't sip. Instead, she looked at him steadily.

"Our lives have been so different. It's hard for me to understand you," she said. "I can't even imagine what your life has been like."

In the way she said it, this was the closest either of them had ever come to recognizing his life with Mona—and he was suddenly appalled by the utter impossibility of ever telling this girl of the sterility, the bright emptiness of that marriage. To him, now, those months were a slightly confused impression of too-bright lights everywhere, everywhere even in his dreams at night, and of too-expensive flowers wilting too soon with the drying of their artificial dew, and of too-perfect voices saying too-clever things too damned easily.

He said dully: "But all lives are pretty much the same. What do you mean?"

"Well," Marjorie said. "I mean—I hate the word—but I mean glamor. Damn it!"

"Oh," he said, "but ..."

But she didn't understand. Mona—Mona Karrow—was too big a name for mere glamor. Hell, a glamor girl, you made a wisecrack and she giggled, and sidled a bit, and turned out usually to be a darned nice kid.

But Mona Karrow—she was so big that it was art for her to look gaunt and sad sometimes, she was so big that she was mystery and art. Trouble was, she carried over that fragile exterior, absolutely unchipped, even unto the breakfast table; and when, after months, he had suddenly realized that she had nothing, simply nothing, to say worth listening to, he threw a two-weeks glumly silent drunk in the better bars. But—he looked up aghast at Marjorie. How could he ever tell Marjorie that?

"Oh, please," he said. "I—"

Marjorie quit looking at him and fin-

## THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG

—by Fontaine Fox



"HE SAYS IT'S HIS CONSTIPATION THAT MAKES HIM SO TERRIBLE TEMPERED! HE HAS A WHOLE DRAWER FULL OF CATHARTICS, TOO, BUT HIS TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES BACK!"



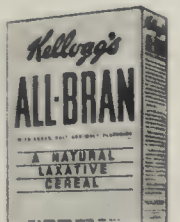
"YOU THINK THAT MIGHT HELP?"

"I MOST CERTAINLY DO! HE'S PROBABLY LIKE SO MANY OF US WHO DON'T GET ENOUGH BULK IN OUR DIETS! AND ALL-BRAN IS PARTICULARLY RICH IN IT! BE SURE HE GETS ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND DRINKS PLENTY OF WATER!"

SOMETIME LATER

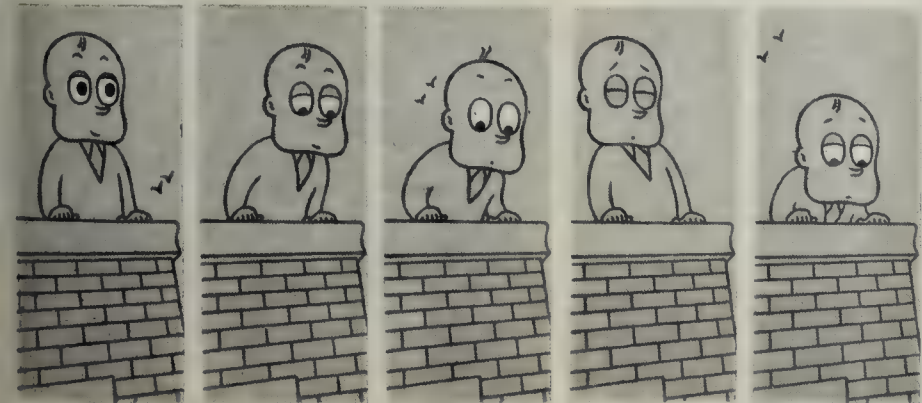


**WOULDN'T** you like to avoid those dull, uncomfortable days due to constipation? And wouldn't you welcome a better way out than just "dosing up" after the damage is done? If your constipation is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet) there is a better way! Go straight to the cause of the trouble by eating a crunchy, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter!



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KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**



HIGH BUILDING

HOKETT JOHNSON



# "I'LL BITE! How can you?"

**Answer: He takes along beer or  
ale...in those easy-to-open  
CAP-SEALED CANS!**



*Listen to a reel expert!*



1. "You always stow away a can of beer when we go fishing, Ed, but how come you don't drink it in that same kind of can you're holding? Why don't you, a fisherman know about the difference in beer?"



4. "Down the hatch, Ed! Here's to the pleasure to open, and a pleasure to drink! Don't mind me to stop by the store when we go fishing. I'll pick up one of those handy 12-can cartons of beer."

**CONTINUED**



# Got a smart fisherman?"



No special tackle needed to open *this* can, these Cap-Sealed cans open with *any* opener. You can drink right out of the can, too, from a cap-protected surface."



3. "Sun's over the yardarm, Bill, and that reminds me of *two* things. First, it's time for some beer. Second, no sunlight gets into Cap-Sealed cans to rob the beer of that true brewery flavor!"

## Where are you going this week-end?

Off on a picnic? Down to the beach? Spending a couple of days at the lake? *Wherever* you go, here's a simple, 3-step recipe for having a better time!

1. Take along *beer*—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink.
2. Take along beer in *cans*—chills faster, takes less space, no deposits or returns.
3. Take along beer in *CAP-SEALED* cans—because that's the can that requires no special opener, and lets you drink right from the can, from a clean, cap-protected surface!

**Cap-Sealed**  
TRADE MARK REG.



All the smart fishermen aren't out in boats. Even ashore, they take along beer or ale in Cap-Sealed cans!" (P.S. For large-quantity advantages, the big quart-size Cap-Sealed can, too!)

AN COMPANY New York • Chicago • San Francisco

TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regulation 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.)



EMERSON  
FANS

Thrifty Shoppers Everywhere  
are Going for

## EMERSON-ELECTRIC GOLDEN JUBILEE FAN VALUES

When anything creates as much excitement as have the new Emerson-Electric Fans there must be a reason. To celebrate its 50th Anniversary, Emerson-Electric offers the finest fans, the greatest fan values in its entire history. Join the crowd—get your share of the thrilling fan values that thrifty shoppers everywhere are buying.

### New! EMERSON-ELECTRIC 10-Inch Oscillator

See its smart design and finish—feel the cooling effect of its strong breeze—hear how quietly it operates. Then you'll know why this Emerson-Electric GOLDEN JUBILEE FEATURE FAN is one of America's most talked-about fan values! 5-year guarantee.



### New! Popular-Priced EMERSON Junior Fans



The 12-Inch Oscillator pictured here sells for only \$16.95! There is also a 10-inch oscillator at \$9.95 and an 8-inch non-oscillator at \$3.95. For fans of superb quality, smart appearance, fine performance, see these new EMERSON Juniors! One-year guarantee.

### New Way to Cool and Ventilate Several Rooms

This attractive cabinet-type fan fits snugly in any window, and, quiet as a whisper, floods several rooms with cooling, refreshing breezes! For apartments, flats, small homes, stores and offices it provides summer heat-relief at low cost. One and two-speed models. One-year guarantee.



See your nearest Retailer of Electrical Appliances or Write for Catalog No. 464

EMERSON-ELECTRIC  
MOTORS - FANS - APPLIANCES

New York • ST. LOUIS • Chicago

1890 FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY 1940

ished the drinking of her cocktail. "Late," she said. "I'm off."

He spent most of the time of rehearsals in New York, only coming up to his house in Connecticut for week ends. He saw very little of Marjorie in that time; she seemed to be awfully busy, and for the first time since he had known her she was going out a lot.

On October 9th he had a note from Mona:

"My dear:

"All my congratulations on your play. Sam Moltka told me last night that it is beautiful and strange.

"I shall be in New York on the twenty-seventh, and have already asked a number of your old friends to go to the opening with me.

"I have planned a supper for us all at Dwam's, afterward. We are all so looking forward to seeing you again—especially, your devoted, MONA."

He wired Marjorie at once:

"WILL YOU AND YOUR FATHER PLEASE SAVE THE EVENING OF OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH TO GO AND WITH ME TURN UP OUR NOSES AT THE BOOS AND HISSES WHICH WILL THAT EVENING GREET THE NEW PLAY? AFTERWARD WE CAN GO OUT AND DROWN MY SORROW AT THE ORANGE DRINK STAND AROUND THE CORNER.

"TOM BERENS."

After that, he spent the afternoon hunched in a third-row seat at the theater, trying to dope out an iron-clad but properly phrased note of refusal to Mona, while the company rehearsed.

It was noon the next day before a wire from Marjorie came up to his hotel room on his breakfast tray:

"MY FATHER AND I ARE SO SORRY BUT A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT. THANK YOU THOUGH AND GOOD LUCK WITH EVERYTHING.

"MARJORIE VIBART."

He didn't understand. Not until he had opened the morning paper to the gossip column which everyone reads:

"Mona Karrow and her X, Tom Berens, will meet again for the first time since, come the night of the 27th, when his new play, The Wildwood Tree, opens at the Davioli Theater. Her supper in his honor, at Dwam's, after the show, will be guested by a lot of the Hollywood crowd who haven't had a good gag to pass off as their own since Tom quit attending the Sunset Strip teas. This looks like make up in an atmosphere of make-up."

SO THAT was it. He recognized the relentless hand of Joe Solpin, Mona's personal public-relations counsel, in that. Joe was a good egg, one of the best, and he meant everything for the very best, but . . . Tom knew that Mona's last and most inhumanly sophisticated picture had not been too successful at the box office, and he shrewdly suspected that the studio heads in conference had decided Mona needed a human touch in publicity. Anyway, being the procrastinator he was, he never did get around to replying at all to Mona's note.

Dressing in his hotel room for the opening night, his bones felt heavy with weariness and his heart was as empty as an old glove. The tryout in Boston had gone well, but that didn't mean much except to show that the company was working smoothly in the parts. It was tonight that the coin would be flipped for keeps.

On his way to the street he remembered he hadn't had any dinner so he turned into the bar and had a quick highball instead. At the theater, no one had

any time for him. He went into Ben Arondel's deserted office and sat there on a pale blue silk lounge, trying to smoke cigarettes with a casual air, listening to the movement and babble of the crowd beginning to pass through the lobby.

When the curtain went up he walked out and found his seat.

When the curtain came down on the first act he tried to buttonhole Ben to ask him how the play was going, but Ben was in a great hurry and brushed him off and was gone, fat legs running toward the dressing rooms. It was not until the end of the second act that anyone spoke to him and then it was Joe Solpin, Mona's personal public-relations counsel; but by that time he didn't mind. Because the second act played to one of those rare and utter silences that authors and players dream of over their brandy after a good lunch. Hearing the voices speak into that tense and living hush out front, his lines seemed to him so beautiful that he felt like weeping; so when Joe Solpin came hustling around backstage while the crowd was still roaring in the aisles, he didn't give a damn.

"GREAT stuff—great!" Joe said. "Boy, it's a killeroo! And not a gag in it," he said, looking at Tom with wonder.

"Thanks, Joe," Tom said, blinking at the crowd of laughing, excited players that jostled him aside.

"Mona, she's all in a heap—a heap!" Joe said in a hushed voice. "Gee, boy. It's a fact."

"Ah. Mmm," Tom said vaguely.

"Well, see you after the show!" Joe said. "In the lobby, see?"

Tom didn't even know he was gone until he turned to ask him how he thought the play was going. He spent the third act in Ben's office, and it didn't seem any time at all until a sudden dull thunder broke out in the theater and swelled, pierced by voices, and ebbed for a minute and then swelled again, time after time. He was counting the calls: ". . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . ." when the door burst open and Ben came bounding toward him, blowing like a spent horse.

"Say!" Ben bawled, "what's the idea, hiding like this? Here I am looking all over the house for you, and I am finding you hiding! Ain't you got no interest in—"

"What's the matter, Ben?" Tom quavered.

"What's the matter? That's what he says! They want you. They are yelling for you ten minutes now. Come on, pull yourself together and—"

With a jerk his thick hand straightened Tom's tie and he hustled him along a side aisle and into a backstage door. He tripped over things and people's legs in the dusty backstage gloom, hands clawed at his, voices screamed in his ear—and a hearty shove between his shoulder blades sent him stumbling out into a sudden intolerable radiance of light and a huge, steady noise that had been going on and on anyway roared up to meet him and . . . stopped.



The abrupt silence left his ears and buzzing, but he could hear perings in the wings to his left and they stopped, too, and silence b faces lost and blurred beyond the of lights—all looking up at him.

Afterward, he remembered quite distinctly that his vocal cords had re with a slight but audible click, and he had said: "Thank you," in a reedy voice. Thereafter, he had b and turned to the wings with a dist savoir-faire gesture to motion ba the stage the company, to whor credit was due. But at the momen and he were storming up the side again and Ben was giving him he not having made a speech. "Man!" was saying, "here's half the auth the world thinking up speeches to r and here are you with the world at feet and a chance to make—" B that time they were in the lobby there were thousands of faces swim around in light and a shrill swell and hands clawing at his again and ping away and being lost as Ben pu ed him along—

Toward Mona.

He saw her suddenly, standing there. She was tall, in an ermine wrap never seen before, and her eyelids still mysterious as she watched him, the famous shadows of a smile brushing the corners of her lips.

"Oh, hello," Tom said. And his v in his own ears sounded remarkably a quack.

"My dear," Mona's deep, slow to were as self-possessed as her hands his. And they stood there looking each other in the blinking stutter of flashlight bulbs which made Mona's go alternately shallow and deep. Exc that Tom wasn't looking at her face y more. He was staring past her shoulder, past Joe Solpin's jerkily supervising figure in the background—at M jorie.

She was standing on the stairw caught and held by the press of people coming down out of the balconies at the galleries who had all stopped to lo at Mona Karrow and her ex-husband meeting again. And her face, among the curious, stupid faces, was sudden distinct to him as it would have been a camera whose lens was sudden brought into focus.

MONA'S hands clawed too, and slipped away and were lost, and he was walking away, and out the door. It was raining outside and pools of spattered light on the sidewalk among the hurrying feet. He began to hurry too, and—abruptly he stopped and turned into the doorway of a closed shop. The shop window was full of empty gloves, like hundreds of limp hands, and the rain dripped from the eaves above the doorway, and through it he watched the people coming out the wide, bright door of the theater.

When Marjorie came out he didn't have to run after her because she turned his way and, walking with dead steps, came down the sidewalk as he had come. Only, when she passed his doorway and he took a hesitant step toward her, she whirled with her eyes suddenly alive with startled fear.

"Oh, hello," he said. It was a forlorn sound, in the dripping of the rain.

She just looked at him for a minute. A long, quiet minute, and all the noise dropped away, and all the excitement and all the people that passed them, staring curiously. Then, with a long breath, her lips opened, and she said: "Where's your hat?"

He blinked and automatically felt the place where his hatbrim should be, and her hands had reached out and straightened his tie with an expert twist. And then they were walking along, side by side, not saying anything.



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Yourselves, try Pall Mall critically. Noticeably cooler and smoother, its price remains but 15¢ for twenty.



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"



# Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 17

look as if you didn't get any sleep last night."

They passed through the ornate gates and down the curving road toward Wallisport.

She said, "It may work out that I'll try to get in your way," and he instantly answered, "Not if you've got any respect for me—and want to keep any." So there at last, in simple words, was an admission of all she dreaded. So she was going to get in his way. She could be as hard as he, and she could think just as straight. She was certainly going to have to think straight.

A half mile farther on, she said, "There are a lot of things you've been trying to keep me from thinking about. One of them is—it hasn't been just Bert. You want me to think that nobody would make an attempt on you. Or anyway, that any attempt on you would be sometime in the future. You see, I've got quite a good mind and I've been thinking. He has already tried to get you. Somehow he made it look to John as if you were a desperate character. Somehow he was able to work on John."

They had been together most of the time since Bert went out from her room to die and that was the subject that Caleb had completely avoided. But now he was willing to talk about it. "We badly messed things with John, yesterday. We got mad and we got him mad. It would be agreeable to know what induced John to prod the cops into searching my house."

"Do you mean who induced him to?"

The tenth part of a smile. "Heinemann hasn't been dining at Castle Gabriel distinguished as a senator—he didn't tell John over a cocktail that it would be a good idea to search my place. But there must have been some special little bit of evidence that was arranged. Something he fixed up that would grow and grow on John."

"That would be pretty clever."

"Something of the sort must have happened. But it wasn't necessarily clever. Heinemann hasn't proved himself very clever. He came to bat twice and struck out both times. He didn't land Bert in jail and the cops didn't find what was planted in my house."

But Heinemann or someone he directed—Hope remembered—had gone into Caleb's house and put that paper there. And if Heinemann had not landed Bert in jail—well, in Caleb's much too carefully careless phrase, he had come to bat a third time and that time he had not struck out. That deadly shudder set up in her again—but be wary, don't let Caleb know. Especially don't let him know that she went right on to think of the next time Heinemann should come to bat.

"What else would it be agreeable to know?" she asked. That was useless, for the thousand things they had to know and didn't had been summed up so many times that she knew them backward. Where had Bert seen Heinemann? Where had they met? What had happened to them? How had Bert been killed? What had Heinemann been doing in Wallisport that night? And before that night? Whom had he come to see? Whom had he left on guard? Whom had he left on guard?

Caleb said, "Who told the cops . . ." and then stopped. She said impatiently, "Told them what? Tell me!" There was reluctance in his face when he answered: "Why did they start looking for your car, the day you drove Bert to Boston? Someone must have told them I was driving him away from Wallisport. They were on his trail long before

you got back to town. . . . We won't find out. All Nate Jenkins knows is that the state cops put the town cops to work on it. The state cops haven't got any record of why they did."

"Maybe John knows that too. I can ask him—I can go back and drag it out of him."

"Not after yesterday. All either of us could get from him is a sermon."

They had got to North Wallisport. Caleb hailed a taxi. Inside it, he went on explaining—with, she was sure, some purpose of keeping her from learning something: "Everything is in the dark. We don't know what's important—we wouldn't know it was important if we found out. Somebody may have the key to everything, without knowing it's the key. Maybe you and I have it right now. But we can't tell it from the idlest rumor or the most meaningless hunch—in the dark."

What was he trying to keep her thoughts away from? He shifted ground again and was speaking with intense solemnity: "Don't go to John again. Don't do anything else. Hope, I must make you understand that you mustn't do anything at all."

Did he think she wouldn't? "What could I do? . . . Nothing."

"You must not try. Stay home—get some sleep—grieve about Bert—but. . . . We've made an incredible series of mistakes. Up to now we could afford them. Now we can't. But don't do anything. The most promising or the most innocent thing might be another mistake. And we've passed the place where we can afford even one mistake more. One more might be . . . one too many."

He hadn't needed to say "might be fatal." So that kept her quiet till the taxi drew up at her house. They got out and he told the driver to wait.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Home."

He wasn't. But he wasn't going to tell her that. "Caleb, I can't let you out of my sight!" She clutched his arm but knew that that wouldn't accomplish anything. "Promise me you'll come back—here—today."

"If I get time." He loosed her fingers from his arm and got back in the taxi. It drove away.

The storm was holding off. She sat in a lawn chair, probing what Caleb had said—and had not said. Suddenly one thing was crystal clear. He had intended not to say it—and how cannily he had worded it when she drew it out of him! One of the crucial things was: Who had phoned the police that he was driving Bert out of town? That was the way he had put it—trying to head her off. But of course! The police had had the number of her car. Someone had tipped them off who had actually seen her. What of it? Just this: Caleb must think that she was still being watched. Whoever was watching Wallisport for Heinemann was watching her. "Stay home," he had said.

No matter how persuasively Caleb might lie, he thought that every moment in Wallisport was charged with danger. "We've passed the place where we can afford even one mistake more." Sinister enough when he had said it, that was ghastly now. Who? Who had seen her with Bert and told the police? If they could find that out, they would know—everything.

Aunt Elinor had left the yellow coupé at the curb. Hope drove off in the far from clear determination to find Nate Jenkins. But when she found him, there was nothing to learn. "Somebody called the state cops," Nate said. "They

don't know who. They was too interested in gettin' Hendricks. Maybe they didn't even ask."

Her mind spun in a sudden vertigo. Here, with her hand on the gear shift to drive away, here was her chance! She could say, "Nate, you've got to watch Caleb for the next few days." and maybe she could make him see why. She could say, "None of the things anybody has suspected about him are half so incredible as the truth—he intends to kill a man if he gets the chance." Even Nate would have to act on that.

But . . . "One more mistake might be one too many." Time had run out. If she tried to save Caleb, she might make that one mistake, she might . . . kill him.

She said, "So long, Nate," and drove away, shivering.

More of the bay was walled off with haze. The clouds were blacker and lower. She stopped in front of the house and was thinking, "Where can I look for him?" when another car drew up and Greg Ashburn got out of it. Instantly her distaste and distrust awoke.

"I'm looking for Caleb," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"No," she said.

"What has he done since yesterday?"

"He went to Boston very early this morning to see Bert's friend, George Tanner. Just that, I guess, and the funeral."

"Tanner had nothing new?" She shook her head. Abruptly he said, "What did you two see the night of the fire?"

"Nothing. What do you mean?" She supposed she had to answer him.

"How can I work with you people if you don't put all your cards on the table? I can do nothing for you unless I know all you know." Never before had she seen Greg Ashburn excited. She didn't like the sight. "If there is anything at all in Caleb's fantastic suspicions," Ashburn continued, "then your man must have been here the night of the fire."

"We know that."

"Did you see anything whatever that might be connected with him? Did you see anything suspicious? Anything out of the way? Even the slightest thing?"

"No."

The excitement in those penetrating eyes got hostile, and when he said, "You shall not lie to me!" his voice was violent. He repressed the outbreak and said, "Oh, sorry!" in his most British manner. Then: "Understand, Hope, all I'm interested in is facts—clues, if you will. Your morals don't interest me. It is nothing to me that you two chose that night for a midnight assignation. That is your business, and no doubt you had a delightful time. But I must know—before that honeymoon, or on the way to it, did you see anything that will help me find your villain?"

She must not slap that repulsive face, she must not even say, "When I tell Caleb you've said that!" Be wary! She stared at him, weak with disgust. Her silence made him burst out, "You were seen, you little fool! The two of you, in his house, half-dressed. Must I threaten to publish your intrigues, to get the truth from you?"

She moved swiftly from behind the wheel and ran up the walk.

Caleb had seen someone at the window. He had decided that that was just excited nerves, but he had been wrong. . . . She watched Greg's car disappear round the corner. "You were seen." By whom? By Greg, of course—he was talking about himself. But Greg wasn't in town that night—if he had been, he

and not John would have taken Nate to the dance.

She called Caleb's number. He answered. Just as she hung up, with rain broke free in a tremendous and thunder crashed. It was three-quarters of an hour before the squall out to sea and she could try Caleb

The onset of the storm brought her a reprieve. She would have minutes and might find some means of invention or defense. But her resource had been bombed away. The citadel she had supposed impregnable had been carried. She had a few minutes; having proved unable to save herself, could she save John Gabriel from humiliation and revulsion? . . .

Yesterday he had poured out the story of his engagement, the strain on it, the events that had broken it. They were bound up with the trouble, sabotage and mysterious attacks on the mills, and Natalie was able to see how logical some of his misunderstandings were. Only she, why he had misunderstood some things. She had the key to some of them; clear that others, Caleb among them, perhaps Hope, might have the key to his other mistakes. And even if shocked into humility, could understand at last that he himself might have erred. It had taken the breaking engagement to teach him that.

"I've had too much pride. I could tolerate the idea that I might be wrong. And perhaps I've been increasingly wrong, from week to week. . . . That has called me a fool. He's right."

She knew well enough how that could torture naked flesh.

"Worst of all, how stupidly I tried to dominate Hope! Who did I suppose was—her overlord? No woman could be blamed for revolting."

She was not much concerned about any wounds he had suffered at Hope's hands. She knew he would not mope the broken engagement very long. His male pride was affronted, there would not be much repining over love. "You ask too much of yourself—your standards are too high," she said. "More than anyone should ask of any man. You ask much too much of women."

Caleb was a greater threat to John than John was unable to believe either facts or his conclusions, but as he fully repeated them Natalie began to understand how close they came. For ever bewildered John was, what essential things Caleb did not know, dangerous discoveries were dangerous close at hand. Caleb had decided that secret agents were at work in Wallisport, and he was wrong only in identifying them as Nazi. If he had come close, he might at any moment go the way. He might learn about Greg. She saw now why Greg had watched him so closely and tried to find out all his activities.

Happily, the danger was about over. Greg would be done by tomorrow or the next day. Greg was safe. With Caleb safe, Natalie was safe.

Caleb was wrong in connecting the fire at the mills with the activity of secret agents he suspected. The overwhelming necessity of Greg's job was that nothing whatever be allowed to disclose it. The most compelling reasons could not have persuaded him to take such a risk. Greg could have nothing to do with the fire. . . . But the fire had happened, and if you believe anything whatever of Caleb's argument, the man Hendricks could have nothing to do with it. Impulses of passion



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visited Natalie's nerves. There might be more than she knew. There might be some darker meaning to that fire.

But that, too, would lapse. The crest of danger had been passed. Greg was going away. John's interests were no longer threatened, and his jealousy of Caleb would subside.

That was where they had ended last night. For the rest, she could sustain her role, uphold John's self-respect, seem to be the woman he believed her to be. The structure of deceit would stand. And it was at least kinder to John than the discovery that it was fraud would have been. It had seemed reasonably safe and secure—last night.

But this afternoon John had come home wearier still but with some perspective restored and had opened up a new danger. He must face the idea, he said, that Thatcher was right. Something much more mysterious than he had thought was going on. He had proved that he was incompetent to deal with it. The latent threat still existed and the time had come to act. He was going to call in the FBI.

If he did, he would find out about Greg. He would find out about Natalie. And that would be the end of John Gabriel. . . . And, the slow thought formed, Natalie Gabriel would go to jail. Which was fair enough.

Could she get that paper back from Greg? Not with the United States government closing in.

So she entered on the climactic fear. Or so it seemed until a greater fear was unmasked. There were no endings, it appeared, any terror or anguish was just a prelude to one still worse. Long ago she had squandered her honesty, virtue, honor and self-respect—surely she should have been able to count on them to buy peace, or at least safety. No.

Nevertheless, there might be a precarious way out. John had taken so deep a wound in his own judgment that he easily accepted hers. He had made so many errors that he was grateful for her assurance that she was saving him from another one. A talent for duplicity might now be turned to her own interest. . . . She had only to argue that Caleb was as badly confused as John. "Only, a friend of his has died and that has made him frantic." Absurd, but when she said it, John didn't see the absurdity. "The simplest explanation is some quarrel inside the labor union. With Hendricks dead, that must be over now." Grotesque to her, knowing what she knew, but not grotesque to John Gabriel, on her assurance. "Wait and see—nothing important can happen now." Silly, in the light of the facts he didn't know, but he trusted her. "The most mysterious things can turn out to be simple—let's not exaggerate them." No, let one of us hoodwink the other most affectionately.

Always the thought was running, could she get that paper back? No. The price of honor could no more be recovered than honor itself. All she could do was to push dishonor as far as it would go.

SHE said abruptly, "I'm wrong and you must not consult me. Don't ask me to decide anything or help you decide. Do what will be best for you."

He said, with a sudden burst of self-contempt, "If I hadn't been blinded by my own asininity, I would never have paid any attention to anyone but you!"

That seemed to mean a momentary release from the pressing danger, but it was the first hint of a greater one. John began to move around the room, talking, pressure steadily rising in his voice and in the movements of his hands. "One thing has been flung in my face all these weeks but I was too blind to see it. No matter what happened or how I felt, when I came back to this house,

you made everything right for me. The business might be threatened, a hundred dangers might exist, but I might be flouting me. . . . Natalie came in the door—and there you were. You'd smile—and trouble would appear. You'd touch my face—and everything was all right. Why did you command wrathfully, "why was I so stupid to understand?"

The greater fear was completely masked. Discovery and ruin were for very little, after all—for had revealed that the man she had loved and betrayed was in love with her. And the same instant had revealed that she was in love with the man who had betrayed her. How could you love that rested on dishonor? You could not tolerate it—it was tragedy, it was disaster.

She had said, "John!" and he had answered with a desperately pleading hand. "You're kind. You're warm—there's warmth in you. You're a man can warm his soul with you. You're being chilled by a contemptuous look. After being frozen by his own

HER hand groped for the table, standing beside. She sat down, covered her face. That was a mistake, but fatally wrong, for he crossed the wide room and touched her shoulder, her cheek. "What's wrong with that?" he demanded. "If I could only bring me to my senses, should you cry when I get there?" She got out of the chair and ran from him. "John, we can survive anything but this. There's one thing I must do. You're—oh, wrong. I've made the worst mistake of all. Don't—God's sake, don't be victimized by another woman."

"Be quiet!" She couldn't look at him, and what she saw of his gaze from him, and what she saw of something John Gabriel had never seen before. Not even in that terrible darkness at midnight had she seen him, not even when she woke up faint in his arms. She was seeing now. An exultant thought soared in shock and fear: he never looked like Shaler like this! She was not a fool, lost if she could keep him from touching her, but if he so much as laid a finger on her again—"You tell me what would be best for me," he most shouted. He had picked up the book, unregarded, and was bending the book back. A wrinkle ran along the book and she said, "Oh, don't!" He took the book away and glared at her. His face softened. "What would be best for me? I'd like to take you somewhere where there was quiet music and food and no violence and no noise. I'd like to sit somewhere with you and hear your voice. I'd like to watch the light on your cheeks and your eyes and see how lovely you are. To realize that only a fool would have realized from the beginning of our marriage that it was not only fear that was in her heart. She moaned, "John, no!" But her knees were strong in them. She had thought enough about destruction. It was upon her in another moment, a moment which she could not put off, she did not want to put off.

He said, with intense derision now I'm a fool. . . . There you are. I say what would be best for me is to take you to dinner! That's even what I want. This is what I want. There was no strength in her and strength was altogether gone from her purpose. So John Gabriel, brother of the husband she had betrayed, John Gabriel whom she had betrayed, who did not know that you desired could betray you, was fool enough to desire her—John had her in his arms. He kissed her the unalloyed horror of that night



ing was clearer than that, faithless  
coupt, she desired that kiss and  
it as she had never answered  
s kiss before. She was pliant,  
d desirous in his arms and his  
no greater hunger than her own.  
destruction.

They drew apart. John found enough  
to say, "That's what I want. The  
ing of it." Her hands went to  
cheks and the dammed-up realiza-  
began to break free. . . . And that  
moment when thunder crashed,  
gent window swung in a risen  
floods of rain shut off the out-  
world.

storm broke through enchant-  
They rushed to the window,  
t by main force, stood looking  
haos of thrashing branches and  
al rain. Rapid flashes of light-  
at the gloom and thunder was  
irous. . . . It had broken the en-  
tent, and that would be forever.  
e knew, it had brought her only  
entary reprieve. John would not  
rted by the storm much longer.  
uld turn away from the window,  
her. When he did, she must  
what to do.

It almost as bad as the hurricane,"  
aid.

he was no hope that it would be  
There was no hope that she  
find any solution as easy as dying.

RG ASHBURN sat out the storm  
a garage. He started home as  
the gale blew out, and got there  
the rain stopped. A number of  
and many branches were down  
the highway, and one had fallen at  
angle in his drive, partly blocking it.  
would not do, and he shouted for  
hwaite to remove it. Smurthwaite  
ored in the dripping doorway of the  
bl. Greg yelled at him to take an  
own the drive, and went into the  
u.

Eric turned from a rear window.  
swine was gone from here for two

hours, getting the damned dog and bury-  
ing it," he said.

"So?" Greg said contemptuously.  
"Then what?"

"Then did we not order him to watch  
this house? If someone had come,  
where would I have been?"

"In the attic. Under a bed. Behind  
the coal. In a closet. You would cer-  
tainly have saved your skin."

The gross face broke up in what  
passed as merriment. "My little Sieg-  
fried! You would still double-cross me  
if you could find a way." He came close  
to Greg who, though a tall man, never-  
theless felt dwarfed by his unwieldy  
bulk. He tapped Greg's shoulder, and  
his face was repulsive with satisfaction.  
"There is no way. You can save your-  
self only by saving me. God has made  
us comrades, and we must serve God  
together." The heavy head went back,  
and the vast mouth opened for hoarse  
laughter.

"And I must do your thinking for  
you." Greg looked with supreme con-  
tempt at the blunderer who had en-  
dangered everything, feeling for the  
thousandth time that the cause was  
hopeless if it had to rely on bruisers.  
Scorn whipped into his voice: "You have  
the intelligence of a gunman! You are a  
thug—and thuggery has done for us.  
You are stupid, an inept, blundering  
fool. Everything you have done has re-  
coiled on you. I would not mind that  
—nothing would please me more than  
to see you in an American jail. But you  
are cowardly as well as stupid and that  
has ended in your putting an end to  
work that was valuable till you came  
along. When you appealed to me for  
help, you made me risk exposure. Now  
you have made exposure certain. I am  
finished here. I do not forget that. It  
will not be forgotten—up above."

"My friend," Sir Eric said—Bram-  
well, Hedger, Heinemann, what other  
names? "It is a great mistake to have  
a temper. It is bad to be so soft as you.  
It is much worse to get angry. I will

MAKE YOUR PLEASURE

*"Double-Rich"*

THIS SUMMER!



SCHENLEY'S

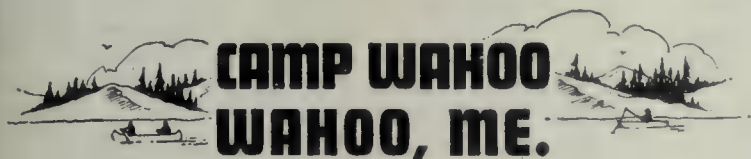
*Cream of  
Kentucky*

THE *"Double-Rich"* BOURBON

Up to the mountains or down to the shore  
—wherever you take your fun it will be  
richer with Kentucky's fine "Double-Rich"  
whiskey! Cream of Kentucky is the world's  
largest-selling straight Bourbon  
whiskey because it gives more plea-  
sure to more people. Enjoy yourself!

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE  
A "Double-Rich" JULEP

In bowl, crush fresh mint cov-  
ered with powdered sugar  
and just enough water to  
melt it. Half-fill glass with  
shaved ice. Add mint; then  
fill with ice. Pour Cream of  
Kentucky, to top. Stir till  
frosted. Garnish with mint,  
sprinkle with sugar. Serve!



July 6, 1940

Dear mother and Dad:  
Mr. Briggs says

I cant go swimming  
again till I've written  
home.

your aff'T son

Robert.





Norman Marsh, famous cartoonist and creator of the . . .



. . . cartoon detective, Dan Dunn, flies his own plane many thousands of miles every year. And for safe lubrication he uses Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil, as does . . .



. . . American Airlines, Inc., the country's largest air transport company. In fact, more than 1/4 of all the oil used by airliners in the U. S. is Sinclair Pennsylvania. This is . . .



. . . the same quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil sold by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil in your car. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

break your neck if you lose your temper in a tight place. But I cannot watch you all the time. I dare say you have let fly in front of someone. Your neighbor, maybe, or the exciting blonde—"

"At least I was not reckless enough to strike a servant in her presence."

Hedger grinned. "But you have seduced her. One might count on her to forgive all."

He longed to sink a fist in that leering face, but Hedger was right in saying that he must keep his temper. "You came to me with a plea for help—"

"And orders, do not forget."

Greg shrugged. "Orders to keep you informed what the mills were making—not to defend you from your own terrors. No man was ever scared worse or faster than you. I should think that the fastidious corps of saboteurs would insist on a minimum of guts. But one glimpse of a labor agitator and yellow came sweating from your pores." His resentment gathered. "I should have thrown you out—turned you over to the police—flung you into Hendricks' hands. You have destroyed the work of years—at the most vital time. It is over—it can never be repaired."

Hedger also was shouting: "And if you had let me do it as I meant, your precious job would be safe. There would have been no trouble if I had waylaid Hendricks with a club an hour after I first saw him. But no, we must be secret at any cost! It is your precious secrecy that has done for us, my friend. That and your childish fear of Americans. All must be done through someone else or the police would collar us! We must not show our hand! We must use the Gabriel ass—we must use so many people and so many things that would enable us to keep happy and hidden!"

"At least I have kept us out of jail—so far. You know nothing, you learn nothing. Do you not know that the greatest fool is the one who believes his opponents are fools? The Americans are not fools—and there is an excellent chance that we will both be laid by our heels by tomorrow. Unless I prevent it."

"What have the fools found out?" Hedger growled. "Nothing! And you have not been so brilliant. Your pretty plan of getting Hendricks sent to jail for us—was he sent to jail? Your clever device for getting the other one sent to jail—he is not in jail, and only the fact that he is a sublime fool has kept him from realizing I am in this house. Those were your ideas. Fortunately, the Americans proved to be fools."

"I AM not responsible for accidents—" "So you say. But it came to killing Hendricks after all—"

"It would not have come to killing him if you had the intelligence of a field mouse—if you could have kept yourself from being seen. That is what has ruined us! Up to then we were safe, we could have tried again, you could have gone elsewhere and bungled other jobs, and your betters would be free to go on working for your fatherland. You could not even conceal yourself from the man who terrified you! No! You even led him right to this house—the one place where there was refuge for you, the place where far more important work than yours was securely concealed. You let him see you—and since he was no fool he followed you here. I should have shot you both that night."

"It is good odds," Hedger said, "that I will have to shoot you before I am done."

"We are quarreling," Greg said slowly, "on the edge of an abyss it is good odds we will not get across. We had better suspend our private pleasures."

Smurthwaite's voice floated in: "Miss Shaler's car is going down the lane." Greg cautiously looked out. The rain had stopped, the west was clearing, and

Hope's yellow coupé was seen through mud toward Thatcher. "Is Thatcher home?" he called. waite said, "He has not come after."

Greg turned back to his repulse. "It will be much more comfortable if they do not meet again. I will try." He fixed his eyes on the swinish eyes. "Have you brains enough to realize we are in deadly peril? May be already lost? If we are taken tonight, then we must get out tonight—we two at least. And now nothing left for us but"—he tightened with contempt—"you odds. If fate had sent me anything but a fool to work with, there would have been no danger and no need to take a chance at all. Now everything hangs on us but one thing. We have just one chance."

"Yes," Hedger said with satisfaction. "we can finish it now."

"AND Greg said coldly, 'leave Wallisport with another crime to be traced to us. You think you can do anything in America with impunity? Where are you going from here? Where are you for you to go? Do you believe you will not be traced?'"

"Bah! Already your brilliant plan have called it a drowning and for it. Who is there to think otherwise?"

"For one, it took Thatcher twenty-four hours to find out. It is an excellent thing for us both that he decided to consult me. But it is because he has spotted you that he has been taken care of. There is just one thing," Greg said calmly, "that has kept me from letting him find you and taking you off my hands. He would find you very soon, though he does not think so—our great good fortune is that the county families are more competent at sport than at deduction. But he will find you and relieve me of all responsibility for you. But he would also prove that he saw me, or my brother."

"So!" Hedger said. "The girl is yours?"

"Not in words. But she made it even last night when she hurried away. And it was quite clear from the first, I have not seen how she could have helped it. I all but ran down when they were swimming. It was too was your fault!" He let his head leap up. "An accident born of your terror of being choked by a man who have choked you long before. So a less agreeable young man, easily a battalion of you, must pay for it."

"If you had knocked him on the head when you had him here last night could be already gone."

"Would we take the girl with us? do you suppose that a mass drowning would be treated by the police at the opening of the resort season?"

Smurthwaite came to the door and stood at attention. "I have discovered that the telephone wire is down where. At least, the instrument is out."

"That may be no disadvantage," Greg went to the window again. The clouds were blowing out to sea, the sky was smooth green, the trees were dripping. "The bay will be quiet again by now," he said. Hope's car was coming and he stood away from the window. "She does not know where he is and would not have come looking for him." He hardened to the last expedient few hours more—and at any time the morass that Wallisport had been would be behind him. He had no notion whatever about the job that remained to be done—except an end anger at Hedger, whose stupidity made it necessary. And his anger at Hedger was too costly to be indulged. The rest was as impersonal as a problem in mathematics. It was necessary



way out, and there was an ob-  
stacle had to be re-  
d. It was too bad about Thatcher,  
man whom Greg even liked.  
a stubborn and implacable young  
He would follow Heinemann to  
of the earth, for Heinemann  
d his friend. He would stop at  
kind no barrier. He would kill  
who was associated with Heine-  
and by now he knew that Greg

ned to Hedger: "Get back into  
and stay there till dark." To  
waite: "Even so, nobody is to be  
in the house, or even past the  
et there be no lights anywhere  
house is to look dark and deserted.  
ur eye on Thatcher's place. If  
nd catch up with him, he will prob-  
back sometime before dinner.  
him. You will get the boat over  
back." He let his lips make a  
e. "This time, you had better not  
Gorham for the car."

oked at his watch. "Four-thirty.  
be very pleasant for us all if I  
him before his lady friend does.  
in he is on the verge of a deduc-  
his sure to make before long. If  
find him, I also will be back by  
f she finds him—well, it may be  
pice who will arrive. . . . And if  
elms before I do, well," he said  
"I sincerely hope you both un-  
ted that he must not be allowed  
out again any farther than this

AS deep twilight when Caleb got  
one. Small branches littered his  
and he stumbled over some bricks  
drive that had probably been  
from a chimney. A disorderly  
ould once have demanded his at-  
tention before anything else, but that  
ing ago.

ing into the house, he suddenly  
lid that he was ravenous. He had  
nothing since breakfast. And with  
unger, a sharp rebellion roused  
h. He might be taking Hope to  
! That, he thought, would be in a  
world than his world would ever  
ain. But need it be? Was there  
reason why he should not forcibly  
everything away from him for one

evening and give himself the delight of  
a last few hours untouched by any-  
thing? Why not take her to dinner?  
Find some quiet place beside the water,  
or drive to Boston where there would  
be music. One such evening, even, as  
they and Bert had had in any dingy  
diner. He would watch the subtleties  
in her eyes change and deepen. He  
could . . .

He went to the telephone. But he  
wasn't going to take Hope to dinner,  
for the storm seemed to have fetched a  
wire.

Just as well. And that kind of impulse  
must not be allowed to master him  
again. It was the kind of impulse that  
he must root out at all costs.

He set water heating for coffee, got  
out eggs and bacon, bread, butter, stood  
looking with intense repugnance at the  
cans on his shelves. If he had been  
dining with Hope!

Something creaked somewhere, and  
Caleb's nerves clanged. The impact of  
that instantaneous fear was, once it had  
abated, probably more alarming than  
the fear itself. He had had no idea that  
he had got so jumpy. He had supposed  
that he was in excellent shape, ready  
for anything, completely in control.  
This suggested that he was far other-  
wise.

There was something to be learned  
from that. He went to the cabinet in his  
bedroom and got out his automatic. He  
would feel better with that in his pocket,  
probably. It would have been good  
sense to arm himself long ago. He tried  
the action, glanced down the barrel, got  
out a package of cartridges and began  
to fill the clip.

He was interrupted by steps on the  
front porch and a knock at the door. He  
went out and there was Smurthwaite.  
"Mr. Ashburn told me to bring you a  
note, sir," Smurthwaite said.

Caleb carried it in to a desk lamp.  
The two lines said, "I think I've located  
the girl in the bathing suit. Come and  
talk it over."

The coffee was beginning to give off  
an aroma that made him wet his lips.  
But he wasn't going to eat for a while.  
"Okay, Smurthwaite," Caleb said, "I'll  
go back with you."

(To be continued next week)



"This campaign has made a nervous wreck out of the senator"

LEONARD DOVE

## This Vermont Farmer's Wife Knew A Thing Or Two About Soup!

*This "Receipt" Is Typical Of Those  
Used In American Homes Years Ago*

**Mrs. Raeburn's Chicken Soup.** The day be-  
fore you want the soup, dress a well-  
fatted hen and put it in a kettle  
with cold water, a bunch of sweet  
herbs and some peppercorns if you  
have them. Set the pot on the back of  
the stove so it may cook slowly as pos-  
sible—upwards of 3 hrs. Skim several  
times. When meat is tender and slips  
from the bones, take it out and cut it  
up. Cool soup in an earthen bowl and  
put back chicken. Next day place on  
stove again. Add a small onion (size  
of walnut), some sticks of celery, a tea-  
cupful of rice washed in three  
waters. Season and salt to suit  
your taste. Just before serving,  
thicken the soup with the yellows  
of 2 or 3 new-laid eggs. Throw  
in a little chopped parsley.



*Now Heinz Recreates This Famous Country-  
Style Soup With Tender Chicken And Fluffy  
Rice In A Rich Savory Broth*



**1.** When Heinz chefs make soup, they  
follow, step-by-step, old-time home meth-  
ods and prized recipes—passed along  
from neighbor to neighbor—from one  
generation of good cooks to the next.  
That's why these soups taste homemade.



**2.** Today Heinz Country-style Chicken  
Soup, newest addition to Heinz 23 home-  
style favorites, is fast becoming one of  
America's most popular ready-to-serve  
soups. Rich, savory, fragrant—a soup that  
makes a man eat like a boy again!

**F**OR SUCH a soup as Heinz Coun-  
try-style Chicken Soup—house-  
wives once began their prepara-  
tions the day before! But now it's  
ready—waiting—in "57" tins at gro-  
cers everywhere. Finished, perfect  
soup needing no additions—com-  
plete in every savory detail—even  
to the seasoning of sweet herbs,  
the egg yolk, fluffy rice, tender  
chicken. . . . Heinz Soups cost less  
than like soups made at home.



**Heinz** Country Style Chicken **Soup**



AGAIN IN 1940, H. J. Heinz Co. cordially invites you  
to visit the gigantic Heinz Dome with its beautiful, in-  
teresting display walls and sampling booths while  
you attend the New York World's Fair.





"You Look Lovelier Every Day"



## Use Pepsodent with Irium to Remove Ugly Surface-Stains that Discolor Teeth!

*Official dental opinion, backed by 47,000 dentists, declares Pepsodent to be Safe, Effective and Truthfully Advertised . . . It removes Surface-Stains that make teeth look dull, dingy.*

**I**f you want to see the true beauty of your teeth, remove ugly surface-stains that glue themselves to naturally sparkling surfaces. But if you want to be sure that you remove Surface-Stains quickly, effectively, *safely*, switch to Pepsodent.

Here's why! Only Pepsodent, of all tooth pastes and tooth powders, contains Irium, known to dentists as Purified Alkyl Sulfate. Irium is the Plus that enables Pepsodent to do a *better* job. And you can be sure of it! Because when you see the Seal of Acceptance of the American Dental Association on Pepsodent's advertisements, it means that 47,000 dentists stand back of the opinion Pepsodent is Safe, Effective, Truthfully Advertised. That's why you can trust Pepsodent with Irium completely.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium today. See how much brighter your teeth will look when Surface-Stains are gone.



This Seal is Proof  
PEPSODENT is



Safe Effective  
Truthfully Advertised

## Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 21

Maria hurried to it, even as Carola said, "I'll answer." Maria stopped and frowned and Carola took the telephone.

A woman's voice said, "This is Senta Mainescu. May I call on you?"

Carola hesitated, then remembered that Blaerchen had told her to see the woman. She looked up and saw Maria standing near by, listening to every word. "When would you like to come?"

"Tomorrow afternoon?"

"Very well."

Carola sat down uneasily, reminded again of Blaerchen's laughter when she had spoken with him in the morning. It was the laughter of someone pleased at a dreadful practical joke.

Pfennersstrasse is near Alexanderplatz, in the poorest part of Berlin. On it was a large seven-story apartment house, with eight entries off a dirty courtyard. The windows looking down on it were grayish. The vestibules and landings were crowded with boxes, trunks and possessions that the small apartments could not contain. On the dark stairways people frequently stumbled over baby carriages. The air smelled of cabbage cooked some time ago or, at times, the damp vegetable odor of a root cellar.

A sign at the entrance, Room for Rent, giving an apartment number on the sixth floor, attracted Karl. It was a detached single room. He took it.

**B**ECAUSE he was out of a concentration camp he had to register with the police; that was done. Now, perhaps, they would shadow him to see what he did in his first days of freedom and who his friends were. Anyone who shadowed Karl followed a man who, to all appearances, was just wasting time, a man who walked the streets aimlessly, never stopping to look in shop windows, a man who shivered in the bitter winter wind as he returned to his room, his thin coat wrapped tightly around him.

A shadower would have noticed only one break in this routine: on the first morning Karl mailed a letter.

Until an answer came Karl could do nothing. He knew he should find a job and earn a living but until his letter was answered he could not concentrate on job hunting. He still had forty marks left and that would last a week. The answer to that letter would satisfy an appetite deeper than hunger.

One letter did come to the hotel where he had stayed for two days before finding his room. It was from Carola, breaking the luncheon engagement and saying, "I do hope we meet soon." Probably Blaerchen had told her about his prison record. Karl had thought so often about her in Buchenwald. On dark and damp nights in prison when a man could keep from going mad by flight in imagination to a happy past, he had remembered her jonquil-colored hair, her deeply blue eyes, the cadence of her voice. Now they had met and she was a friend of Blaerchen. That was natural; Blaerchen and her husband had been friends. Karl knew that he and she were on opposite sides, without bridge or approach between them. To think in bitterness of such things only made a man restless. They could be forever forgotten when an answer to his letter came.

In these days of waiting he talked to only one person, a large fat-faced man who knocked at his door one evening. "Herr Dietrich? I'm Hans Kreitz." He said it as if the name should be familiar. "I'm the house warden." Without waiting for an invitation Kreitz came into the room. House wardens were petty Nazi officials, assigned to check on the dwellers in one house or one block of

houses. Kreitz now looked down at him as if he were seeing some particularly unattractive subhuman specimen. "You're just out of prison, *nicht wahr*?" Kreitz scowled. "Look here, Dietrich, I don't want any dirty tricks from you. Understand? I'm responsible for you. You get yourself a job at once and have yourself." Then he asked, "Have you a cigarette?"

"I gave them up," Karl said. "Too expensive!"

Kreitz hesitated, as if that deserved a reprimand for being an anti-social mark, then went downstairs.

Karl shrugged his shoulders. He had seen that type of Aryan ox among the guards at Buchenwald. There were no important things to think of. The row might bring the answer to his question.

It came two days later, an envelope with a picture postcard saying, "Meet me at noon today." It was signed "R." The card gave no hint of who the meeting would take place nor where it would be there. Karl understood well the reason for secrecy in the message; he wished it were a little more understandable. He turned the card over and saw an ordinary view of the statue of Frederick the Great near the Lustgarten. Then, looking at the picture again, Karl was sure he understood.

Just before noon, in icy sunlight, Karl waited near the statue.

On the curb across the way from the statue, he watched the statue casually, and then a man who looked as if he had escaped a few minutes from his desk at the end of a routine of years. Karl waited at the base of the statue, studying it as if to memorize every small detail on it. The elderly man left his place and came toward the statue. He was about the age of Karl when he asked quietly, "Herr Dietrich? Follow me to a bus!"

A few minutes later Karl sat in the rear of an uncrowded bus.

"I am Hans Klauss." The man's voice was low. "How is our friend in Buchenwald—Doctor Rorer?"

"As well as the guards permit him to be."

Klauss nodded thoughtfully. "How did you get to know him?"

"I stumbled out of line a year ago while the guards were running us out of an enclosure," Karl explained, his voice steady. "One of the guards beat me for falling." He saw Klauss smile. "Oh, I was fortunate! I have seen men beaten to death for some such mistake. After that I could do no more work and I was assigned to the kitchen. Doctor Rorer was there. He has been beaten around the head."

**K**LAUSS said quietly, "He was a doctor. He saved thousands of lives during his career. He has a right to be cynical today."

Karl shook his head. "He is the most hopeful man I met in prison and the kindest. When my back hurt, he tried to save the grease that they gave us for our bread and he rubbed it on my back. His voice was suddenly tender: 'I will never forget him.'"

Klauss watched two people enter the bus, then said, "I understand."

"He gave me your address and told me how to write you."

"I'm glad he did." Then Klauss asked, "Is there something I can do for you?"

Karl understood the hesitation. Klauss might think that Karl was a provocateur, sent to act on some forced out of Doctor Rorer. The doctor had foreseen that. Now Karl looked carefully around the bus. No one



lowered his voice: "I would help in your work." That did not change Klaus's look of hesitation. He told me that if you doubted my sincerity I should say to you, 'Aunt permits it.' He smiled. "I do not understand that but Doctor Rorer would understand."

Klaus nodded and looked relieved. He said back. "It is hard to know what to trust!" He looked out to see if they were. "Let us go somewhere else."

A few minutes later they came down the street along the Spree. It was clear that the weathered barges on the river looked, as ever, as if they had always been there, as permanent as the apartments behind them. Then they passed up a little street and into a small bar in the basement of a house. It smelled of cooking cabbage and sour beer. A dozen tables were set out and no one paid attention to the men who took a table in the

Klaus signaled to a waiter, Karl looked at his face. He was older than Karl. His face had few wrinkles but they were deep ones. It showed his age but it was not so much worn as old; everything about it implied age. His deep-set eyes were kindly and understanding.

Klaus ordered beer, Karl looked at the low-ceilinged room. At every table men were talking, but there was no sound of conversation; more than that, there was no laughter. Klaus saw the way one man sat alone at a table. He toyed with a glass of beer. From time to time he glanced at Klaus with a questioning look. It was a look of recognition yet the man made no move to speak and Karl was uncertain whether or not to call Klaus's attention to it. Then as the waiter drew Klaus looked at the man and perceptibly nodded. Karl saw that Klaus wondered whether he had blundered into a trap.

The stranger left his table and joined them. "This is Franz Ranke, my son-in-law," Klaus said pleasantly. "He is a good list."

Karl relaxed, Ranke extended his hand. He had waited until Klaus had told him that Karl was not suspect. "Very glad to meet you," he said. "He was young. His was a friendly pointed face, weighted with glasses, the kind of face seen at a public library, bent over the reading table until the last second before closing time."

"Doctor Rorer sent him to us," Klaus said significantly.

They were two men who fought on opposite sides! Karl felt that he was friends for the first time in years. "Why did they let you out of Buchenwald?" Ranke asked.

"I was injured slightly a little while ago and couldn't do heavy work," Karl explained. "And they've been filling up Buchenwald with prisoners so they let us go."

"You were lucky."

Karl nodded. "One of the guards said, 'You should we feed you? Get out and feed yourself—if you can!'"

"You must let me lend you some money until you find work," Klaus said, reminded of something.

"Thank you. But more than enough!"

Klaus understood. As a matter of fact he looked around the room cautiously. Then, in a low voice, "You said if there was something you could do for us. We must be honest. At this stage of the war any underground movement must go slowly. The German people have not yet had enough of the privations of war."

Ranke interrupted impatiently, "The army—"

"With Hitler leading to one victory after another, the army will start no revolt," Klaus said. "If Germany is defeated, there will be a popular revolt and the army may take that over. If Germany wins—"

"Won't that end underground work?" Karl asked.

"On the contrary," Klaus said confidently. "The Nazis will never agree on a division of spoils. Never! If they should win, what do they get? Bankruptcy in all Europe and a chase for spoils. More than ever, that will be our opportunity."

"We should do something definite, now," Ranke said sharply.

"My son-in-law and I do not always agree," Klaus smiled. He seemed restless. "Let's go outdoors." On the street Klaus said apologetically, "I can carry on a conversation indoors just so long."

Karl understood. It was safest to assume that no place was really safe. As the three men swung into step, he wondered how many thousand people in Germany at this moment were walking through cold streets with friends, to be able to say things without fear of listening walls, lamps, telephone, radiators and picture frames.

Klaus took up the conversation again: "Underground groups must avoid detection, they must keep their contacts with friends abroad, they must gather information here, they must keep contact with other underground groups of a dozen different persuasions and beliefs. But most important, they must hold on! Time is on our side. The Nazis are the best allies we have—the corruption, the cruelty, and the selfishness of those men!"

They walked on in silence then, while Karl tried to fit himself into the situation, "What can I do?"

Klaus smiled at him as if he were an impatient schoolboy. "There is much to do, but I should say the important thing is to get a job for yourself."

"That does not seem important if I can help you."

As if following his own thoughts, Ranke interrupted: "It's this doing everything slowly that wrecks men's nerves."

"Yes, Franz," Klaus said as if to quiet him. Then, to Karl: "Do you know any person here with connections who could help you find work?"

"I KNOW Blaerchen in the Foreign Office," Karl said. "But I should prefer not to ask him for anything."

"Blaerchen!" Ranke snorted. "Men like him should be destroyed."

Klaus smiled gently. "One man does not make a system. The system is what we must aim at, the system on which Blaerchen and his friends fatten. That has been one weakness of our underground work. We have aimed too much at one man, at Hitler."

"Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Blaerchen," Ranke broke in. "What difference? If we could only do something at once!" Ranke had the amazing quality of a man who is always talking to himself. It was in the aimless gesturing of his hands, in his glance which was never fixed anywhere, in his colorless tone of voice.

"Blaerchen is one of the group that Ribbentrop brought into the Foreign Office," Klaus said. "Naturally, the old Foreign Office men hate them. Blaerchen helped to set up the so-called Ribbentrop Bureau, a very active espionage group."

"Why, with the Gestapo—?" Karl asked.

"This is espionage chiefly for Ribbentrop's benefit," Ranke explained. "The most important fight in Germany today is the fight of Ribbentrop against Goer-

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ing and Himmler. Remember, Herr Ribbentrop was left out of Hitler's plans for his successors. Hitler named Goering, then Hess, and Hitler won't last forever. Ribbentrop does not approve of that order."

"That explains a story I heard in Buchenwald," Karl said. "Someone there said that Ribbentrop had caught one of Goering's men opening his files and had him arrested. Goering demanded his freedom. Ribbentrop told him, 'First, send back the two of mine you caught last week!'"

No one smiled.

"Blaerchen and several others have been the leaders of the Ribbentrop Bureau," Klauss added. "We've had information about many of his agents."

"Many of them are women," Ranke said. "I met one once, a Rumanian named Mainescu."

For just a second Karl thought of Carola. She, too, was a friend of Blaerchen but, after all, that was her choice. There were more important things to think about.

The three men reached Potsdamerplatz, and Ranke said, "I must leave you here."

"My son-in-law is on one of the newspapers," Klauss explained.

"My work used to be called journalism," Ranke said. "Today there is another and uglier name for it."

Then Ranke said goodbye and turned up the street.

"If you'd like to walk a little more—!" Klauss said.

"I'll be glad to."

They continued down Potsdamerstrasse.

"By the way," Klauss said, "in the future any contacts between us will have to be through my son-in-law. You must never come to my house. You can telephone but always say Cousin Karl is arriving. I'll understand and arrange a meeting for you and Ranke."

Karl nodded. He was disappointed that Klauss had not offered him definite work. He had waited long for a chance to do something. Hesitantly, he asked, "Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

KLAUSS smiled warmly. "You are very eager, Herr Dietrich. Why?"

"The police took me from the stage of the Krokodil one night," Karl explained, "and charged me with making anti-Nazi remarks. I was only echoing what men in the street were saying and without their malice. That's why I'm eager to help you, to do anything."

"I understand," Klauss said paternally. He looked at Karl, then said slowly, "I can offer you a specific job at once but it is dangerous. I can only tell you what it is and leave the decision about doing it up to you." He smiled warmly. "If you refuse, I shall understand."

"What is it?" Karl asked quietly.

Klauss did not answer directly. "I should tell you first, frankly, that my son-in-law offered himself yesterday but I would not permit it. It needs a cooler, less excitable man."

"What do you want me to do?"

"One of our friends told me of a person in the Foreign Office who is willing to work with us," Klauss said. "I have no guarantee that he is sincere. For all I know, it might be a Gestapo trap."

"And if he is sincere?"

"It would be a valuable contact. We have friends in government ministries but it has been difficult for us to get information from the Foreign Office. It may mean walking directly into the hands of the police."

Karl nodded. "You want me to meet the man?"

"If you wish."

Karl thought of the years in Buchenwald, the odor of the cells, the cries in the night, the shuffle of lamed feet. But

someone had to take risks, or Blaerchen and his kind would be forever safe. He answered, "Tell me the details."

Ten minutes later Karl left Klauss and walked briskly, no longer aimless. The first thing was to find a public telephone booth and he saw none near by. It was a crisp January afternoon, clear and fresh, fresh as the air at Buchenwald never was. He passed a cellar saloon. There would be a public telephone here. He hesitated before entering, as if this were the decisive step.

In the saloon a middle-aged woman stood behind the bar. All the tables were empty. "Have you a telephone?" Karl asked pleasantly.

The woman gestured to one in the corner.

Karl had memorized a number and knew what he had to say. He asked the operator for a number, hoping that this call was not going to a man in uniform, seated at a desk in the Gestapo office.

A man answered, "Hello!"

As he had been instructed, Karl asked, "Are there any plays worth seeing in town?"

The voice at the other end said quietly, "There is Manon Lescaut at the Volks Oper."

"Very well. When would you like to go?"

"How about tomorrow night?"



"Tomorrow night will be convenient."

That was all the conversation necessary. Karl left the barroom hurriedly before anyone could possibly trace the number.

While Carola waited for Senta Mainescu to come, the echo of Blaerchen's laughter over the telephone stayed with her. This, she was sure, would be more than a polite social call. She spent a long time at her mirror, combing her long hair smooth and smoother, as if every detail of the impression she would make was important.

THE presence of Maria was a problem for the first time. Whatever was said in the living room could be heard clearly in the kitchen.

Shortly before four, Carola said to her, "Will you please do some shopping for me?"

"Certainly, Fräulein. Now?"

"Yes." She had a blouse in her hand. "Would you try to find some of this same material?"

Maria shook her head vigorously. "There's no material like that anywhere in Berlin. If there was they would not sell it without a ration card."

"Please do as I say!" Carola exploded.

With the air of one going on a fool's

errand and going suspiciously left the house.

Mlle. Mainescu came on time. "You are so good to let me come," she said. "Berlin is no place for a lonely woman. You have a nice apartment. That was a little too casual for me. I was sure that the woman was to talk about apartments."

"They're so hard to find," she added. "Nothing is very easy in Berlin. Berlin changed while you were away."

CAROLA was sure that this indirect approach to some carefully planned as the first act of a play. In the next two minutes the woman touched on night singing, the opera, and a performance of the Brahms Requiem, which she had just heard.

She even turned to the subject of ration cards, as a housewife in Berlin would do. "It makes life difficult to suppose we should not complain. But I have heard that you know important people you can get around many restrictions. Your friend, Rolf Blaerchen, could help."

Carola would not let herself be surprised at that name. "I know," she said colorlessly.

"I should think he'd be on your mind, step eager to help, after all you know him and you did for him." Against the same aimless sort of remark.

"He hasn't been," Carola said. "I've seen him once quite casually."

Senta rambled on. "Of course, politics now," she went on. "That takes him far from the entertainment world."

"I suppose so."

The woman came forward in her own way as if to tell an important secret: "You'll find things in Berlin have changed! You'll find out. Politics and the war are all the matter." She pouted, "They don't notice an attempt at a new hat, though God knows, anything like that is a to get."

The woman had no reason to complain. She was well dressed.

"Of course, I can't blame them for being absorbed in politics," Senta continued, "considering the prizes."

"I know little about politics here anywhere," Carola said.

"You don't need to know about politics," Senta laughed. "Men prefer to talk to us about other things! But they're by themselves they talk not but politics. That's all that inter-



Each one is ambitious, of course. Germany, government promotion, custom-bound. A man knew he could expect every year until today an ambitious man has fifty minutes this conversation almost a monologue and Carol still suspicious. Yet there was that this was all harmless, simple matter of a talkative woman. makes a woman's part difficult, times. An ambitious man is eager possible help and he may end the friends."

at was an indirect reference to the thing specific. It might refer to a man looked up, as if to see that had made any impression. hushed.

that man's enemies will appear and be glad"—she smiled with emphasis—"be very glad to aid them!"

was not a suspicious word in the remark but the way she said it Carol sure that she was fitting it one certain case.

woman has a career in politics" the emphasis—"if she wishes

many questions that Carol might ask would be cheerfully answered she was sure!

ly turned in the front door lock Carol was startled. That would be home before she was expected. prying quick the Rumanian was on her feet. Maria!"

"Fräulein Mainescu! I—thank you—I'm well." Maria stammered. Carol looked confused.

Then she heard Mainescu say coldly. "So you have only seen Herr Blaerchen casually! What a careful choice of words!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I presume you found Maria at an employment bureau, *nicht wahr?*" She turned at the door and her coolness was gone. Now she was hot angry. "In the days when I knew Rolf Blaerchen and was engaged to him, Maria was my maid, too. And when you report this conversation to him tell him for me I do not fear him any longer. Tell him I am going to marry a man from an old family whom he will not dare to harm!"

The closing door jarred the apartment.

"Maria!" Carol was able to control herself. "I want you to say nothing about this to anyone." The point of Mainescu's conversation was clear. She could find employment working for Blaerchen's enemies! Certainly, Mainescu worked for them. "I myself will speak to Herr Blaerchen."

Maria was staring at the living-room wall. She looked helpless, ready to cry. Her red, chapped hands were fumbling with her shoddy coat.

"Now that we understand each other, bring me some coffee!" Then Carol's nerves snapped: "Hurry! Hurry up!"

Maria waddled toward the kitchen. Carol watched her go, suddenly realizing what that walk recalled. It was the waddle of a person with a ring of keys hitting at her belt, the waddle of a jailer.

(To be continued next week)

## The Wounded Don't Cry

Continued from page 9

from the burning part of the But that was half a mile away. darkness partially hid hundreds of forms lying on the ground in front of a long shed where the wounded were brought.

I picked my way among them and into the shed. Three nurses and a doctor were there. There were four men there and three civilian men. The three nurses were examining the wounded and putting disinfectants on the wounds and then bandaging them. They were very wonderful. They gave patience and kindness and skill in the abundance to a dull-witted Englishman and a handsome young captain. One of the nurses looked for a breath and she told me that she and the other two were from this city; had been born in it and learned nursing in it and would die for it. I was getting a warm, friendly feeling for this city. This, after all, is the story of the city and I mention the wounded and the hospital merely as incidents connected with the death of the symptoms perhaps of why it was dead.

The night was alive with little noises the sound of the ambulances coming the whispers of the stretcher bearers, "Easy boy, you'll be all right," of the American ambulance drivers. Now then they would have to wait for a while and I would have a smoke with my Morgan, whom his pals called Man Mountain Dean because of his black head, and with the ridiculously youth-looking Jon Thorenson, with Carl Gley and Dave Stetson and the others. Peter Muir, in charge of the drivers, everywhere giving directions. "The ambulance is about full," Montgomery said. "This'll be our last load. These devils will have to stay here."

I went down to the station with their

last load. The long train stood there patiently and perhaps two hundred wounded lay on the platform waiting their turn. But there was only room now for the badly hurt. It was very quiet at the station. We unloaded three of our four wounded into a car.

"No more room," the man in the car said tersely.

"We'll find room," James said.

I walked through the cars with him. Each one was filled. The wounded lay on stretchers three high and then they lay on the floor. There wasn't an inch of room left on the train. We had to bring one lone casualty back to the hospital. We sat there in front and James said, "I haven't nerve enough to tell him."

### The Bombers Strike

He and Montgomery looked at me but I looked away. Montgomery lit a cigarette, took a deep breath and got out of the car. He helped the stretcher bearers take the boy out. He put his cigarette between the boy's lips and he said, "There's another train in a few hours, kid. Don't worry."

We drove back to the camp the boys had made under a large shed that had recently sheltered horses. The night was just beginning to get tired of it all and there was a glimmer of gray in the east. We sat under the shed on straw and smoked and had a drink of whisky and muddy water, and it was good. Some of the boys flopped down on the straw and went right to sleep. I wished we could have taken the stretchers out of the ambulances and slept on them but the stretchers were full of rather horrible reminders of the many wounded who had lain in them today and even at the front it is silly not to consider infection. Who wants to get killed by a bug?

I had been at or near the front with

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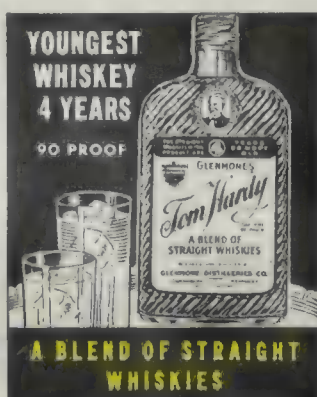
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

the French army for some time and it was exciting to be with these Americans. We talked of colleges we had been to and of football and of a man named Roosevelt. One of the Boston men said, "Tonight I'd slug anyone who made a crack about Roosevelt." I liked that and I took out a pack of American cigarettes I'd been hoarding and gave it to him. I regretted it later and maybe sometime I can get it back from the President.

We were on a hill and from it we could see the city dying. The light from the flames was dull now because the dawn was thinning it out, so we slept after a fashion, but in an hour a man blew three notes on a bugle and that woke us. In this city that was the "Alerte." That meant German planes are coming.

We walked sleepily out from under the shed and into the open field. It was bright daylight although it was only five-thirty. We heard the drone of the planes and knew without looking up that these were the two-motored Dornier bombers. But we looked up. There were only six of them flying in their familiar triangle with the odd two following the base of the triangle. We yawned. This hadn't been worth waking up for. But then we saw another formation of six following and another and another...

They weren't high. They started dropping bombs. They were big bombs. We lay down in the fields, for there were no ditches, no holes to get into. We lay there looking at them. A few anti-aircraft guns began to bark foolishly. The planes came over us. The bombs dropped close to us. They made a heavy noise and you shook your head to clear it of the concussion.

"There's a hundred of them," someone called from behind a bush.

"I count 120," someone else said.

The bombs fell and whistled loudly and then exploded and you wished you were somewhere else. They were falling on our city. Thank God that one train had pulled out! The bombs kept falling forever. Five minutes can be forever. Then the planes disappeared into the sun. They hadn't been interrupted once.

Someone made coffee. We all felt tired now. A French artilleryman who had been manning an anti-aircraft gun in the next field came over for coffee. He had strong glasses with him. He had counted 126. That's a lot of planes.

Jack James said, "Anyone who says he isn't scared up here is either a liar or a damn fool."

#### Courage Through Fear

We all nodded agreement. It was nice to know that James had been scared a little. He was the best of us, we all felt, tough, hardworking and with the gentleness of big, tough men. Once he said that he had been scared, we all felt better and we could lift our filled coffee cups without spilling more than a few drops. The planes came back three times within the next two hours. The tension drained us of vitality. In disgust James and Larry Morgan and Fuller pulled straw over them and went back to sleep.

Now a lazy column of black smoke came up from our city. Our city had been given its death blow and we knew it. It could never be proud of its lovely cathedral again. Its few small factories were smoldering sullenly.

Two hours after the planes had left for the last time there were three dull explosions. The planes had dropped delayed-action bombs. That isn't good, because the ambulance men go into wreckage as soon as the planes leave, trying to save some people, and the thought that these time bombs may be lurking underneath a destroyed wall

makes you work very quickly a times you can't work as e Mind you, it doesn't prevent t going into the buildings which hotly writhing in their death a it forces them to work too quic

Edwin Watts was hurt by one He was in a building when a bomb exploded near by. The w house began to totter and Watts braced himself against and held it upright until the were gotten out. He wasn't ba but he won't drive an ambula month or so.

Orders came from somewhere to leave the dying city. We w ask questions: What of the couldn't get on the train las What of that smiling nurse who she was born in the city and w in it? What of the big Senegale had orders to get out.

#### Farewell to a Dying City

That meant that there was the boys could do. They ar twenty ambulances had to move few miles. They hated to leave because they had come to love that seems silly maybe we all ge silly hearing guns all the tin watching bombers drop death in steel containers. Silly or no true. I hated to leave it and did the excuse the ambulance drive They thought they could still do thing. I was a parasite, watching giving nothing, helping none. hated to leave this dying city.

You act quickly when you get at the front. Ken Downs, the Ar newspaperman, was with me. I virtually been stowaways in the alance driven by James and Mo ery. We had no right to stay but make an effort. We saw the col charge of this section of the army. We said that we couldn't we had no means of transportat would have to stay for a while. can walk," he said abruptly.

I pointed to what is perha healthiest ankle in France and "Mais Mon Colonel, the ankle y see..."

I often wondered what it to make a French officer lose his I was a nuisance to them a h times but their exquisite, smiling tesy never deserted them. Somew this world or the next there may more magnificent body of men th officers of the French army. I do very much. The colonel expressed pathy and he smiled with his gra eyes and he said: "I will arrange portation."

He gave us a car and a drive after we'd gone a while we aske driver to stop. We wanted to tal other look at this little city. I w dying, all right. Those four ugl umns of black smoke were thick Mind you, in the military sense, th of this little city meant nothing. were no munition factories her wasn't any kind of military base. just a small, insignificant French that fate had tossed into the pa the ruthless god of war. Its did not help the German cause i slightest.

We watched it burn for a little and then told the driver to get on. a pretty silent ride. It may be that American ambulance drivers ha flavored the city with their presen for us it had become a part of our try. All I can say is that it was m tough to watch it die and some da like to meet those who killed it. I to have Downs and James and M and Thorenson and Montgomery the rest of them with me. Yes, would be nice.



## Girl from Home

Continued from page 15

ographers in New York." She put down on the small table near "I met him a month ago when men to buy photographic supplies work. He'll probably be here now. He's developing some of a summer street scene he took this morning."

er was something revealing about portrait—something about Dora's young neck and her breast that to explain Sturgess' interest in

composition," Doris said. "I Clinton wouldn't understand it." guess not!"

soon discovered several things at Dora Appleby that Clinton understand. They sat there in a room which was filled with a twilight and the sad rumble of traffic. It was funny, she seemed and strange with the unfamiliar sounding expressions she had and the new way of dressing and her hair. And yet he caught thinking: She's got a scar on her forehead from falling from a tree behind when she was eleven years old. had almost forgotten about Sturgess when the door pushed open and he saw a tall, wiry man with a pale, handsome face. He stood in the doorway for a moment, hat still on, and stared at

Sturgess walked toward him, almost as if he were a statue; and the way she walked and the tall, silent figure gave Hugh a feeling. It was as if she walked with a purpose—had to walk toward Wade Sturgess.

"Sturgess," Sturgess said, "the films are excellent!" His voice was smooth, emotional.

"So glad," Doris said, her own face lower, almost reverent. Then, one of her quick, birdlike moves, turned to include Hugh: "Oh, Wade is Hugh Barlow—you know—I thought he was coming today."

Sturgess remained in the doorway and found himself walking toward there was only a second's hesitation before the tall man brought up his hat but it was long enough to make him conscious of it.

"Hello," Hugh said. "We were just talking about you."

Wade Sturgess bowed his head slightly. Then he turned to Doris: "I can't stay, little pigeon. Some of the others are coming to the studio to work with me tonight. You're not going out, are you?"

Doris said, "Why, Hugh thought we'd go out for a while."

Sturgess looked annoyed. He turned his slow, dark eyes on Hugh and there passed between the two men that understanding challenge of one male to the other.

It was only a moment, but it was significant—happening there in the soft light of the feminine room.

Wade Sturgess moved around as if he owned the place and he talked a lot about himself and their friends and his talk made no effort to include Hugh. After a time, he turned to Hugh: "Where you going tonight?"

Hugh said in his slow, even speech, "I don't know, yet. It doesn't make much difference, does it, Sturgess?"

For an instant Hugh saw the other man's eyes shift quickly and his whole character appeared there on his pale, handsome, selfish face and he felt a growing antagonism. Then Sturgess said to Doris, "I have to go back to the studio." Something like suspicion was in his eyes, as he walked to the door and went out.

A silence followed the closing door. Then Doris said, "That's Wade Sturgess. You didn't like him."

"How'd you guess it?"

She walked to the sofa and sat down. She tapped a cigarette on the lid of the aluminum box and Hugh held a match for her.

"You don't understand Wade," she said quietly.

"I suppose not," Hugh said. "But I know you, Dora."

She looked up at him then, a funny, little, wise smile on her lips. "Think so? Well, I've changed a lot, Hugh. Sometimes I wake up and laugh at the way I used to be."

Hugh said, "You've lived! Is that it, Doris?"

"All right, Hugh Barlow, but it's true. I've changed. I want to tell you some-



"Back home, whenever I got one of these not-eating spells, Ma always fixed me some special little dishes"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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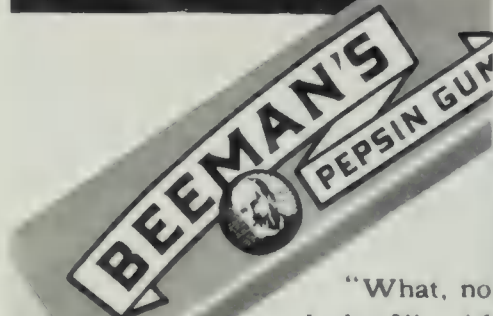
# Wagner

**LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID**  
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**"THERE'S NO CATCH TO THIS" SAID THE FISHERMAN**



"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

**BEEMAN'S AID'S DIGESTION**

thing. This may shock you. It will shock Clinton too—if you want to tell the town about it. I don't care any more what they think. It's this. Wade and I are going away this week end together."

Hugh turned his glass slowly, watching the small ice cubes bobbing in the beady liquid.

"Getting married?"

"No."

Hugh put his glass down.

"Scared?" he asked.

"No." Then she said, "I just want you to know, Hugh. We're not going to be secretive about it."

"I see," Hugh said, "you want to be aboveboard."

HUGH looked at her hands. They were moving nervously.

"Little Dora Appleby," he said, thoughtfully. "Well, well..."

A policeman's whistle cut through the roar of traffic and somewhere in the building a telephone rang and rang. Hugh got up. He walked to the kitchenette with his empty glass. He put it down in the sink. When he came back he saw Doris leaning against the pillow, looking at him. For a second he saw a curious, astray expression on her face. Then she smiled at him quickly.

Hugh said, "Come on, let's get out of here. Let's go eat."

They had dinner at a quiet restaurant. She was wearing a sort of flowery thing, low cut, with lace or something on it, but she looked good in it. He liked that kind of dress, it was so feminine. He said, holding up the glass of wine, "Well, good luck to you on your big adventure."

She seemed uneasy for a second. She laughed a little. Then she said: "You don't really approve, do you?"

He wanted to say, "Why the hell should I? I think you're a damn' little fool. That guy Sturgess is a fourflusher if I ever saw one." Instead, he heard himself say flatly, "I think it's a swell idea."

Doris said, now talking excitedly, explaining things, a challenging light in her eyes, "I can't go on being just a dull little virtuous girl. I think they're impossible. Wade says no woman is interesting until she's had a lover."

"He would say that." It was funny, he thought, how the city, which might have brought them together—two of a kind—had really come between them.

There was a long silence. Then Hugh said, "You've been to the Fair?"

Doris shook her head. "No," she said, "we natives aren't as excited about it as you out-of-towners."

Hugh smiled. "Well, it's a pretty fine thing, I guess from what I hear. I want to see it. How'd you like to take it in with me tomorrow?"

AS IF it were a great lark, a sort of slumming trip, Doris said, "Why, I think it would be very amusing."

"Good," Hugh said. "Look, it's sort of business with me. I'm due there at eleven at the L. J. Connett exhibit in the Home Furnishing Building. I've got a couple of passes. I'll pick you up at the apartment at ten."

Doris liked the idea of seeing the Fair that way—as someone who belonged inside—with passes.

It was only nine when they finished their dinner. Hugh let Doris pick out a musical comedy which they enjoyed very much. But the night club afterward was his idea. "To celebrate," Hugh said.

It was a pretty swank place and he wasn't dressed, but Doris was, and hell, a guy could go anywhere with money in his pockets.

The headwaiter greeted them with a little bow that stopped them a foot or so from the entrance to the floor.

"What is the name, please?" The headwaiter held a large card in front of

him on which he was tap-tapping a gold-headed pencil.

"Barlow. Why?"

"I have no reservation down for you, Mr. Barlow. There are no tables left."

"Full house, heh?" Hugh said. "Well, maybe someone will leave soon. We'll wait here, okay?"

For some reason that annoyed the headwaiter. His eyes dropped lower and examined Hugh's single-breasted coat, the crease in his trousers, the tan rubber-soled shoes. Hugh felt those eyes as if twin streams of cold air went down his front, leaving in their wake wrinkles, broken buttons, stringy laces.

Hugh waited a minute and then he said to the headwaiter, "Oh, I get you." He reached into his wallet and without hiding it, held out a bill. He said, "Here you are."

The headwaiter looked past Hugh at some people who were just coming in. He said to Hugh icily, "There are no tables left." He was already bowing to the others.

Hugh felt sudden, hot anger surge through him. He wanted to take the waiter by the collar and throw him to the floor. He saw a smartly dressed woman in the group glance at Doris. There was amusement in her eyes. She murmured something to her companion and Hugh caught the word "quaint."

He turned to Doris. "Let's get out of here," he said.

With dignity, without hurry, he escorted her down the long lobby, as if she were a Hollywood star—as if she were the most important woman in the world.

They took an open-top cab. For two red lights neither spoke. Then Hugh said very quietly, "Meet Hugh Barlow, hick, from Clinton, Iowa."

He reached his hand over to shake hers. Her hand touched his for a moment and then held his.

"Man!" Hugh said, "I sure came near pasting that guy."

"I almost wish you had," Doris said. "It would have been some satisfaction—instead of a perfect blank. I suppose I have lost out completely."

"How?"

"With you."

Doris said nothing. She turned crosswise on the seat and pulled her legs up under her. Then she said, "Do you care?"

"Yes, I do. I was just getting ready to like you."

"And then you heard that I was quaint?"

Hugh didn't say anything for a moment. Then: "Forget it. She was and puss. You were the best-looking there."

"You're swell, Hugh."

"You're not so bad yourself. The trouble with us is that we're just a pile of hicks. I feel like gawking."

"Hugh, stop it."

"'Fraid the driver will hear."

"No, but it's not true."

HE TURNED to her: "The funny about it, Doris, is that it is true with me—I know. Sometime today proves it—but that's time am anyway. And now you're prying."

"How?"

"By thinking it's necessary to get the week end with a guy like Sturgess your diploma as an A No Yorker."

"Why are you bringing that up? you going to preach?"

Hugh laughed. "If you loved me and couldn't live without him, I'd be up. But to me, a girl like you know—maybe I'm all wrong—should have something special in her. Do you love him?"

Doris was silent. Then, without a word, she said, "No. But that's not exactly your business."

"A couple of hours ago it was your business. Things have changed since then."

Doris looked at Hugh from her corner of the cab. She said, "Have they changed? Have things changed?"

The taxi had stopped in front of her place. Hugh said, "Yes." He turned toward her. He stared at her for a minute. He leaned nearer her. "This is your house."

They were standing on the sidewalk. The brownstone fronts looked empty and lonely in the night. Sudden Doris said, "There's a light in my room."

Hugh said, "I'd better go up with you. They hurried up the three flights. Doris took her key from her little evening bag and opened the door. She looked in. Hugh heard her catch her breath.

"Wade!"

Hugh heard someone in the doorway. Then Sturgess' voice said, "Come, my pigeon. I've been waiting a long time for you."

Doris opened the door wide and Hugh saw Sturgess walking across the room toward them. He was in his sleeves—the collar was open. Hugh



"... an' my kid musta took mine by mistake"



from Doris to Hugh. He said, "The boy from home keeps late doesn't he?"

"What is it, Wade? What's going on here?"

"You can't get away from me." He spoke precisely. "You are trying subtly to convey your rustic there that I never except by invitation."

"Wade—please. Stop talking this way? What's wrong?"

"Nothing much. I've just been thinking. So this is your football hero from home? You wrote poems about him: 'The boy from home keeps late'—iron strength—"

"Wade. Stop it!"

But his own hands behind his back. The right caught the wrist of the girl. He said, gently, "Your horses there, Sturgess."

"Good in front of Wade. Anger her. She was trembling. 'Go on, Wade. Please go out—go out.'"

"A smile went across Sturgess' face. He walked to the table where he had his coat very deliberately, like a picture. He stood at the desk, smiling. Then he swung the door open, went out and very gently closed the door behind him.

He turned to Doris. She was standing in the middle of the room, looking at him. "Oh," she cried. "This is awful."

"What a little stinker a girl can be."

"Barlow! I hate you. You can't do these things. I never wrote a poem about my life. It's all a lie."

"What have I done?"

"What have you done! You've done it all. She threw out her hands. 'All right. Then, as an afterthought, I'm sure you to stand there criticizing me. What do you know about the life here in New York?'"

"Through the open window came the sound of the Third Avenue El. Then he said slowly, 'If that's the way you want to live, I guess I'd better go.'"

He didn't answer.

"He looked at her, turned away and went out. It took the taxi only fifteen minutes to get across town to his hotel. The night clerk gave him his key and the envelope from Manton containing the passes for the Fair. Hugh shoved the envelope into his pocket and went up to his room. He stood by the window looking over the sleeping city. He lit a cigarette and took a deep drag. After a while he removed the passes from the envelope and examined them. He looked across his room once, twice and then stopped at the writing desk. He looked at the pages of his notebook. And with sudden decision, he put one of the passes into a hotel envelope and added it to Doris Appleby. He phoned a messenger and told him to deliver it immediately. "Take a cab—hire a cab—anything. But get it there at once."

He tucked the other pass in the inside pocket of his coat.

A little after eleven the next morning he was standing near the information desk of the L. J. Connett exhibit in the Home Furnishing Building at the corner of the Fair. He could see down the full length of the cool, air-conditioned corridor and could watch the entrance of the Fireside Row. Every time the door opened his eyes nailed the entering individual for that fraction of a second of identification.

Nothing had stirred him. Something had made New York's streets, restaurants a series of records on which he etched the quick tap-tap of a girl's heels, the sudden birdlike turn of her head, the powder-sweet smell of an

evening wrap. He saw her everywhere—in shop windows, in subways, crossing streets, in passing cars. Something had happened to him—and Hugh Barlow knew just about what it was.

Four people came in at the same time: a large man and two old ladies in black, and a little behind them, a girl in a white dress with a red hat and a red belt around her small waist. She came into the cool corridor, looked up and down, and walked with heels tap-tapping toward the desk.

Hugh leaned against the wall and watched her. He folded his arms on his chest and crossed one leg over the other. He was standing that way when she saw him. She stopped, and a man almost bumped into her. She looked at Hugh without smiling—looked at him with relief, with tenderness, which made Hugh unfold his arms and start for her. She came halfway, and they met in front of the desk. Both her hands lifted toward him, and both his hands reached for hers. Their hands didn't meet. Their hands went slowly back to their sides.

They said things that meant nothing, which were useless. How-are-you? You-got-the-pass-all-right? So-hot-on-the-subway!

Hugh took her arm, turned her and they walked out of the building into the drifting crowds on Bowling Green. Her arm was cool and smooth. He looked down at her.

He said, "Got time to look around and see the sights?"

She said, "Yes—I have all the time in the world." Then she faced him, and said, "I talked to Wade this morning on the phone—for the last time, I guess."

"You did?" he said casually, suddenly becoming aware of the colors around him, the noise, the laughter, the smell of fruit gum and flowers, the feel of the sun on his back. "Let's go!" he said, and she almost had to run to keep up with him.

They climbed on board one of those trains of cars with rubber tires, which brought sight-seers around the grounds. They sat in the front seat. It was good and hot—baking—and the flat walls, pink and blue and red, reflected the heat in waves, and made Hugh take off his coat, which he slung over his shoulder, and made Doris' upper lip dewy, and brought color under her eyes.

SHE sighed and stuck out her legs. "I like this," she said. "It's nice to be yourself. I feel as though I had just come from Iowa."

"I do too," Hugh said. Then: "It's funny—do you realize that we haven't said anything about it?"

"About what?"

"About what's happened. About the way we feel—I feel. I mean the way we met here just now—about my seeing you all over New York in taxis, in shop windows, crossing the streets..."

"Do you feel that way, too?"

"Do I? I've been nuts!"

She leaned nearer him. "Careful, Hugh—the couple behind us are listening—"

"Do you mind?"

"No."

Hugh turned around. The young man behind him was looking far off toward the city. Suddenly he turned to Hugh: "Pardon me, Mister. What's that bridge over there?"

"That's the Triborough."

Hugh heard the girl behind him say, "Oliver! You oughtn't to ask so many questions. They'll think we're hicks."

Doris caught Hugh's arm. She whispered, "Bet they'll ask us to tell them where there's a nice little place to eat—with atmosphere." Her eyes crinkled up when she looked at Hugh.

Presently they both turned back to the sights of the Fair with the cool, casual acceptance proper to people who know their way around.

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tion and make a trip out to the junk yard on Kedzie Avenue. If you do not know the great junkman personally, you get properly introduced. With his okay and after some other details are settled, you are ready for business.

Mr. Skidmore will tell you how much you must pay each month. And thereafter every month, before the tenth—you go out to the junk yard and pay your tax. As long as you do that you seem to be able to operate without molestation from anyone. If you default in that payment by the tenth—you are out of business.

The Internal Revenue boys played a rather dirty trick on Mr. Skidmore. Quietly they stationed a couple of operators with a movie camera, effectively camouflaged, opposite Mr. Skidmore's junk yard. Day after day gamblers, public officials, police entered the door of the junk yard. And as they did, the heartless film recorded the scene. It makes a wonderful movie.

### The Tie That Binds

Skidmore apparently makes plenty of money out of this. For instance, Uncle Sam's bookkeepers worked out that Mr. Skidmore in 1938 had an income of half a million dollars (\$511,150.87). He made only \$2,996.40 on his junk business. He is a partner of Billy Johnson and he made \$31,300 on gambling. But there was a little matter of \$167,733.58 in currency and some more income amounting to \$303,000 which was unaccounted for—mysterious income from some unknown source, but actually connected with the beautiful movie that the officers made.

Now why do these gamblers pay Skidmore all this money? He must give them something. And the something that he gives them is protection.

But protection from whom? Who can hurt a poor gambler minding his own business? Nobody but the police, the courts, the politicians and the gangsters. It is against the law to run these shops. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Skidmore protects them all by himself. Whom does Skid do business with and how much does he pay? Whom, in short, does he represent?

Well, to begin with, there has always been a curious cordiality between the gentlemen who run the joints and the gentlemen who run the city of Chicago—and perhaps in your town too. One of the Kelly-Nash judiciary luminaries once said: "Whenever crime and politics are united, the illegal gambling enterprise is the link that binds them."

It's an old cordiality. Political bigwigs acted as pallbearers at gangster funerals. Al Capone could keep his dog tracks open for two years under protection of an injunction by a machine judge—an act branded by the higher court as utterly "repugnant to the theory upon which courts of justice are organized." Such instances can be multiplied abundantly.

These things mean nothing, perhaps, save that they exhibit the kindly friendliness of the rulers of the town and the rulers of vice. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Mike Flynn, City Clerk, mighty ruler of the old Lucky Thirteenth Ward. As becomes a great chief, Mr. Flynn has his outing each year. One year it was held at the Lincolnshire Club. Of course there was a program. And the pages were sold to persons who would pay forty dollars a page. And there you see page after page of "good wishes" to good old Mike from Denny Cooney, the vice lord of the South Side,

## These Our Rulers

Continued from page 23

from breweries, taverns, gamblers and even from a Republican police court judge, who sent \$40 of good wishes to Mike—all mixed in among wishes from "Mamie," Mae's Tavern, Mae's Cozy Grill, Nellie Carey, Finnegan and McGovern, gambling joint owners, who shot the good wishes for \$80. They're just friendly—that's all there is to it.

But who protects them from the cops? I talked with Police Commissioner Allman about that. He is a rugged, blunt, straightforward Irishman with a heavy brogue, who has all the marks of an honest man. "What can the police do against bookies," he asks, "save to arrest them? Look at the records of this department. You will find not hundreds of arrests every year but thousands. We can bring them to court, produce the evidence—that is all we can do."

And that is true. The police do make arrests. But the courts have discharged them as fast as they come in or have assessed fines so small as to be negligible. Yet this is not the whole story. For instance, when the government went over Mr. Skidmore's books they found one investment in a mortgage—a \$10,000 note on the home of Police Captain Thomas H. Harrison. Captain Harrison gets \$4,000 a year. A home with a \$10,000 mortgage is quite a shelter for a \$4,000-a-year man. It's a handsome brick structure worth plenty more than \$10,000—nearer twenty or thirty thousand. Captain Harrison said the mortgage was arranged for him by Mr. Jake Arvey, the Number Three Kelly-Nash boss. And he explained the fine home by saying that before he was a cop he was a bricklayer, hadn't forgotten his art, and had built it with his own hands.

Captain Joseph Goldberg is a supervising captain. He lives in a magnificent home on his \$5,000 salary and has two airplanes—airplanes being his hobby.

Captain Laird, chief of the county police, also a Kelly-Nash subsidiary, was haled before the Grand Jury. He wouldn't talk. So the gentlemen of the

jury put on a little movie show. And there Captain Laird had a cure of seeing himself as a movie walking as friendly as you please. Billy Skidmore's junk yard times. Then the Captain, charged with enforcing the laws in the county, admitted visited Mr. Skidmore twice a year. No special reason, just dropped in twice a week, hello, how are you and ain't it a terrible winter we're having?

### The Captain Can't Remember

And the Captain also made calls at Billy Johnson's beautiful Ellyn estate—no special reason interested even in Mr. Johnson didn't even know him, just wanted to ride Mr. Johnson's horses a while. And he liked it so he bought himself a riding costume. His bank account was a deposit he was only a lieutenant, for cash all in one lump. And Laird couldn't remember when it for the life of him.

Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of Daily News, Republican leader in Chicago, told me this story. After he became mayor he talked with Frank a friendly chat he told Knox that months time he, Knox, would be him 100 per cent because he would give Chicago that kind of administration. Later Colonel Knox had to go on a police captain. He didn't tell the paper. He put it up to the mayor. The mayor was indignant. The would be out before nightfall, but the captain was not ousted. He was promoted.

It's all a bit baffling. There's the cops, the courts—all Kelly-Nash servants. When occasion requires heat can be turned on for a week or month—and presto! even closes. For instance, at intervals the past year a federal grand jury been hauling the bookies before



"All right, Kennesaw, it's done now"

REAMER KE



in, Skidmore and many others indicted on income tax cases. Although these proceedings the he run full blast, even though the loss of the Annenberg service. Around March of this year the jur's hunt was getting hotter. Primary election was coming on. The Nash machine was out in a "Roosevelt and Humanity." News was hot on the pur-Dight Green, Republican run-governor, was throwing hot the machine. I was able to lo-three places in the Loop along Madison, West Adams, West West Lake, West Washing-Noh Clark, North State, North Wabash, North Dearborn—the's throw from the Hall, all controlled by the Capone Syn-Levin had a luxurious place West Randolph—the Four Hun-Club, with about \$25,000 worth of in and leather furniture. He other places.

### Vanishing Act

One night Mr. Billy Skidmore, William Johnson, and a high of the County Committee were in in the Morrison Hotel, atic headquarters. I came upon ere. And the situation must ben grave. Mr. Skidmore's bland unenance under his bald head wn in grave perturbation. The committee official was no less he heads were all together— for an hour—and in the lobby of ol for all to see. I felt something was in the wind. Next day the "Holes," as Dr. Elmer Williams em, were closed. Word had gone n somewhere. It is possible to em. No axes were needed, such es's Attorney Courtney used; no arrests. Just a word from some-

us several days before the pres-ased. Then some of the joints re very quietly. Passing the Four ed Club—run by Hymie Levin ew Tobacco Ryan—I found its closed. Some detectives were either guarding the portals or for a trolley. Against the wall the door sat a very small per-oding a paper. I leaned over him ked: "Where're they runnin' to- other?"

10 North Wells Street," he said. over to 10 North Wells where, t the slightest difficulty, I walked watched about a hundred peo-adying the boards, the tip-sheets acing bets on the ponies. urneyed out to Cicero, unaccom- l, unguided. There in the after- I walked into the Rock Garden another Syndicate joint, where st five hundred ladies and gentle- vere shooting craps, playing black- roulette and betting on the horses g casino that filled almost an acre. ht there were five crap games— ables with twenty-five or more ed around—four blackjack games, oulette wheels, a klondike game oker game running—all requiring ervices of about forty attendants. ar away the Paddock Club was in last and, I was told, there were al others. I could find them with- e slightest difficulty and watch aw being fractured into little . But the police can't. Heigh-ho! olind are our rulers!

s bookie racket has produced bad blood in the never too happy cratic household in Chicago. Tom ney, once a machine senator, now ous State's Attorney, back in 1928 an ax brigade and smashed up

bookie joints at the rate of several a day. Cases were prepared with the most exacting care. As fast as Courtney yanked them into the municipal courts, the lawyers yanked them out again. The judges denounced the prosecutors for entering bookie joints without a warrant—one of the weirdest jests of the decade.

So Courtney turned his guns on Kelly. He ran for mayor against Kelly in the Democratic primaries. "The mayor," he thundered, "is part and parcel of the Syndicate which controls gambling." He said: "No syndicate could operate here under the eyes of the mayor if he wanted it stopped." He told the voters that "the fact that Kelly permits a hoodlum syndicate to control gambling in itself establishes that he is part and parcel of it. The fix is in at the top," he cried.

But the mechanized legions of the dreaded Kelly-Nash machine rolled over him. Now either he has become good, or something has happened. For he is running for State's Attorney again and the man he denounced as the partner of killers and gangsters is supporting him for re-election. Queer fellows, those politicians.

Of course there are the ward committeemen. They might well make it difficult for a mayor who took the law too seriously. A ward is a little principality. It is a kind of five- or six-ringed circus containing numerous concessions, designed to minister to the frailties of man. The great river wards are called the rich wards—rich in the opportunities of those who serve humanity on its lighter side—taverns, bookie joints, houses of prostitution, dope merchants.

Richest of all perhaps is the old First—over which broods the gentle authority of the aging Hinky Dink Kenna, now eighty-one. It includes the Loop and much besides—gambling palaces in hotels, Syndicate bookie joints, twenty-five-cent bookies in cigar stores, honky-tonks, night clubs like Blondie's on Michigan Avenue or the Coo-Coo Club and Frolics on Wabash or the taxi dance halls, dope peddlers and flop houses where votes are stored—everything from the peep show to the ten grand bet on a horse. The old Hink is shy, frail, vanishing—one hears rumors that Frank Nitti is beginning to exercise unseen the sovereign powers of the principality.

There is the Forty-Second Ward of Botchy Connors—well-stocked with taverns, bawdy houses, slot machines, dance halls, bookie joints. And the great Twenty-Seventh, called by some the "riveriest" of all the river wards.

### More Laws—More Money

All these enterprises—all lawless—can operate only under a charter of protection from someone. And the racket fastens itself on everything.

The tavern is an endless source of graft. Chicago has plenty of laws regulating them. The more laws they make, the more there are to break. There are laws regulating entrances, the windows, the light in the bar, the hours of opening and closing, and prohibiting ladies from acting as hostesses therein. Bars must close at 2 A. M. But those hours from 2 to 5 or 7 A. M. are very profitable to thousands of taverns. Hence they remain open—with someone's permission.

The racket does not end with the tavern, the brothel and the bookie shop. A new and interesting type of murder has appeared in Chicago. It is called the Goon murder. It signalizes the presence of the gangster in the business of leading labor unions. The special weapon of the Goon murderer is the baseball bat. It prevents identification of bullets. It is noiseless and cheap.

Indeed the strange mixture of business, labor, gangsterism and politics is

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nowhere so beautifully developed as in Chicago. The surface of the labor racket in Chicago has scarcely been scratched.

Take the teamsters. Since around 1908 there was a Chicago Teamsters' Union—which had broken away from the A. F. of L. It was a fairly good union. But slowly some very bad boys penetrated it. It had numerous groups—coal teamsters, ice cream drivers, laundry drivers and so on. The president of the Coal Teamsters' Union around 1932 was Daniel Dean. He had a brother-in-law named George Red Barker. Barker and Three-Finger Jack White were gangsters and, like others in their profession, were looking for a new racket as the dry era dribbled to its end. They turned to labor, selected the Coal Teamsters' Union, walked in one day and announced they were taking over.

During their brief regime they collaborated with the Coal Merchants' Association to organize what was called the Truckers and Teamsters Exchange but was better known as the TNT. It turned out to be veritably that. The coal merchants were represented by a high official of the Kelly administration. And the object was to create a monopoly for those merchants that would be policed by the teamsters under Messrs. Red Barker and Three-Finger Jack White. Of course managers like Barker and White very soon ran the show and collected \$2 a month from every coal merchant for every truck he operated.

### Who Gets the Teamsters?

In good time the firm of Barker and White was dissolved with a sub-machine gun. The union reverted to Jack Sheridan, its business agent. But not for long. One day in April, 1933, the Touhy mob walked in with drawn guns, and announced: "This is the Touhy bunch. We're taking charge." They seized the officers and locked them in a basement where they were kept several days.

The next chapter happened swiftly. Mr. George Roy Baker, another gangster, saw the possibilities of this racket. Also State's Attorney Tom Courtney decided to break up the weak and corrupt rule of the union's officials. And so while those officials were imprisoned in the basement by the Touhy gang, Mr. George Roy Baker walked in, supported by the State's Attorney's men. "On your way, Jack," said Mr. Baker to Mr. Sheridan. "You're out." So the teamsters had a new leader—George Roy Baker.

But apparently Baker needed money faster than the teamsters promised. So he went out one night to get it on the highway, got caught, and was sent to the penitentiary for burglary. It was now necessary to get a new leader. So, under Mr. Courtney's sponsorship, an election was held and Mr. James (Lefty) Lynch was made head of the teamsters. Mr. Lynch had once been sent up for twenty years for murder and indicted on other occasions for lesser offenses. He is out now and a new leader—a former teamster—is at the head. But this is the Chicago way of dealing with gangsters and labor rackets. The teamsters are now an appendage of the machine.

There are the barroom workers. The white bar flies are ruled by Louis Romano; the colored by J. Livert Kelley, known as St. Louis Kelley. Romano has been indicted three times for murder—all connected with gang operations. But each time the charge has been nolle prossed. Kelley has faced forty-four charges in twenty-eight courts in many fields of endeavor—from assault with intent to kill to malicious mischief and pandering. And now we have the amazing spectacle of the former head of the bartenders' union getting an injunction against Romano, Murray Humphreys, Paul Ricca, Little New York Campagna, Capone gangsters, and Frank Nitti, the

gang head, to prevent them from operating the union. And there are accusations in the legal papers that the gang is interested in breweries, distilleries, liquor distributors—all legal, mind you—and uses its control of the union to exploit their products.

The building service employees are ruled—or were until recently—by that George Scalise who was convicted as a pander many years ago. The hotel service men are ruled by an ex-bootlegger, the flat janitors by Frank Diamond, Capone's brother-in-law, the moving-picture operators in Chicago by Nick Circella or Nick Dean, known as Nickelodeon, another ex-pander, the retail clerks by Max Caldwell, an ex-Capone man. The laundry drivers are dominated by Murray Humphreys, another Capone hoodlum. These gentlemen ply their activities as the guardians of labor in Chicago with no more molestation than the bookies and maintain the closest and friendliest relations with the great machine which rules Chicago.

I have on other occasions in Collier's referred to that priceless leader of labor, Mr. Mike Carrozzo—merely calling attention to his palatial estate at Hobart, Indiana, which he bought with \$170,000 in thousand-dollar bills and which he subsequently improved with at least another hundred thousand dollars in currency. Mike Carrozzo, who started life as a street cleaner, became head of the street cleaners' union and now rules a score of unions covering everything connected with streets and roads, from the building to the maintenance and sweeping thereof.

Carrozzo tells Chicago that it cannot use ready-mixed cement on its streets. While I was in Chicago the city took bids on 100,000 yards of asphalt. The Illinois Asphalt Company was lowest bidder, but too small to handle it all. The city took other informal bids, and got prices from 26 to 45 cents a yard lower than Illinois'. It gave the contract to the low-

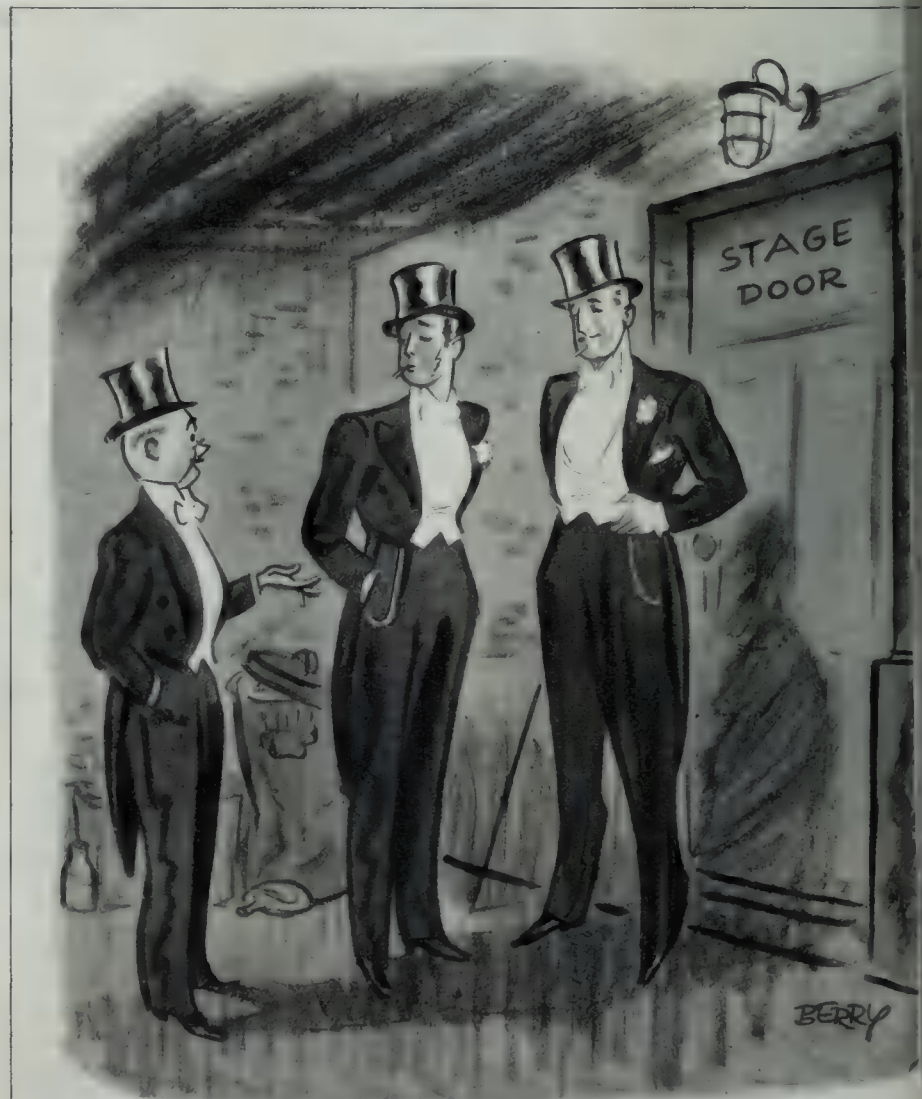
est bidders. Mr. Carrozzo called a strike of the asphalt Sam Kart, official head of the once president and an incorporator of the Illinois Asphalt Company.

Carrozzo, like Bioff and so many other Chicago laborers began life with a charge of against him, which was never was tried along with Big Tim for the murder of Mossy Enriester. A huge defense fund was and both were acquitted.

Later Big Tim was convicted Dearborn Station \$320,000 Carrozzo was charged also, but on bail and never tried. When put thousands of hungry men in 1934, Carrozzo compelled the \$1 a month to the union for the of working. He, too, is now a dictment for income-tax evasion.

### Chicago Wonders

Fine as it may be for Chicago to command the talents of such there are still some Chicagoans who so far as to say it is a pretty fish. The idea seems to have around that Chicago, like your among other things a large hucity which has a life of its own which life it is living under the advertised processes of democracy. They wonder, perhaps because of timid people, and lack faith, whether democratic society can hold this kind of management. If they like it they seem pretty helpless. Countless thousands of taverers, their help, bookie joints, help, contractors, businessmen, their managers find themselves on same side of the street as some sixty thousand job holders. All with their friends and the unhappy whom they befriend with public they make a mighty host. They be able to rule.



"Of course I enjoy a slight advantage over you fellows—I'm married to her"

MICHAEL B.



## Dusk to Daybreak

Continued from page 11

res enjoyable in exact propor-  
to the attention one is able to pay

General's private sentry passed  
the corridor outside the cell. He  
was according to orders. The pur-  
pose of the sentry was, of course, to pre-  
vent escape. But also it was his  
duty to forestall any such unseemly  
incident. The sentry was a plump-  
boned man, perhaps twenty-one  
or twenty-two. His eyes were large and  
he was fascinated as he looked in at  
General Moreno, smoking composedly  
his cigarette. Later, he would undoubt-  
edly be in awe of the General's  
presence and would wait for his execution as  
he had waited for breakfast.  
The sentry would be useful to those  
who continued the struggle from which  
General Moreno had been removed. But  
it was of little importance to him.

Two smoke rings, enjoying the  
sentry could devote to so trivial a  
task. Presently the sentry passed  
and his eyes again were round and  
stared. The general was possessed  
of the will to explain to him that one  
need not worry when one's worries are  
officially at an end. But to speak  
the sentry would frighten him.

When him. There, that was an  
end. The sentry could be frightened,  
General Moreno was not. He had  
been afraid, of course. There had been  
times when his tongue moved stiffly in  
his mouth; when stark panic  
seized him; when terror yam-  
ped his will, demanding that it  
allow him to flee. Those  
times he had resisted, appearing out-  
wardly serene when within him was  
turbulence. Naturally he had al-  
ways assumed that men were fright-  
ened when they knew they were to be  
killed. True, he'd seen other men  
facing squads with complete com-  
posure. Most men did, when you  
thought of it. Some ground their teeth  
and were white-faced and resolutely  
brave. But an amazing number liter-  
ally did not seem to mind. At least they  
did not flinch more than they would if  
expected—say—to have a tooth

General Moreno found the problem  
very interesting. He refused to  
discuss professional matters. His of-  
ficers, Viznaga and Cervera and Gomez  
Alderson and all the rest—were  
present. One of them would take  
him and the fight for liberty would  
begin. But he was to be shot in the  
back. He had hours of freedom,  
absolutely nothing to distract his  
mind. It was fascinating to debate  
the question of whether he would be  
killed.

Far away, and filtered through  
the thicknesses of wall and much  
of the corridor, he heard a bugle's  
call. The sound was infinitely famil-  
iar. He had heard it so many times, at  
many places! At a little camp by bad  
land when his whole force was no more  
than a hundred men. And then more  
than half of them were wearing filthy  
clothes and many were barely able  
to walk or ride, and all were weary and  
sick and sad at heart. And then he  
heard the bugles blow from the gov-  
ernment's palace of a broad and fertile  
land—the greatest of the republic—  
it seemed that victory for his  
cause was secure; when his troops were  
fed and paid and almost adequately  
armed. Now he heard it from his  
cell.

He was not frightened. Looking

forward to battle, heretofore, he had  
very often been too busy for fear. How-  
ever, in that little affair at Ensenada—  
with no more than fifty men under him,  
so low had his prospects sunk—then he  
had been sick with terror while waiting  
for the time to strike. His throat was  
dry, then. His heart pounded. His legs  
felt like jelly. Yet nobody had guessed,  
and the affair was quite successful and  
led to many recruits' joining him and  
definitely was the turning point toward  
what had promised to be decisive victory.

That particular fit of terror, he re-  
flected, was because of uncertainty. The  
affair at Ensenada had been a gamble.  
And he was not inherently a gambler.  
When defeat was likely, he prepared to  
minimize it. Victories could similarly  
be foreseen and prepared for with much  
tedious effort. Only the uncertain was  
alarming.

Yet he was not frightened now, and  
what was more uncertain than death?

HIS cigarette had burned short. He  
crushed it out, and, rising, glanced  
out the tiny barred window. The win-  
dow itself was too small for his body to  
pass through, and it was barred besides.  
He noted the fact abstractedly. Escape  
was not actually in his mind. He had  
seen too many prisoners kept safe, and  
had known of too few escapes. He did  
not clutch at straws.

He found, however, that there was no  
profound meditation in which he wished  
to engage. Considering the merciless  
fashion in which he had driven himself  
these past few years, it was not to be  
wondered at. But it was wryly amusing  
that since it was plainly futile to worry  
about the cause he had fought for, he  
had nothing left to think about at all.  
He was apt to become bored by his own  
freedom to think of whatever he chose,  
pending the moment of his execution.

He seated himself on the cot again  
and lighted another cigarette. He looked  
at his hands. He moved his fingers. He  
made the motions of writing. He re-  
flected upon the pleasure—which he had  
not enjoyed for years—of doing some-  
thing with one's hands when that thing  
is done well. There is a satisfaction in  
doing a thing precisely and efficiently.  
He could see, suddenly, that a carpenter  
shaping a timber might find the same  
almost esthetic pleasure that he had  
felt in seeing an action develop under  
his hand to victory. And then, too—his  
thoughts pursued the subject—a carpen-  
ter would admire another man's honest  
woodwork as he had admired the strat-  
egy and tactics of generals of the past.

He smiled a twisted smile. It was  
humiliating to reflect that out of all his  
victories he had secured no greater sat-  
isfaction than a peon carpenter might  
find in the fashioning of honestly made  
bullock yokes! But was it not appro-  
priate for him to think at this time of  
the vanity of all earthly things?

General Moreno now honestly grinned  
at his own thoughts. For the first time  
since childhood he had leisure to think  
freely of anything he chose. And he  
tended to return to childhood solemn-  
ities! There was no reason to avoid such  
thinking if it pleased him, but—

He became abruptly aware of the  
sentry, staring at him. The sentry had  
halted in his passage, seeing an expres-  
sion of genuine amusement upon the  
face of the condemned prisoner. He  
stared at General Moreno with suspi-  
cion and alarm. He looked hurriedly  
about the small cell. Then he hastened  
away.

General Moreno shrugged. He crushed  
out his cigarette carefully. The sentry

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would now undoubtedly report him mad.

But it was not so simple. In minutes only—and General Moreno had barely lighted another cigarette—there was the sound of hurrying feet. Soldiers. An officer. He gave curt orders, unlocked the cell door and came suspiciously inside.

"General Moreno," he said politely, "I regret to disturb you, but there has arisen a doubt. I feel it necessary to make sure that no communication has reached you."

General Moreno found this, also, humorous. Because he was not frightened, he was suspected of a hope of escape. He stood up, his lips twitching, while the officer searched the little cell. It was not possible to hide anything in it. It became evident that if anything was hidden it was upon General Moreno's person.

The officer regarded him uncertainly. "I do not wish to be discourteous," he said uncomfortably, "but it is important—"

"If you wish to search me," said General Moreno dryly, "I have no objection. But if there were a communication I would be foolish not to burn or swallow it."

The officer made a decision. If there had been a communication, General Moreno had certainly read it. And as certainly, if it contained anything important, he would have destroyed it.

"Pardon me," said the officer, "I regret the intrusion. Is there anything—"

"Nothing," said General Moreno as politely, "I have only been amused."

The officer said shrewdly:

"But would you not wish paper and a pen?"

General Moreno shook his head. "If I grow bored," he said tranquilly, "I shall go to sleep."

He knew, serenely, that it would be quite possible. Indeed, it would be easy. But he was enjoying himself in a fashion that had long been denied him. He refused the responsibility of pen and paper. He would continue to smoke and breathe and meditate in blessed idleness and freedom. If he felt sleepy, he would go to sleep. Assuredly he felt no obligation to leave behind a solemn, patriotic document his enemies would find themselves moved to destroy.

HE SEATED himself upon the cot again and smoked contentedly. Even the intrusion had its value. It had come about because he was not frightened. And why was he not frightened?

He settled down to debate the matter with himself. He had, quite seriously, no faintest hope of escape. Mercy from the dictator was, of course, out of the question. A rescue was equally absurd. It would cost too many men and its chances of success would be practically nonexistent.

General Moreno had trained his subordinates adequately. If they carried on as he had taught them—and he had proved the truth of his teachings—they would end with victory and freedom for their country. He would be dead, to be sure, but there were enough other men dead of the fight for freedom.

No. They would not attempt to rescue him. It would violate every principle he had taught them. And therefore he could smoke comfortably and enjoy the six hours which now remained in the freedom he had been denied because he fought for freedom.

But he heard bugles blowing outside. He heard the hurrying, rustling noise of men assembling with their accouterments. Presently he heard the muffled, measured sound of marching troops. Listening, he knew even about how many men had been mustered. There had been no shots. No alarm. There was no artillery in motion to accompany a column setting out upon a march. It

was an alert, a posting of troops, a posture of defense.

And General Moreno knew it had come about because he was frightened. A grin at an unthought. A sentry who saw it and could not understand it. A less search of his cell. It all added to suspicion of an attempt at preparations to prevent it.

It was humorous. But it did again and insistently the question why he was not frightened. Of many other men faced firing with complete composure. General Moreno remembered two men so cowardice who had died bravely an adobe wall. Why? How did men that men smoked zestfully way to execution? Why did men appetite to eat when presently—

General Moreno was enormously curious. He puffed at his cigarette went over and over the problem. Age was not the answer. He was afraid, but he was not afraid now two men shot for cowardice had serenity with an adobe wall at their backs. Perhaps, of course, the ministrations of the padre had helped his recollection of other and scout persons did not bear that out. Men, pious or pagan, died bravely if they had time to foresee it precisely.

WHY? General Moreno began to annoy with his brain for the secret of its own tranquillity. He could visualize the entire process of his own execution, from the binding of his arms in this small prison cell, to the moment when he would stand facing executioners. He would most probably be conceded the privilege of having eyes left unbound. Sitting on a cot and smoking comfortably, General Moreno could literally see the level of that would face him, with the heads of the peon faces behind them. He could hear the hoarse, barked commands that would end with billowing wisps of smoke and flame from the rifle muzzles. He could feel the impact of the bullets. . . .

He knocked the ash from his cigarette again, absurdly puzzled. He had been wounded more than once. The execution volley would not be painful. He would merely feel numbed, by the impacts and then see the world go crazy as his body crumpled. But what?

He blew a smoke ring, frowning interestedly. He went through with execution. He saw himself—his position—on the ground. And still he was not frightened.

Presently he found himself yawning. He settled himself luxuriously on the cot. His breathing became deep and hurried, like that of a child.

Footsteps roused him. He sat up and yawned again, reflecting that he had had so untroubled a sleep for years. He turned his head, expecting a file of soldiers. But it was merely a guard and the padre.

He made a slight grimace. One could be polite, but he had not been a polite man. Among other things, he had been literally too busy ever to think of anything but the task he had set himself. He looked at his watch. An hour.

The padre entered the cell. The padre retired out of earshot. Half an hour later the padre left, promising to return. General Moreno had asked the padre to leave him alone. He felt a trifle rueful. He had been in his mind to stand with dignity, explaining that since he had ignored religious matters for so many years, it seemed not quite honorable attempt to evade the consequences that neglect by a last-minute attention. But there was the universal curiosity, and now he could assure as he pleased! So he told the



that he could not summon tears for anything he had done. He regretted. Some he would make no hypocritical attempt to curry divine favor by pretensions of repentance. A man might weep or howl to prove sincerity," said the padre dryly, "but a gentleman would say but a word. I do not pass upon such things. *Nuestro Padre* is a gentleman. We understand you."

General Moreno felt that he had never been ridiculous, but whether he attempted at dignity or not, he was not frightened. But still it bothered him that he was not frightened. He heard the steady sound of marching. The rattling of equipment. Marching men. Companies halted and were dismissed. More men and more. It had at last been reached that General Moreno's failure to fight—however inexplicable—was not an indication of any suicidal attempt on the part of his subordinates to rescue him. The whole camp was in confusion as the men who had been under arms were ordered and dismissed.

The sound of their return and dismissal was a continuous, monotonous hum. But then there were men marching down the corridor outside of General Moreno's cell. And that was not monotonous. It was his summons to action. He lighted a last cigarette. The padre was with the soldiers. General Moreno smiled at him as the soldiers bound his arms behind him. The door opened. He marched out, his head up.

Out into the open air. The sky was gray and as yet was colorless. There was the wall before him, pock-marked with something near breast height. There was the firing squad, peons all, with the inevitable hang-dog look of men on such occasions. Their officers moved jerkily back and forth, their hands fluttering nervously as they wiped sweat from their faces.

For the fortieth time General Moreno imagined the thing: the gun muzzles pointing suddenly, the little mist of smoke, the numbed, violent thrustings of bullets striking and then his body falling on the ground while his death was certain. He could foresee it in minute detail, even to the exist of the father through the narrow door with his body upon it.

Then, abruptly, he said: "For Dios! That is it!" The padre looked at him. "I can foresee everything," said General Moreno in the tone of one who has solved an extraordinarily vexing problem. "Everything up to the moment rifles speak. And then I see my body on the ground, and I see it picked up and carried away—but I am standing up and looking down at it!"

The padre looked triumphantly at the padre. "Do you see? It is not possible for me to imagine myself as dead. Only my body. Nobody can imagine himself dead! So that, no matter how defiant a man may be of your ministrations, at the end he is forced to picture his body lying crumpled on the ground—while he stands apart and reads it!"

The padre said simply: "But of course. He probably does."

Suddenly, over the wall, a voice shouted hoarsely above the confusion of marching and countermarching men in the grayish half-light. Abruptly there was an incredible, a savage, an intolerable tumult. Rifle fire broke out, furiously. Not at the edge of the dictator's position, where an attack should have developed. Here in the very center of the enemy's forces. A machine gun

blasted savagely. Rifle butts pounded resonantly upon a door that opened in the wall. A hand grenade exploded.

General Moreno stood rigid. He turned slowly and rather terribly pale. The officer in charge of his escort stared blankly, and then his hand went irresolutely to the revolver at his hip. The padre said quietly:

"If you shoot him, my son, we will all be killed."

Figures spilled to the earth from the wall crest. They came racing toward General Moreno, yelling joyously, rifles ready to kill any man who menaced him. Outside, the noise of battle rose to a prodigious roar. Then came a distant screaming sound that drew nearer and ended in a terrific explosion. The uproar redoubled.

Cheering men burst in the shattered door. Yelling men. Officers and troopers alike, roaring with triumph and the lust of battle. A young officer, laughing hysterically, slashed the bonds that bound General Moreno's arms behind him.

"General!" he cried. "General! We did it. Cervera said it could not be done! He said we risked the revolution for you! He said that you would have forbidden it! But he led one regiment when we overruled him! We marched into camp from the rear in column, while they were marching and countermarching without sense. They did not even look at us, thinking we were more of themselves! Now Viznega is pounding them with artillery from the hills; we have three regiments right in their midst; there'll be a frontal attack all along the line—"

General Moreno silenced him with a gesture.

"Get your men under cover," he ordered crisply. "If there's any discipline left, they'll try to crush us and then face about to drive off the outer attack. Send a runner—"

A distant roar of battle. It spread and spread and spread. Men poured in the gate, dancing, to yell hilariously and then force their way out again. There was surprise, inevitable disorganization and overwhelming victory.

Three hours later, General Moreno sat at a desk before which officer after officer appeared to report—usually with documents. He was very busy consolidating the victory, which was final. There was now no authority in existence to combat the forces which under General Moreno had fought for liberty. Liberty, freedom—everything he had fought for was at his disposal to give to his fellow countrymen. But, of course, he was not free, because he had to make very many decisions of far-reaching importance.

WHEN they brought before him the dictator, his late antagonist, General Moreno rose to his feet.

"Señor," he said politely, "I regret that the fortune of war—"

His late antagonist regarded him stonily.

"It is my fault," he said harshly. "I should have had you shot last night. Now you will have me shot instead."

General Moreno said regretfully:

"If you were imprisoned, señor, you might escape. If you were free, you would revolt. As I did. I fear, señor, that it is necessary. Shall we say tomorrow?"

His late antagonist shrugged, his eyes hard. General Moreno sat down at his desk again. Work had piled up for his attention and there was mountainous labor ahead. But he had had sound and untroubled sleep the night before. He looked up, already thinking of something else.

"Tomorrow, then," said General Moreno abstractedly. He added: "I assure you, señor, that it will be a most interesting experience. I found it so."

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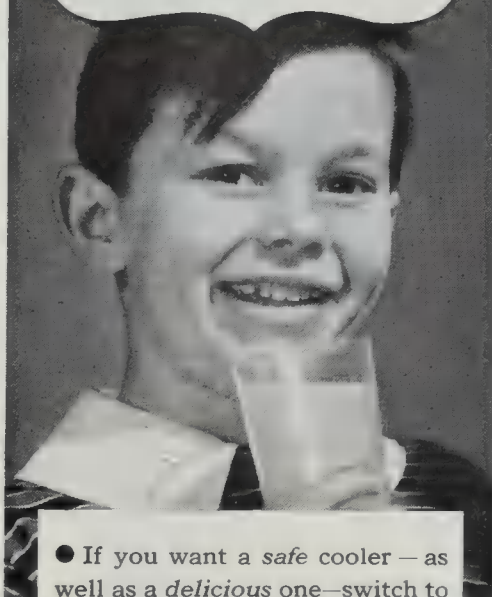




## Caught with Our Guard Down

Continued from page 19

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assume that in modern equipment the militia is about twenty per cent efficient you wouldn't be hopelessly wrong. And much of what they've got would fail to make an enemy pause and reflect. For example, they have a fairly complete allotment of 75-millimeter field guns. But only a few of them have been modernized. To back up these World War 75s there should be 105-millimeter guns and howitzers. But they're still on paper. And there should be an array of the more potent 155s—nice heavy belchers to keep the invader at home. In our whole Initial Protective Force we have exactly four of these dependable brutes, although the National Guard has at least seen pictures of them.

Theoretically, the National Guard has 90,000 automatic rifles—the Garand or M1. Actually they have about 7,500. As war goes today, the .30-caliber machine guns the militiamen have are demoted to the tickler class. They have almost no .50s and won't have more before November, 1941. Of course there are a million fine Springfield rifles in the Army's lockers and perhaps 700,000 Enfields, that is, if they haven't been turned over to the Allies as part of our "surplus." And very good rifles they are too—provided we're to fight as we fought twenty years ago. However, if we can stall the enemy off until June, 1942, these sixty per cent of our Initial Protective Forces may be able to lick somebody. Even Mussolini, although we hate to boast.

That gives you the idea. That the National Guard, upon whom our permanent military establishment counts so heavily when there's work to be done, should be a sort of Army stepchild is not hard to understand. Until the President calls the National Guard into federal service it is a state and not a national instrument. And although the militia is as old as the nation it was not until 1903 that even the President had the power to muster it into the United States Army.

#### It Pays to Be Nice

But even since the National Defense Act of 1903 the United States Army has no direct control over the Guard. The Army Staff has found it convenient to be good to the Guard for political as well as military reasons, the Guard having vote influence with its congressmen who, in turn, are besought by the regulars for fat appropriations. Not that it got the Guard much. Yet laws subsequent to 1903 established a National Guard Bureau within the General Staff and it is the duty of this bureau to write the Guard's budget and see to it that the militiamen get their fair share of what Army appropriations buy.

There are eighteen divisions of militia—all of them of the old, heavy, square type. No attempt has been made to reform these ponderous divisions, far too unwieldy for prompt and effective action in modern warfare, into the new triangular speedster divisions. The full war strength of one of the square Guard divisions is about 27,000. The more mobile triangles will take in only twelve or thirteen thousand. Just how these two formations could be welded into a cohesive army is not at all clear even to the General Staff.

To modernize the National Guard—reorganize it—might not be too difficult in the populous state of New York where the present personnel of the Guard is about 20,000. With a little recruiting and the addition of New York's four independent or nondivisionalized military bodies, the 27th (New York)

Division might readily be enlarged to two triangular divisions. Incidentally we'll have more to say about those non-divisional units.

If the state of New York agreed to it, her own National Guard could be mobilized within her own borders without a word from Congress or a presidential call and the transformation might be effected. It would mean, of course, the breaking up of old regiments, some of which are held together by sentiment and little more. It would be asking units to sacrifice traditions. It would mean the building of new armories and violent alterations of old ones.

#### Units That Won't Mix

But the problem of making a 1940 model out of, say, the 41st Division, National Guard, would be much more difficult. The 41st represents Wyoming, Montana, Washington and Oregon. All the barriers to streamlining existing in each of these states. Then you'd have to add the reluctance of the military authorities (largely political) of the four states to agree to any one plan of mobilization. Moreover, the commander of the Oregon unit might not become madly enthusiastic were the commander of the Wyoming Guard given precedence or higher rank. In the meantime both Montana and Washington would be convinced that their lads were far superior to the militiamen from the other two states.

Then there'd always be the question of each state's quota to the new setup. For example, Wyoming has only 797 enlisted guardsmen and sixty-one officers. But Oregon produces 3,333 men and 251 officers. Washington has but a few less than Oregon, but Montana has only 1,200 militia. Of course, before any sort of a division could be built out of these slim pickings, considerable recruiting would have to be done—and done at home. Illinois, for example, might have enough guardsmen to build a division and a half but you couldn't very well move Illinois' extras to Montana, Wyoming, Oregon and Washington.

All of which may have a silly ring, which is precisely the kind of ring it's supposed to have. It would be even sillier to try it. The fundamental reason for the new triangular division, aside from mobility and speed, is mechanization. Why, therefore, reduce the Guard divisions to a triangle when you can't put them on wheels? As we've already hinted broadly, many of the Guard units haven't anything as mechanized as a good old ten-ton truck—or any truck.

Of course, had we the equipment, the National Guard could be modernized to formidable proportions. It would be necessary to mobilize them as on the Mexican border in 1916. If the President and the General Staff got tough about it, the results might be extremely military and the militia would cease with considerable speed to be a laughing matter. But the General Staff, with its right eye searching the horizon for a potential enemy and its left on Capitol Hill from whence cometh its strength, has been at some pains to avoid responsibility for a mobilization order. If

Congress can be convinced that it is necessary and the President issues the General Marshall and his G's (General Staff sections) will, of course, be to death. In about five months the Guard would be physically fit for duty, foreign or domestic. All that is needed is something to fight with.

Although the National Guard is less than sixty per cent of our somewhat than dependable Initial Protective Force, the General Staff's ability to make it as useful as it is is quite limited. For example, there is nothing we need more at the moment than a dependable coast-defense anti-aircraft force. To be sure, we haven't got much equipment to equip such units with, however dependable the lads might be. And it would take a couple of years to fit them out with highly spectacular patriotic securities. Furthermore, it is a rather special job, calling for men of some natural elasticity and capable of learning quickly and forgetting slowly.

#### They Like Their Independence

But there are throughout our National Guard some thirteen or fourteen Guard units from brigades and regiments to lone companies which are parts of the eighteen divisions. For example, there are the 10th, 14th, 369th and 369th regiments in New York, but the 10th located in the city of New York. Then there are such outfits as the 56th Cavalry Brigade of Texas, Minnesota's 92d Brigade, the 8th Illinois, the 1st Arkansas, the 3d Battalion of the 372d Illinois Infantry. And so on. Six of these units, including the 10th New York, are Negro troops. They are not included in the National Guard's divisional make-up. Some are the developments of once swank outfits who considered themselves socially more desirable than the common regiments. Some are sentimental perpetuations of famous Civil War regiments and have been able to keep their independent status. And, of course, the Negro troops are set aside for the same noble reason that the big-league ball clubs don't use Negro players.

The nonmilitary mind has no trouble with all this. He settles it forthrightly by saying, "Convert them into anti-aircraft troops." The answer is proper: "Who's going to convert who?"

It has to be done on a voluntary basis—unless, of course, the President calls them into federal service. Well, alas, they'll do what they're told. They'll try hard to like it. Up to the moment scarcely any of these troops have shown any disposition to volunteer for anti-aircraft service—not because it means job nor an extraordinarily hazardous one. It's merely that these independent organizations are jealous of their independence.

At any rate, the General Staff is tiring on its best manners and oiling most persuasive tongues to convert these nondivisional troops that anti-aircraft stations need them, thus they can most pleasantly serve their country and demonstrate their skilled patriotism. And there's another and more guile-laden argument





and. Antiaircraft troops will serve time and not be packed off to outposts where the beer isn't good and the gals wear lisle stockings. Moreover it's nice, clean work in the presence of a large, enthusiastic home audience. And instead of carrying a .30-caliber rifle and sixty pounds of ammunition, the anti-aircraft gunner will be lugging away with three-inch, 37-millimeter and .50-caliber guns, to say nothing of heaven-stabbing searchlights. We've said nothing about the National Guard's air force. There are twenty-one air squadrons on paper. We should be fourteen planes in one squadron—all observation. So what? We may as well let it go at that. They'll be equipped in time. After all, the National Guard's contribution to

our national defense is not aerial. The regulars didn't call the militiamen fiddleheads for nothing.

Perhaps we should notify you, too, that the National Guard is innocent of parachutes, flame throwers, tanks, collapsible rubber boats and that Lorelei gas that lulled the Liege forts to sleep. And, of course, no dive bombers. Perhaps it's just as well. If they're anything like they were on the Mexican border in 1916 they'd be using them on one another. All except the flame throwers, that is.

We forgot to tell you that there are no barracks for the militiamen at the various training camps. The boys will be in tents. They'll use those flame throwers, if they get them, to keep warm with during those lovely Southern winter nights.

## Comeback

Continued from page 16

that put a crimp into everything concerning DeLancey around the camp and he would feel the eyes on him all the time. It was only when his finger began to peel and he started to bang the ball around with his old vigor that they finally decided they might be wrong about him. Curt Davis was the first to break the ice. He came up to Bill in the lobby of the St. Petersburg hotel one night. "You're going to make it, kid," he said, and that changed the attitude. Soon after that Branch Rickey came on and signed DeLancey to a contract. By this time he was throwing hard and hitting well, although he has always been a slow starter in the spring. When he had a conference with Rickey and Ray Blades, who was manager of the club, DeLancey was to work out every day, warm up pitchers, labor in the bull pen during the game and act as occasional pinch hitter.

Above all else, Bill was not to try too hard the first year. If he happened to come in when he was sent up in a pinch, he was to trot it out. That advice proved all right until the day in Cincinnati when Bill was inserted in the line-up in the eighth inning. Both Owen and Padgett had seen action and there was nobody else to use, but nobody expected that DeLancey would have more than an inning to work. However, Benny Mize tied it up with a homer at the game went fourteen innings to a decision. The Cards might have won the game if Bill hadn't missed a third strike on Bucky Walters but it was recognized as something that could happen to anybody. What was important was that DeLancey worked six innings without distress and came through with two outs, one of them an infield hopper that he beat out with a great sprint.

### Catching is Harder, Now

"You forget about trotting when you come in like that," says Bill, ruefully. "All you think about is putting down the ball and making tracks."

In short, Bill still retains his speed and his wonderful throwing arm. When he was in New York during the summer, he was plastering the ball into the right-field stands during the batting practice of his old-time style.

As a Rip Van Winkle who comes back from his sleep and thus has a view of big-league pitching from two eras, DeLancey has thoughts on the subject. "Down at Columbus we had one of the best minor-league teams ever known," says Bill proudly. "Bill Lee and Paul Dean headed that staff and we won the pennant by something like sixteen games. At St. Louis we had

Diz and Paul and Wild Bill and they had stuff to burn. Coming back now, I find that most of the new pitchers have developed trick deliveries. They throw the screwball, the slider, the downer. That makes it tougher on a catcher."

DeLancey is not a believer in the cult that a big-league catcher has to be a combination of Houdini and the Encyclopedia Britannica. The theory that a receiver can only learn his craft after long years leaves him scornful.

"If a guy couldn't learn most of the weaknesses of batters after two turns around the circuit, he'd be an awful dope," says Bill.

Because he didn't want any psychological hang-overs bothering him, he sold the ranch when he left Phoenix to join the Cardinals.

He says, "I don't want to have any doubts about it. I'm going to make it."

There have been reports that the pleurisy hangs on and that he must submit to regular tapplings but he denies it and most certainly has the look of a healthy man. His cheeks are rosy and he moves with the agility and swift reactions of a first-rate athlete. As an indication of what the fans in St. Louis think of him, he was given a special Bill DeLancey day in early June and presented with an automobile. The way that club was going, they could have used anybody in the line-up and particularly a DeLancey.

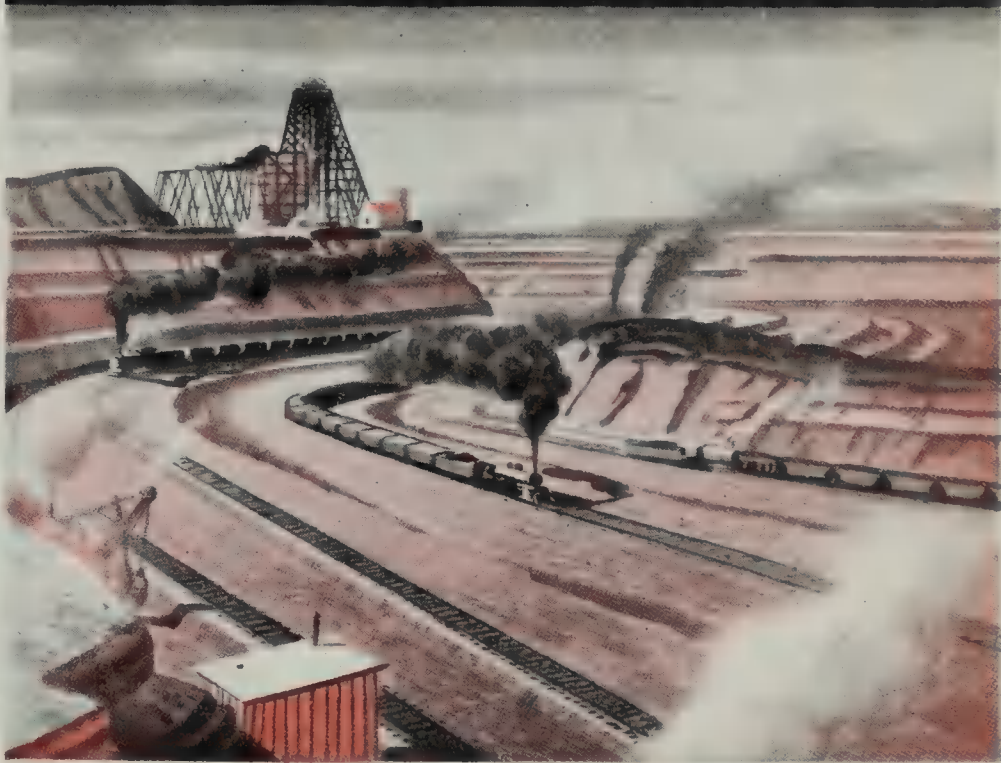
So every afternoon he takes his cuts at the plate, fools around with the ball and then wends his way to the bull pen. Anybody who thinks that the bull-pen job with the Cardinals is a cinch is out of his mind. During the regime of Blades, the relief pitchers began warming up as soon as the game started. Any day that saw less than four St. Louis hurlers in the box score was counted lost. When Billy Southworth took over the management, he may have had intentions about preserving his staff but he soon found that you couldn't make finishing pitchers out of so-so pitchers. As a consequence, Mr. DeLancey has seen most of the games while standing on his feet. This was wearisome. It showed that he could stand on his feet.

Next year, if the plans work out, he will be doing the bulk of the St. Louis catching. Any doubts about DeLancey's condition will be solved by Bill himself.

"They won't have to tell me this time if anything is wrong," he says. "I'll know it myself and I'll be back there with the chickens so fast I'll be three traffic blocks ahead of the Super Chief all the way out."

Coming back at all was a miracle; staying back will be a historic event. Old roly-poly says he can do it.

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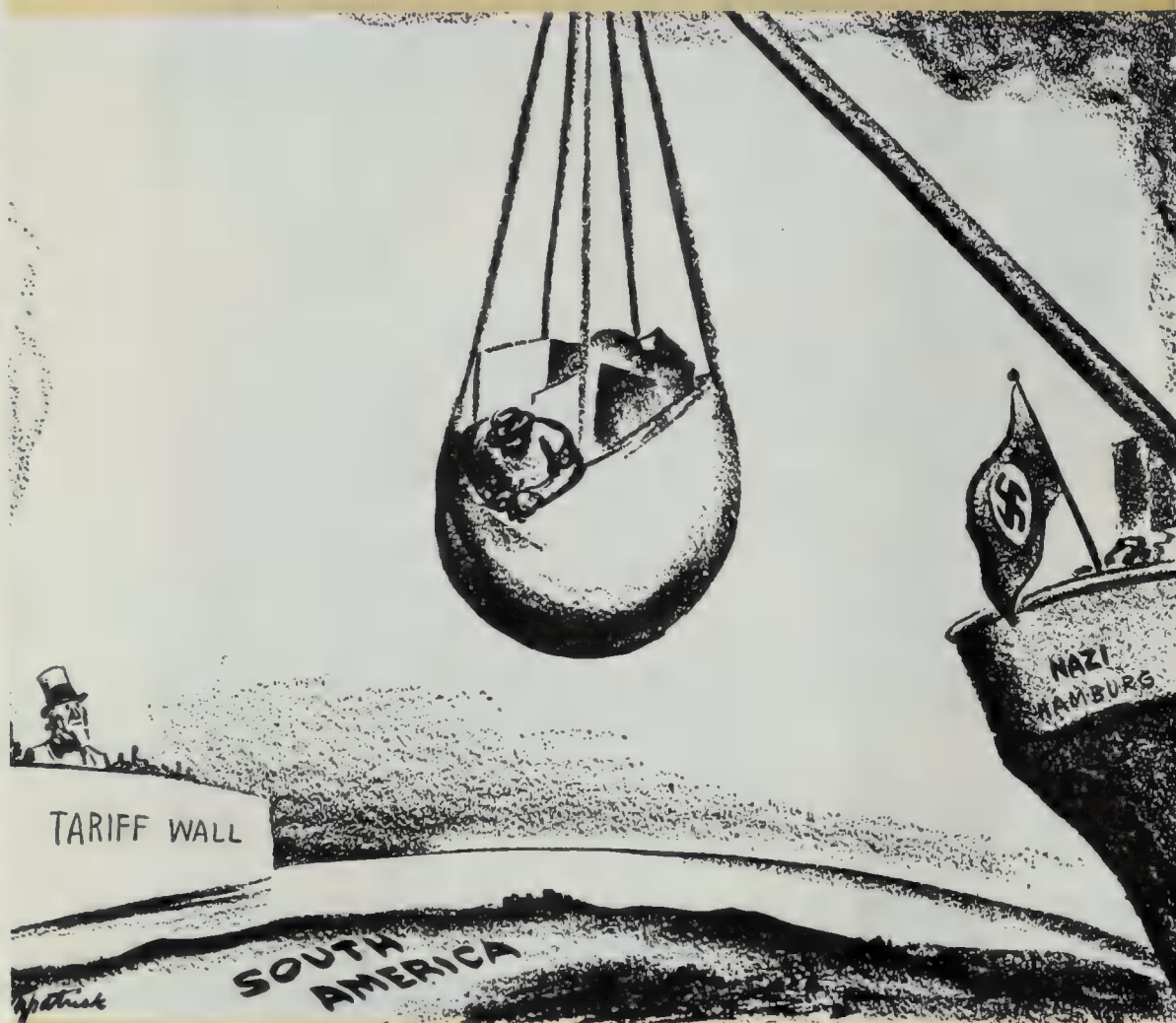
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# Let's Trade for Defense



**A**DOLF HITLER, of course, is unpredictable to everybody except his astrologers. However, the majority belief (and it seems logical) is that if Hitler wins this war he will not attack the United States for a long time afterward, if ever.

What he is generally expected to do is to try to muscle into various rich South American countries, either with arms or with fifth columns. If Hitler has such a program, the likeliest headlines on it would seem to be Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay.

An early armed invasion anywhere in the Western Hemisphere looks improbable. German war wounds and war weariness would take some time to repair, even if Hitler should win soon in Europe. Which means we ought to have time to build up our defense forces to a point where we can give a good account of ourselves—IF we keep hammering away on the job of building those forces.

The possible fifth-column problem in South America, though, isn't so easy. After all, if a lawful Nazi party builds up enough strength in Argentina, for example, to elect its own government, we can hardly order that government not to take office. We'd probably refuse to recognize some South American government established by a regular shooting revolution; but on the other hand we'd probably not send marines to overturn the overturners and set up a government we liked.

It looks to us as if the most promising key to the fifth-column problem in South America is to be found in figures such as these:

The European territories Hitler controls at this writing have normally bought from Argentina 60% of all that country's corn exports, 56% of all its hides and skins exports, 55% of its linseed exports, 50% of its forest and timber products exports, 40% wool, 25% wheat, 10% meat.

For such customers, the Argentines are bound to have felt no little affection. And because we have heavy tariffs on those articles to keep down foreign competition with our own producers of similar articles, the Argentines are bound to have correspondingly less affection for us. Similar statistics are obtainable for several other South American countries.

So our best anti-fifth-column medicine as regards South America would seem by all odds to consist in plans for building up our imports from South American countries as rapidly as we can and for keeping that business after the war.

That would mean knocking down tariffs on various key products, which would make some of our domestic producers of those things pretty mad. The thing to do about that, though, would be to slip these people some kind of subsidies or other compensation and tell them to button up their lips. What we've got to do, if we can, is to bolster up our Western Hemisphere right wing, meaning Latin America; and it's just too bad if some of the home boys are hurt in the effort to insure the independence of the entire nation.

## Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

## Treat the Guard Right

**P**LEASE, will some employers kindly take to making life easier for National Guardsmen on their pay rolls?

Most employers, we believe, treat these men fairly; but don't. Some make it as tough for them as they can, within the law, when it comes to granting time off to attend camp, overlooking slips on a day after a strenuous evening of drill, and so on.

Such treatment is dirty business in the quietest of peacetime. It is unpatriotic, to put it mildly, in times like these.

After all, the members of the National Guard (251,000 men and officers) are trying to learn how to put up a fight for the country in which their employers live and do business, in case need for such a fight ever arises. The least any employer can do, it seems to us, is to stretch various and sundry points here and there in their men's favor, as a means of making them feel that their country is worth fighting for.

## One for All—or Else

**S**OME blunt remarks seem called for on the initial reaction of various leaders of capital, labor, politics and the farmers to the national resolve to arm to the teeth. We hereby nominate Collier's, as the National Weekly, to make those remarks.

The moment the President requested the four-billion-dollar defense this year, numerous employer spokesmen demanded that labor forget about the 40-hour week, the Wage-Hour Law, overtime scales, etc., and return in mass to sweatshop days. Assorted labor leaders said labor wouldn't give an inch, and a sudden though-lived strike was instantly pulled at a Kearny, N. J., shipyard work on six fighting ships. New Deal high-brows were inclined to smile at Henry Ford's sensational and encouraging statement that, given six months and a minimum of political meddling, his plants could produce an airplane production rate of 1,000 a day. And numerous farm spokesmen yowled for more and bigger benefits in the face of the President's request that nonmilitary spending be cut 10%.

Leaders of our four most important social groups, in a word, are on record as favoring sacrifices by everybody but their followers.

That isn't democracy. It is mobocracy; government by organized mobs, each fighting for itself and against the common welfare.

We cannot tolerate it in this country if our defense program is to succeed in insuring us against the dangers that threaten to blow us from this war. Those dangers can come home to every one of us if we hit us right where we live, if we don't arm against them, and do so fast.

We have all got to be prepared to make sacrifices for the common welfare. If we go on standing for mobocracy—well, Hitler observes in *Mein Kampf* that the United States, though potentially mistress of the world, has been for generations a push-over for a divide-and-conquer artist like this same Mr. Hitler.



July 20, 1940

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# Collier's

WOMAN ARTIST L W



**Say It with Music** A Short Story by **Richard English**

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Do you see Johnny, aged 7?

No! I see a Man who is starting at Dartmouth!

Will he get on in his Life at College?

Yes! He has a Smile that takes Him Everywhere.

Why is his Smile so Attractive?

For one thing he has always used Ipana and Massage.



**Why take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"? Help your gums to become firmer, healthier, your smile brighter... with Ipana and Massage.**

LET DAD rule the family finances... let Mom be the "law" in running the house... but it's often wise to listen to the youngsters when it comes to dental care!

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So get a tube of economical Ipana today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile!

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JULY 20, 1940

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### COVER

E. M. JACKSON

## ANY WEEK

THAT this department is more than slightly overwhelmed by the state of the world is not your fault. The mail is crammed with advice, counsel and plan. For example, here is Mr. Edwin B. McIsaac of Washington, D. C., who bids America to "hold up its head and reply sharply to those who jeer at us for not fighting shoulder to shoulder with somebody. Lord knows," goes on Mr. McIsaac, "that our government has done everything possible to get us into the war. One day we're nonparticipating belligerents. Next day we're fighting neutrals. When I look again we're international isolationists and before I get used to that we're fighting for Democracy with our backs to the treasury doors. I don't wish to be regarded as a fifth-column Communist but I'd certainly like some candidate for President to tell us where we stand—in, out, off or on and what to do next."

ALL of which is equally disconcerting to the Republican party says Mrs. W. R. Brutters of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Mrs. Brutters admits that she has never "yearned over editors," believing them to be "mossy thinkers in ivy-clad citadels," a description that leaves us hanging by our suspenders somewhere between indignation and applause. "I'm thinking of the editors of Republican publications who are compelled to go along with Mr. Roosevelt's pro-Ally policy and approve of his armament program but at the same time convince us that, after all, he's only playing politics and that the Republican party could be far more pro-Ally and build larger armaments and at the same time keep us out of war. After all, editors are only trying to be human, which, considering their limitations, is a laudable endeavor."



WE'RE asked, too, to remember that this four billion dollars (or is it five?) that we're trying to spend for arms is "in danger of being disbursed much like the Osage Indian's sudden oil fortune." This comes from Mr. Joe Cavanaugh of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who says the Indian's name was Charlie No Toes. One afternoon Mr. No Toes received a check for \$23,000. He cashed it next day. Seating himself comfortably in a speakeasy, Mr. No Toes handed the money to the proprietor, called for a bottle of popskull and said: "When money gone I go get more."

"KEEP Congress in session for all I care," writes Mr. Clifford H. Zebulon of Racine, Wisconsin, "but for God's sake do something to stop those birds from broadcasting. Listening to broadcasts from war analysts is bad enough, leaving us awfully low in the mind. But after hearing a few of those boys in Washington you sort of lose faith in yourself to say nothing of the future of the country. I heard somewhere that they get dough for broadcasting. Is that so? And if so, who pays them? Hitler?"

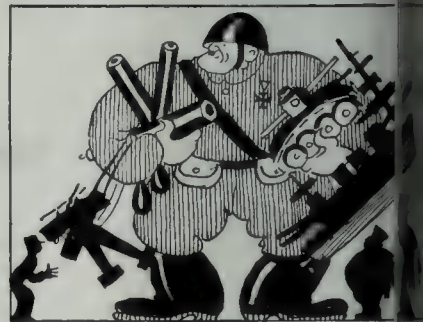
ALL letters can't have the appeal of this one we've just got from Miss Aino I. Niskanen of Norway, Maine. She describes herself as "a Finnish-American who is thankful to be living in a great, wonderful country as the United States of America." Says she, "I want to tell you that your magazine brings a great deal of pleasure into our home and we, as the first generation removed from Europe, are trying hard to become Americanized—and your magazine is a very great help. We've had word from my aunt in Finland of the loss of two uncles in the Russo-Finnish War. That along with the present crisis abroad upsets us both mentally and physically."

AND THIS is more or less in the nature of an invitation to Mr. Jack Stein of Brooklyn, New York. We suggest that he read a file of correspondence sent to us by Dr. D. H. Dubrowsky who, as you'll remember, wrote a series of articles for us showing among other things how the Honorable Josef Stalin diverts money grants from American veterans of the A.E.F. to his Moscow treasury. Mr. Stein's money and his brother's too, were cases in point, cited by Dr. Dubrowsky. Mr. Stein says it isn't so and that he, for example, thinks well of Russian bonds. We think that Mr. Stein would serve himself well by reading his own letters to Dr. Dubrowsky and others before going to all the trouble of suing us. Not that we want to interfere.

WE'VE been waiting for someone to come through with a demand for the suppression of foreign-language newspapers. And here it is. One of the pleasant features of this chore is the knowledge that sooner or later our readers think of everything. Anyway, Miss Beulah Wells of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is looking for a congressman with no foreign-born constituents to worry about. She proposes to ask him to introduce such legislation. "If anybody has anything to say or write these days," says Miss Wells, "let it be said or written in English."

AND YET we doubt that such legislation would eliminate our journalistic or forensic confusion. We've been reading quite a number of English language dodgers, tear sheets, pamphlets,

appeals and propaganda throw lately and find ourselves some more bewildered than usual. sample we offer a few outst thoughts from a printed bro from Mr. John Dickens Deems, of Los Angeles, California, places. Our derangement start that Gr. D. But maybe you know it is. Anyway Mr. or Doctor I would have "the nations of the meet on neutral grounds and from among them one nation would own all the world's arm armaments. These arms and ments," says he, "would bepa and maintained by all the n When any nation threatened to another, this one constable would step in and stop it." On ing this over we're inclined to be charitable than we were at first. I it's not a bad idea after all. Al require is a neutral meeting and someone strong enough to fo the others to vote for him. Yes, we were a bit hasty. Anywa Hitler wouldn't object.



IN THE meantime the bing-ba hullabaloo are so great that voices are lost and commonplace lems forgotten. While vast arm made and destroyed, what beco so obscure an incident as the needs of Mrs. A. McCall of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She's eight She's all alone. She has no r Ten of her forbears and four of scendants have fought in Am wars. Five of them died in ur It's hard to read her writing. will become of the Townsend asks Grandmother McCall. "Wh become of me? When you get perhaps it would be best to die. tell me what will become of th age pensions. I do not see ver any more."

IF WE knew so much, we'd pr know the answer to this on "What," demands Mrs. T. P. nemary of Denver, Colorado, " think those politicians are th who are responsible for the paredness of England and Fran though knowing for seven year Germany was doing nothing b ting ready to slaughter those w trusted them with government

PLEASANT week end. . . .

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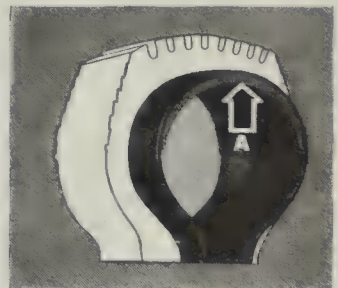
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THE HUMAN THAT'S  
ALMOST RUBBER...  
... and vice versa!

YOU'VE GASPED, too—probably—at the contortions of some "Rubber Woman." Yet it might seem even stranger if rubber were to be given some of the characteristics of a living body . . . if, for instance, an automobile inner tube could "heal itself" almost as your body heals a wound—only faster! A MIRACLE, you say? Well, Goodrich has accomplished it . . . with rubber so plastic that it works in to fill holes or rips as you ride, yet so tough that it forms a permanent seal. It took years to perfect this "Self-Healing" lining. But the result is 2-Way Safety: protection against blow-outs and flat tires *both*. THESE NEW INNER TUBES, called Seal-o-matics, can save you money, too. Records of taxi and light-truck fleets show they make tires wear up to 34.6% longer . . . save substantially on total rubber expense. Let this saving help buy a set of Seal-o-matics for you. Your Goodrich Silvertown Store and many Goodrich Dealers offer a confidential credit plan on Seal-o-matic purchases. Also ask about the special deal they can make for new car owners. And remember *which* . . . the name's Goodrich.



2-WAY SAFETY—Maximum Protection Against Blow-outs and Flat Tires Both!

"Self-Healing" lining (A) heals punctures from glass, nails, etc., while you ride—seals even bigger gashes that ordinarily cause fearful blow-outs. For added blow-out protection, this tube is 60% stronger all around than ordinary tubes . . . made of special black heat-resisting "Tuff-Rubber", . . . and not weakened by stretching to size, because it is built up (not just blown up) to fill your tire.

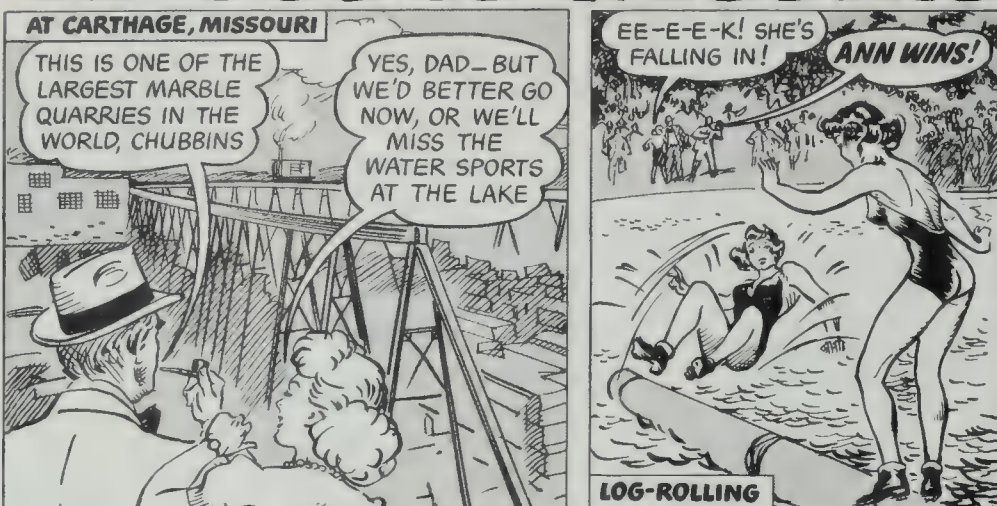
At the 1940 New York World's Fair—Jimmie Lynch drives over dozens of 3" spikes every day, without a blow-out or flat. See him do it at the great Goodrich Thrill Arena.

**Goodrich Seal-o-matic**

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH  
LESS THAN 2-WAY SAFETY



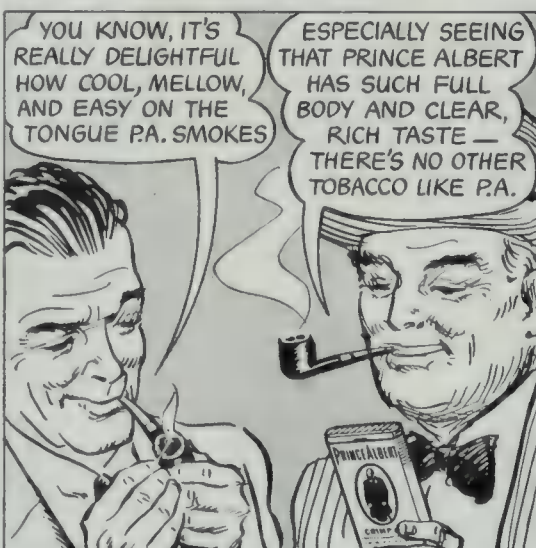
# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— **COOLEST OF ALL!**



## GET IN THE SWIM WITH COOLER, Milder SMOKING

YOU BET PRINCE ALBERT IS **MILDER**— IT BURNS **COOLER**— AND IT **DRAWS EASY, EVEN!**

MEET THE **RICH BODY AND AROMA OF P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO!** IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!

**ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS! P.A. IS CRIMP CUT FOR FAST ROLLING, TOO— MILD, TASTY FOR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES**

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

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**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Short-wave diathermy not only produces the deepest heat penetration of any agency used for such purpose, but its effect may be felt for some time. As an example, a scientist who had his right leg treated seven years ago states that it is still warmer than his left or untreated leg.

When no longer needed, the private correspondence of the King and Queen of England is put through three distinct processes of destruction. First the letters go through a machine that blacks out every word. Next they are torn into very small pieces. Then they are secretly burned by a trusted fireman.

Among the many unusual objects that emit a light or produce a luminescence that may be seen in the dark are rubber bands when snapped, quartz pebbles when struck, lumps of sugar when rubbed together and adhesive tape when stripped from a roll.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been known to render "no decision" verdicts. One such case was that of the New York Unemployment Insurance Act which, in November, 1936, could not be decided because an even number of justices voted and the vote was evenly divided. Therefore, the judgment of the lower court prevailed and was enforced.

The number of possible moves in a game of chess is almost beyond calculation. For example, there are more than 4,000,000,000 such possibilities in the first six moves of each player.

The loudest respiratory movements known are those of whales. When harpooned, they sometimes stay under the water for as long as two hours and, coming to the surface, expel their long-held breath with such force that the sound can be heard for more than a mile.

Dry sand is heavier than sand and oxygen in air is heavier than oxygen in water. A sponge will hold more cold water than hot water.

Although only twenty-four states impose a tax on retail sales, \$450,000,000 a year is collected this way. Incidentally, on the states, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, have made the tokens interchangeable for the convenience of interstate shoppers.

Courts have awarded damages to persons injured while trespassing on premises marked with a reading "No Admittance" and "Keep Out." In one recent year such judgments totaled \$1,000,000, only \$37,000,000 of which was paid by insurance companies.

According to a recent decision, an employee is entitled to workmen's compensation for injuries received in a fight during working hours.

In major-league baseball one in about 1,400 games was won by a no-hit, no-run pitching performance. — By Dale Shipman, Wichita Falls, Texas.

The United States Fleet moved through the Panama Canal with remarkable speed. Not long ago, a hundred and ten of its ships moved through in forty-eight hours, moving one vessel in and another out every twenty-six minutes.

A large Eastern railroad has ordered from 200 to 500 tons of rust metal to various steel companies, to use it in the manufacture of iron. — By Edwin C. Barringer, New York, New York.

Five dollars will be paid for each item or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



I'll say "33 to 1"  
wins at the 19th Hole!



## BLENDED 33 TIMES TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

A BRAND NEW BONNET  
WITH A  
BLUE RIBBON  
ON IT!



The goodness never varies—because every single glass of BLUE RIBBON is a blend of 33 separate brews!

Treat yourself to a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon today. First you'll enjoy the *look* of it — the clarity, the sparkle, the creamy head.

Then you'll discover what beer flavor and beer smoothness can *really* be!

For in that glass — and in every glass of Blue

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And each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon *America's Premium Beer*, with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meeting a glass of Blue Ribbon.

*It's the BLEND that Better's the Beer*

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** and Prove it

First in the Homes of  
America — and the  
Largest Selling  
American Beer in the  
Rest of the World!

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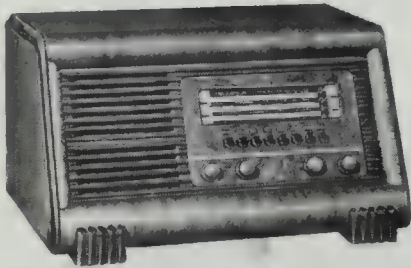


# PHILCO brings you Europe... 5 times stronger, clearer and easier to tune!

Yes, Philco makes radio history while world history is made! The world's greatest staff of radio engineers presents, for 1941, not one but a *series* of spectacular inventions, so momentous, so new and different that they begin a *new era* in radio enjoyment!

A *New Kind of Overseas Wave-Band* makes foreign reception 500% stronger and clearer, 5 times easier to tune! Nothing like it has ever been known in radio! Now, in these stirring times, a new 1941 Philco makes programs *direct* from the Capitals of Europe as much a part of your daily radio life as your favorite local stations!

A *brand-new radio circuit*... reduces noise by 5 to 1, "cross talk" by 20 to 1, more than doubles selectivity... made possible by the amazing new XXL Noise-Reducing Converter Tube created by Philco. *New Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System* gives you far greater sensitivity. No aerial or ground wires... just plug in anywhere and play!



Philco 255T, only \$5.90 down.

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See and hear the new 1941 Philco Radios and Radio-Phonographs now on display at your nearest Philco dealer. Consoles, table models, compacts, portables... a *variety* of styles for every purse! Yours on easiest monthly terms:

NEW  
KIND OF  
OVERSEAS  
WAVE-BAND

A MUSICAL  
INSTRUMENT  
OF QUALITY

NEW  
AMERICAN AND  
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BUILT FOR  
TELEVISION  
SOUND  
AND FM  
the  
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Way

JUST  
PLUG IN  
ANYWHERE  
AND PLAY

GLORIOUS  
TONE

Philco 280X  
only  
\$6.90 down.

# Again... Only PHILCO has it!

NEW  
PHOTO-ELECTRIC  
RADIO  
PHONOGRAPH

NO NEEDLES  
TO  
CHANGE

RECORDS  
LAST  
10 TIMES  
LONGER

NEW  
PURITY OF  
TONE

Philco 608P, only \$12.95 down.

## Records reproduced on a Beam of Light!

The first *basic* improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph... brought to you by Philco engineers! The amazing Philco *Photo-Electric* Phonograph reproduces records through the reflections of a floating jewel on a photo-electric cell. *No needles to change!* The floating jewel lasts 8 to 10 years! *Records last 10 times longer.* Play valuable records as much as 700 times. *Glorious tone... full record beauty.* Needle talk and surface noise no longer mar tone purity!

### New Tilt-Front Cabinet

Brings you new beauty and convenience. No lid, no need to remove ornaments to reach the phonograph, no dark, awkward compartment. New principle tilts phonograph forward, in full view and easy to use.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS with Philco "Professional" Home Recording Unit. Optional equipment at reasonable extra cost.





## Say It with Music

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Whatever else posterity may say about the music of Oliver Bradley, let it remember he emitted the first recorded war whoop in the Harvard manner

LESS than two minutes before the arrival of the morning Mainliner—a huge red bus made the turn into the Burbank airport on two wheels and, its blaring horn warning off traffic, went roaring toward the terminal. There was one breathless moment as it negotiated the parking circle and then, its brakes screeching, it pulled up at the entrance. Mr. George Bates, Mammoth Pictures' pudgy publicity chief, leaped out. He was immediately followed by sundry parties, half of whom were disguised as Daniel Boone.

The others, a number of braves complete with scalp locks and war paint and armed with tomahawks, were just emerging when an indignant official collared Mr. Bates. "Listen you," he roared, "if you think you're going to take that mob scene out on the field, you're crazy! Last week it was a whole chorus to meet some strip-tease artists. The week before—"

Mr. Bates' large eyes were reproachful. "Can I help it who the studio signs?" he demanded. He shook his head, answering the question to his own satisfaction, and then added reassuringly: "But this is different, pal. I'm meeting a very distinguished man today. All I want is a carriage-trade spread."

The booming voice of the amplifier cut off any further debate:

"Flight nine, the Mainliner, arriving from New York."

"This way, boys," cried Mr. Bates, speeding for the gates. "And remember to put some oomph in it!"

The plane was still circling over the field as Oliver Bradley gathered up his magazines. It was his first plane flight as well as his initial trip to the coast, and he was having a hard time concealing it. He was a sober young party with horn-rimmed glasses and the natural shyness of a man who has devoted three years to writing the great American opera and then watched it lay an All-America egg.

Arise America had opened to critical acclaim and closed by popular demand, leaving Oliver a man minus career. He had been weaned on Bach, studied abroad, graduated from Harvard and, while he was at work on the recently deceased, had been an associate professor of music at the state university. He was gloomily preparing to return to the campus and the harassed existence of a serious young man entirely surrounded by extravert young ladies when Fate—Mammoth Pictures—had intervened. For some reason never quite clear to him, he had been hurriedly signed to a composer's contract, thrust aboard a plane and dispatched to the coast, marked "urgent."

The plane was down now and rolling toward the terminal. Peering from his window, Oliver observed that there was some commotion at the gates and a number of cameramen were present.

"Why, Oliver!" she gasped. "Have you been drinking?" "I have not," he said darkly, "although I admit toying with the idea"







It was too much for Oliver. There was nothing he could do but kiss her

Apparently there were some picture celebrities aboard and Oliver looked around, wishing that he might have met them. He would have appreciated some advice from a colleague in this new field.

The door opened and the passengers crowded into the aisle. Oliver was the last to emerge, a shy, dark young man in tweeds, blinking slightly at his first exposure to the famous California sun. As he started down the steps George Bates cried: "There he is, boys. Let him have it!"

Seven cameras flashed and a bulb exploded with a loud, sharp report. Oliver flinched and, momentarily blinded, staggered against the handrail. Before he could recover there was an ear-splitting war whoop and Indians in breechcloths and tomahawks appeared on all sides. Oliver took one look and emitting a strangled cry, bounded up the steps. It was too late. A brave laid violent hands on his coat and Oliver swung around, determined to sell his life dearly.

He laid about him with his brief case

and one warrior went down. He was struggling with another when men with long rifles, buckskin suits and raccoon caps came surging in, fighting their way through the braves. Oliver stopped a swing in mid-air to get a better look at this unexpected aid and George Bates cried happily: "That's fine, Mr. Bradley! Hold that pose!"

Once more the cameras went off and Oliver found himself being helped down the steps.

"Welcome to Hollywood!" Mr. Bates cried enthusiastically. "I've met a lot of actors and I never saw one give a better landing performance."

Oliver was just getting his wind back. He stared at Mr. Bates.

"Actors?" he said frigidly. "Actors? There must be some misapprehension. I happen to be a composer."

Mr. Bates looked hurt. "Don't I know it?" he demanded. "The whole studio is waiting with open arms to greet you!"

The reporters were crowding around and Mr. Bates did the honors, en masse. "Boys," he said, "meet Oliver Bradley, the greatest living American composer.

Brought to Hollywood by Ancil Steinberg, whose genius guides the destinies of—"

"We know that routine," said a fat reporter. "We've already filed it in the wastebasket. What's this guy here for?"

"What's he here for?" Mr. Bates said indignantly. "To write the score of that epic of the west, that superlative answer to Northwest Passage—Mammoth Pictures' Across the Plains. What else could he be here for?"

OLIVER had not yet recovered his composure when he was herded into the outer office of Mr. Ancil Steinberg, that eminent producer. He had been whisked to the studio by limousine, taken in hand by a messenger boy, relayed to a secretary and now, rejoined by Mr. George Bates, was sitting in an office that could, and had, doubled for the interior of Buckingham Palace.

"Wait until you see the Throne Room," George said reverently. "He's got everything but the king for a prop."

At exactly one o'clock they were ushered into the presence. Mr. Steinberg was a small round party with the nervous oyster eyes of a man who had always been careful never to lay the same egg twice. He was seated at his desk, gulping his midday bread and milk. He peered at them over his spoon.

"This is Oliver Bradley," said George. "You know, the one you signed to do the score on Across the Plains."

There was a moody silence as Mr. Steinberg surveyed his new hireling.

George coughed. "Remember his clippings, chief? He wrote that opera all the critics were nuts about."

"I remember," Mr. Steinberg said fretfully, "and he still don't look to me like nobody who would know about Indians."

Oliver stared at him. There had been nothing in his contract about Indians. But this, he realized, was no time for half measures. If, to be a Hollywood composer, one was supposed to be an authority on Indians and things, he must cope with that situation. Only the screen could provide the mass medium through which a young and hopeful composer could reach the most humble home. Better Hollywood and Indians than being a professor of music, growing old and musty among other men's works.

"You needn't worry, Mr. Steinberg," he said recklessly. "There shall be tom-toms and more tom-toms!"

After a hasty sandwich in the commissary Mr. Bates led his latest protégé down a long line of minor Moorish bungalows. "This is composer's row," he said. "Two artists to every bungalow. You rate the one with Sigmund Roseblum. We got him on a loan-out from Vienna."

He threw open the door of the end bungalow. "You married?" he asked.

Oliver regarded him for a wary moment. "No," he said, "as a matter of—"

"Fine," said George, taking up the phone. When his office answered: "Send over Penny Ames," he said. "I want her to meet her new love-life."

Oliver could feel the color surging into his face. "Look here," he said wildly, "I have no intention—"

"Relax," said Mr. Bates. "It's just part of the old build-up."

Before Oliver could say anything, there was a sudden series of heavy, lugubrious chords, so utterly mournful and out-of-this-world that they made the flesh creep. Oliver's hair rose as he realized the sound was emanating from the adjoining room.

The chords continued, growing more and more dolorous and suddenly he could stand it no longer. He threw open the door and found himself surveying a huge man at a piano. There was a big, round face and tears were streaming from his sheep-dog eyes.

"No muzzer," he groaned. "No muzzer."

He struck another lugubrious chord and Oliver felt more and more distressed. "I beg pardon?" he said anxiously.

The pianist looked up. "No muzzer, no fazzer," he gulped, about to break down completely. "No nuzzin'."

George closed the door gently. "You mustn't mind Sig," he said. "He always takes his work seriously. Right now he's on the remake of Orphans of the Storm."

"Oh," Oliver said weakly.

The morose chords continued, gradually achieving a banshee effect, and Oliver shivered. Before he could quite make up his mind what to do he became conscious that a very blond young lady was standing in the doorway, regarding him with wide-eyed interest.

"This is Penny Ames," said George. "As long as she's the lead in Across the Plains and you're both free-lancing, I'm going to give it that old heartthrob. See you in the gossip column, kiddie."

He went out, leaving Oliver staring at the young lady. Her beauty was entirely natural—hardly what one would have expected in the cinema colony and she was dressed in simple good taste. There was a rosebud mouth, tip-tilted nose, and exactly all the right lines in all the right places. There were also wide blue eyes that he suspected harbored neither guile nor thought.

"Free-lancing?" Oliver said helplessly. "What did he mean by that?"

She had a nice smile. "He just meant that as long as we're both not married or engaged or something," she looked at him. "Or are you?"

He reminded himself that this was Hollywood and perhaps such questions, if not excusable, were to be expected. "On the contrary," he said stiffly, "I have never been married, engaged—or anything."

"That makes it much nicer," she said. "Neither have I." She perched herself on the divan and Oliver was desperately trying to invent some avenue of escape when, in the next room, Mr. Sigmund Roseblum finally outdid himself.

There was a series of chords and figures, each one more weird and terrifying than the last and even they were eventually topped by something that must have been lifted right out of a funeral march. The door flung open and Mr. Roseblum peered in, wiping his eyes.

"I go golf now," he said drearily. "No more of this can I stand!"

THE door closed on him and Oliver looked at the girl. "It's all right," she said reassuringly. "You get used to Hollywood. Everyone does."

It developed that Miss Ames had once felt quite like Oliver. Only two seasons ago she had been chosen Miss Brooklyn, the contest having saved her from life in a bargain basement, and when she first came to Hollywood it had been more like a nightmare than a dream. But now she was a veteran of seven pictures and was used to things. Across the Plains was her first big lead, and if she went over they meant to star her.

Oliver felt some remark was called for. "I'm sure you'll be a great success," he said gallantly. "You—you have all the attributes."

Apparently he had said the right thing. The wide blue eyes regarded him for a moment and even he could see the childlike honesty in them. "I like you," she said. "When you say something you sound as if you mean it."

Oliver colored. "Thank you," he said, blurring the words. He looked around the room before lowering his voice. "Miss Ames," he said, "would you mind telling me just—just what is expected of us?"

(Continued on page 57)



# The Army of Despair

Martin Reynolds

men, women, children  
from their homes  
join the unending  
of bewildered and  
less refugees fleeing  
the terrors of a war  
can't comprehend

each family crouches in a road-  
side ditch to escape machine-gun-  
ner planes. Below: refugees  
in trucks to flee the war zone

THERE was no dawn.

This was puzzling at first because it had been a clear night. Now the air was heavy with a smoky fog so thick that you could reach out and grab a piece of it in your hand. When you let it go your hand was full of soot. Then you realized that this was a man-made fog, a smoke screen thrown over Paris to hide the railroad stations from the bombers. But for the first time in its history Paris had no dawn.

The restaurants and the hotels were all closed. For nearly a week there had been no way of hearing from or communicating with the outside world. A reporter without means of communication is a jockey without a horse. No matter what story you wrote now, you would be its only reader. And now the Germans were pounding on the gates of Paris. Already their mechanized forces had encircled the city on three sides. Within a day the thing that couldn't happen was inevitably going to happen. They would be in Paris.

It was time to say farewell to Paris. Virtually everyone else had left. The government had left the cable office, and the wireless had moved south. With the exception of a few newspapermen who had been assigned to the death watch the entire press had left. They had to leave. They had to follow their communications. Hotels were closed. There were no telephones and not a taxicab on the streets. Today Paris was a lonely old lady completely exhausted. The last

of the refugees were leaving, some on bicycles, some on foot, pushing overladen handcarts.

I had stayed behind to write the story of the siege of Paris, confident that the army would hold out in the north. Now it developed that there would be no siege of Paris. A lonely old lady was not a military necessity. She was to be reluctantly abandoned. The problem of how to leave Paris was solved by one of those incredible bits of luck that come only to fools who have waited too long. The Grande Boulevard was almost deserted this morning. One middle-aged woman was sitting at a table at a sidewalk café, one of the very few where one could still get coffee and bread. She was telling a few bystanders of her plight. She had driven into the city that morning in her small one-seated car. She had the car and two hundred francs, that was all. She would stay in Paris but she needed money. With money one could buy food even from Germans. She wanted to sell her car. Sell her car? For weeks people had been combing Paris, looking for cars. Offering fantastic prices, offering anything for means of leaving when the time came. I bought the car on the spot. She gave me the key, I gave her five hundred dollars, which left me with five. No signing of papers, no transferring of ownership. I don't know her name yet but I have her car.

Now I was mobile. Now I, too, could follow the government, follow the wireless and the cable offices. My car was a Baby Austin, no bigger than a minute. Its tank was full of gasoline, enough to carry me a few hundred miles. There was room in it for a knapsack, a mattress, a typewriter and a steel helmet. And so the tiny car and I said farewell to Paris and headed south.

## Caravan of the Homeless

We didn't catch up with the great army of refugees until we passed the city limits. From then on we were a member of this army. It is one thing to see thousands of weary refugees in the newsreels; it is something quite different to be one of them. We moved slowly, sometimes we would be held up for as long as three hours without moving. The road stretched from Paris to Bordeaux four hundred miles away and it was packed solid that entire distance. Thousands of these people had come from the north, many had been on the road for two weeks. They had only one

thought: move south. Move away from terror that swooped down from the skies. Move away from the serfdom that would be theirs under German rule. Few had any money. Few knew where they were going.

Some rode in open trucks and large, open wagons drawn by horses. Inevitably the sides of these would be buttressed by mattresses. These were not for sleeping. These were protection against machine-gun bullets. Refugees coming from Belgium and from Holland and refugees who had come from the north had been machine-gunned by Messerschmidts not once or twice but repeatedly. This is not rumor; it is fact.

Thousands in our army of refugees rode bicycles and they made the best time. Often a military convoy came down the road against our tide of traffic. Then we would stop and wait interminably until it passed. Those on bicycles managed to keep going, winding in and out of the massed traffic.

## Into Comforting Darkness

Thousands were walking, many carrying huge packs on their shoulders. This was a quiet, patient army. There was little talk. The hours passed slowly. My uniform and military pass gave me priority. And yet in eight hours I had only covered fifty miles.

It started to rain as night fell. Now we began to be held up by trucks and automobiles that had run out of gasoline. There was no gasoline to be had. Women stood on the roadside crying to us for gasoline as we passed. We could only look ahead and drive on. The rain continued to fall softly and the night grew very dark, which made us breathe easier. Even German bombers can't see through a pall of blackness.

Individuals would emerge from the mass when we stopped. Here on the roadside was a woman lying asleep. Her head pillowed on her bicycle. Here was a farm wagon that had broken down. A man and woman with their three children, the youngest in the mother's arms, looked at the wreck. The rear axle had broken and when the wagon collapsed its weight had completely smashed one wheel. They stood there looking at it, their faces empty of everything but despair. The road was completely jammed now. A man went from car to car asking: "Is my wife there? She has lost her mind. She has lost her mind."

He asked me and I said: "No, she isn't here." And he looked his amazement at hearing his mother tongue. He was English, had owned a bookstore in Paris. We heard a strange laugh and he ran toward it quickly. I followed. He had found his wife. She had left their car and now she had returned to it. She kept laughing.

Their car had run out of gasoline. They had no food. The woman laughed and then cried a little and said, "Help us."

I took the man back to my tiny car. I showed him my gasoline meter. I had less than three gallons left. There was no room in my car for anything. I had no food. I couldn't help. People around us looked on, saying nothing. There was nothing to be said. Thousands were in the same predicament. But this woman had cried. That was breaking the rule a little bit. No one else was crying.

Our army went on through the night. Hours later a whisper ran back: "Alerte... alerte." It had started perhaps miles ahead and had come back to us. The very few cars that had been showing lights snapped them off. Boche bombers were somewhere overhead in that black, unknown world above us. We were very quiet, thousands of us. I stepped out of my car. I flashed my light once to see where we were. I was

(Continued on page 56)







# Katie's Hero

By Frank Graham

It's a long haul from Sweetwater, Texas, to Madison Square Garden but Lew Jenkins, lightweight champion, made it with Katie's able assistance.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR  
COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS

The imperturbable Lew Jenkins, with his manager, Hymie Caplin, and Marvin Kennedy, his small-boy manager.

THE lightweight champion of the world is, as they say in the prize-fight business, a guy out of Sweetwater, Texas, by the name of Lew Jenkins. Outside the ring he conducts himself in an orderly manner and will give you plenty of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" in the course of a conversation but he would be a bad guy to tangle with on a street corner or in an alley. Just as bad as he would be in the ring when the lights go down over the crowd and he shuffles his feet in the corner and the bell rings and he moves out punching. Worse, maybe, because there are no bells and no referees on street corners or in alleys.

He is twenty-three years old but looks older because his face is weather-beaten and scarred by the gloves that have crashed against it. He has high cheekbones, a beak of a nose, tousled brown hair, a crumpled ear and the narrow, cold blue eyes of a fighter. He came up from a background of cotton fields, packing houses, cow towns, ro-

deos, Army barracks (Eighth U. S. Cavalry, Fort Bliss), the road, flophouses, carnivals and the fight clubs of Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, the border towns, Mexico City and the Middle West.

He came up the hard way and he looks it and he fights the way he looks. He is cold, hard, merciless. A vest-pocket Dempsey of the days when Dempsey was fresh from the hobo jungles and was lean and hungry and a killer in the ring. With this difference:

Dempsey operated under a fearful nervous tension. Jenkins has no nerves. Two hours before he won the lightweight championship from Lou Ambers in Madison Square Garden he was in Toots Shor's restaurant with one of his managers, Hymie Caplin, meeting some of Hymie's friends. He wore a khaki sports shirt and an old suit and he was going from table to table shaking hands. He had punched his way up from obscurity in a few months and in two hours he was going to fight for the lightweight championship of the world and he was no

more concerned than he would have been if he was on his way to fight the town clown in Peoria.

He was a 16 to 5 shot against Ambers that night because Ambers, wily and rugged and dead game, had taken the punches of Jimmy McLarnin and Tony Canzoneri and Henry Armstrong and Pedro Montanez and Al Davis and the gamblers couldn't see how Lew Jenkins could hope to knock him out—and if he couldn't knock Ambers out he couldn't win. But thirty seconds after the opening bell, he had Ambers on the floor. He had him on the floor again in the second round and in the third round the referee stopped it because Ambers had been knocked down twice in that round and was reeling, helpless, into the ropes in his own corner.

## Katie Packs a Punch

Lew Jenkins had arrived. So had Katie, who is Lew's wife and has helped to shape his career, sometimes forcibly. Katie, curiously enough, was a Jenkins before Lew married her after a three-day courtship when he was campaigning through the Southwest and she was a midget auto racer. They were a strange-looking pair when they met, for Lew's face bore wounds suffered in a recent engagement and Katie had just been working on her car and her hands and face were smeared with oil and grease. Truly, it must have been love.

Katie is only about this high and weighs no more than one hundred pounds. She has a page-boy bob, a forehead, high cheekbones, laughing eyes—and a punch in either hand.

She has come all the way with Lew. When they were married, he was a body and they were both broke. He went hungry and lived in rooming houses and tourist cabins and cheap hotels and moved from town to town in a battered old car. Across the border back again, almost starving one day in Mexico City, and Jenkins sometimes despair. Fighting wherever he could. Fighting from round to round. Fighting for enough money to get something to eat and a place to sleep. And Katie telling him that some day he would get a break and become the lightweight champion of the world.

At one stretch, when Lew couldn't get any regular fights, they tied up with a carnival. One of the attractions was a boxing booth, where the town school boys would try to stay four rounds with the carnival fighters and win ten dollars. As one of the fighters, Jenkins had to take on all who challenged him and knock them out in less than four rounds or blow his job. They don't pay much attention to weights in the boxing booths. He fought them from one hundred pounds to 150 and over.

Nobody ever had taught him to punch. (Continued on page 44)



# Saint on the Spot

By Jim Marshall



Mahatma Gandhi and members of the All-India Congress party. At left is Villabhai Patel, who may be the first president of the Indian Republic if Gandhi succeeds

India, the irresistible  
of Mahatma Gandhi  
des with the shaking  
British Empire—and  
it's going on in Europe  
er, after all, turn out to  
relatively unimportant

IE greatest dictator in the world lay  
on his back on a palm-leaf mat  
spread on the floor of a mud-and-  
oo hut in a tiny, straggling village  
out in the middle of the baking In-  
plains. All he had on was a wisp of  
e white cotton cloth and a pair  
metal-rimmed specs. He had a sort  
master of brown mud spread over  
hidriff—mud almost the color of his  
brown skin. He said it was good for  
ing stomach trouble and what-ailed-  
Not that he had any stomach trou-  
e you could hardly acquire any on a  
of goats' milk and dates, with a nib-  
of garlic for dessert. But the earth  
the great curative and preventive.  
He took some more mud and spread it  
his domed forehead. It would cure a  
ache. Not that he had a headache,  
just in case.  
Then a tall, pleasant-looking Indian  
in a cotton sari came into the dim  
and said in rapid Gujarati that that  
was here again. Very well, said the  
dictator, let him come in, and what  
it now? It turned out to be a queer,  
ing little fellow named Bhansali, a  
of Number One Disciple of the dic-  
r. Once, you heard, he was a recluse,  
ed for weeks and then lived on raw  
and leaves, spoke no word to any-  
for five years and once, lest he break  
vow of silence, sewed his lips to-  
er with copper wire. Now he works  
lay and half the night for the cause.

He owns nothing save the couple of  
yards of cloth around his waist. He talks  
to the brown man on the floor. The girl  
secretary translates.

Bhansali, it seems, has a plan to help  
the good crusade along: he wishes to  
hang headfirst down a near-by well.

The dictator smiles a one-tooth smile  
and says no. The mud poultice on his  
forehead slips and he pushes it back into  
place. The potential well-hanger is si-  
lent a moment; then he accepts the de-  
cision and steps from the hut into the  
hot, searing sunshine of India.

There is nothing much in the hut ex-  
cept a few mats on the bare floor. The  
walls are pierced for window spaces  
about a foot square, high up, iron-barred.  
The only decorations are some low re-  
liefs of palm trees, done in mud on the  
brown walls. Over in a corner stands a  
spinning wheel. The spinning wheel is  
what the dictator calls his best weapon.

People who come into the dim hut  
speak to the man on the mat as Mr.  
Gandhi, and Mahatma. But the fami-  
liars of the place call him Gandhi-ji, the  
"ji" being a term of respect something like  
the Japanese "san." It is not long before  
you are calling him Gandhi-ji, too, for  
he has some indefinable power to invoke  
friendship.

You sit there and you say to yourself:  
"This little guy here, who doesn't own  
ten bucks' worth of anything, is a bigger  
man than Hitler, Mussolini and Joe Sta-  
lin all rolled into one. For Gandhi-ji,  
more than 350,000,000 Indians, high and  
low, rich and poor, will march and sacri-  
fice themselves and perhaps die. For  
him they will do anything—except fight.  
He has forbidden them to fight. . . .

You wonder what sort of philosophy  
this little brown man has that in twenty  
years shot him from obscurity up to the  
leadership of nearly a fifth of the world's  
population. Then suddenly you realize  
that while most of the rest of the world  
has been giving lip service to the  
principles of Christianity—and getting

(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOS © COUNSIC



The young of India are a strong force in the drive for independence. Above  
are girl volunteers of the Indian Youth Movement. Below is Jawaharlal Nehru  
with his sisters. He is expected to wear Gandhi's mantle when the saint dies







I TOLD Captain Atkins I wanted him to meet my friends and see the ranch, and I would introduce him to Cristobelle. I didn't say she was beautiful, I said she was nice. I said she was a charming girl. She is; she is nice, she is a swell person, and she is charming. The funny part of it is, she also is beautiful.

Anyway, I called up the CCC camp that day and asked for Captain Atkins.

I said, "Look, if you're off duty this afternoon, or can get off, maybe we could go up to Lodgepole Ranch, like I mentioned."

"I'm not off," he said, "but I can get off. Shall I pick you up?"

"Get here about four," I said. "We can be up there by five."

"Good," he said. "Four it is."

He hung up and I hung up.

I ought to explain about Lodgepole Ranch. It will take only a minute, and there's no sense to this story without it. It is a private Wyoming dude ranch, is the only way I can describe it. It is owned by three families, who live in the East and visit the ranch summers. Each family has its own cabin, but there is a common central establishment consisting of a kitchen, dining room and lounge, with the necessary help. Each family has its own string of horses, which are kept in a common corral.

The families are the Alfredos, the Nethercotts and the Berrands. The Alfredos consist of Gerald Alfredo, a wid-

ower, and a son and daughter. The Nethercotts are James Nethercott and his wife, who enter into this story only perfunctorily—as do the Alfredos—and an uncle, a Mr. Hackenschmidt, who does not enter into it at all. The Berrands are Madison Berrand and his wife Ethel, and Ethel's mother, Mrs. Shute. And Cristobelle. Don't forget Cristobelle.

At the time of my story, the Berrands were my line of communication with the ranch. I had known them for seven

years. As a matter of fact, I went to school with Cristobelle.

The situation as of the moment which found me waiting for Captain Atkins to call for me with his car was this: The Berrands had invited me to spend my vacation at Lodgepole Ranch as their guest. Everything had been arranged when I found I had to take my vacation a month earlier than I had planned. The Berrands had guests at this time, and there was no place for me. But at their suggestion I came out

anyway, to the little town thirty miles from the ranch, and got myself out of these automobile tourist cabins. Of course I spent a lot of time at the ranch.

Almost on my arrival I had met Captain Atkins! I met him in a bar. I liked him immensely and we got along well together. He was well set up, an expert on the military establishment, very much on his toes in his profession. He was the despair of every lass in the valley.

I decided I wanted him to meet Cristobelle, and I wanted her to meet him. I guess I just thought they'd make a charming couple. I don't know.

PROMPTLY at four o'clock Atkins showed up in his car. He honked his horn for me to come out, but I went to the door and told him to come in. I had a Tom Collins. He did, and we had a Tom Collins and a dividend, and started. Going through town Atkins covered he needed gas. We pulled into a gas station. Atkins felt in his pocket and found he had no money. I said I'd cash his check anyway, so while the tank was being filled we went to a bar next door and had a drink, a Tom Collins, and Captain Atkins cashed his check.

"Well," Atkins said as we left the bar and headed for the filling station, "we're off at last." Poor Atkins.

Ahead of us, at the filling station, I saw the big green car that I knew

## Mistaken in Love

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**A romance of ranch life in the modern West—  
which manages to develop into two romances**





ged to Mrs. Shute. (I hope you re-  
member Mrs. Shute. She is Mrs. Ber-  
rand's mother.) I said to Atkins,  
"That's Mrs. Shute's car. She must be  
from the ranch. Maybe some of  
the others are with her."  
Atkins went into the station to pay his  
bill, and as he went in, Mrs. Berrand—  
Mrs. Shute—came out. I chatted  
with her for a minute, standing beside  
her. Cristobelle, she said, was up at  
the ranch, but most of the others were  
on one errand or another. I told  
Atkins and I were on our way to the  
ranch. She invited us to supper. She  
said supper would be at seven as usual.  
We'd all be back by that time.  
Atkins came out. I introduced them.  
Now do you do, Mrs. Shute?" Atkins  
was bowing gently from the hips.  
"Mrs. Berrand," I repeated. I had said  
Mrs. Berrand, but Atkins evidently had  
only linked Mrs. Shute with the car  
and couldn't shift on short notice.  
"Of course," Atkins said, glancing at  
Mrs. Berrand with a touch of resentment, I  
said, "and bowing again."  
Mrs. Berrand said, "We'll expect to  
see you at the ranch about seven."  
Atkins nodded, and Mrs. Berrand got into  
her car. Atkins and I got into his car,  
he lifted my hat and he saluted Mrs.  
Berrand, and we drove away. "I could  
have sworn you said Shute," Atkins  
said, "I told him. 'I said it was Mrs.  
Berrand's car.'"

**I ran with all my might, and shouted as loud as I could. The car picked up speed. "Hey!" I yelled**

"But you said this one's name—" he began.

"Have you never heard of a person using another person's car?" I demanded, glaring at him.

"Oh," he said.

**WE STARTED** out of town. "Wait a minute," I said. Atkins stopped the car. "There's no use getting up there ahead of the others," I pointed out, "now that we're invited for supper." Atkins agreed, and we went back and parked the car and went in and had a Tom Collins.

As we left the bar we ran into James Nethercott. His arms were full of bundles. I introduced Atkins. Nethercott said, "When are you coming up to the ranch?"

"Tonight," I said.

Atkins nudged me, and he leaned forward and looked into my face, evidently feeling I had overdone the Tom Collinses. "We promised Mrs. Shute for tonight," he said.

"We haven't even seen Mrs. Shute," I said irritably.

Nethercott excused himself, said he had to put his bundles in his car, which was across the square.

Atkins said, "Well, we promised somebody. That lady."

"Mrs. Berrand," I said.

"I knew it was somebody," Atkins said. "How many places are we going to make tonight, anyway?"

"One," I said. "It's the same thing. Listen, Atkins, Mrs. Berrand and Mr. Nethercott are in a way of speaking, the same thing. The same ranch."

"I see, excuse me," Atkins said. He looked around, a little helplessly, I thought, and said, "How about another Tom Collins?"

"Fine," I said.

But as we were passing the drugstore, Alfredo came out with some magazines and a couple of cartons of cigarettes. "Hello," he said cheerily. I introduced Atkins. Alfredo said, "Why don't you two run up to the ranch one day soon? For that matter, why not tonight?"

"We're practically on the way," I told him.

"See you," he said, and went on.

I said, "Atkins, that was Alfredo. He's up at the ranch. Now do you begin to get it?"

"Sure," Atkins said sourly. "We're just going to every damned ranch in the valley tonight." He stopped walking. "We better not have another drink," he said. I stopped and stood beside him, and he started walking again, and it was

toward the bar. "One more," he said.

We went into the bar and standing near the far end drinking a glass of beer was Frank Loomis. He owned the Lazy Y, a dude ranch, and I had met him the year before, through the Berrands. I mean the Nethercotts. No, the Berrands. I had seen him this year, too, around town, and he had asked me to come out for supper sometime. I never had got around to it.

**I SAID** hello to Loomis and he waved, and Atkins and I ordered our drinks. Atkins said, "Now, listen, I'm an Army officer, dignity of the service and all that, and we've had a couple drinks and I think the thing to do is not to go to any of these places tonight."

"They're all one," I said.

Atkins frowned. "Well, anyway," he said, "we better not go to the—one. Fellow doesn't like to go to a strange place, meet people and all, with a couple of drinks under his belt. Some other time."

"Hell, you're all right," I said.

At this point Loomis moved down beside us. He said to me, "Thought you were coming up to supper."

I introduced Atkins. They shook hands and Atkins said, "We're starting for the ranch in just a few minutes. Be there before you are."

"No, no," I said quickly. "Not tonight. Some other time."

"Well, have a drink," Loomis said.

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"I cannot imagine," he snapped, "a man with a heritage like yours hesitating to give himself to the Reich"

## To be Continued

By Pat Frank

FREDA came into the laboratory long before her accustomed time, with Mark, who was five, trailing after, his eyes wide and hungry as they always were when he was allowed to view—but not to touch—the twisted glass tubes, and shining machines, and bubbling liquids with which his father worked. Usually it was noon when Freda brought in her husband's lunch. But here he had scarcely begun his morning's work, and she stood before him, a slim figure dwarfed between the ungainly X-ray projector and the ugly, bulbous centrifuge.

"The mail came, Robert," she explained, allowing just a bit of her anxiety to slip into her voice, "and there's a man outside. He insisted that he see you. He's in uniform, and I think you'd better go into the house and see him."

"All right," Dr. Klein said. He stripped the rubber gloves from his lean, corded hands, laughingly steering his son away from a tray of fresh slides, and took the letter. He recognized the brown envelope in which the hospital at Stuttgart sent its reports. "Let's hope for luck," he murmured, opening it.

Twice he grunted, as he read, and

once he exclaimed, "Wonderful, wonderful!" Then he smiled and folded the letter and said: "Remember the old lady from Berlin—the inoperable? She's been discharged from the hospital. The report says, 'Completely arrested.' That's our fifth."

"Completely arrested? That's almost the same as cured, isn't it?" Freda asked. Mark made a dive for the microscope, exclaiming, "Can I see the bugs now? Now, Father?"

"Yes, but don't touch the slides," Robert said, and lifted him to the porcelain-topped stool and let him peer into the eyepiece. "You can't say 'cured,'" he told Freda. "Not for five years can you say 'cured.' Maybe not then. Remember what happened to my father."

"I do remember!" she cried, and her face went white and she drew close to him.

She is frightened, Robert considered, because she recalls how the first Dr. Klein worked at this thing all his life, and how he thought he had the answer, but how after his death some of the cases he had called cured had relapsed.

Then Robert discovered this wasn't why she trembled against him, and that

her mind was on the second, not the first Dr. Klein, because she raised her head and whispered: "This man outside—I don't know whether he's from the police, or the Winter Relief, or the Gestapo. I never can tell all these uniforms apart. Robert, didn't you arrange it—about your military service?"

"I talked to Dr. Schneider," he said, unfastening his smock. "He's high in the party, you know. He said he'd do what he could."

"Robert," she demanded, the fear full in her voice now. "Didn't they send a card for you to report? Wasn't that after you saw Schneider?"

He frowned, and hesitated. "I don't remember," he admitted. "Come, we'll see what this fellow wants."

He was waiting in the parlor, a stocky man with a face that might have been punched in clay by a careless sculptor. He stood with his boots wide apart, and his hands behind his back. He did not offer to shake hands, nor did he give the salute. "Lieutenant Brucker, Military Police," he introduced himself. "You are Doctor Klein?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"You received the notice to report to

the medical section at your headquarters, for active service."

"Yes, but I talked to Dr. Schneider, and he told me . . ."

"You failed to report," the lieutenant interrupted impatiently, "so I had to get you. You know, Doctor, that it is a serious thing not to report, but if you come with me now, immediately, they will only ask you some questions and you can say you forgot the date, or make some other excuse. They will forget about it, because they have not enough surgeons in the field."

"But I'm not a surgeon," Robert protested. "I haven't handled a surgical instrument since I left the university. My work is different. I'm a biochemist."

The lieutenant shrugged. "You're a doctor," he said simply. "You will oblige and come immediately. You take a bag."

MARK rushed through the door and ran to his father's side. "Are you going away?" he asked. "Are you going away to the war? Will Mother let me into the laboratory when you're gone? I can look at the bugs?"

"Yes, Mark," Robert said, "I'm going away," and he turned and started up the stairs, and he could hear the steady tread of Freda behind him, and he could hear the choking sound in her throat.

He took the suitcase down from the upper shelf in the closet, and he wiped the dust from the well-worn leather, and for the first time in a long while he noticed how her hair was fine and soft and how it circled her head in two even braids. He opened the suitcase and saw it was half filled with forgotten papers. He shuffled through these, and saw that one was the medical society's reports on his father's experiments, and that indeed there were the original notes of the first Dr. Klein, the notes upon which he had fashioned his own work. "I guess you can throw these away," he told Freda, and tossed them on the bed. Then he began to pack.

After a time he finished, and went downstairs again, and saw that Lieutenant Brucker, his legs still spread and his hands still locked behind his back, was inspecting the framed clipping, flanked by the iron cross, on the wall. Scrawled on the clipping was the date, November 20, 1915. The clipping was only one paragraph, and it read:

"Captain Mark Klein, Medical Corps, was one of those killed in the action of yesterday on the Verdun front. He was known internationally for his cancer research."

Brucker contemplated the clipping and then wheeled on Dr. Klein, and his tempt had tightened his mouth. "I cannot imagine," he snapped, "a man with a heritage like yours hesitating to give himself to the Reich!"

Robert started to retort, but from the laboratory there came the crash of breaking glass, and Mark ran out, frightened, and clung to his father's knees. "It was only empty tubes," he said. "I was just climbing up to look at the bugs."

His father was not angry, as Mark expected. His father only smiled, ruffled his hair, and said, "When you grow up, maybe they'll give you time to do the work," and this Mark did not understand. Then Dr. Klein kissed his wife, once and tenderly, and told her, "Those papers on the bed, Freda—your better save them for him."

"But they're awfully old."

"He will need background—a background to understand my work he must understand what went before."

"Come on," growled Lieutenant Brucker. "Stop this silly chatter. Consider that this delay may cost the life of a soldier."





CHECKMAN

# Living at Ease

Ruth Carson

Collier's House of Ideas  
In its time and labor-  
ing equipment takes  
the rudgerly out of work  
and makes room for fun

COLLIER'S House of Ideas is not a model home. You couldn't buy it and move in, even if you wanted to. It's built on a skyscraper terrace at Rockefeller Center, New York City, and the building regulations and your desire for privacy would be against it from the start.

The house is a demonstration house, to show many of the newest ideas in house design, construction and furnishing. It's packed with enough ideas to fill a dozen houses, even though they sit happily together in this one. The room that divides to become a guest and dining rooms, or expands into a playroom, is the idea that will tick with you. Maybe a dressing-light, or a window that opens and looks like a Venetian blind, will be an inspiration. Collier's architect, Mr. Edward Stone, working with lighting and painting and equipment experts, has put together a horde of good ideas. They are yours to pick and choose.

In the June 15th issue of Collier's you read about the plan of the house and the details of which it is built. That is what you see first in a house. But the things that make it tick, the pipes and the mechanical equipment, are the vital part of the building, for they are the things that make today's house easy to live in and easy to care for. Here we give you the equipment of Collier's House of Ideas.

The man of the house this means heating equipment. The heating system of Collier's House is warm-air convection. Air is filtered, heated, humidified and then circulated to the rooms by means of a fan, accomplishing what many things for your comfort. In the first place, humidified air does not rob the last drop of moisture out of your books and furniture, as some heating systems did. Since your skin is not being dried out till you start, you don't go jogging up the thermostat to a higher temperature, thus launching yourself in a vicious circle. The circulation of air, scientifically regulated into the room through one reg-

ister and drawn out through another, adds further to your comfort by eliminating layers of cool air at the floor and hot air at the ceiling and by changing the air about you constantly, so that your own body heat doesn't have a chance to weigh upon you. This movement of air is so gentle that you get no sensation from it.

The heating plant is oil-fired, with a burner run by electricity and especially fitted to eliminate radio interference. It is automatically and completely regulated by a clock thermostat that, besides giving you the time of day, will lower the temperature at any hour you have set for the night, and raise it again without your opening an eye in the morning. So you can economize on fuel bills and live in luxurious comfort at one and the same time.

In the summer, with the burner turned off, the same fan sends air through the house, refreshing you as only circulating air can. At night when the outdoor air has cooled, it quickly carries this coolness through your rooms.

## Built for Convenience

The lady of the house is already ahead of us, peering into the kitchen. One end of it opens into the dining area, not only through a door, but over a counter with rolling panel above. With the panel open, you can keep an eye on the children playing in the room beyond. Here at the counter the family lines up for breakfast, or bring their guests for drinks, or service to the dinner table passes over the counter. The range is right at hand so that you can dish up and pass food over the counter, in regular drugstore fashion, making for easy informal service when you want it.

The range itself will do everything but serve the meals for you. It flashes different-colored lights to notify you which burner you've set for what it calls a rolling boil, which is ready to simmer, start things fast, cook gently, boil hard, or just keep warm without burning. The oven expands to accommodate a turkey or contracts by means of a separating sheet to bake your biscuits economically.

The guest bath adjoining the many-purpose room can be converted into a photographer's darkroom by sliding the mirror up to cover the windows

The oven will turn on and off without your so much as being in the kitchen.

A sink over there under the window performs tricks, too. A sink used to be just a place to run water out of a tap. This one is wired for action. Dishwasher in one compartment, to make that once unpopular job something the kids cry to do. Voracious device under the sink proper that chews up and flushes away every bit of waste you drop down the drain, doing away with smelly garbage pails and treks outdoors for the final dumping.

The electric refrigerator, sleek and sure of itself, is busy at its job of preserving foods—adjusting humidity to suit vegetables and meats, storing frozen food, freezing the dessert for dinner.

In the cupboards beside the dining table is equipment for flourishes in table cookery—electric toaster, waffle iron, percolator, casserole. Convenient outlets are at hand for plugging in.

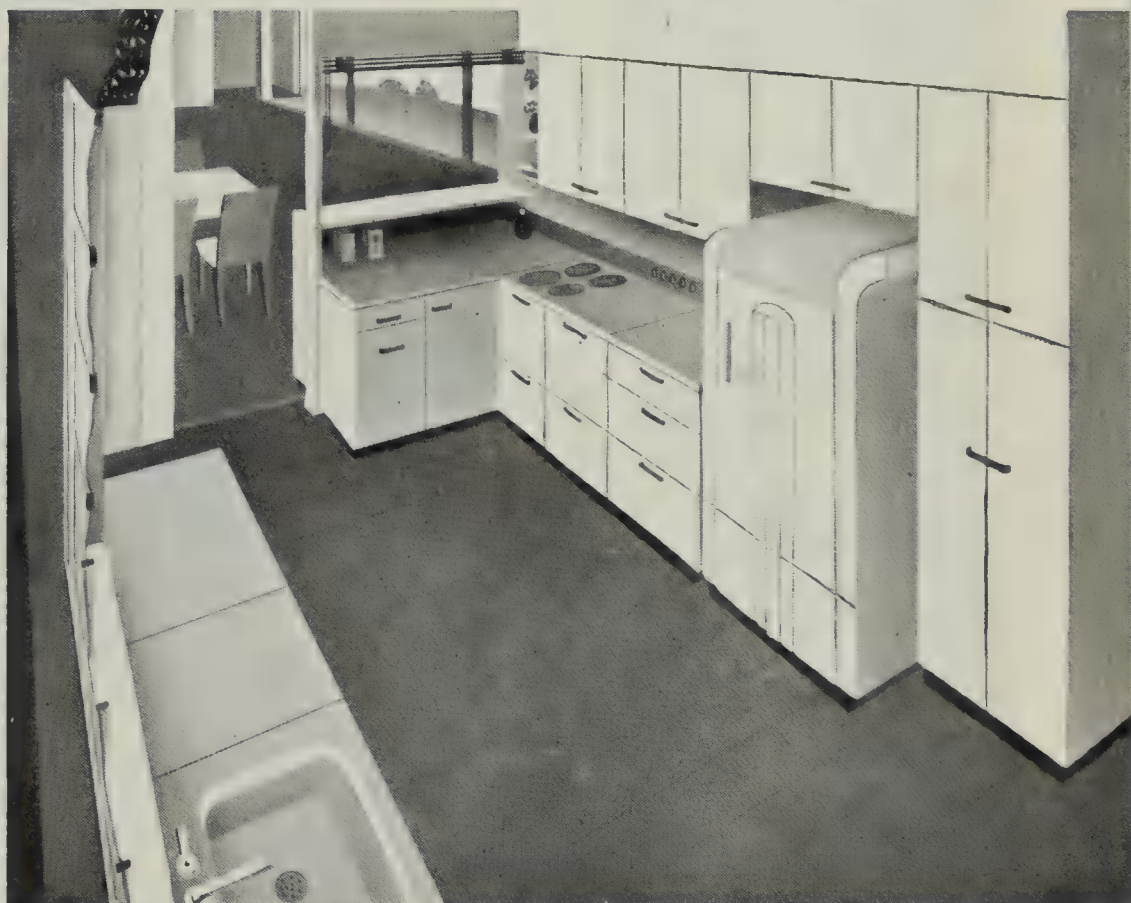
At the other end of the kitchen is the

laundry. Here you are going to have to step fast to keep up with the machine age. To the ranks of electric washing machine and ironer and water heater is now added the electric drier for home use. So pick any day, and never mind the weather, so long as it's cotton and linens you have to deal with. The washing machine will wash, rinse and spin moisture out of the clothes. Then, with no clotheslines or pins or weather to worry about, you start the drying process by transferring the proper load to your drier, a compact little cabinet that opens to reveal a perforated cylinder within. Drop the clothes into the cylinder, which revolves slowly while the clothes miraculously lift and billow and shift in a current of warm air. Fifteen minutes or so of this concentrated wind-blown treatment, and the clothes are damp-dry, ready for ironing. Thirty minutes, and they are completely dry.

Meanwhile, if you can stand the pace,  
(Continued on page 48)

Between the kitchen and the dining area, which is part of the many-purpose room, is a counter to make serving easy

ROLF KLEP





# These Our Rulers

By John T. Flynn

Having swallowed Chicago, the Kelly-Nash machine hungrily attack the county and state government. Now, with plenty of votes and power under their belts, the bosses welcome the Democratic convention to their kingdom and look forward to greater powers in the national government

Haberdasher Sam L. Nudelman entered politics in 1932 as a clerk. Now many consider him virtual governor of Illinois



SARRA



In six years, Chicago paid \$3,476,000 to dump garbage in this hole. Paul V. Colianni, Democratic politician, heads the refuse-disposal company

## IV

AT THIS moment the Hosts of Democracy are convoked in Chicago and, standing there at the front door to greet them, is smiling, red-haired Ed Kelly, mayor, as host to the hosts. What the hosts are interested in is a third term—not for Mr. Roosevelt but for the hosts. For—believe it or not—it is just a hundred years since the Democrats have enjoyed three in a row or what might be called three square terms together. The last time was when Andy Jackson served twice and Martin Van Buren once—ending in 1841—and immortalized the slogan that makes all these invading hosts so happy, and Kelly and Nash in particular—that “to the victor belongs the spoils.”

It is a very different host Messrs. Kelly and Nash are receiving from that slim and hungry horde that was welcomed by Anton Cermak to Chicago in 1932. Fresh in from twelve years in the wilderness, a dollar looked like some-

thing to those boys and they roared in with maledictions on the unhappy head of poor Hoover for his spendthrift ways. They were yelling for a balanced budget. Now they are back, all with balanced budgets. The old jalopies are cast aside and the boys ride proudly in streamlined limousines.

They have been enjoying for eight years one of the most glorious and successful depressions in history. Through the hands of these gentlemen have flowed *twenty-three billion dollars* of public funds—which is an average of about \$23,000,000 per delegate. It has all been possible because of the generosity of that man whom the Cermak-Nash machine tried to howl down in 1932, but whom the Kelly-Nash machine is specially commissioned to howl up this time.

This army of delegates and fellow travelers is all cluttered up with mayors and county commissioners and gover-

nors who are bubbling over with gratitude for the fine showing they have been able to make on their own home grounds because of these federal billions. And none has more reason for gratitude than Boss Ed Kelly and Boss Pat Nash.

Kelly says he found Chicago sunk under the great red deluge. Out of the Red and Into the Black is the title of his administration. When he came into power the city pay-rollers had not been paid for five and a half months; the teachers had not been paid for two years. They had \$22,000,000 in back pay coming to them. Kelly paid off the teachers and other city employees and has kept the pay rolls up to date. He painted all the 450 schools and built nearly thirty more; resurfaced 200 miles of streets, repaired all the others, cut the bonded debt \$80,000,000 and paid off \$110,000,000 of city IOU's in the form of tax warrants.

An interesting feature of this is that

it is mostly true. A far more interesting feature is the singular way in which was done. And just as interesting that it has probably happened the same way in your town.

Chicago is a living example of beating a city can take and still stand up. It had been stepped on for years when Big Bill Thompson the Builder landed on it with his hob-nailed boots. He was not only Big Bill the Builder he was Big Bill the bill builder. But wasn't all his fault. The businessmen contributed their share to the disaster. The big property holders in the Loop were always ready to play ball with other officials who were looting Chicago at the time. What they got, among other things, were shockingly low assessments on their property.

Came a time when the small taxpayers began to grumble about the dodgers in the Loop. Some got so just let the taxes slide; delinquent tax-





**Governor Henry Horner (left) fought and defeated the Kelly-Nash machine. When he became ill, Lieutenant Governor Stelle (center) seized the governorship but lost control when Kelly and Nash backed Horner and re-elected him governor**



became a problem. There was agitation; a commission named to study the problem; a report for a reassessment and, in due time a reassessment. When the smoke cleared away, the reassessment that was ordered to make the big Loopists pay their share had raised everybody's assessments *except those in the Loop*. The low grumble rose to a howl. Then the taxpayers struck. And for two years the city treasurer was a man with scarcely a visitor.

How does a city of 3,000,000 people with an army of pay-rollers and other creditors exist for two years without any taxpayers? Well, Big Bill the Builder just borrowed the money at the banks and gave the banks the city's IOU's in the form of tax warrants—claims against the taxes—when and if they should be paid.

But all this time Chicago's political rulers—Democrats and Republicans, Big Bill in the City Hall and Kelly on the South Park Board and Cermak in the County Building—were proposing bond issues—five million for this bridge, five million for that boulevard, millions for this and that, all approved by popular vote of citizens who wouldn't pay any taxes. And all this to build around the town that glamorous golden frame known as the Chicago Plan. And down on all this came crashing the depression, with its bank failures, its Insulls, defaulted real-estate bonds that hit Chicago quicker and harder than most big towns. By 1933, when Kelly came into power, the town was perfectly and beautifully busted. The town owed \$465,000,000 in bonds and \$228,000,000 on tax warrants—a total of \$693,000,000.

If you have gotten these simple facts, you do not have to be a bookkeeper to see what a simple trick it was to do what Kelly did—and why he and so many other mayors did the same.

Suppose you earn fifty dollars a week and you spend it all on living. Then the boss gets in financial difficulties and can't pay your salary. Instead, every week for a year he hands you an IOU for fifty dollars. You have to live, so you cut down your expenses to thirty dollars and buy on tick at the stores. This goes on for two years. You are then \$3,120 in debt to the stores. But the boss owes you \$5,200.

Now at the end of two years the boss gets prosperous again and he starts paying you your regular weekly salary and also begins to redeem those IOU's. You are now getting your pay plus the pay of the last two years. You can take up the bills at the stores and have something left over. It was tough going those years when the pay checks stopped. But it's skittles and beer now.

This is what happened to Chicago. For years tax delinquencies piled up. Then for two years hardly any taxes were collected. That was a disaster for the fellow who was mayor then. But when Kelly came in he could spend not only the taxes that he would levy on the people, but all the taxes Thompson had levied but couldn't collect. He

**Judge Edmund Jarecki offended the machine mortally by taking a vigorous stand for honest election and registration laws. The Kelly-Nash leaders dropped him from the county ticket**

would be knee-deep in clover—if things picked up so that the taxpayers could pay their current taxes and their back taxes.

And that's what happened. Things did pick up. But with that neither Kelly nor any of the numerous mayors had anything to do. They picked up because the federal government began to spend billions of dollars—billions that it did not collect in taxes, but borrowed from the banks. This money was paid to people on relief and to farmers. They promptly spent it at the stores. It was in the reliefer's pocket Saturday and in the merchant's cash drawer Monday. It made business and jobs. It produced something that resembled recovery. The people of Chicago were able to resume paying their taxes and to pay their back taxes.

When Kelly took office the city owed \$465,000,000 in bonds. A good many were in default. But as the back taxes flowed in the defaulted payments could be met out of the back taxes. And the current maturities on the bonds could be met. Not only that, they had to be met. They were contract obligations.

Kelly was enabled to collect twelve per cent of the taxes of 1928; eighteen per cent of the taxes of 1929; twenty per cent of the taxes of 1930; thirty-seven per cent of the taxes of 1931 and thirty-seven per cent of the taxes of 1932. All this was in addition to the taxes in his own administration.

But in spite of all this the city has not been able to pay its running bills. Every year there is a batch of unpaid bills and another batch of judgments against the city that it cannot pay. The city owes \$19,000,000 in current bills and \$18,036,000 in judgments. It is in the red every year.

Chicago years ago decided to be thrifty. It created a fund on which it could borrow while waiting for taxes to be paid. That fund grew to be \$70,000,000. The city has been tapping that fund—borrowing it, and putting IOU's in the tin box, until the fund is practically gone and in its place is a handful of IOU's.

While this has been going on the tax rate has been going up. In 1928 the rate was \$5.15 per hundred of assessed value. This year it was \$9.42 per hundred. When Kelly took office it was \$6.49, today it is \$9.42. That is, taxes have increased forty-five per cent since Kelly took office and eighty-three per cent over 1928. As a matter of fact, Chicago assesses all property at about one third its value; its actual rate now being \$3.39 per hundred.

And all this in spite of the huge sums of money that the government was spending on services that the city would have had to shoulder.

But oh! what a blessing those federal funds were. Over half a billion dollars has been poured into Illinois during this administration on the WPA, the CCC, the RFC, Surplus Commodity Corporation, National Youth Administration, farm relief, to say nothing of housing and home and farm mortgages—which would be in addition to the half-billion.

The depressed city—like most cities—was aided by these federal funds two ways, directly and indirectly. For instance, Kelly says he painted and repaired 450 schools. What he means is that the WPA painted and repaired these schools. Millions have been spent on streets, highways, public buildings, parks—money the city would have had to spend. Another instance is the HOLC (Home Owners Loan Corporation) which took up thousands of defaulted mortgages and paid the delinquent taxes on them—amounting to nearly \$20,000,000 cash in the city treasury.

The teachers' back pay of \$22,000,000 was paid with money loaned to the city

(Continued on page 52)





Old Doc Yarnell came up in the clutch and poked one into right field

## Southpaw Blood

By Kyle Crichton

THE first time Spud ever knew his old man didn't like the profession he was in was the day Doc came home around noon and made Spud quit throwing the ball up against the house. There were patches of snow still left on the ground but the sun was shining and this was Spud's first chance to get out and throw a few. Spud was twelve and pretty big for his age, and Doc had never spoken to him like that before.

They had called his father Doc—Doc Yarnell—ever since he left college to join the Sox. He had been taking a premed course but that was all washed up when Pinky Williams, the Sox scout, saw him ruin Fordham one afternoon with four hits and three stolen bases. Back in his mind maybe Doc always knew he was going to be a ballplayer instead of a doctor, but he put up a battle with Pinky before signing. That got him a bonus of fifteen hundred dollars for signing, which was dough thirteen years ago and is not bad now, no matter what you read about big money.

Anyhow, Doc had quit at the end of his junior year and married Bessie and joined the Sox. They farmed him out to San Antonio for the rest of that year but recalled him at the end of the season. He went out to Paso Robles with the Sox for spring training and had the left-field job cinched by the time the season opened. Spud was born that sec-

**Doc Yarnell tells his boy all about the paths of glory. But youth prefers to learn for itself**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ond summer at the Applegates' place—that's Bessie's folks—at Cooperstown, Ohio, and Doc didn't see him until he was about three weeks old, when he stopped off for a day at Cooperstown on the Sox's second Eastern trip.

Doc hit .318 that first year and there was never any doubt that he belonged in the Sox outfield. He was a snap hitter rather than a long hitter, and he had a little trouble at first going back for hard-hit balls over his head, but he cured that before long and was a fixture with the club. He was fast and had a good arm.

Bessie stayed with her folks that season, but when Spud was just short of being a year old she came up to Chicago and had the apartment ready for Doc when he came back again from spring training. That had been the life of the family ever since—except that Doc wasn't with the White Sox any more.

Twelve years of that, and now Spud was slamming the ball up against the house between the two back windows and Doc comes along and says cut it out.

Spud had seen Doc coming and had put a little extra stuff in his heaves, thinking Doc would like that, but Doc stopped by the fence and said sharply: "Cut that out and come on in for your lunch!"

THEY'D always been pretty close, Spud and Doc, because of the way they lived—all summer with some ball club and now in late years staying every winter here in Cooperstown—and this was the first time Doc had ever talked to him that way.

"Ah, Doc . . ." began Spud.

"I'm telling you," said his father coldly. "Cut that out and come on in and eat." . . .

Bessie began taking Spud to the

games when he was about two, and became so well known to the regular fans that they used to come by the tion and talk to him. By the time he was four he was pretty well spoiled and something of a trial to Bessie, who had to pin him to his seat to keep him from running all over the grandstand. He ate hot dogs and peanuts and ought to have been a wreck but he seemed to like it. During the game Doc never showed any sign that he knew they were there, but Spud knew all about his father and all about baseball before the kids had learned to talk.

Spud was five when he got his fame at the Sox park. The Sox were in a slump and Doc was as bad as the rest of them. His fielding had fallen off and he couldn't buy himself a hit. The Sox had gone sour and the crowd had begun to ride the team. In a game at Philadelphia they had a three-run game up to the sixth and then the A's hit a home run. Doc had hit into a double play the second and had fanned in the third. In the seventh Perry got on second and the A's with two out and then Doc smacked one on a line to left. Doc tried to cut off the run by making a shoe catch and the thing got past him and rolled to the fence. Perry scored and Haller pulled up at third.

The uproar in the stands was tremendous. (Continued on page 46)



# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## Story Thus Far:

BLAERCHEN and Paul Lesser both in love with Carola Dirling, a singer led by them in their night club in Berlin, the Krokodil. Lesser marries her. A short time later, Lesser—sent to Warsaw on a mysterious "government" mission—is killed in an automobile accident, and Carola feels sure, without proof, that Blaerchen, a Nazi, is somehow involved in his murder! Heartbroken, but determined to have the tragedy investigated, the widow leaves Berlin.

Years pass. Carola is in Rome when a German agent finds her, informs her that Blaerchen now has a power in the German Foreign Office, has a job for her, and tells her brutally that she must return to Berlin. Thinking that she will have a chance to learn the truth concerning her young husband's death, she obeys.

In Berlin, she encounters an old friend—Friedrich, a comedian who had worked at the Krokodil. They have a long conversation and agree to lunch together. But Karl—not the name of Carola—does not tell her that, at the time of Paul Lesser's death, he had been released from a concentration camp.

Blaerchen makes at least two things clear to Carola: he is to work for the Foreign Office (reportedly as a spy); and she is to have a difficult time repelling the clumsy advances of Rolf Blaerchen. . . . Ensconced in an apartment suite (selected by Blaerchen), with a maid—Maria Kunkle, who, sent to her by Blaerchen, is obviously spying on her—she begins her first assignment.

As she is attending to the preliminaries, Friedrich is actively engaged in getting in touch with certain persons who are plotting the overthrow of Hitler. Working cautiously, he meets Hans Klauss and Klauss' son-in-law, Rolf Ranke, two of the cleverest ringleaders of the anti-Nazi movement. And Klauss, given an unusually perilous job, tells him what is expected of him. . . .

Carola Mainescu—a woman who, once enemy of Blaerchen and working for him, now has changed—calls on Carola. Carola sends her out on an errand. Senta then intimates to Carola that she can easily find employment working for Blaerchen's enemies. Before she leaves, she sends a defiant message to Blaerchen. Unfortunately Maria returns while she is talking (as Carola is well aware) does some housework. Watching the maid move about in the kitchen, Carola notes her curious waddle—the waddle of a person with a ring of buttons sitting at her belt; the waddle of a jailer!

## III

WHEN Blaerchen telephoned early the next morning, he asked, "Did you enjoy Mademoiselle Mainescu's visit?"

"Yes," Carola said uneasily, glad that he could not see her face.

"I'm sure it must have been pleasant," he continued, as if that were all important. Before Carola could answer he said, "I'd like to take you to a very important party this afternoon. I'll call for you at five."

Throughout the day Carola was conscious that Maria was staring at her as if trying to guess in a glance what she was going to do. She had already decided; only one decision was possible. Blaerchen came promptly at five, smiling and far more than usually jovial. She knew some extraordinary comic act. "It's good to see you, Carola," he said warmly. Then, to Maria: "How do you do? You have a good cook, Carola?"

Maria half grinned, half grimaced. "She and her husband worked for Blaerchen," he explained. "I sent her here because she's the best cook in Berlin."

"Ah, Fräulein Dirling gives me little pleasure to show it," Maria said modestly. Blaerchen asked her carelessly, "What do you hear from Fritz?"

"I haven't heard anything for some time," Maria explained to Carola, "Herr Blaerchen was kind enough to arrange that Fritz will not have to go to the front."

"You won't get within fifty kilometers of the front," Blaerchen said loftily.

"You are so kind, Herr Blaerchen!"



The officer was polite. "Are you having any trouble finding your way?" "No, thank you," Karl said



Maria smiled as she went to the kitchen.

Carola was impatient. Blaerchen's genial pretense annoyed her. Always acting like an immaculate god in a well-ordered world!

"Ready to go, Carola?" Then he stopped and stared at her. "Every time I see you I am surprised. I think I have a vivid memory of your beauty and then when I see you—!"

"Thank you."

"You're like one of those sky-blue-and-gold rock-garden flowers."

"Not so delicate, I hope," Carola laughed. "Where are we going?" She resented the way he assumed no need for explanation.

"To the home of one Herr von Buene, the assistant chief of the Propaganda Bureau. You'll meet many important people there and many theater people, too. Herr von Buene collects them."

"That sounds delightful." She wished she could ask, "Why are we going?" It was better to be patient about motives; sooner or later something would reveal what he wanted her to do. More immediate was the Mainescu matter.

It was dark on the street. Blaerchen helped her into his car and the chauffeur started off. "These damned black-outs!" Blaerchen said. "We'll have to drive slowly as usual but we'll have all of England's lights as well as our own when this war is over."

Carola agreed. It was curious that he had not yet mentioned Mlle. Mainescu but silence might be planned to see if she would speak first. She began directly: "Mademoiselle Mainescu said

things that troubled me yesterday."

"Really!" Blaerchen laughed. "She's a nice girl," he continued, still laughing, "but don't be concerned with what she said. We were to have been married once. I suppose she feels bitter toward me." He waved one hand. "I could probably tell you all she said!" He laughed at that. "Forget her!" Then he lounged back in the seat with an air of self-satisfied relaxation, like a man beyond any possibility of hurt. Carola felt him jostle closer to her. His arm fell across her shoulders. "I'd much rather talk about you. What have you been doing?"

**S**HE was relieved at not having to repeat her conversation with the Rumanian woman. She answered, "Leading a dull life since I don't know what work I'm supposed to be doing."

"You aren't unhappy? That's all that matters. You're comfortable, you have a nice apartment—!"

"I have you to thank for it."

"Nonsense!" He did seem pleased. "And is Maria satisfactory?"

That might be an apparently innocent question to find out if she suspected Maria. "Quite satisfactory," Carola said pleasantly. "And she seems to have no difficulty with the hardships of war."

"Why should she?" Blaerchen sounded surprised.

"Life must be difficult for those people without such connections."

"The so-called common people?" Blaerchen snorted. "Why be concerned with them?"

"That sounds like the things you and Paul used to talk about."

"We talked a lot in those days," Blaerchen answered. "We're still in power today and that's the best proof that our theories were right."

In every conversation between him and Paul, Blaerchen had always talked about the need for power and position as a hungry man would talk about food.

"We used to talk about the need for Lebensraum, for living space, for Germany," Blaerchen continued. "What we meant, of course, was Lebensraum for ourselves, the men of my generation." He raised his head proudly. "We have it now."

When he talked like this in the old days, Carola remembered, his voice rose and he looked straight out and over, as if to a listening crowd. He had the same manner now.

"We are strong today," he continued. "What have we done that every other ambitious people has not done? Why shouldn't an ambitious man do everything he can to advance?"

Very sharply Carola was reminded of some of the things Mainescu had said. "What happens here in Germany when two equally ambitious men clash?"

"The more skillful man wins, of course. It sometimes happens." Then, brusquely: "Why should you ask that?"

"It seems an obvious question."

"Or the question of someone well educated in politics."

She could not resist answering: "I remember you used to tell Paul that women have no place in politics."

"Of course not," Blaerchen sharply. "Their place is to enable to forget politics." He was pleased that remark. "Yet women can sometimes help."

"How?" Carola leaned forward. might bring an important answer to give some clue to what he wanted to do.

"By being gracious and using charm and the social gifts God gave them!"

The car swung into a narrow street and stopped at a large house set behind hedges. Other cars were parked on all sides.

The entrance to the home through a heavy feudal doorway led into a lavishly overdecorated hall. At the entrance was Herr von Buene, the host, and his wife, a young blonde. Their greeting was stiff and formal.

The sound of many voices came from a huge living room. If Blaerchen had any hidden purpose in bringing Carola here, she would soon know. Then anxiety was forgotten for a moment as she saw a room untouched from the eighties, decorated with heavy brocade with sets of stag antlers bristling from the walls. Conversation and laughter seemed unrestrained. It was long since she had been at any sort of party; her face flushed ever so slightly. It was pleasant and warming to feel free, for a moment.

"There's quite a crowd," Blaerchen said proudly. He pointed out a general on leave from the western front, a tone at the State Opera and one of her secretaries.

Carola looked for familiar faces but saw none. In spite of her misgiving she felt gay. But, shadowing her general from time to time, was the question about Blaerchen's reasons in bringing her here.

A man passing by happened to notice her, a short, middle-aged man, dark-skinned, with a lower lip that protruded like the navel on an orange. He stood and looked at her from a distance off and his look was like a caress. He smiled to himself as they were pleased at what he had seen and came forward quickly.

**"HERR BLAERCHEN, won't you introduce me?"**

Blaerchen was not pleased. "Tell Wilhelm Praut," he said, "one of our co-workers in the Foreign Office."

"I thought I knew everyone well knowing in Berlin," Praut said contently. He smiled at Carola as if his smile were for her alone. "I see I been mistaken."

Blaerchen looked so annoyed that Carola wished the man would leave. Then several others came up, greeted Blaerchen and were introduced to Carola. In ten minutes a dozen men were around her, but closest was Praut, said inaudible things in a whisper as he was trying to carry on an intimate conversation. Then Carola heard a name called. A stout man pushed through the group around her, a middle fifty with a perfectly round face and cheeks that threatened to bury his blue eyes.

"Carola Dirling! This is luck." He paid no attention to the other men and took her by the arm. "Come over. I want to talk to you."

Blaerchen did not look particularly pleased, but he smiled and walked away. "I am glad to see you, Franz," Carola said. She meant it. This was Franz Wagner, once the proprietor of the

(Continued on page 27)



"Blaerchen will use her, too," he said, "and she'll probably go the same way as the other women did."



SHAFT of cold, white light from a giant spot lamp in the lofty reaches of the big top shoots to floor of the arena and traps the figure of a little man with a scar on his nose who looks as though he ought to be sitting at a concert piano or preparing to lecture a class in French literature. He bows briefly and surveys his pupils. It is commencement time in jungle school, and Alfred Court's leopards, pumas and jaguars in the center cage add their guttural undertone to the music of the circus band. With the finesse of a circus Duse, the little "schoolmaster" puts his jungle charges through their exercises and, at the finale, wears a garter, curling, hissing, spotted Sumatran cat around his neck as a live fur collar.

Meanwhile, twenty-odd animals are standing on their hind legs, pawing the air atop high, illuminated pedestals. Look right—and left. In two flanking rows, directed by other trainers, are groups of undergraduates—polar bears, lions, Himalayan bears and even quinn Dane dogs. Court has trained them all, giving the acts over to skilled assistants, but the lightning-quick, murgent leopards, pumas and jaguars are kept for himself. These seniors of the college of the big cage have been in England, on the Continent and elsewhere, but this is their first season before an American audience.

The little man carefully lifts the Sumatran leopard from his shoulders while a whistle and cheering echo in the big tent. The Ringling-tented empire moves across the country and Alfred Court knows he has made good in America. His animals are so well-trained that it looks pretty easy, but you should have been present at the big show's rehearsal in Madison Square Garden on April 4th.

Tragedy stalked that rehearsal. A priceless snow leopard, Douthka, black-and-white coated, blue-eyed prima donna of the big cage, was destroyed by a jealous understudy for Douthka named Indo. The snow leopard was given the best medical attention and expert surgical attention, but it was too late. The master was stricken. He had become so fond of Douthka that he had refused an offer of 10,000 francs for her. She was the trained Siberian snow leopard in the world.

Half an hour later, with rehearsal redoubled, Indo escaped over the top of the inadequately netted arena and led a news reporter through an exit door down a flight of steps into a blind alley. The reporter grabbed a piece of wood from a prop near by and covered himself as best he could. Two of Court's animal handlers, coming up behind Indo, yelled, "Catch him! Catch him!" But the reporter replied, "You catch him, not my leopard!"

They threw a net over the spotted leopard and some strong stimulant into the reporter and rehearsal began again. Minutes later, Indo lashed out at Court and drew blood within an inch of his eye. The little Frenchman finished the act and had his wound attended to and then went back into the big cage two hours before the opening performance. The little man had had a busy day.

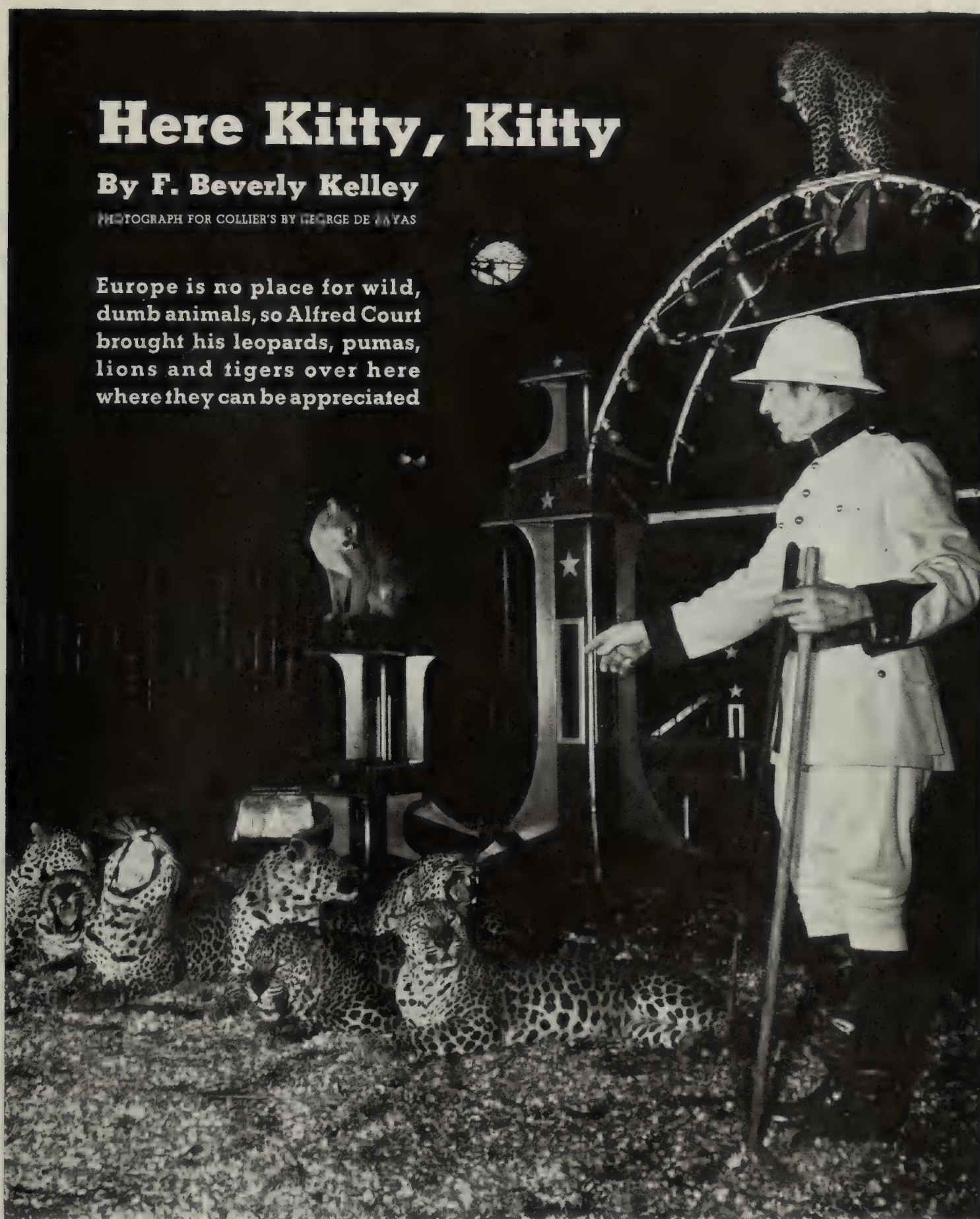
Court was glad to get his animals out of Europe a few months ago, for wild animals in European zoos and circuses are confiscated and destroyed in time. When war broke out, his three leopards were in France, Germany and Scandinavia. He rounded them up, shipped them from Oslo and the rest from Liver-

# Here Kitty, Kitty

By F. Beverly Kelley

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE MAYAS

Europe is no place for wild, dumb animals, so Alfred Court brought his leopards, pumas, lions and tigers over here where they can be appreciated



Alfred Court puts his leopards through their paces as a puma looks on curiously from the pedestal

sumably reduced Court's price for such an excursion, heretofore a major obstacle in the way of negotiation.

Youngest in a family of eleven children, Alfred Court chose the circus in preference to going to work in his uncle's soap factory. He had been interested in gymnastics since early childhood and at high-school age held the gymnastic championship in his home town, Marseilles. An acrobat he remained until he was thirty-five and then he became a wild-animal trainer by necessity rather than by design.

## Necessity Makes a Trainer

It all happened when, following his American acrobatic debut with the Ringling Circus, he had returned to France and had started his own circus which he took on a tour that wound up in Mexico. The feature on a rather modest circus menu was to be a lion act imported from the States. Court says he

was excited about that act and he awaited its arrival impatiently. At last the great day came! Four male lions, tempers a bit ruffled after a rough sea voyage, arrived and so did their trainer who was the worse for having tried to fight the stormy passage with a bottle. "He was the drunkenest trainer I ever saw in my life," says Court. Now, wild animals sense immediately the vulnerability of a trainer who hasn't control of himself. The drunken trainer would have lasted less than a minute with those lions, but Court definitely was on the spot.

"I had advertised the new act and people had been at the dock to see the lions unloaded. It was up to me. So I got the trainer sober enough to tell me what the routine of the act was and I rehearsed the lions one by one. Then I put them all in the cage and went in."

Those lions performed beautifully, and the portals of an uncrowded profession opened to admit a new candidate.

Court bought those animals, cage and props for \$700 and shipped the trainer back to the States. "From then on I was a wild-animal trainer; nothing else fascinated me like matching wits with the kings and queens of the jungle. Some of them are pretty bright."

Court's early acrobatic training had equipped him wonderfully for the style of presentation that he and his assistants use. Superb handling of the body rather than traditional chair and pistol is what protects Court. He and his trainers move their bodies like matadors and their footwork resembles that of prize fighters as they elude the swift, savage charges of the beasts. Incidentally, the Court methods of schooling are the most humane known to the business of wild-animal education.

Court knows the first lesson in any wild-animal trainer's primer: You can train 'em, but they never really are tamed. The trainer, Court explains, (Continued on page 60)



# Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Instantaneously she knew about him. Then one arm pinioned hers and a hand went over her mouth. He shouted for Smurthwaite

## The Story Thus Far:

WHILE fighting on the Loyalist side in Spain, Caleb Thatcher, of Wallisport, Massachusetts, and his friend, Bert Hendricks, most lose their lives when one Heinemann, a Nazi fifth columnist, betrays their unit to the enemy.

Returning to Wallisport, after the outbreak of the war in Europe, Caleb falls in love with Hope Shaler. But Hope presently announces her engagement to John Gabriel, head of a machine-tool company which is feverishly taking orders for overseas. . . . Representing a labor union, Hendricks comes to Wallisport. Caleb gives him a warm welcome; and when one of Gabriel's buildings is burned, and Hendricks accuses Hendricks of incendiarism, Caleb enables him to make his getaway.

Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel, the widow of John's brother, has become infatuated with Greg Ashburn who, telling her that he is a British spy, has inveigled her into giving copies of important secret documents trusted to John by Washington. Finding that he is in danger of being apprehended, Ashburn adroitly directs suspicion to Caleb Hendricks. Whereupon, Gabriel (jealous of Caleb and regarding both Hendricks and Ashburn as subversive plotters) decides to put them on their trail. . . .

Caleb learns that Heinemann is in Wallisport. A few days later, Hendricks is drowned—that is, the police accept that verdict. Caleb is sure that Heinemann has murdered Bert. He does not suspect the truth: Greg Ashburn and Sir Eric Bramwell, with whom he is working, are Nazi agents; and "Sir Eric" is Heinemann!

Caleb, trying frantically to find Heinemann, asks Ashburn to help him. Ashburn promises to do what he can. Caleb goes to his home. At this time he knows that Hope Shaler loves him—following a series of quarrels with Gabriel, she has told him that she can be happy only with him. No sooner has he entered his home than Smurthwaite, Ashburn's servant, brings him a note. He reads the note, in which Ashburn informs him that he has made an important discovery and asks him "to come and tell it over." He drops the note. "Okay, Smurthwaite," he says quietly. "I'll go back with you."

## IX

THE violence of the storm annihilated time but its crest must have lasted a full half-hour. Rain came out of the northwest in flat sheets and the sound of the wind was a squeal rising higher till it was almost inaudible. An occasional slate from the garage roof shot past the window. A young elm that had survived the hurricane shook itself and began to walk ponderously across the lawn; it had gone fifty feet, upright before it toppled. A magnificent Norway spruce leaned at an angle, quivered throughout its length, and slowly went down. Probably some of its roots still held; probably, Natalie thought, it could be propped up again. But there was nothing of her life, she felt—or of John's—that could be propped up.

The respite, however, had enabled her to see what the essentials were. She wasn't dizzy any longer or stunned, but there was something hypnotic in the way her mind was working. Tell John what she had to, and for his own sake hide from him what she could. Revealed enough to destroy his love for her—but see if she could keep the worst of a secret hidden—for his sake as much as hers.

John turned from the window—and that was what had to happen, what she had been waiting for. They were back at the beginning. But instantly she understood that it wasn't the beginning that he had gone on from there. Before he had been tense and strained—had still doubted himself. That doubt was

(Continued on page 34)



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## Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 26

for night clubs and mixed up in a dozen different theatrical enterprises. Everybody knew him; he knew everybody. He went through life as he had come through the group of men. My goodness, where have you been?" He smiled happily as he led her to a corner. "Are you looking for work?" "I'm in book you for three months right now in Berlin. We're dreadfully short of jobs—!"

Carola smiled. "Don't you ever talk about anything but business?" She was glad to see Franz. He was one pleasant acquaintance from the past. "You might tell me how I am."

"I can see how you are." He looked at her admiringly. "You have a great talent. You look magnificent. I am opening a new place shortly. Well?"

"No, thank you." Carola shook her head. Then she remembered that Wagner knew everything that went on in the entertainment world. On impulse she considered her voice. "Have you seen anything of Karl Dietrich?"

"No. Is he back in Berlin?"

"A tall, light-haired man came by, saw Carola, and stopped. Then, as he was about to walk on, he turned toward Wagner."

"Why won't you listen to me? I can guarantee you four months—"

"I don't want to sing," Carola said firmly.

The young man interrupted: "Herr Wagner, it is not fair for all the intelligence and all the charm in the room to be gathered in this one little corner."

"You should be a playwright," Wagner said. "That is a perfect entrance for me. This is Signor Froschetti, from the Italian embassy."

FROSCETTI bowed from the waist. "I heard you spoken of in the next room, Fraulein. I came to see for myself."

Carola smiled. "And?"

"I am content to stay here all evening."

Wagner looked disgusted. "Business, not romance, is what I'm after. Call me, Carola, at my office, if you change your mind."

Froschetti watched him go. "I shall never be able to thank him enough for letting us alone." He smiled boyishly. "I understand you've just returned from Rome, Fraulein. If I had only known you were there—I've just come back."

He asked questions about life in Rome. Carola listened, saying very little.

"There is so much I'd like to talk to you about," Froschetti said. "Can't we lunch together?"

Carola smiled. "What would you like to talk about?"

"Well, for instance, Rome."

"We've practically exhausted that."

"Modern Rome, possibly. But there is ancient Rome, medieval Rome—"

"THAT sounds like conversation enough for a series of lunches."

"I should like that. Tomorrow? The day after? The day after that?"

"Or any following day?" Carola laughed lightly. In spite of the shadow of Blaerchen, she was enjoying this. It had been a long time since she had been able to talk to anyone without having to hunt for some meaning behind every word.

"Any day! May I call you?"

"Please do." Blaerchen had returned to the room. She looked over at him. He left his place and came toward them.

Froschetti sighed. "I knew it couldn't last forever!"

A few minutes later Blaerchen said, "Perhaps we'd better go now, Carola."

"Very well." She was not sure how he felt about Froschetti. For all she knew Blaerchen had brought her here to meet him. When they were driving home she said innocently, "That was an amusing young man."

"Froschetti?" To her surprise he continued: "A very charming person. You'll find him fun, Carola. After all, when I'm busy, you'll have to have someone to go about with. He's pleasant company."

She bit her lip. "Thank you."

"What's the matter? I meant it sincerely." The car was going very slowly now. "I was proud tonight to see the way men were attracted to you. There wasn't a woman in the place as lovely as you."

"There were very few women there."

Blaerchen laughed. "And you certainly attracted my colleague, Praut."

Remembering the man, she shuddered.

"I know him very well," Blaerchen said. "I can even prophesy that he will telephone you before noon tomorrow and ask for an engagement."

"And would he be someone to go about with?"

"Would you like him?"

"He terrified me."

"He's not very attractive in any sense of the word." Blaerchen was silent for a

moment. Then: "How about dinner? The menu at the Adlon still manages to run the British blockade."

"No, thanks. I'm really not hungry."

"I'm disappointed. I have so few free evenings. And every time I'm with you—!"

Carola was sure that the conversation, having reached a personal plane, would not stop there.

The car arrived at her house. Blaerchen asked softly, "May I come in for a little while?"

"It's late—!"

"It's scarcely eight o'clock."

"I really am tired tonight," she said pleasantly. He could not know how uncomfortable she felt.

"Then may I drop by some evening when you aren't tired?"

"Please do! Any evening!" She hoped that she sounded sincere but she doubted it.

"Listen, Carola!" He had his arm around her and she had to hold herself from shuddering. "Why are you always so reserved?"

She had only one defense. "Because there was Paul."

"You can't live in the past forever," Blaerchen said impatiently. "After all, you can't always remain a widow."

"Possibly not." She started to leave the car, then looked at him mischievously, "but at the moment it's my occupation, nicht wahr?"

KARL went to his appointment at the Volks Oper shortly before eight, excited but not nervous. The instructions from Klauss were simple: as soon as the last note of the overture was played he was to leave his place and go to the lobby. At the same time the man he was to encounter would leave his place and the two would meet. That was the plan for a simple meeting that would not attract any attention and for which no identification was necessary.

The orchestra leisurely took their places in the pit and Karl was annoyed by their lack of any desire to hurry. It seemed like an hour before the leader appeared in a spatter of welcoming applause. It seemed like another hour before he tapped on his stand and was ready to start the overture. Each note marked a passing moment, fast, then slow, then fast. Karl sat in a rear row, wishing that the music would finish.

The last note came with a rush and then sudden silence. The curtain was about to rise. Karl got up hurriedly. People in the same row paid no attention. He started to walk toward the lobby, unwilling to look around to see if anyone else in the house had moved. A few late-comers were still entering. Then, by force of will, he made himself turn and look. A man was coming down the center aisle. If this was a trap, confederates would be waiting in the lobby.

The lobby was almost empty.

The man, a stranger, came into it and looked around. Karl stepped forward and as Klauss had instructed him, said, "I didn't want to wait for the opera, either."

"We'll go together," the man said quietly. On the street he added: "We'll find a bar somewhere."

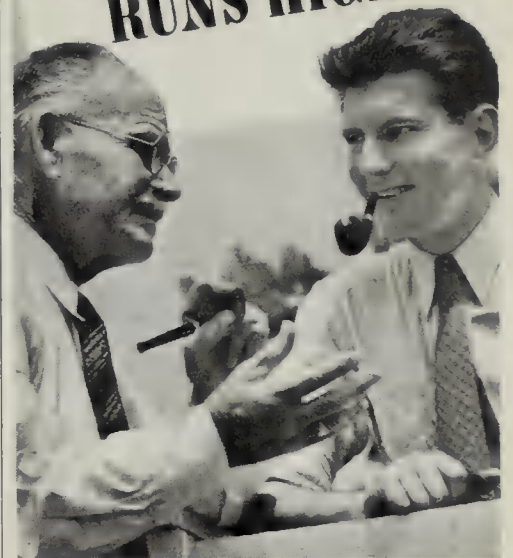
He said nothing else as he walked along quickly. For all Karl knew he was being taken to a meeting with the police.

The man stopped just once, as if out of breath, and said, "My name is Schebeler."

"Mine is Dietrich."

Schebeler seemed to choose a bar at random but Karl could not be sure. They sat at a table in the rear and for the first

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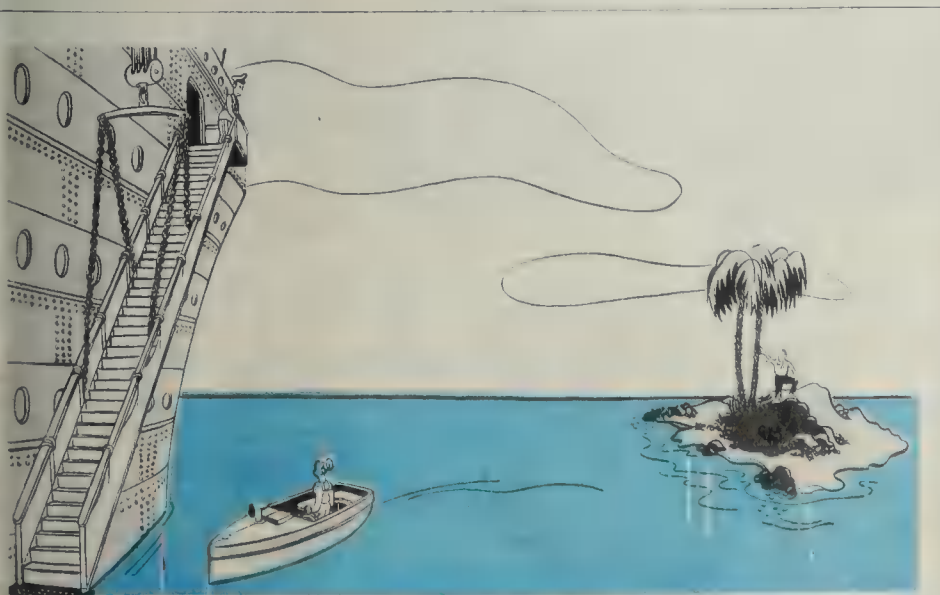


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# RECIPE

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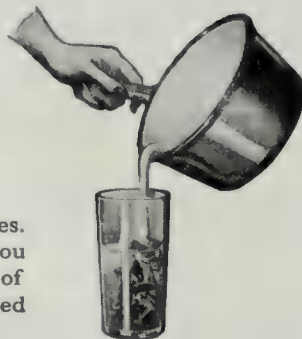
1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,\* but make it *double strength*. Use two heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup ( $\frac{1}{2}$  pint) of water.



2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.



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time Karl had a good look at the man's face. He was a man of forty. The roundness of his face was emphasized by thick, round glasses. He was slightly round-shouldered. His face and his manner, too, were those of a man bent by routine.

"I can explain at once," he began, "why I asked for this meeting. My brother and my father, too, were once good Nazis. They were killed during the Blood Purge of 1934. I waited a long time before deciding to do anything. I thought that it was not Hitler's fault, that he was a good man. Now, with the war, I know he is not and as a good German I felt it my duty, as soon as I heard of your friends—!"

That was reassuring but Karl still wondered whether at an unseen signal men would walk up and take him by the arm. A man did approach, a waiter with beer. Schebeler seemed as honest as he was simple and direct and thoughtfully, not impulsively, in earnest.

"If I can help you in any way—!" Schebeler said.

"WHAT is your position in the Foreign Office?"

"I am a translator." He explained, "A specialist in language. I have studied twenty-two in all and speak eleven fluently." He said that proudly. "As a translator, I have access to much more information than an ordinary clerk."

As Klauss had instructed Karl said, "We should be glad to get any information you can furnish. Of course, we can't pay."

"I would not think of taking money," he said timidly. "It is enough to know that one is helping."

Karl could understand that. His last worry about the man disappeared.

"You know," Schebeler said, smiling wistfully, "I was afraid to meet you tonight. I thought, well, you know—! But I felt I had to take any risk, any risk at all. With things as they are in Germany today—!"

Karl nodded as he looked around the barroom. There were couples at a dozen tables and men at the bar, yet there was no loud conversation in the room. People were talking to one another in muted

voices. Germany today was the land of whisper.

"Any information I can bring will be valuable to you, I suppose," Schebeler was saying.

"Anything about government activity, about the activity of important Nazis? It will be carefully circulated. Once people learn what is really going on—!" He repeated a sentence he had heard from Klauss. "The characters of Nazis are the best weapons against them. Once the German people know—!"

Schebeler agreed. "I brought nothing tonight. We shall meet here in the afternoon three days from now." Then he finished the glass of beer and pursed his mouth. "I've heard men talk this 'Tidal Wave' beer, because it's sort that is going to wash away Hitler and his friends. That the German people should have to drink such stuff—!"

Karl smiled. "Do you hear my complaints?"

"About food and living conditions? On all sides! Yet the sharpest complaints are about the sort of men now in power. We have a lot of them in the Foreign Office, protégés of Ribbentrop."

That interested Karl. "Do you know Rolf Blaerchen?"

"Is he a friend of yours?" Schebeler was alarmed.

"I once worked for him. I have no more for him."

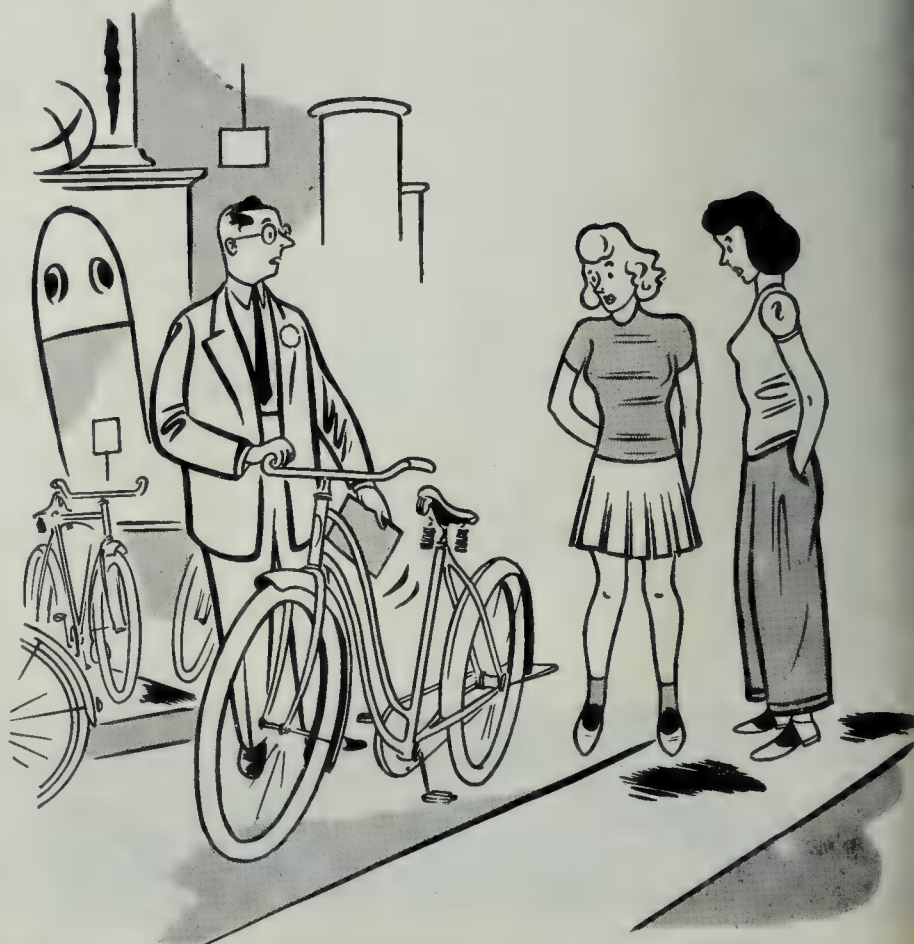
"He's one of Ribbentrop's favorites. You know, people now call the Foreign Office 'Ribbentrop's Robber Roost.' The career men there—I was one of them—see sickening things but they're helpless." Schebeler was silent for a moment. "I feel sorry for anyone who is a friend of Blaerchen's."

For a moment Karl thought of Carl. Then he said, "I think Blaerchen's definition of a friend is simple: a person who can use."

Schebeler nodded and almost whispered. "There are many in the Foreign Office like him today. Even worse than another of Ribbentrop's favorites, Wilhelm Praut."

"Never heard of him."

"They use the Foreign Office as a base."



"—It's made this way in case you should ever want to wear skirts—"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



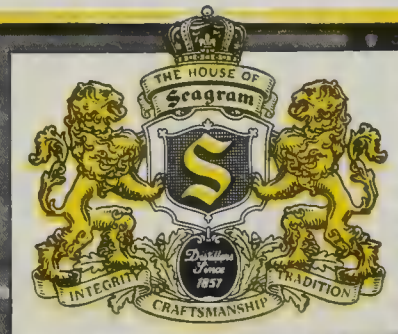
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IF YOU'RE somewhere between 35 and 40, the chances are you've passed your physical peak. Then it pays to watch what you eat, conserve your energy, exercise regularly. And if you drink—*never* take "one too many".

Enjoy a whiskey you *know* is *extra-smooth—extra-light—extra-fine*—Seagram's 5 Crown. It's whiskey in its "smoothest" form.

*Say Seagram's and be Sure*



*Extra Smooth  
Extra Light  
Extra Fine  
AT NO EXTRA COST*

# Seagram's 5 Crown

Blended Whiskey

## WHISKEY IN ITS "SMOOTHEST" FORM

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Executive Offices: New York, N. Y.



# Stepped up to give you...

## QUICKER STARTS!

It's a great gasoline made even greater. Stepped-up Fire-Chief "grabs hold" when you touch the starter... its "lightning action" gets you off to a singing start.



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The Texaco Company

## QUICKER GO!

Stepped-up Fire-Chief's precision power balance protects your car against coughing and bucking that first half-mile. See how smoothly it powers your car from the instant of starting. Try it today!

NOTE: At its price you  
can't get a better gasoline than



**STEPPED UP  
FIRE-CHIEF**

now at

**TEXACO DEALERS**

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford  
Every Wednesday Night—C. B. S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

for intrigue against Goering and Himmler. Continual intrigue!"

"Blaerchen is well suited for it," Karl said idly.

"There is always gossip about him, the sort of gossip that should be whispered in darkness. I heard someone say that one of Blaerchen's friends, a Mademoiselle Mainescu, was arrested just the other day, at his order. She probably knew too much about him! And I heard someone say that Blaerchen appeared at a party with a particularly beautiful girl, a Fräulein Dirling—!"

Karl's sudden gesture upset the ash tray on the table. "I knew her once."

"Blaerchen will use her, too, and she'll probably go the same way as the other women when he wants to get rid of her."

It took effort to continue to sit quiet at the table. Perhaps Carola did not know in what she was involved, perhaps she trusted Blaerchen. Karl felt faint and the air in the place was suddenly rank.

"We shall meet here three days from now, about five o'clock," Schebeler said. "That is convenient, *nicht wahr?*"

Karl nodded absently.

He was glad when they separated.

IT WAS black on the street but Karl did not notice. He knew he could not return to his little room, even though it was light there. The first worry about Carola had passed now, but in its place was weakness in arm and foot and leg and knee. Even if that weakness increased, he knew he must keep on walking. He could not return to his room with the thoughts now rushing into his mind. He had never met Mainescu but that did not matter. She had been a friend of Blaerchen. Carola was a friend! He thought of Carola, who had come to the Krokodil for the first time, so fresh in her beauty. And now, for all he could know, she was working for Blaerchen and helping him, as the Rumanian girl had done.

He reached a subway and came out as near to Carola's address as he could. It was difficult to find the house in which she lived but after a time he entered its vestibule and stood at her apartment door. He rang the bell and waited.

He rang again. The door opened and Carola was there.

She stood framed in the doorway, slim and childlike in a simple dress. The light from behind fell on her, gilding the circle of her hair. Her face was shadowed.

She said only, "Karl!"

It might have been that he had not heard his first name called for a long time, it might have been the friendliness and the honest warmth in her face. His worry and concern dissolved, his suspicion vanished. He stepped forward toward her as if the three years between them had never existed.

"I'm so glad—!" Then he saw a look deeper than shadow on her face, a flicker of hesitancy, then a smile again but only a copy, as if she were trying to gloss over an impulsive reaction. "Carola!"

She was not smiling now. Confused embarrassment settled quickly on her face.

Without another word Karl turned toward the stairs. Clearly, his prison record made a difference to her. He was furious that the first impression of her loveliness had tricked him.

"Please, Karl, please—!" She followed him as he started down the steps.

He did not want to stay and he moved more quickly.

"Wait for me outside! I'll only be a minute."

He waited, in spite of his impulse to continue running. He had planned nothing to say and he would have to say ugly things.

Carola came quickly. "I was not sure

who might drop in, Karl. That I hesitated. I am so glad you have so glad!"

He could not see her face but his voice sounded sincere.

"I have wanted to see you so much."

He could not stand here awestruck, silent, confused by the warmth of her voice, the softness of her hand, the brutal coldness of what he had felt her tell her.

She was holding tightly to his arm. "Where can we go, Karl?"

"Let's just walk in the darkness."

"I should like that," she said.

"I am so glad to be with you."

He decided to be blunt. "I don't want to talk about Blaerchen." He felt his hand tremble for a moment.

"I would rather talk about anything else in the world."

"He has numerous attractive friends for friends, Carola. He had one arrested—a Rumanian named Mainescu." He felt Carola sag and stumble. "What's the matter?"

"I knew her, Karl. She was in my house just three days ago. That is terrible. Wait a moment." She held him to him. "Why did you come to this?"

"You are a friend of Blaerchen," Karl began to stammer and hesitate. "I am a friend of Paul."

"And you came to warn me?"

"I think so. I was all upset—I don't know of you—!" He could not continue. His sentences had to suffice.

They walked on slowly. The darkness was not a friendly curtain but a wall. They were two in the darkness. The street was quiet, without sound of auto horn or footstep.

"I've needed a friend, Karl," his voice was steady. "It's so funny, in the dark. I can't see your face, yet I see mine. Yet I don't feel as if I am in the darkness at all. I never thought I should like a black-out." Then he spoke more softly, "When we first met I know you had been in prison."

"Who told you?"

"Blaerchen."

He had to ask a question: "I don't see him frequently?"

"Quite." She went on hurriedly. "We were in prison for three years. When you came out, did you have any news for the people who put you in?"

Karl hesitated before answering.

"Don't be afraid of me," Carola said.

"I hated them." His voice was low. "I still hate them!"

"Then you should understand I have no fondness for the people who put me here." She said nothing more for a half-dozen slow steps. Karl tried to guess what she meant. Then, suddenly, "I'm glad you came tonight, Karl. To count on you at the Krokodil had all your stage experience, I know. It's the same way now. I'm nervous, so frightened. What you told me about Senta Mainescu—!" She was walking so suddenly that Karl's arm jerked. She whispered, "Are you following?"

KARL listened. There were footprints on the pavement, coming close to him. A moment later there was a blue light from a policeman's light.

The officer was polite: "Are you having any trouble finding your way?"

"No, thank you," Karl said quietly, relieved.

"Then excuse me for interrupting. The officer laughed. "That's the good thing about black-outs—good for lovers!" He laughed again as he walked off.

Carola echoed his laugh. "Don't know, Karl, with you I feel safe for the first time in months." She lowered her voice. "I want to tell you something. Her whole story followed: the story from Paul, the man in Rome, the



an the return to Berlin. "I had no chance but to come but it didn't seem so bad if I could find out about Paul's death."

Karl did not answer. He felt sick at himself for his suspicions, revolted at the meaning of all that she had told him.

"What are you thinking?"

"I hated this system," he said slowly, "but I hate Blaerchen more than the system that produced him." He wanted to tell her all of his suspicions about her, to tell himself forever of any sense of shame and self-reproach. Then he thought of what she had said of Paul's death and for a moment he wanted to go to Blaerchen and confront him, as man to man. That would be as ridiculous as it was impossible. "I can believe anything of Blaerchen," he said slowly. "He has always been ruthless. I felt jealous of Paul when he married her, but then, so were all of us. What did he ask you to do for him, so far?" "Nothing. That's one reason I'm afraid."

"It will be something uniquely filthy. Does he suspect you?"

"No," Carola said hesitantly, "but he was always eager to know how I feel toward him. And he assumes that sooner or later, as he puts it, we shall reach a pleasant, intimate basis."

KARL took her hand and held it tightly. It was as soft as white iris. "That may be his chief motive in having you brought back to Berlin. In the meantime, he'll make use of you in any way that he can." He hesitated, then asked, "Have you mentioned Paul's death?"

"Only to remind him that I still love Paul. I was afraid he might become suspicious."

"You had better say nothing. If he knows that you suspect him—!"

"I know that." Then she asked hurriedly, "What shall I do? When I arrived here, I was determined to be cool and to let nothing upset me but each day I've grown more and more anxious." Streaks of gray came through the blackness. There was the slightest touch of wind. Posts, steps and mailboxes were dimly visible.

"I could say, leave Berlin," Karl answered slowly, "but you have no passport now. If you make a move to go, Blaerchen will want to know why and he may become suspicious." Ominously, he added: "I presume he became suspicious of the Mainescu woman." He could feel Carola's hand tremble and suddenly grow colder.

"I'm sure her conversation with me partly explains what happened to her," Carola said slowly, "but she said she

was not afraid of him any longer. I do not know how he learned any of the details. My maid heard none of it."

"You'll probably never know." He wished he could say something, anything, that would help her, but it was difficult to be sure what to advise. It was getting late. "We'd better turn back," he said. Then slowly: "The best thing for you is to wait until you have a legitimate excuse for breaking with Blaerchen. Now you have no excuse except fear."

"I don't think I'm so much afraid, now that I've talked to you. And knowing that I can see you often—!"

"After Blaerchen's orders, seeing me may make trouble for you."

"We must find some way," Carola said simply.

They walked slower now, as if unwilling to have this evening end.

Then Carola laughed. "We've talked about nothing but myself. What are you doing in Berlin?"

"Looking for work," Karl said frankly. For a second he thought of telling Carola about Klauss, but if she got into trouble anything she knew might be forced out of her. It'd be better to say nothing.

"I met Franz Wagner the other night," Carola answered. "Perhaps he could find something for you."

"I'll see him." Wagner might give him work.

The wind was colder now, the light grayer. It was still a world in which they were alone, with no one to see, listen or suspect. In a few minutes Karl knew he would have to leave Carola. He wished that they could walk on and on, away from the one wise conclusion, that they must not meet again. The sensible thing was to part here, for good; between them, in the everyday world, was the implacable shadow of Blaerchen. With wires tapped, it would not even be safe to telephone.

"You're so silent!" Carola said. When Karl did not answer she guessed the reason. "I must see you again! I will be happier if I know I can see you."

It would be wisest to separate for good but Karl hesitated. Then he said, "If you need me, send a telegram and meet me an hour later at the Potsdamerplatz subway station."

In the blackness overhead there was a streak of light as the moon came through. For a moment, the street was spread with silver splinters.

"Look, Karl, an omen."

Karl looked at her. In the light her face was as fragile as soft shadow.

A second later clouds hid the light and the street was blacker than before.

"Yes," Karl said slowly.

(To be continued next week)

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



Lil: Arthur—that's a horse, not a hearse! Put some pep in it!

Art: Aw, Lil! I didn't wanta be an actor.



Aunt Patty: Lil, it's a plain case of no pep appeal! I'll bet he doesn't get all his vitamins. Come over to my house and I'll show you lesson number one—a lesson entitled "KELLOGG'S PEP."



Aunt Patty: And don't let him forget it, Lil! Right in that crisp wheat-flake cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, the ones our diets are most likely to be deficient in, vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D.

Art: Holy smoke, Auntie! It's delicious! Why haven't you told us about it before?



Art: You know, KELLOGG'S PEP and those other vitamin foods she told us about might make a lot of difference in me!

Lil: From now on, my handsome hero, you're going to be the most vitaminized man in Suffolk county!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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LEO GAREL

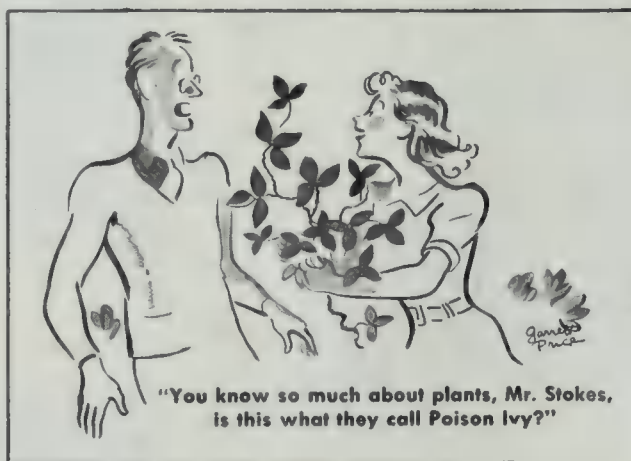
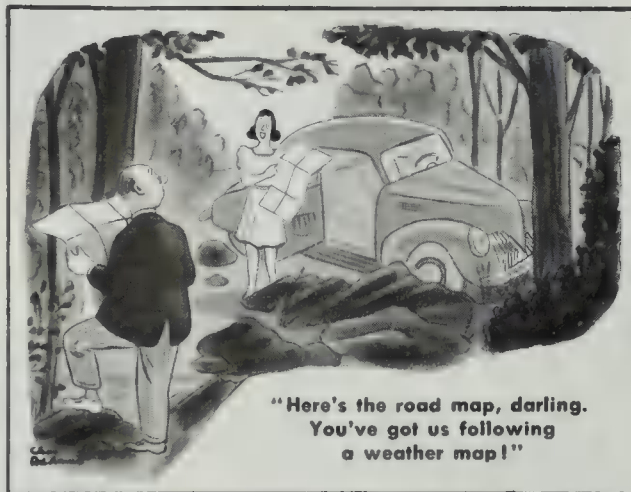




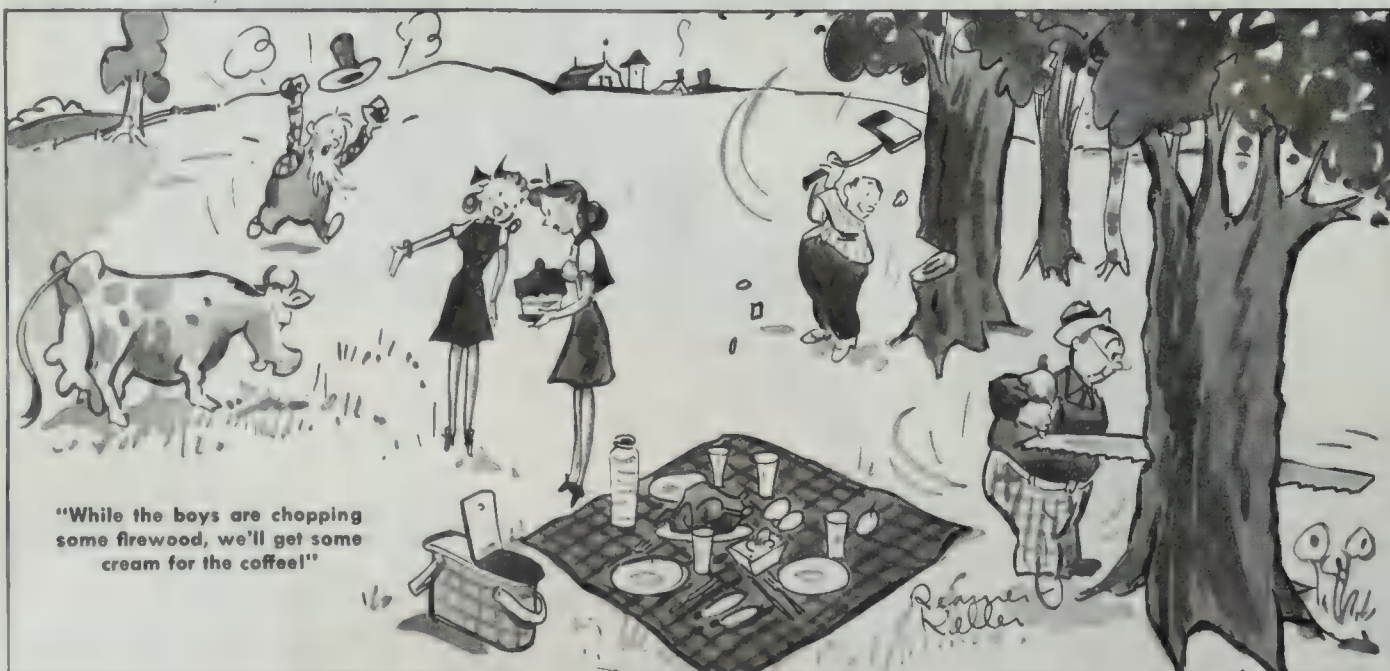
# What Not to do

Valuable advice in words and pictures by:

NED HILTON ★ DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT  
REAMER KELLER ★ GARRETT PRICE  
FRANK BEAVEN ★ CHARLES ADDAMS  
RICHARD TAYLOR ★ GARDNER REA



and the



IT IS my conviction that a basket which lacks a properly of Schlitz Beer is not a basket in the real sense of the word. It's just a basket.

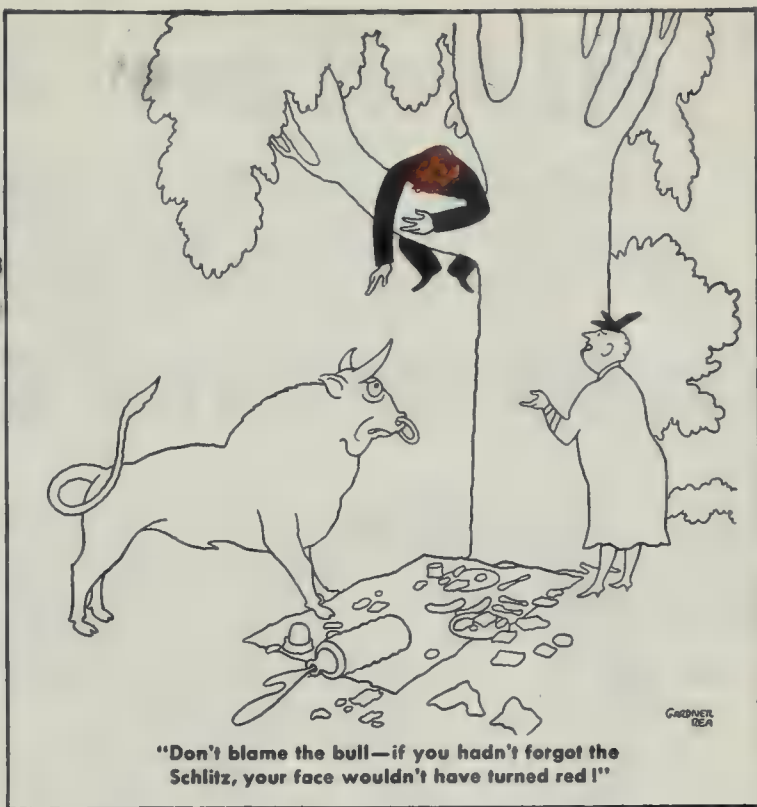
The famous flavor of Schlitz is the final touch to a good picnic. Its ant sparkle matches the gurgle of the brook. The br goes with the freshness of And the distinguished app of the Schlitz bottles lends look to your spread.

If you prefer your beer you'll cheer for the fact Schlitz can opens like a bot any bottle opener.

THE BEER



# a Picnic



thing to do—

**TAKE ALONG PLENTY  
OF SCHLITZ!**

live the first savory taste of  
and appreciate it more as  
succeeding sip caresses your  
throat.  
quickly discover how impor-  
tant that the glorious, original  
flavor of Schlitz is protected  
from contact with air, so that it  
keeps freshness right up to the  
moment you drink it.  
Now, I'm hinting that Schlitz  
should have along on a picnic.  
Right now, may I suggest a  
bottle of your next picnic? Open a  
one and that even finer Schlitz and  
see for yourself how really good  
this beer can be.



IN THE FAMOUS BROWN  
BOTTLE AND THE CAN THAT  
OPENS LIKE A BOTTLE

FOR ALMOST A CENTURY  
THE SUPREME QUALITY OF SCHLITZ  
DRAUGHT BEER HAS MADE IT  
THE CHOICE OF THOSE WHO LOVE  
REAL DRAUGHT BEER

Copyright 1940, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

**FOR GREAT OCCASIONS**

**AN EVEN FINER**

**Schlitz**

**MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**



# Full speed ahead with COOL SHAVES for Hot and Harried Chins!



Men! Here's a shave as cool  
and refreshing as ocean spray—  
as zippy as a spin in a speedster  
—as soothing as a soft sea breeze!



Ahoy, Mates! Set your  
course for Ingram's!—  
the luxury cream that's  
really different! It's cool,  
deliberately planned  
COOL, to help condition  
your face for shaving. And  
how it takes the fight out  
of those tough and trou-  
blesome bristles!

Your razor slips through  
those Ingram's-wilted  
whiskers in jig-time—  
giving you a quicker,  
cleaner, closer shave!  
And all the time that rich  
Ingram's lather is cool-  
ing and soothing your  
face with its own special  
kind of Coolness!



**A**VAST, MEN! Overboard with those  
hot, stinging shaves that leave  
your face "scraped" and irritated!

Tie-up to Ingram's now! You'll get  
smoother, easier shaves—you'll look  
more attractive—and your face will  
feel a sea-breeze freshness that lasts  
for hours. No lotions needed.

So, set sail for your favorite drug  
store right away. And ask for Ingram's  
—in tube or jar. Choose whichever  
your fancy favors! Both give you  
the same cooling, soothing, econom-  
ical cream. Both give you the same  
long-lasting shave—the shave that's  
friendly to your face.

## INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

IN TUBE OR JAR

## Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 24

gone now. John had read quite as accu-  
rately as she had the eagerness of her  
body in his arms. When he turned to  
her from the diminishing storm he had  
the assurance of an accepted lover. That  
was the highest pinnacle he had ever  
reached, and from the pinnacle she must  
immediately cast him down.

Most astonishing of all was the calm  
that had come to her. Once you under-  
stood necessities there was no more  
desperation. She said, "No, stay there,  
John." Then, when he smiled, "Yes,  
you're exactly right, if you insist on  
coming three feet nearer, I can't stop  
you. I couldn't stop you from doing  
anything you wanted to. I'd want it too.  
You were supposed not to find that out.  
You weren't supposed to find out what  
I'm going to tell you, either."

**H**IS new assurance was so complete  
that a kind of indulgence came into  
his smile, as though he were humoring a  
child. "I know all I need to," he said.  
She said calmly, "You'll think other-  
wise in a minute or two. . . . I thought  
there would be a number of ways out of  
it. There never is any way out. I  
thought—oh, I'm not going to say the  
futile things. Sit down, John."

Maybe the force of her will compelled  
him to sit down, or maybe he was still  
confidently indulging her. Natalie sat  
down, too, ten feet away from him, com-  
posing herself in a big chair. It was  
solid behind her shoulders. Toes and  
knees together, hands unclasped in her  
lap. John thought that this was a whim  
of hers. So for one moment more a sin-  
gle thread held the sword from falling.

"I don't know what good it does to  
feel sorry about anything," she said.

She wanted to say, "I'm the thief who  
stole your secrets." But that was what  
she must not say, what perhaps she need  
never say.

Abruptly she broke the thread that  
held the sword suspended. "I've been  
Greg Ashburn's mistress." Up to that  
moment she had thought she could meet  
his eyes, but she couldn't. She heard  
her voice small and tranquil in the big  
room as if it were someone else's voice.

It was said. She had destroyed him  
with five words and could find no more  
words. She had to find them. . . . "A  
little while ago you were kissing me.  
That makes you think: if she's telling  
the truth, it was just because she was  
lonely after Mark died. What you've  
got to understand, John, is that any de-  
cent idea about me is wrong. I was  
Greg's mistress before Mark died. Any-  
one who trusts me is wrong. There is  
nothing decent about me. Nothing  
honest."

She saw that her hands were shaking  
and so she clasped them, but she saw  
nothing else. She could not have raised  
her head or even her eyes. She didn't  
hear anything, either, except the rain.  
They were both still alive, after a fash-  
ion.

"You see how it is," she said. "It  
isn't even dignified enough to be a  
tragedy. You make mistakes about  
women, and now you know the mistake  
you made about me."

With a queer surprise, she realized  
that there would be an end of this. She  
would go away somewhere. That was  
—pretty funny. Where was there to  
go to?

John said, "Are you in love with him?"  
She said, "Of course not—you know  
that," and it was amazement that made  
her look up. There was a greater amaze-  
ment. For though his face was pale and  
dreadfully shocked, it was also resolute.  
Immediately her panic came back. She

stood up. "John, two weeks ago I was  
—in his arms."

John said, "What of it?" He started  
toward her. She cried out—something  
that might have been words she didn't  
know. John stopped. There was still a chair between  
them. "You see," he said, "you're afraid  
I'll have me touch you. But I have  
you. That's what makes the difference.  
I'm going to again."

"I've lied to you. You don't know  
the worst—in a hundred ways I've  
trayed you."

"What of it?" If the unpardonable  
had happened to her, something that  
be understood was happening to  
Gabriel. Urgency had gone out of his  
voice; he was speaking evenly and  
reasonably. "You can come out of  
from behind that chair. If you don't  
not to touch you, I won't—for I know  
. . . . You've betrayed me? I don't know  
what you think that means. You've  
to me? But, a little while ago, you  
didn't lie. . . . Whatever you've done,  
think you've done—it doesn't matter.  
I don't care what it is. I'm in love with  
you."

"Don't! If you say it, you'll never  
stop feeling sorry."

"I'm in love with you." He didn't  
move but just stood looking at her.  
"Now you can say what you want to."

The logic of fate might hurt but it  
just: she was not going to be left for a  
penny of the price. "All right, I'll  
I'm going to show you what I mean  
when I said I'd betrayed you. You  
being Greg's mistress isn't the worst  
done to you."

"It will do you no good to say that.  
Or to deny that you're in love with  
me. . . . All right, you've done some-  
thing else. Do you want to tell me  
it is? It will make no difference."

She said, "Then . . . just be kind to  
me. Let me get out of this room. . . . You  
wrong. You're not in love with me.  
not in love with you. A kind of amaze-  
ment has happened to us—that's all.  
Yes, I'm going to tell you. I thought  
could get out of it with just making  
hate me. But you've got to deserve  
But before I tell you I'm going to do  
something. To repair something I  
raise my head again. Then I'll tell you  
. . . . Will you let me get out of here?"

"When will you come back?"  
"In half an hour. Or tonight. Some  
time or other. I'll know you're still  
in an ignorance I must cure, and I'll  
afraid not to cure it."

**Y**ES, it was simple. She went up  
her room and bathed her face with  
cold water, then with cologne. She  
wasn't, really, paralyzed. She had  
idea how she was going to get the  
She knew she was not coming back  
she had got it.

She went downstairs. John was  
hear the door closing behind her. The  
rain had stopped, the northwest wind  
turned a clear green, the black clouds  
were rushing eastward. She went to  
garage and had her car brought out.

It was four-thirty.  
The sun was coming out but it  
dripped heavily and the road was  
flooded. Here and there a tree was  
many more had lost branches, one  
telephone pole snapped hanging by  
the wires. It took twenty minutes to  
make a drive ordinarily took no more  
than ten. She came into Greg's drive  
and saw her car was gone. No matter—  
she would wait. Or . . . maybe her  
salvation that he had gone. She re-  
membered that he had forbidden her to  
come. Smurthwaite, who had been



lawn, was hurrying toward her. She remembered his anxiety. "Has Radnor come back?" she asked.

There was something odd in Smurthwaite's manner, something tense and almost menacing. But at her question his face saddened. "No, ma'am. But I find him. Down by the mouth of Witchcraft. Somebody had shot him. I just looked till I found him."

"Shot him? How horrible!" That beautiful dog! She felt a genuine distress and touched his hand. "What a ghastly thing! You must be heart-broken."

"Yes, ma'am. I found him today. I brought him home. Would you care to see his grave?"

"Of course." She got out of the car and followed Smurthwaite around the house, beyond the stable, to an apple tree in full bloom where the grass was broken by a new, small grave. There was a clean plank—Smurthwaite was going to put up a marker. Pity wrung from a sudden pity for meaningless pain. "Do you know who did it?"

"Well, no, ma'am. That is, I know, ma'am, and I can't do anything about it." His stolid face furrowed with helpless anger. "He was a brute," she said, and Smurthwaite said, "Yes, ma'am. He's a brute. I'd like to shoot him. He ought to be shot," and then turned away. "Mr. Ashburn isn't here?" she said.

"No, ma'am. He left about fifteen minutes ago."

"I'll wait for him."

Oddly, Smurthwaite got in front of her, as if to prevent her going to the house. She stared at him. "Mr. Ashburn gave orders nobody was to go into the house, ma'am."

"Is there anybody in the house?"

Sullenly, "No, ma'am. But he gave orders. You can't go in."

Haste and excitement grew in her, and

how did you handle the stubborn servant? By being a great lady? "You will not be impudent, Smurthwaite!" Imperiously, "No such orders would apply to me. Think, Smurthwaite—do you want to take that risk? I'm going in."

Shock touched her nerves, for that dull face hardened with a sudden and terrible brutality. Smurthwaite glared at her poised on tiptoe. Then, just as suddenly, his face changed. He was grateful for her sympathy about Radnor. "Do you want to go in, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Then go ahead. He said not to let anyone, but—you liked the dog. Could you—please—hurry?"

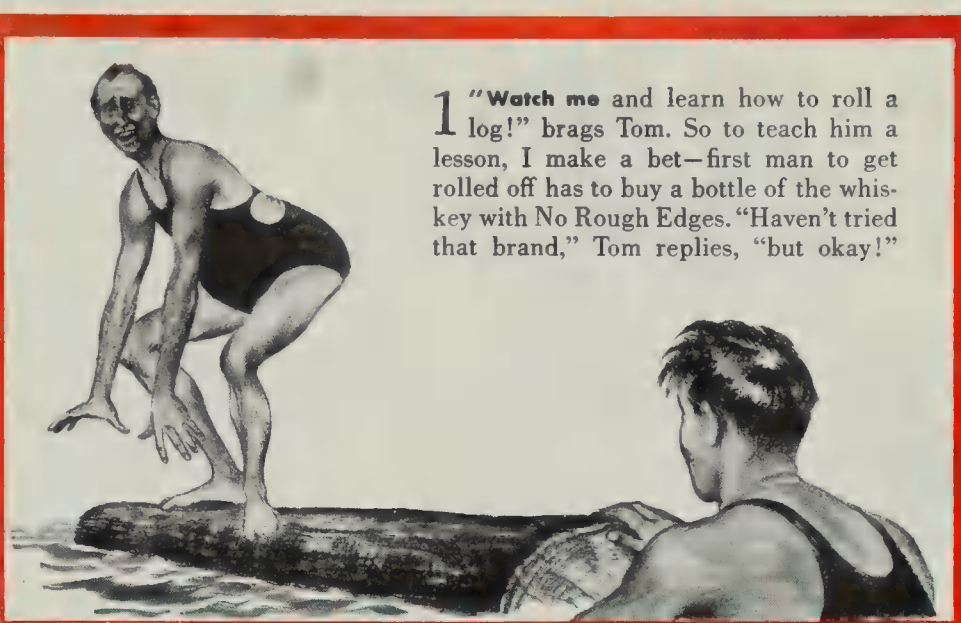
He went back to the front lawn. Natalie enforced deliberation on herself till she was in the house. But she must be gone before Greg got back!

**T**HERE were packing cases stenciled with the address of his firm in Boston. There was confusion, disorder, an obvious preparation for departure. What would happen to his furniture? Who would buy his house? It didn't matter.

But surely he would be reporting in person, now, to whatever people or departments he reported to. Surely it would be safest to take his last haul with him. Surely he had not, this close to departure, entrusted that paper to the precarious, roundabout channels of an underground organization. Surely he still had it.

Natalie's breathing had become clogged. There was a chance! Her whole being was a frantic prayer. It might be here. But where?

She raced through meaningless odds and ends on his desk, papers, memoranda, accounts. Did she suppose he would leave it on a desk? But where? Increasingly frantic, she lifted things and peered into things with an aimless



**1** "Watch me and learn how to roll a log!" brags Tom. So to teach him a lesson, I make a bet—first man to get rolled off has to buy a bottle of the whiskey with No Rough Edges. "Haven't tried that brand," Tom replies, "but okay!"



**2** Tom slips—kerplunk. I follow a second later, but I've won. And that mellow highball sure Doubled My Enjoyment. And when Tom tasted TEN HIGH, he said, "It actually paid me to lose today!"

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TEN HIGH  
SMILE**

IT'LL PAY YOU, TOO,  
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THIS RICH WHISKEY  
WITH "NO ROUGH  
EDGES" IS MIGHTY  
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compulsion. Steady! Later on she could be hysterical. Later on there would be no reason for hysterics.

Kitchen. But did she suppose he would hide it in one of Smurthwaite's coffee cans? Hall. It would not be in his boots... Hurry! Hurry! She had a wild impulse to laugh. If she did, that would be hysterics.

She went upstairs. Never before had she been alone on this floor. An intolerable disgust settled down on her. There were clothes of hers in this room. She started to gather them up, then stopped. There was no time for that. And it didn't matter—now. *Where?*

There were two packed bags on the floor. She knelt and went through the pockets of the suits, then rifled the bureau drawers and such clothes as were left in the closet. *Hurry! She must get out before he came.*

But if she didn't, if he saw traces of what she had done! Her hands fumbling, she made everything neat in the bags—would he remember how he had left them? She hung her negligee in the closet again and fled downstairs to try to restore the desk as she had found it. Would Smurthwaite tell him she had been here? Yes. But he would think she had come for—love.

She stood in the center of the living room, and a sense of complete and irreparable failure crushed her and brought blackness spreading across her eyes. She shook it away. She had failed altogether, and she was alone here, and helpless. But she must not fail, she could not stay alive if she failed. It must be here.

No! Of course! He would carry it with him. It would be in the pocket of his coat. Or in a money belt. One of the conventional places. So she was not to go before he got back. She was to stay till he came. And... when he did come, what? She was sobbing again. How did you threaten to kill a man? How did you kill a man?

She rushed back upstairs. Greg had a pocket automatic. She had never fired a gun—but he did not know that. Get the gun! He kept it in a shaving cabinet, one of those ultra-British things with a number of razors and a variety of accessories. The cabinet stood on a chest of drawers and they had made jokes about it. She opened it. The razors and accessories were there. But no gun.

That lost the last chance. And she had induced John not to get the only help there was—the FBI. Was there time, still, to call on John? There must be!... There was a little leather wallet, she saw now. Her fingers trembled, her heart pounded. She opened it. A photograph of Bert Hendricks was looking up at her. It was a passport and the name wasn't Hendricks' but the photograph was.

*How?* Hendricks had been drowned. Yes, the inks had run, there were water stains on the leather. It had come from Hendricks' body.

She dropped it. In the mirror her eyes, shining with horror, stared back at her. She thought: Caleb was right, Hendricks was murdered. She thought: Greg took this from a murdered man's pocket. She thought: that man was Caleb's friend.

HE HAD kept urging her to spy on Caleb. He had repeatedly prodded John to take action against Caleb. Caleb thought that whoever had murdered Hendricks had set that fire. And had been—a Nazi.

Her spinning, terrorized mind produced a clear picture—Greg glancing at the paper that Caleb said had been planted in his house for the police to find. Greg had had it in his hand only a second or two before John snatched it away. But he had known that all those

figures on it were the wrong figures. *How?* He had made them wrong, himself, he had put that paper in Caleb's house, himself. That meant...

He was not back yet! She snatched up the passport, turned, started from the room—and was confronting Sir Eric Bramwell.

"If you had not found that," Sir Eric said, "it would have been most convenient to let you go. As it is..."

The gross face was as brutal as it had been when he struck Smurthwaite. Instantaneously she knew about him. Then one arm pinioned hers and a big hand went over her mouth. He shouted for Smurthwaite.

HOPE forced herself to sit quietly in a chair, stretch out her legs, relax them, and listen to her own instructions. Look here, if you get into a panic you'll be done for. Actually, nothing is happening. You're scared, but nothing is happening. There's plenty of reason to be scared, but nothing is happening.

Caleb had as good as told her that she could ruin everything forever. She would ruin it if she lost her head. She had to do two things—she had to find Caleb and she had to think straight. Caleb had said that one mistake would be fatal.

Following the storm she had not been able to get him on the phone, so she had driven to his house. He wasn't there—and he had not told her where he was going. He had very carefully avoided telling her.

Well, what was there to tell Caleb? That Greg Ashburn had seen them, as he put it, half-dressed. Wait a minute—think straight! Greg knew that they had been half-dressed, but that didn't prove it was his face Caleb had seen at the window. Greg wasn't in town that night. How do you know he wasn't? Well, the best possible reason—Natalie had gone to that dance with John. She would have gone with Greg if Greg had been in town. They were lovers. Any time this year a face at Greg's window would have seen plenty.

What had Greg wanted? Why was it important to ask her if they had seen anything that night? It must be important, for he had asked the same thing before. Or had he? She forced her whirling mind to reproduce a picture. She had driven to Caleb's the day after the fire—the day she went in and found Bert hiding from the police. Greg had been in his front yard, with a golf club. He had come out and asked her if she had seen the fire. What of it? Everybody in Wallisport had asked the same question, that day.

He was the most loathsome man she

had ever known, she had always him without knowing why—but didn't prove a thing. She was certainly going to have Caleb find out what he was so interested in what they doing that night. Don't worry! The moment Caleb found out what Greg said to her—

Hope stood up. She was not afraid of Greg, she was not even interested in him; the truth was that she was not going to hide from her real fear. She had not seen Caleb since three o'clock. He had carefully told her—nothing at all. Into her stunned mind came the picture she had been shutting out. It was with a man who was heavy-set, Teutonic, who had a brutal, scarred face. They were in some room. Or on a street. Or in some patch of woods in Wallisport. In Gorham. Somewhere else. There had been a shot. It was now...

She rushed downstairs, picked up the telephone, called John's number. What formed on her lips: When will the G-men come? But when she heard her voice say, "Yes?" she put the phone down again without saying a word. That shot had been fired, it might be Caleb who had fired it. He had said "Don't do anything at all. Anything you might do could be the one mistake we can't afford."

There was no hiding from it any longer: she was now believing that Caleb had committed a murder. It wasn't a murder but it would be treated as murder.

SHE went out to her car. Coming to the square at Wallisport, she stopped in front of the town hall. Police headquarters was lighted and someone was sitting with his feet on a desk, reading a newspaper under a green lamp. A merciless conflict cleft her. She could go into that room and start the telephone and the radio clamoring for Caleb. Wanted, Caleb Thatcher, last seen in taxicab driving from North Wallisport. She could start all the resources of the police looking for... for a man who might have fired a shot. "Anything you might do could be the one mistake we can't afford," Caleb had said.

She drove on. Greg's house was dark, nobody was there... The sweetest relief she had ever felt restored her, a light was burning in Caleb's kitchen. She rushed through the back door, calling "Caleb!" Her voice came back to her; she got no other answer. She switched on the living-room lights. He wasn't there.

But he had been. He had turned on that kitchen light. He had been there since dark, since twilight any way. Within two hours. She went back to



"I don't care if Washington did stop here—this steak is tough"

BARNEY TOBE





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...to the calliope play...watch the elephants sway...  
...nuts, peanuts...get your tickets here. And when the  
...ful clowns and circus folk gather around the table...  
I am...or, at any rate, I brought the food there....No  
...er where you eat...in circus cook  
...in grand hotels...famous restau-  
...lodes in the wilderness...or sim-  
...t home...I, King Can, will be at your  
...ce!...Take the vegetables I bring you  
...nd we all should...there is an end-

less variety! Corn on the cob; shoestring carrots or beets;  
tender tips of green or fancy white asparagus; hearts of arti-  
chokes; tasty tomatoes, whole, paste or sauce...even tiny  
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pies and cookies  
Mom makes with  
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MODERN  
OFFICE AIDS

kitchen. He had started to make coffee, and then had taken it off the stove. He hadn't put the bread and butter back, though. He had got an idea. Or he had been called away.

She saw that she had left the lights of her car on, and went out to it. A sudden thought stopped her short. She knew her own license number—57038. But the taillight was so dim that, hardly a hundred feet away from it, with the car stopped, she could not read that number. It had been dark when she started for Boston with Bert. *Whoever reported to the police had not read her number, he had recognized her car.*

Caleb knew that! It was what he had tried to keep her from guessing. *Who?* Someone who knew her. No, only someone who had got familiar with Wallisport.

When she went on to switch out the lights, there was a further relief. For they were shining on Caleb's garage and when she got here she had been too anxious to notice that Caleb's car was there. He had not driven away. And that meant that—the worst had not happened. If it had he would never have come back here, or if he had come back, he would have got away fast, in his car, driving furiously. He was alive and he had not done the worst thing. Of course, he would never have stopped to get supper!

But why had he stopped? . . . She sat on the running board, easier in mind than she had been all day. He had come home and started to get supper. Then he had stopped and had gone away—on foot. Why? Where? Where would you walk from this isolated place, a mile and a half from the highway, a quarter of a mile from the nearest house? The only house. Well, probably you would walk to the nearest house.

She had never expected to feel grateful to Greg Ashburn but she did now. He was with Caleb. That meant that Heinemann could not possibly have got at Caleb and Caleb could not possibly have got at Heinemann. . . . A few minutes ago Greg's house had been dark. Was it still dark? She got in her car and drove there, stopping in the drive. Not a light anywhere. Her headlights fell square on the side door and the blank windows that framed it. She sat there, trying to think.

After a while she got out and knocked at the door.

Nobody answered. She tried the door but it was locked. She went on to the garage. The door was closed but she opened it and saw that Greg's car was not there. She went back to her own car and stood for a moment chilled by one more new and sudden but unidentifiable doubt. Was there something wrong, something she hadn't thought of? A realization formed: this is a long way from anywhere; it would be just too bad if you needed help suddenly. She put a hand over her mouth. Was she going to go to pieces now that she had the first encouraging knowledge she had had all day? She was not! So she drove back to Caleb's.

IT WAS pretty clear now. Caleb had come back from—well, she didn't know where he had come from but at least he had come back. He had started to get some dinner—the poor lamb, scraping up a dreadful meal! Greg had seen his car come down the lane and had telephoned him. So Caleb had walked over to Greg's and they had gone somewhere in Greg's car. That could mean only one thing—Greg had located that girl in the snapshot. They had gone somewhere to find her. Caleb was talking to that girl right now.

She turned out all the lights but the shaded one on his desk, which gave a mellow dimness to the room and brought out comfortable shadows on the walls. Lord, she was tired! Every atom of

her was sodden with fatigue. And yes, in this very room he had first noticed that she had grown up. What was it he had said about her knees, that day? So now there was a lull, while she waited for him to come home. He would be surprised to see her. He would be glad, too. And in this room he had kissed her, and was going to kiss her again. In this room she had seen that scar on his shoulders. The dreadfulness of that pulsed in her mind for a moment but the light seemed dimmer and her mind moved drowsily to Greg Ashburn loathsome peering in this window. But even that didn't matter much, though Caleb would certainly beat him up for it, and the light was dimmer still, and she stirred, remembering that Caleb had kissed her and would kiss her again. The light got even dimmer.

She woke with terror cutting off her breath, fighting her way up through levels of unconsciousness with the desperate thought: I've got to call the police. How had she supposed this place was safe and reassuring? It reeked with dread. How had she dared to fall asleep? It was a quarter to eleven. Caleb had not come back.

She flooded the living room with light, switched on the porch light, went out to the kitchen and turned on the lights there. She had to blot out the fear that lurked in darkness. So she went into Caleb's bedroom, turned on those lights—and saw his pistol and cartridges on the table. There were four cartridges in the clip. He had started to load it. Then he had stopped—or had been stopped. He had started to get dinner, then something had interrupted that and he had started to load his pistol, and then something had interrupted that. And he had gone away. Or he had been taken away.

She heard her voice making a moaning sound. She got to the telephone. She rattled the hook. Nothing. The phone was dead.

Tremors shook her arms and legs, she sprawled over the table, fighting back her panic. There was nothing to do but fight back. She had to get the police.

She started for the door, then rushed back and got the gun; she put the clip in.

She got out to the porch—and didn't go any farther. She had stopped short by the incredible. A hundred yards away, straight in her, Witchcraft Creek was silvery in the light of the last quarter of the moon. That had risen above the marsh. The boat was moving across that light. There were no boats anywhere along the creek. Caleb kept his little sloop in the club. Greg didn't have a boat. But a boat was coming up Witchcraft. No lights. But she heard the muffled roar of a powerful engine.

We saw a boat the night of the fire in Farrow Shoals. Caleb made about it. There was a plane that was just an accident. It wasn't an accident. It was coming toward Witchcraft. This boat.

SHE had started to run down the water, at an angle, and had stopped, instinctively hiding in the shadow of a tree. That was why she was so anxious about. He would know if we saw this boat.

Greg didn't have a boat—oh, he! He was so damned interested in the night of the fire. Heinemann was in town that night. And Greg had come up Witchcraft in a boat. Farrow Shoals.

Caleb had heard Greg's dog somewhere down Witchcraft, near where it ran into the sea, the night the dog was drowned. The dog followed the boat down from Greg's. With it. After Bert had been trapped at Greg's house. He had been doing it. Nobody could ever know. Except a dog had barked in the night.

Greg had killed Bert. Greg and Heinemann. Greg and Heinemann were together.

Caleb! He was on that boat. He was at Greg's house. Greg had phoned for him to come over—the telephone was dead. Greg had come to get him, telling him he had something about that girl. Caleb had gone to Greg's house with him. And Heinemann, Greg's partner, was waiting.

Or was he on the boat? Greg's car had been found in



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ham. The boat could be coming from Gorham.

It could be . . . all over.

Fifty yards inshore, she started to follow that boat up the narrowing creek. Under the trees it was all right but there were open spaces to run across. There were boggy places, too. She sprawled full length in one of them, and fell headlong again a hundred yards farther on, when something tripped her. Underbrush clawed at her dress. Something scratched her cheek viciously. She fell again and got up and kept going. She held on to that gun. She didn't know how to use it but she had it.

The creek curved away from Greg's house and she actually got ahead of the boat before the long curve turned back again. But she had to stop short a hundred yards or so from the house, not daring to go nearer, for everything beyond was open and moonlit—the stable, the little garage, the lawn, the house itself. There was a light downstairs, just visible, seeping around thick blinds. She crouched under a bush a few yards from the water. And she knew now how Bert and Caleb had felt, for she wanted to kill a man.

The boat slid past, its power cut off, and she could have tossed a pebble and hit it. It slid in to the bank, not more than fifty yards away. That pumping house of Greg's, above his well, was a boat house!

SOMEBODY got off the boat, an unrecognizable dark bulk, bent over for a moment, probably making fast, and then moved off toward the house. Hope was beating her thigh with a doubled fist, for that would be Greg or Heine-mann. No, it could be Smurthwaite. Smurthwaite must be a part of this too.

She did not dare go any farther, for this bush was the last cover. She could go up the creek, though. She waded out into Witchcraft, holding the gun high above her head. The bank wasn't high enough to hide her—if anyone looked out from the house she would be seen. But the water wasn't deep, hardly up to her waist except in holes she stumbled into.

She got to the boat and sprawled over into the cockpit. There was just enough light to see that nobody was there. A little cabin, forward. She tumbled down the two stairs that led to it, cruelly banging her shins and hips. The cabin was completely dark and she had to feel frantically everywhere, the deck, the lockers, everything. Just cushions and fittings and a couple of small cases. She went back into the cockpit and, yes, there was an engine room. She fumbled through that. It was too small. He couldn't be in this boat.

They had done it. She began to sob. But at once terrible rage blotted out everything else, shaking and blinding her. She was going to that house. She had Caleb's pistol . . . Wait! The pump house—boat house!

She couldn't get into it. The door was locked. But there was a window, and she got it up, and sprawled through it. She rolled over a bench, fell, got to her feet. Nothing could be seen except the dim blur of the window.

She heard a muffled thumping, and stopped short, holding her breath. There it was, and a kind of rustle too. She said "Caleb!" The thumping was louder. She fumbled along the walls and over the floor. She fell across something—something that moved, squirming violently. Caleb was alive!

The bound form stopped twisting. There were ropes around his feet. His arms were tied behind him. She couldn't find his face—oh, something had been tied over it. A thick knot behind—it must be some kind of sack. She got it off. There was a bandage over his mouth. She got that off.

"Greg!" Caleb said. "Where is he? It's Greg!"

"I know."

In endless, frantic time she was working at the rope on his wrists. She had to get it untied. "Don't strike a match!" Caleb said, his voice horribly thick with match!—why she was drenched. "But I've got your gun." Her fingers were good and any minute now they would come for him.

"They dragged Bert back of the house and drowned him that way," Caleb said. "For God's sake, untie that knot."

It came free and a sob burst from Caleb's throat. He sat up, working at his feet. It took him only a few seconds. He stood up and fell down again, sprawling on the floor. He got up. "My damned gun!" he said in that ghastly voice. She saw him swaying on his feet, and felt more than saw him take a couple of steps away from her. He came back, whispering, "Where's the gun?"

She fumbled for it on the floor. She could not find it. Caleb got down beside her, their hands sweeping in the darkness. He grunted, "Got it," and stood up, clicking the gun. He got to the door and she heard the lock rattle. The door opened—and she threw herself on it.

Caleb said, "Hope! How did you get here?" as if for the first time he had realized that it was she. Up to now she had just been somebody that had gotten lost and untied him. . . . But she had stopped him. She didn't take any more steps. They were standing in the open doorway.

"Get out of here!" Caleb said. He took her shoulders and turned her toward the very bushes she had hidden in. "Go find the police, run like hell!" He plunged out of the doorway, then plunged back again. "You can't go past the house. You can't go up the creek. There's no way you can go, and there is no time."

There had been no sign from the house. But any second, now.

"I'll take you past the house. There isn't any car. No matter. You'll have to run for it. Come on!"

He seized her arm and started dragging her out. "What are you going to do?" she muttered. She wound her arms around his once more and hungrily whispered desperately, "Caleb, no! Caleb, we're safe! Caleb, it's murder!" He said, "Who said we're safe?" He broke out of her grasp and thrust her away. She came back again and she would hold on till he knocked her out. He was fighting now. "There are only four shots," she managed to say. He grunted, "I'll only need three," and he broke the clasp of her arms.

AT ONCE she surged back at him. He had got a new idea. He said, "Can you run that boat?"

"No."

"That doesn't matter. Just start."

He was suddenly, completely, and unphantly calm. "I'll start the engine for you. Just back the boat out in the creek. If you sink it, all right. I'll have to swim, swim. Then run. Get the police. Come on."

"And leave you here?"

"Of course."

"We'll both take the boat or we both stay—"

She stopped. A light had gone from the back part of the house. In a second Caleb pulled her to him. "You're the darling of the whole town," he kissed her, shoved her away and started toward the house. Once she flung herself at him.

There was a shot. At the last Caleb stopped. He kicked her feet from under her and she fell head over heels. He said, "Lie there—don't move." He started toward the house. She waited another shot.

(To be concluded next week)



## Mistaken in Love

Continued from page 15

"I had a Tom Collins. When he had finished his, Loomis said, 'Well, I've got to get back to the ranch. See you some other time, then.' 'Nice to have met you, Mr. Shute,' Atkins said. 'Loomis,' I said. 'Well, Loomis,' Atkins said vaguely. 'Loomis left and Atkins turned on me. 'You said Shute before,' he growled. 'I seemed greatly irritated. I tried to explain that it was Loomis, this time, but it was somebody else, and even the name was different. Atkins took a deep breath. 'Anyway,' he said, 'it was a good idea not to go up to supper. I was in the first place. Look, I've got to get out of my uniform. I have my keys in my car, and I'll change in the filling station. Wait here for me.'"

"ATKINS hurried out and I took my drink over to a table and sat down. Nethercott came in. 'Have a drink,' he said, 'I have one.' 'I ordered a beer and brought it over and sat down at the table with me. 'Sorry to hear you're not coming up, for all,' he said. 'But we are coming up,' I told him. 'He looked puzzled. He said, 'But I saw the captain, and he said you weren't coming up. I told Mrs. Berrand.' 'Listen,' I said, 'Atkins has got it fixed. Loomis asked us to the Lazy Y for supper, and I said we couldn't come.' 'Then why did what's-his-name say we weren't coming to our place?' 'What's-his-name is nuts,' I said with a spirit. 'It took me half an hour to convince him several people can live at one ranch, and now he thinks everybody in the valley lives at one ranch.'"

"You better go out and stop him," Nethercott said.

"A good idea," I said. I went out. First thing, I ran into Mrs. Berrand. "Sorry you're not coming up," she said. "We are," I snapped. I hurried on. I found Atkins coming out of the filling station in his civilian clothes. I said, "Atkins, let's go over to the bar and sit down. I want to talk to you."

"Fine," Atkins said. "We'll have a Tom Collins."

We went to the bar, the one next to the filling station, and ordered our drinks and sat down. "Now listen," I began, "we're going to have supper—"

"Hello, there," somebody said. I looked up. It was Madison Berrand. He had a pair of riding boots under his arm.

"Hello, Madison," I said. "This is Captain Atkins."

"How do you do, Mr. Madison," Atkins said promptly.

"Berrand," I said futilely. "Berrand."

"Been getting my boots fixed," Madison said. "Rather, trying to. Stupid fool there couldn't do it, got to take them over to the hardware store and have them sent out. When are you coming out to the ranch?"

I felt cold chills running up my spine. "Tonight," I said.

"Good," he said. "Look, I've got to get these to the hardware store before it closes. Order a drink for me, will you, a Scotch and soda, and I'll be right back." He left, with his boots.

Atkins looked at me. I could feel it coming. "How can we go to his place when we turned down all those others?"

I pounded my glass on the table. "Atkins," I shouted, "all we turned down was one man. One. His name was Loomis. He runs the Lazy Y ranch, he is a different man, a different ranch, a



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different everything. His name is Loomis."

"Don't talk so loud," Atkins said. "You mean Shute. I see it all now."

"Loomis," I said desperately.

"Loomis," Atkins repeated mechanically, looking at his drink. "You know," he said, "I've never been any good at names. Ever since school. No matter how hard I try, I get them mixed up. For example, who did you say this Mr. Madison was?"

"Mr. Berrand," I said.

Atkins glared at me. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Where's this girl I was supposed to meet?" he asked.

"At the ranch," I said.

"This Mr.—this last man who was in, or these last men, whichever it is, told you to order a drink for him. Or them," Atkins said.

"All right," I said. "Go get your car and run it up in front here."

Atkins left and I ordered the drink and Madison Berrand came back.

"Where's your friend?" he asked.

"He went after his car," I said.

We sipped our drinks. We sipped slowly, but Atkins did not show up. "Well," Madison said, "I've got to round up the people, the various people, and get started back to the ranch. See you up there."

Madison left. A few minutes later Atkins drew up in his car. He blew his horn and I went out. Dolly Apperson was in the car with him. Dolly was the daughter of a rancher a few miles up the valley. Atkins had introduced me to her and the three of us had had a few drinks together on several occasions.

"I met Dolly," Atkins said.

"Hello, Dolly," I said.

"Hello," she said.

"Your drink's inside," I told Atkins.

"Hell with the drink," he said. "Look, Dolly wants us to drop her off at her ranch on our way up to the place we're going to. She says it's on the way."

"All right," I said.

"Get in," Atkins said.

Dolly moved over to make a place for me. Atkins was driving a coupé, a small one. I opened the door and started to squeeze in. It occurred to me it would be a tight fit, Dolly's build being what it was, and a man who has had a few drinks needs elbow room for driving. I stepped back. "See here," I said, "you two go on, and I'll go up with one of the others. They've got two cars down here and I'm sure to find room." I looked at Dolly. "Dolly," I said, "can you direct Atkins to Lodgepole Ranch when you get to your place?"

"Sure," Dolly said.

"I'll find it," Atkins said. "Dolly is a wonderful director."

"All right," I said. "I'm depending on you to get there."

"Don't worry," Atkins said, and drove away.

**I** LOOKED around and saw Nethercott getting into his car about half a block away. I started up there. He backed away from the curb and I began to run. I was almost there when he pulled away, and I was on the point of yelling at him when I saw the big green car just across the square. I stopped running and began to walk across the square. It, too, backed away from the curb. I started to run again. It paused for the start up the street, and I ran faster, and waved my hand. Nobody saw me wave.

"Hey!" I shouted.

Nobody heard me. I put on a desperate burst of speed. So did the car.

"Hey!" I shouted again.

The car turned onto the highway and pulled away, faster and faster. I stopped running and stopped shouting. I stood there in the street. I ought to explain that I did not have my car with me. To save time on my vacation, I had come by plane to Salt Lake City, and in by

bus. I went back to the bar in front of which I had left Atkins, and went in and said to the bartender. "What did you do with the drink I ordered for Atkins?"

He reached under the bar. "I see it," he said.

I said, "Give it to me."

He gave it to me and I took it over to a table and sat down and drank it.

**I** WAS awakened in the morning by somebody knocking on the door of my little cabin. "What is it?" I called.

"You're wanted on the phone at the office," came in a boy's voice.

"I'll be right over," I said. I got up and put on some clothes hurriedly and went over. It was Atkins.

"Boy!" he shouted. He waited for me to say something. "Go on," I said. He said, "Man, she's superb. You said she was 'nice.' Why, she's—incomparable. Not beautiful, not even extra pretty, but she's the most wonderful—"

"So you got there all right?" I said. I'm afraid I spoke coldly. It had suddenly occurred to me that Cristoforo was a beautiful girl. It hit me at once. I don't know why.

"Of course I got there," he said. "Dolly told me the way." He hesitated. "What happened to you?"

"I missed both their cars," I said. "Did you get there before they did?"

"Yes," he said. "Anyway, I guess I did. I'll tell you how it was. I met her at the corrals as I drove in. I introduced myself. She was saddling up for a while, she said she'd had her supper, and I wasn't hungry, so we saddled up another horse and went for a ride. We didn't get back—you know that ranch last night?"

"Yes," I said dully.

"Well, we stayed out until midnight," he said. "When we got back every body had gone to bed. I told her you were expected up and I was to drive you home. She went in and looked around and you weren't there; if you had come, you must have got back some way."

"I see," I said.

"I know the whole thing wasn't very polite," Atkins said, and the jubilation began to come back into his voice. "but I hope you'll forgive me, or will have forgiven me if you'd been there, and the others will forgive me, but the truth is—"

"Come down to earth," I said.

"The truth is," he said joyously, "there was only one person in the valley from the minute I saw her. She's the most wonderful—"

"This sounds serious," I said lightly.

Atkins didn't say anything for a moment. Then he said, "You mean you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?" I asked.

"We're engaged," he said.

"You're what?" I said.

"Engaged, engaged," he sang into the phone. "We're going to be married. I'll stop in later on and tell you about it."

"Fine," I said. We hung up.

I went back to my cabin. I sat on the bed for quite a while. Then I shaved and took a shower and dressed and went out for breakfast. I ordered two poached eggs, orange juice and coffee. While waiting for them I quit kidding myself. I felt terrible.

I believe you can start loving a girl the moment you lose her. What I mean is you have loved her all the time and didn't know it. I believe it is possible for a man to look calmly at a girl years without the slightest conscious flutter of the heart, then to realize madly in love with her the instant she becomes unavailable.

I not only believe these things. I live them.

The waitress brought my orange juice and I drank it, and she brought me poached eggs and coffee, and I ate



one of the eggs and drank some of the coffee and paid my check and went out.

After I had walked around the square a few times I dropped in at a bar and ordered a root beer. I hate root beer. The bartender fixed it for me and I told him to throw it away and make me a double Tom Collins. He made it and I stood at the bar and drank it. While drinking it I looked into the mirror.

I decided I would stay in the bar all day. I was determined not to be home when Atkins called. I did not want to see Atkins. I knew that if I saw him I would paste him one on the nose.

Another double Tom Collins," I told the bartender.

He made it and I drank it and I felt nervous so I went out. When I got out I looked up the street and stood dead still. There was the green car coming toward me. I started back into the bar but the horn sounded and an arm waved at me. I stopped. The car drew up. It was Cristobelle.

"Thought you were coming up last night," she said.

"Sorry I didn't make it," I said. My voice sounded hollow and forced. It was now and forced. After all, I was standing there looking at a beautiful girl. I said, "By the way, I have congratulated Atkins. He is a fine fellow, a marvelous fellow."

"Who is Atkins?" Cristobelle said. "Captain Atkins," I said mechanically. She looked at me. "Oh," she said, "the Army officer you have been telling me about. What have you been congratulating him about? Has he been made a general?"

The town square began to revolve. "Come in and have a drink," I said. She came with me. We went up to the bar. "What will you have?" I asked

"Coke with lemon," she told the bartender.

"Two double—no, one double and one double Tom Collins," I told him.

"I don't want a Tom Collins," Cristobelle said.

"You will in a minute," I said. The bartender went to make the drinks. "Look, Cristobelle," I said, "are you or are you not engaged to marry Atkins?" She looked at me, frowning. "I've never met him," she said. "Are you sorry?"

"Yes," I said. I took a deep breath. "Now, Cristobelle," I said, "think hard. As Atkins up at your place last night?"

"Hell, no," she said. "Don't know him."

"Excuse me," I said. "I've got to make a phone call." I went back to the phone and called Atkins.

"Atkins," I said, "who are you engaged to?"

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Listen," I said slowly, "kindly mention the name of the girl you're going to marry."

"Why, Alicia," he said. "Alicia Fariss."

I hung up. I went back to the bar and stood beside Cristobelle, and the bartender had our drinks ready.

"WHO is the triple one for?" he asked. "Me," I said.

"I wanted a coke with lemon," Cristobelle said.

"Drink your drink," I told her. She sipped it.

"Now, Cristobelle," I said, "who is Alicia Fariss?"

"The Bar BX," she said. "Monty Fariss' daughter. They have a ranch about four miles up the road from us. Why?"

"Never mind," I said. I went back to the phone and called Atkins. "Listen," I told him, "you've made a hell of a mistake. You're engaged to the wrong girl."

"That's what you think," he said.

"Atkins," I said, "have you ever heard of a girl by the name of Cristobelle. Have you ever heard me mention Cristobelle Berrand?"

There was a long silence. "Yes," Atkins said.

"Are you happy?" I asked.

Atkins laughed. "Why," he said, "I was never so happy in my—"

I hung up. I went back to the bar. "Cristobelle," I said, "please step outside a moment."

"Wait until I finish my drink," she said.

I grabbed it and finished it for her. We went outside and I pushed her into the car and got in after her.

"Cristobelle," I said, "will you marry me?"

"Why not?" she said. "I've wanted to for years." She looked at me with wide-open eyes, incredulously. "Oh," she said, opening her arms, "has this finally happened?"

"Yes," I said, "it has finally happened."

I kissed Cristobelle, fervently and long, right there in the big green (Mrs. Shute's) car.



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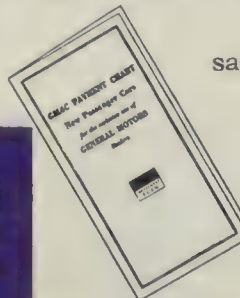


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Katie kept her eyes open while they were tramping with the carnival. It was steady work but dangerous. Lew might break a hand and then where would they be? Here and there she grabbed a fight for him. The fights became more numerous. They abandoned the carnival.

Fifty fights, more or less, he had in the ramshackle clubs of the towns they hit in their wanderings. Winning when he felt good, losing sometimes when he didn't—when he was undernourished and ill-trained or discouraged. And then up through the Middle West. Winning and losing.

They headed back to Dallas, a town that Lew had fled in despair after Wesley Ramey, an old fox of the ring, had painlessly but humiliatingly outpointed him in his ninth professional fight. He had been a drawing card there before that when, as a soldier on furlough, he had run up seven knockouts in a row at the club run by Dick Griffin, blind ex-fighter. He had attracted the attention of Fred Browning, who owns a ranch and a racing stable, bank-rolls Griffin and lives at Arlington, which is between Dallas and Fort Worth.

Browning bought Jenkins out of the Army and signed him up as his fighter but retained only the loosest hold on him until he began to get somewhere. Browning didn't want any of his money when Lew was getting only meager purses. He was waiting for him to hit the jackpot and meanwhile he didn't keep very close track of him and wouldn't see him or hear from him for weeks at a time and Jenkins never asked him for anything but advice.

Katie really managed him and trained him, made his matches for him, saw that he was in the best possible shape and didn't hesitate to belt him when she thought it would help. Once she changed her mind after she had made a match for him on short notice. She didn't think he could get ready for it and the night before the fight was to be held they argued hotly, Katie wanting him to ask for a postponement and Lew insisting upon going through with it because they needed the money and he was sure he could lick the fellow, anyway.

The next day he showed up at the promoter's office and explained he couldn't fight because he had a bad cut over one eye. Later he told some of the mob Katie had hit him over the eye, that being the only way she could keep him out of the fight.

#### Who's Scared of the Fight Mob?

Jimmy Johnston, who was in Dallas along about that time with his heavy-weight, Bob Pastor, heard about Katie and a plan that she had to take Lew to New York, where she intended to manage and train him just as she did in the sticks. New York was where the big dough was and Katie wanted some of it. That made Johnston laugh, especially after he had seen Katie.

"What chance would a doll like that have with the fight mob in New York?" he asked. "They'd push her around."

"They would, hey?" somebody said. "Don't kid yourself. Katie can take care of herself anywhere."

So she can. She has taken excellent care of herself in New York and while some of the fight mob undoubtedly have

tried to steal her fighter she still has him. Browning still holds his contract with Lew and has split it with Hymie Caplin. Hymie's man, Willie Ketchum, trains him. But that's only because the New York State Athletic Commission wouldn't grant a manager's or trainer's license to Katie. Katie rules the camp.

It was Frank Bachman, formerly manager of Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, who first took Lew and Katie to New York. Bachman had seen Lew fight somewhere and wrote to him, offering to manage him and promising to put him in the big time. Jenkins, who was in Dallas, told Browning about the letter. Browning asked him if he wanted to go to New York and Lew said he might as well go there as anywhere. He said Katie had been talking about it, too. Browning told Jenkins to have Bachman call him up. When Bachman called, Browning told him he could take the fighter.

"But don't forget," Browning said, "he belongs to me. I'll pay you for your services but you can't have his contract—or any part of it."

So it was with Bachman that Lew and Katie entered New York last summer. Lew's first fight was at the Queensboro Club in Long Island City and he won a close decision over one Baby Breese. He beat Joey Fontana, a good club fighter, also by decision, and then took another decision over Breese. He still was undernourished and ill-trained and he didn't win any of these fights easily.

"Wait," Katie said. "Wait until he gets a few square meals."

He was hurt sometimes and weary and in trouble. But he still could punch. He knocked out Ginger Foran. He knocked out Primo Flores and then knocked him out again. He knocked out Mike Belloise.

Now he was rounding into fighting condition. He was knocking out pretty good fighters. He was punching harder than any lightweight they had seen around New York in years. They were talking about him on Jacobs Beach, that strip of Forty-ninth Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue where the fight mob congregates. They were talk-

ing about how tough he was and how game and how he could punch.

But Lew and Katie couldn't get along with Bachman. Katie didn't like the way Bachman was making his match. They were going back to Texas to the matter over with Browning. Meanwhile, Mike Jacobs, seeing what was going on, offered Katie a match for Lew with Billy Marquart, hard-hitting Canadian lightweight fighting out of St. Paul. Katie didn't consult Bachman. She signed the contract. Jacobs, taking chances, had Jenkins sign it, too. After all, if Lew backed out, Mike could put Katie into the ring with Marquart although it might have been a go-brawl, at that, because Katie never squawked about giving away this pounds or so to anybody, including her husband.

#### Now Hymie's Sold

The contract signed, Katie and Lew hustled to Dallas to see Browning. Browning, having listened to their story of discord with Bachman, took the fighter away from Bachman and turned him over to Caplin, one of the more energetic fight managers, who has had four champions at one time or another. He gave Hymie half the contract, too.

The first thing Hymie did was to pull Jenkins out of the Marquart match because he didn't like it. If the commission had approved the match and Jacobs had the contract in his hands and there wasn't anything Hymie could do about it, fortunately.

Marquart was a heavy favorite of Jenkins but Jenkins knocked him out in a furious fight. Hymie, having had some doubts about Jenkins before the Marquart fight, but now completely sold on him, matched him with Tippy Larkin, fragile but clever New Jersey lightweight and Jenkins knocked Larkin out in the first round.

That was the fight that earned Jenkins the title shot with Ambers. That was the prelude to the arrival of a champion who was a long while on the way but, because he was new to the big time, seemed almost to have dropped in overnight.



"Funny how things slip you in a pinch. What is it, O-S-O, S-S-O or S-O-O?"

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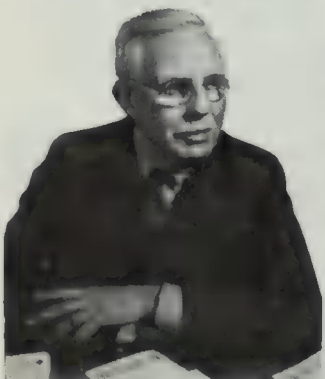


# "SINBAD'S FABLED VALLEY OF THE DIAMONDS WAS A SMALL SIDE-SHOW COMPARED WITH THIS"

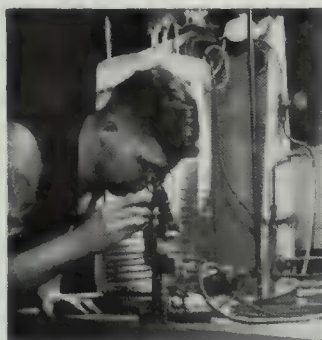


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## Southpaw Blood

Continued from page 20

dous, half Bronx cheer and half excitement. In the midst of it Spud climbed out of his seat, ran up the runway leading to the back of the stands, faced the crowd, cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled:

"Horsefeathers!"

It broke up the booing and everybody laughed but it didn't help the Sox, because that one run won the game and brought their losing streak to seven. Jake Trout came over to Doc in the dressing room just after he had come out of the shower.

"Never mind about that, Doc," he said kindly. "They'd 'a' got the run anyhow. . . . But what's the matter with you when you're up there hittin'? You pull back like something bit you every time you hit one. . . ."

"Got a little stiffness in my wrist from where that Everitt clipped me in that exhibition game over at Dayton," said Doc, "but I'm hitting just like I always did."

"Like hell you are," said Jake, turning around and hunting for somebody. "Johnny," he called to the trainer. "Take Doc down tonight and let Abbott X-ray that wrist. I think something's busted."

IT WAS a small bone broken in the wrist and Doc was on the bench a month with his arm in splints. Just when he was throwing a bit every day getting ready to break into the line-up again, Jake met him one day when he was coming in at noon and said:

"The old man wants to see you. He's up in the office now."

He turned back into his own little office before Doc had a chance to ask him anything more and, from that, Doc knew it wasn't good news. When he went up to the front office, the old man was apologetic.

"Yarnell," he said, "we're on a spot and I want you to help us out."

Doc, being uncomfortable in the front office as all ballplayers are and knowing that something bad was going to happen to him, simply waited and said nothing.

"We're getting Horstman from Oakland but they won't let us have him now unless we send them somebody just as good. We offered them Jenkins or Clark but they said they had to have you."

"I'll be going pretty good again in about a week," offered Doc tentatively, wanting to stick up for his rights but not wanting to be too pathetic about it.

"Certainly, you will," cried the old man cheerfully, "and that's just the point. They have a tough pennant race of their own on out there and they won't let us have Horstman unless they can get you. You'll be coming up again soon. It's just sort of a pinch for us now."

They were pretty good about it, settling up Doc's lease for the apartment and paying the traveling and moving expenses for Bessie and Spud—but Doc never got back in the big leagues. He went good with the Oaks and had four fine years but the Sox never recalled him and everybody else seemed to think he was too old for another chance up there.

With the Sox, Doc had worked his salary up to seven thousand five hundred dollars, and Oakland paid him at that rate the remainder of the season but next year they brought him down to the coast level, which was around four thousand dollars. That sounded bad but living was cheaper on the coast and they had a better family life. Doc never liked night ball but it did leave the days free for running around with Bessie and Spud. In addition there was a double-header every Sunday and an open date

on Monday, which gave them a chance to spend the day at the beach or up the mountains. They had a little and lots of friends and things were pretty good. The only one who objected to going to the beach was Spud, who liked his baseball and would have stayed at the ball park if they had let him. He drove them all nuts at the beach keeping a game of his own going hours at a time, throwing a ball up as he could and then catching it.

From all this you might think that Doc was some sort of an American tomato, content to go on being a public spectacle as long as the crowds wanted him, but he actually thought a great deal about the future. Although he had never been an intellectual giant in college, grades were good and he probably would have been a successful doctor. He was tall and good-looking and pretty intelligent. While he was with the Sox he started selling real estate and insurance during the winter and had done all right at it. The only trouble was that just when he got his good prospects all lined up was February and time to leave training camp again.

So as long as Doc had a job and was doing well, they forgot the future. They managed to save a little money every year and things were happy around the house. It was a swell life for Spud and he lied a lot in school about what other players said to him and what inside dope on the team was.

Bessie was the one who got mad when the papers first started calling Doc "Old Doc." It began after Doc had been with the Oaks for two or three years. " . . . Old Doc Yarnell will be back in again this year as good as ever. . . . Doc came up in the clutch and popped one into right field. . . . You never had to worry about old reliable Doc. . . . Of course he's slowed up a bit but he's still powder that apple when it counts." "Old Doc!" cried Bessie angrily. "Why, that makes me perfectly furious. How old do they think you are, anyway? You're twenty-nine and you'd think you were a million to hear them talk."

IN HIS fourth season Doc got a cut in salary and there was talk in the papers that he was a holdout but there was never much chance of that. He knew either had to take what they offered or get out.

In the middle of his last season on the coast, Doc was traded to Louisville. Though Louisville was Double-A, just like the coast, it was a blow to him and he didn't try to pass it off as a promotion. Luckily he had no time to think much about it because Louisville was desperate for an outfielder and he had to get there that night by train. They didn't get moving expenses this time, and Bessie had to stay behind and get things packed. Doc drove east later with Spud.

They liked Louisville but they never felt settled there and that winter was the first time they came back to Coopers town. Doc worked in the feed mill for old Mr. Applegate, Bessie's father, and he felt uncomfortable about it and glad to get back to Louisville in the spring. They finished out the first year there and all of the next season—then Doc was sent to Knoxville as part of the trade that brought young Drews to Louisville.

At Louisville, Doc had got about the same money as in Oakland, but Knoxville was a real drop. They were paying two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and that meant about five hundred dollars a year. They had a little apartment again and found



...ville wasn't a bad town but they  
...n't feel very happy about it. They  
... back to Cooperstown that winter  
... and Doc went to work for Mr.  
... and that was how things stood  
... Doc told Spud to cut out throwing  
... ball against the house.

When Spud came in and started wash-  
... his hands at the kitchen sink, he  
... hear Doc and Bessie in the front  
... room.

"Well, look at it for yourself," he  
... hear his father saying bitterly, as  
... were handing something to Bessie.  
... least they used to write to me about  
... how I find it out in Sporting News."

There was a silence and then Bessie  
... made a little cry.

"Oh, Doc..." she said piteously.  
... there was another long silence and  
... guessed that Doc was comforting  
... and then Doc cleared his voice and  
... in a harsh voice:

"What difference does it make? We  
... it as well know it now as later on.  
... Smith, Arkansas... I can see it  
... The same main street, the same  
... apartment for you and Spud. Night  
... all the time now and traveling in  
... busses. Getting a little older every  
... and hoping to get a manager's job.  
... maybe I could—but what then?  
... managers get fired, too. Then I'd be like  
... the other fellows. Going down to  
... bush towns and finally ending up  
... some coal-camp team or a semi-  
... outfit or coaching an American  
... on kids' team. I've been a failure,  
... I know it now. Thirty-two years  
... and all washed up and just starting  
... all over again..."

"Don't say that, Doc," pleaded Bessie.  
... We've had a pretty good life. We've  
... around; we've seen things; we even  
... a little money saved up..."  
... "I've saved up for what?" said Doc. "If I  
... into anything, we'd probably lose  
... What do I know about business?  
... It do I know about anything? I  
... probably go on at the feed mill  
... you know they don't really need me  
... The old man's been swell but  
... his only charity. It's all right for a  
... of months but he wouldn't want  
... on doing it forever..."

It was then that Spud called in from  
... kitchen in a harsh, frantic voice, not  
... able to stand it any longer.

"Ma!" he cried. "Am I ever going to  
... anything to eat?"

There was a silence from the front  
... and then Doc came out with his  
... around Bessie. They knew he had  
... listening and they knew why he  
... yelled. Doc had the Sporting News  
... his hand, folded over, and he just  
... and looked at Spud, almost as if  
... were pitying himself.

"You might as well know it, Spud," he  
... finally. "It's here in the paper.  
... don't even bother writing me any  
... I've been traded to Fort  
... Smith, Arkansas?" asked Spud  
... erately, as if that might help in  
... way.

"It doesn't matter where," said Doc,

"because I'm not going. I'm never going  
... anywhere any more. I'm going to settle  
... down and go to work like a man should  
... do..."

He stopped then because he realized  
... that Spud's mind was on something else  
... and he wasn't getting it.

"Will you put that damned ball away  
... like I asked you, Spud," he said gently  
... but tensely. "I don't want you fooling  
... around with it any more."

It was then Spud realized that he had  
... taken the ball and glove off the drain  
... by the sink after he washed his hands  
... and had been pounding the ball into the  
... glove almost viciously ever since he  
... first heard Doc and Bessie in the front  
... room.

He took the ball up in his hand and  
... looked at it as if he hadn't seen it be-  
... fore. Then he looked up at his father  
... in bewilderment.

"But, Doc..." he began.

"Yes, I know," said his father. "You're  
... just like all the rest of them. You're like  
... I was. Full of dreams. You're a south-  
... paw and you've heard me say that  
... southpaws got along best. Well, south-  
... paw or no southpaw—you haven't got a  
... chance. Give me it." He held out his  
... hand for the ball. "If I catch you with  
... this thing again, I'll take and throw it  
... so far eight men won't be able to find it."

Spud handed the ball over, but just  
... when he thought everything was going  
... to be all right the tears began to run  
... down his face and then he started to  
... blubber. Bessie turned around sud-  
... denly and sat down in a rocking chair  
... and buried her head in her arms. Doc  
... stood still and turned the ball over in  
... his hands and never took his eyes off  
... it. It was as if he were seeing his whole  
... past life in a crystal globe.

SPUD, with the tears streaming down  
... his face, stood before Doc and looked  
... up at him, half scared. Gradually it came  
... over him with something of a shock that  
... he was being a traitor to his father. In-  
... stead of thinking about what Doc had  
... said, he was thinking about his career.  
... He could see himself up on the mound  
... winding up and getting ready to throw.  
... The grandstand would be filled; the  
... bleachers would be filled. It was an  
... American League ball and the stitches  
... stood out, and if you let the ball come  
... out over your two first fingers and gave  
... a little flip of the wrist just as it left your  
... hand, you could get a real hook on it.  
... He had heaved a couple like that up  
... against the house and the ball had  
... bounced off at an angle, showing that he  
... had stuff on it. He would get his speed  
... as he grew older. Doc had said that  
... himself.

Through his tears Spud now became  
... aware that Doc had stopped looking at  
... the ball and now was looking at him.  
... His look was sad and despairing and  
... very affectionate.

"I guess I'm just wasting my words on  
... you," said Doc finally. And then Spud  
... knew that Doc wouldn't throw the ball  
... so far that eight men wouldn't be able  
... to find it. He knew he wouldn't throw  
... it away at all.

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Look now at the table of pay-  
ments and see how easy it will  
be for you to arrange, *through*  
*your dealer*, for payments that  
will fit your budget.

This table shows application of guaranteed  
new car or truck rate to various amounts, both  
as to finance charge and amount of monthly  
payments. Larger or smaller amounts, shorter  
or longer terms, take proportionate rates.

AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
\$300	\$18.00	\$26.50	\$27.00	\$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

\* NOTE: You take the cash delivered price  
of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee  
or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these  
figures.) Then take off the amount of your  
down payment or trade-in allowance. The  
result is the *amount to be financed*.



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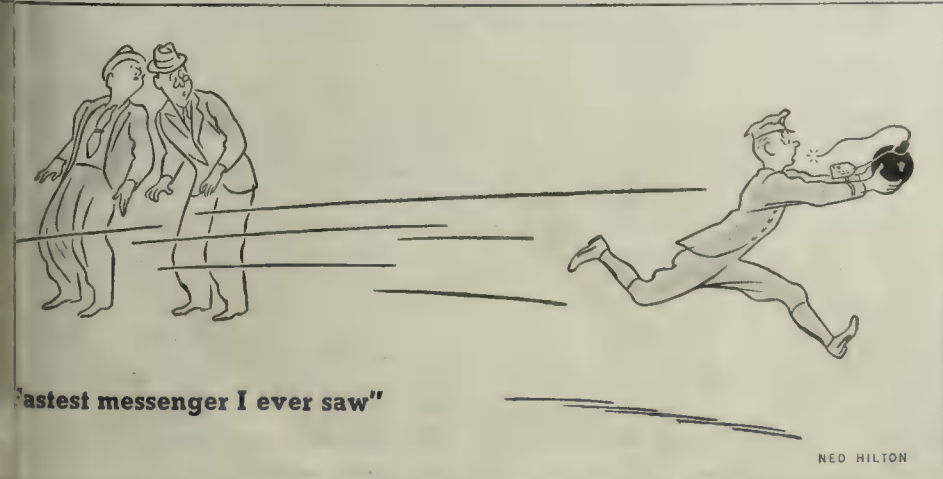
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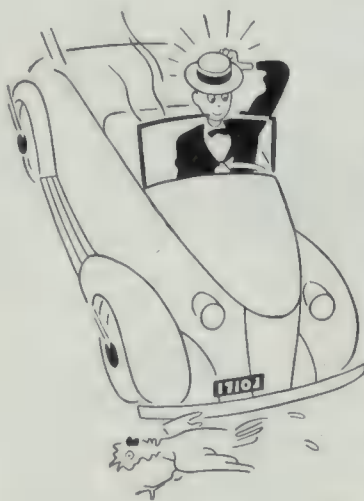
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## Living at Ease

Continued from page 17

you have set a second batch to washing, and made your ironer ready for operation. The greatest effort it will require of you is to sit in a chair and draw down easily on the operating handle, so that board and ironing surface meet to do in one swoop a job equivalent to that of fourteen hand irons. Maximum total, one day instead of two for washing and ironing.

The telephone company has spared no telephones in putting this House of Ideas in touch with the outside world. Telephones in the kitchen and master bedroom are hitched up for intrahouse calls as well as three-cornered conversations with outside connection. Besides these two permanently located telephones, there are two that move around to suit your convenience. There is an outlet in the many-purpose room, another in the living room and a third, waterproof, on the downstairs terrace. Plug in your telephone wherever you want to be. You can stay put with your sun bath, your easy chair or your dinner, and still get those important calls. The second telephone is for the children to fight over upstairs, for it's meant to be shared by both the small bedrooms. If a guest is occupying one, that settles it.

Radios are standard equipment, too. Small ones in the bedrooms. One in the playroom, with record-playing attachment. Mr. Stone has figured out a colorful and practical filing idea for your separate records—colored tabs fastened to their paper envelopes so that as you line them up book fashion on the shelf you can tell from the color which is dance music, classical, etc., and read on the tab, in alphabetical order, the rest of your information.

The playroom is also fitted out with a moving-picture machine, to be operated from the bar counter. A screen, concealed in a slot in the ceiling, rolls down on the end wall.

For your more creative moments there is a portable typewriter that you can use anywhere, for it carries its own stand with it. Open the bottom compartment of the carrying case, and you'll find folding legs to be extended to any of three different heights. The cover of this compartment, locking open to one side of your typewriter, serves as a work shelf for your papers. The cover of the typewriter case proper, swinging back on

its hinges, gives you a bin for finished work.

The camera bug can carry on in the downstairs bathroom. Just push the mirror on the lavatory wall straight up on its track till it covers the window above and you have, literally, a dressing room—complete with photographic supplies on the shelves now revealed. More supplies in the cupboard underneath.

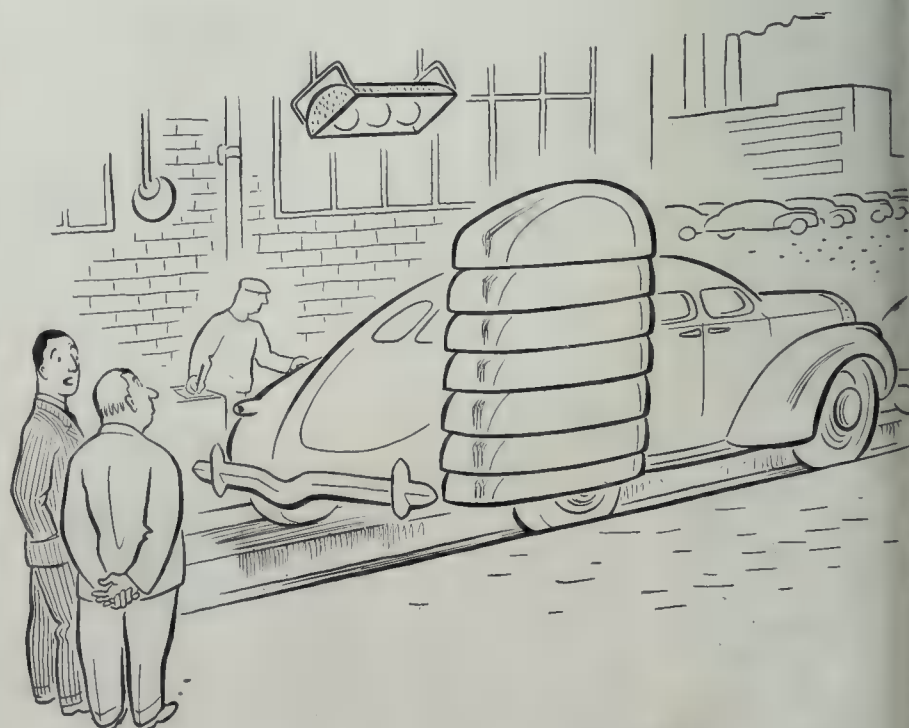
The master bath has a trick of its own—a tandem lavatory. There's a couple of marble extending the full length of the glass-block wall, with two basins sunk into it in very much the same fashion that your kitchen sink is installed. Handsome, and you've got plenty of counter space for spreading out your operating tools. Two basins, with two individual mirrors above and storage space in cabinets below, save arguments.

### Plenty of Outlets

The bathrooms are all equipped with scales, to chide you about that extra dessert. Small and neat spring scales, easy to stow out of the way, keep a check on children and guests. The master bath has invested in a sensitive even to that extra quarter pound. It's a miniature of the kind your doctor has in his office, a balance type.

Maybe this is more equipment than any one house would own today. But many of the luxuries of yesterday are now standard equipment—remember the first mechanical refrigerators, the first vacuum cleaners?—that your master idea culled from the equipment of Collier's House might well be prepared for. And that means correctly planned electric wiring. Gas or coal or kerosene may be the fuel you find best and most economical to use for heating and cooking. But lights, appliances and more appliances, radio, much of your heavy equipment, television, inventions of the future, will use electricity.

It is not enough to scatter a few outlets around—though you need more than most houses provide. To get the most service out of the things you install, and to use your electricity economically, you need enough electric circuits with the right sizes of wire in each. The wire must have a large enough cross-section of copper so that it will carry the required amount of current at full power.



"The assembly line jammed at the fender division"



stead of dissipating electricity meter and outlet in the form of wasting the electricity you have and dropping down the voltage point where your appliances are operate and waste additional getting results. Many appliances operating on lighting circuits dim lights.

You need lighting circuits and appliances, and special circuits for such heavy-duty items as the range, water heater and oil. One lighting circuit to every square foot, the experts say, should be of all the light you want and current besides for such things as razors in the bathroom, hand the workshop, clocks, fans. One circuit should take adequate the kitchen and buffet or terrace table cookery may take. Another serves the laundry.

#### Plan for Later

ough outlets should be simple with this preparation. Double ones, where you need them, with feet maximum space between, you plenty of service and eliminating lamp cords. Also check your electrician on appliance outletting lights and three-way switches where necessary.

aces need their special wiring, with and ground connections. Telephone conduits should be built in, and all outlets present and future decided before a house is built. Just

install an iron pipe in the framework as the house is going up, leading to any future outlet. It will then be an easy matter for the telephone company to draw the wires through when you are ready to extend the service.

All this wiring is simple and inexpensive at the time of building—complicated and expensive after a house is up. So plan ahead for everything you aim some day to have—and then allow a couple of extra terminals in your fuse panel just in case. This way your house will keep on working well for you, instead of showing up limitations when you've scarcely got settled.

In the next article you will have a look at the furnishing of Collier's House of Ideas. You will find it full of good ideas—space-saving ideas, ideas about construction for maximum use and minimum care, and the use of natural woods, leather and fabrics for rich, simple beauty. All these add up to modern furniture at its best.

**A booklet containing more details about the materials and equipment in Collier's House of Ideas is now available. To obtain one send ten cents to Mr. E. K. Simpson, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.**

## Saint on the Spot

Continued from page 13

helled, gassed and bombed to this Gandhi-ji has stolen a and, by practicing Christian principles almost entirely avoided blood—seven millions of people new hope, unity, new ideals, forced a great to surrender much of its power started India on her way to independence. How?

The Golden Rule. Turn the cheek. Love thine enemy. Do them that hate you. The meek inherit the earth. . . . Millions say these things. One brown Hindu, takes them seriously and tries them. And look at the result. Gandhi-ji's hut are others. They are about on no plan whatever. One is the Mahatma's wife; others for children and grandchildren. About years ago Gandhi set about finding a place in which conditions were particularly bad—no easy matter in a land of poverty, disease and debt. In the Central Provinces not far from Bhopal, he found it. Then, near by, he found a lone mud hut made his residence there. You could throw fifteen people into it. At the end there is a mat shed, for sleeping. There is almost no furniture—a stool for those visitors who can't squat on the floor.

Gandhi lived alone here in this hut but he felt he needed solitude to do his heavy thinking and meditation every when you are in the liberty, independence business and against a tough customer like the British Empire.

solitude, however, didn't last long. First, there was Gandhi's notion that he was some punkins as an amateur. He never did believe in medicine, or even hospitals, but he had some simple remedies of his own. People came around with malaria, cholera and worse things and in the end being cured. So he did what

he could. Even today he calls his place The Home for Invalids.

Then, all sorts of people began to break in on him. He ran the spinning wheel and listened to British members of parliament and American journalists and big shots from the government at Delhi and just plain American tourists. He still manages to keep Monday as a day of silence and then you can't get a word out of him. But other days he works, talks, and prescribes cures for anywhere up to eighteen hours at a stretch.

#### He Can't Back Down

He gets all sorts of gifts, too. People used to send him safety pins, which he accepted in great good humor but never used. People contributed money for the cause. People sent goats, hearing he drank their milk; they sent packaged dates from California. They even sent him shirts and western clothes. He gave everything away—and still does, thanking the givers. Their hearts, he says, are all right—even the hearts of the humorists in New York and Ottumwa, Iowa, who sent the safety pins.

For all his power—the terrible force generated by 350,000,000 people all thrusting the same way—Gandhi today is on the spot. The irresistible force of his millions seems about to collide with the immovable object of British determination to keep control of the Indian Empire. For Gandhi, it is a matter of principle; for the English it is a vital question of prestige—and profits.

Gandhi has gone so far now in his demands for complete freedom that he cannot turn back. He dare not compromise. The hopes of too many people have been awakened; too many other leaders are ready to step in and lead the battle. Win or lose, the little brown saint has to go through with it. And he sees, very clearly, that in the present temper

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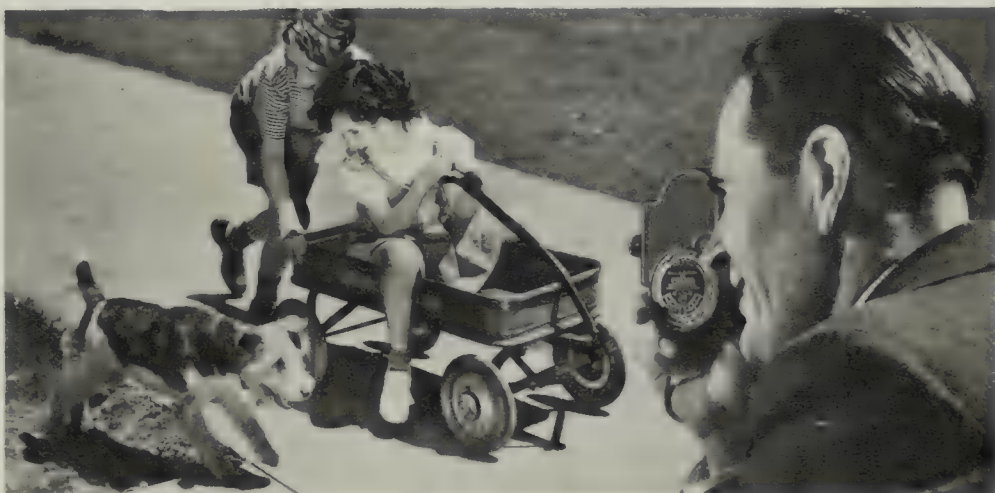
**"For fine movies—  
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says

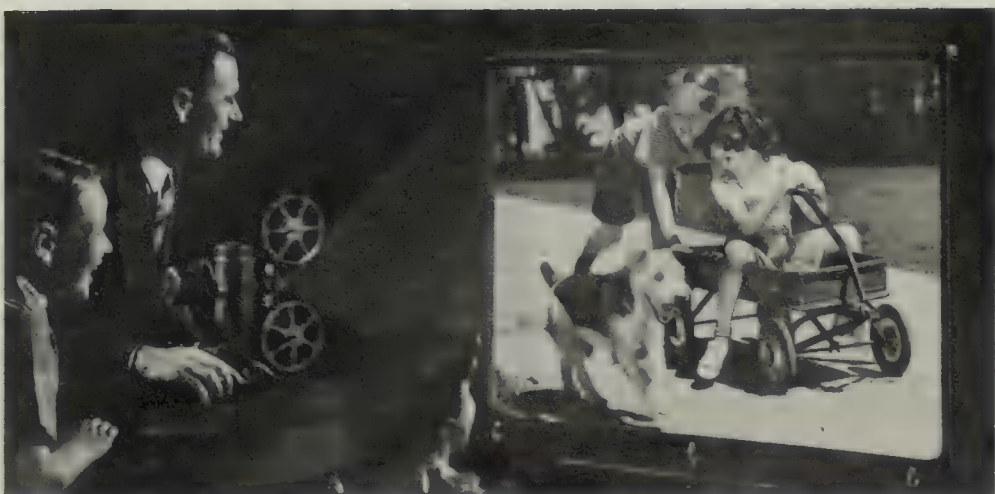
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of the British there must be violence and bloodshed. He hates those things; for half a century he has been winning battles by precisely opposite methods.

The Mahatma's demand is that India be turned over to him as is. His ultimatum to his followers is that he will stand for no interference in his plans. If they don't like his methods, let them get another leader. If they continue to accept his leadership, let them discipline themselves, organize and have patience. All in good time he will say what is to be done.

This was the situation as this was written.

What will happen later this summer and fall is anyone's guess, but it is a fairly safe prediction that it will be a bigger and more intense campaign of civil disobedience and nonresistance than ever before in the history of the independence movement.

Gandhi's theories have been explained scores of times in millions of words. Boiled down, they are first this—it takes two to make a quarrel and if you refuse to fight, your enemy loses his moral advantage and finally the battle. The Chinese put it another way: When two people are quarreling the first one to stop using his head and start using his fist is the loser.

The average hard-boiled white man says you can't win battles that way, but Gandhi has proved that you can in India. In a score of years he has won considerable local self-government for his people, together with a promise of a great deal more after this war is over. He could have virtual freedom for India, subject only to British control of foreign policy. But he wants all, or nothing.

Okay, say the English, then you'll get nothing. If you think we are going to abandon our investment here, leave India defenseless and watch Japan step in, you have another guess coming.

To add to the complication of the thing, the Mahatma is more insistent on using the right methods to gain freedom, than he is on freedom itself. His philosophy is: Of what use is liberty if in getting it a man wrecks his own soul by using violence and thus sinning against God? If any sinning is to be done, let the English do it.

## Impractical but Respected

Such heretical notions exasperate the British. To a man, they respect the Mahatma. You may travel the length and breadth of the place without hearing him cursed out. The worst they say of him is that he is impractical, or a mystic, or growing senile, or living in a world of dreams. Of course he is a mystic, and left alone he could no more organize and operate a government than a spark plug could build and run a motor.

This is why no picture of Gandhi has much meaning unless it is sketched in against a background of the men around him—the men who will take over the government when—and if—the revolt succeeds. The most mentioned name, of course, is that of Jawaharlal Nehru, so we'll go talk to him first.

The general supposition is that Nehru will wear Gandhi's mantle when the saint passes on and becomes one of the many Indian gods. That may be, and it may not, depending on many things.

Nehru is a Cambridge graduate and picked up most of his liberal notions at that university. He disagrees with Gandhi on most things—in fact, a curious angle of the whole rebel movement is that hardly one of the leaders agrees with the Mahatma, either on methods or the sort of government India ought to have. The only thing on which they're united is liberty.

Pandit Nehru is a tall, good-looking

chap, is convinced that the old passive-resistance method will not win independence. For this reason, the British have him down in their books as more dangerous than the old man. Nehru is an aristocrat at heart, scion of an old Kashmiri family; he wears native dress on principle and would much rather use a lounge suit. He majored in geology, chemistry and botany; often dreams he is flying high above the world, and says that for years he has been haunted by the dying eyes of a deer he once shot in the hills.

At one time, Nehru was completely bemused by the Communist ideas and believed all the lovely phrases of Lenin and Trotsky and Marx. But of late he has come to realize the difference between red words and red realities. He is still a socialist and says the Indian change must be a complete political and economic break, made all at once.

"You can't," he quotes, "leap an abyss in two jumps."

Linked with Nehru usually is Subhas C. Bose, a stout, fond-of-good-living direct-actionist. Bose is sometimes called a fascist and is vaguely for a sort of corporative state. He goes about shouting "No compromise!" It is quite likely that, if he can't run the whole show himself, Bose will join hands with Nehru, get hold of the Indian youth movement—which is faintly pink—and lead it still farther leftward.

Then there is Mohammed Ali Jinnah. A few months ago Mr. Jinnah had not been heard of much, except as "The Apostle of Hindu-Moslem Unity." Last spring, however, he turned up at the head of the Moslem League, with a few thousand members, and invented a plan for splitting India into two republics, one Hindu and the other composed of a couple of Moslem states. This was duck soup for the British and Mr. Jinnah began to go places right away. He got so much attention from the enchanted English—who still knew that to divide was to rule—that he was astounded.

"I was wonderstruck," he said, "I was received by the Viceroy as the equal of Mr. Gandhi." So impressed was Mr. Jinnah that he added he rather be ruled by the English than the Hindus. This got him a great deal in all the British-Indian newspapers; didn't seem to disturb old Mahatma. Azad, the Moslem head of Gandhi's India Congress party, which is the independence organization, or the movement of Moslems who are just as anxious for unity and liberty as the Hindus whom they work.

## What Do the Rebels Want?

Jinnah is a Bombay lawyer, lives in luxury on fashionable Malabar Road, dresses in western clothes with excellent taste and is quite honest. As long as he plays the British game, he will be kept up mainly for his nuisance value. It is proof that "the Indians don't know what they want and can't get together on a program."

Most practical and down-to-earth man is Gandhi's chief of staff, V. K. Patel. He is a Gujarati lawyer and lives on the Marine Drive overlooking Bombay's Back Bay. Like most rebel leaders, he gave up a good practice to help the Mahatma. Today, while Gandhi does the heavy thinking, Patel does the organizing. He is slated, according to political gossip, to be either prime minister or perhaps first president of the Indian Republic.

What the rebels now want, he told me, is a sort of constitutional convention. This convention, elected by popular vote, would draft a constitution, probably very much along the line of the American history and their writings full of rewrites of Tom Paine and Jefferson and Lincoln.

"We can and will work out a fair way to take care of minorities, including Moslems," he said. "We will ask the rajahs and princes to come in with



"I had to slap him a couple of times, but outside of that, he bored me."

GREGORY D'ALMEIDA



won't, they must stay outside and absorbed. They and their feudal lords will be out of place in the States of India. We think our problems are no more serious than yours in 1776, and we are hoping for—getting—a great deal of American sympathy."

From these leaders you can go as far as you like, ending up with ministers like N. M. Roy and the Mahajan who says that he and followers are "tired of the mysticism of the Mahatma and his fellow Franks," he said, "I do not believe in the transformation of society into a nonviolent one. It is only on the Marxian line that Indian society is rebuilt. . . . There is no time to wait and we should take the plunge into action."

Swami and his crusaders, perhaps, don't cut much ice right now. Gandhi dies and his millions become impatient of inaction, men like him might easily rise to the top. Obsolete direct-actionists have taken over where when the mystics and theologians prepared the way.

Whether Gandhi is really senile or just going out, as his enemies say, is really immaterial. The man's work is done. Twenty years he has taken 350,000,000-account people, submerged in a sea of unpayable debt, almost totally illiterate, half-fed, hopeless and condemned to endless serfdom by the caste system, and given them dignity, courage, new ideals—and hope. He has, in a few years, created the machine. It seems a fair conclusion that, even if he were twenty years younger, the Mahatma couldn't operate this machine. But, for instance, against machine production, though he uses a railway, automobiles, his own newspaper and a loud-speaker—all mass-production devices—he is in his work. He says the key movement is a revival of village life—meaning that peasants in the hamlets would use their better crops time in spinning and weaving on cloth—and thus, incidentally, the British-financed mills that only pay hundreds of millions of dollars in profits to English investors indirectly, to British economy. The British record in India is pretty much a record of the future will be no better.

#### Time for Material Problems

The Mahatma is on record against trade. Exporting and importing, he argues, leads to rivalries; these lead to violent wars. India must abstain, not merely from violence but from anything that might lead to it. Just how India would exist without trade is one of those crass, real problems with which Gandhi-jis must cope.

On record, too, against education; against modern medicine, which is "magic"; against hospitals; against farming methods.

You analyze Gandhi's philosophy and will probably admit he is fundamentally right. If you add up his ideas, they produce only magical nonsense.

He said, Gandhi's great contribution was taking one-sixth of the world's population and giving it a chance. This is cracking the caste system that damned these millions forever to live in a debased, animal-like manner in which they were born. The British never thought about the system, except to make its more horrible abuses.

Gandhi thought of his Untouchables as "Servants of God." He told them they had a right to rise to any posi-

tion they wished. He made some of them legislators; fought for laws giving them rights in temples, in courts. And he finally cracked the system. It still exists, in terrible strength, but it is no longer a solid structure.

The Mahatma himself set the example, going about with Englishmen, shaking hands with them, eating with them—treating them as equals. To an orthodox Hindu, the Englishman himself is an Untouchable.

The last visitors come and the evening meal arrives. It is simple—the few dates, a little rice, goats' milk. Afterward, the Mahatma takes a walk, with half a dozen of his grandchildren and other kids. In the evening, there are simple prayers and then Gandhi-jis curls up and is asleep at once.

As you jolt, sweating, back to Nagpur through the hot, dusty Indian night, past the sleeping villages, you try to figure out this little brown man—and the implications of what he has done, is doing—and maybe is going to accomplish.

#### An Empire Slowly Gives Way

You might dope it out this way: Less than two thousand years ago a new set of ideas came into the world—the familiar Golden Rule—Love thine Enemy—Turn the Other Cheek philosophy we mentioned earlier. Ever since then millions of people, mostly white, have been reading and saying these phrases, but not putting them into practice. Instead these people have been almost continuously at war, slaughtering one another, destroying hard-earned wealth, stealing from one another. And in the end they have all lost.

Then along comes a little brown man who doesn't amount to a hill of beans and says: "Let us take these Christian ideas and put them to work and see what happens." So he takes an objective—independence for 350,000,000 people—and tries to achieve it by applying the rules laid down by a poor carpenter's son.

Surprisingly, the thing works. Without a gun, without a bomb or a pint of poison gas, a great empire, built by violence, slowly gives way. The 350,000,000 gain some freedom, and then some more. Within a few years, half of them are ruling themselves to a great extent. Some of them have been shot down, hundreds have gone to prison, thousands have been clubbed and terrorized. But always they have turned the other cheek; loved their enemies; never resisted violently.

What is going on in Europe is old—violence versus violence—and the result will prove very little. But what is going on in India this summer is new—violence against nonviolence—and the result may prove a great deal. Of course, Gandhi and his millions may lose; it may be that their system—taken, remember, from the writing of their opponents' prophets—will fail in the end.

But suppose Gandhi wins? Suppose, when the trouble is over and the world knows the truth, it turns out that putting Christianity to work has overcome the world's greatest empire and all the empire's machinery of death and disaster.

Well—all the brains in the world aren't behind the little brown man's specs. And millions of people are already convinced that war and violence don't settle anything permanently. If Gandhi's methods win in India, somebody in some other country is going to try them—and if they work in one place, why not in another? Why not all over?

Maybe the big news of today isn't being made in London or Berlin, after all. Maybe it's being made in a mud hut out on the hot, windy Indian plains.

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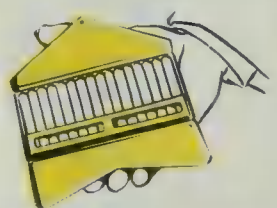
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## These Our Rulers

Continued from page 19

by the federal government. It is still due, by the way. And this is a perfect example of the illusion that debts like these are actually paid.

Out of a mess of facts like this grows the legend of Kelly's financial wizardry—this and a little well-managed publicity. When I went to Chicago I was shown a handsome pamphlet entitled "Out of the Red and Into the Black." It was issued by the Citizens Committee on Public Information, composed of leading businessmen. A great State Street merchant was its chairman.

"Chicago today," it reported, "has the best city government in its history." It said that the police department was the best in the nation and the health department a model for the country. It told how the city was living within its income and generally showered upon the Kelly machine a hogshead, not of white-wash, but of eau de cologne. The City Council lauded the committee for its industry in preparing this report and modestly thanked it. It puzzled me—for it purported to be a report of a bipartisan committee of 100 businessmen. I had seen the report of the Civic Federation about the same time saying the city's corporate fund was drifting toward bankruptcy. But the puzzle was soon solved. There was no committee of one hundred. It was a committee of thirty. And twenty-three of them when interviewed by the newspapers said they knew nothing about the report. The Kelly-Nash fifth column in the committee had pulled a fast one.

The city is taxed to exhaustion. The debts are crushing. The relief problem is desperate. But also the city has garbage. Chicago dumps most of its garbage here and there. Out on West 19th and Lincoln is an old, abandoned quarry five acres in surface and several hundred feet deep. As a piece of property it was just a hole in the ground that a wise government would compel the owners to fill up or abandon. But not in the Kingdom of Cook County, the beautiful land of those good fairies, Moe Rosenberg, Bob Sweitzer, Ed Kelly and Pat Nash. The city made a contract with the owners to dump garbage into that hole. In six years, from 1932 to 1938, the city paid \$3,476,000 for the privilege of dumping garbage into it.

### A Reeking Contract

Every load of garbage added to the value of the hole, for the hole was gradually being made into a piece of real estate. In 1938 alone the cost of dumping garbage in it was \$704,740. This old hole is now almost full. Another year of dumping and it will be a nice level piece of property. The owners will have it, plus the bagful of money they collected.

Why did not the city condemn this hole? The city had instituted proceedings to condemn it and pay \$650,000 for it—three times its assessed value. But even at that price it would have been cheap compared with the price it paid to dump there. The proceedings were dismissed. And the city made a contract to dump there with the Industrial Refuse Disposal Company. The head of that is Mr. Paul V. Colianni. And Mr. Colianni was then and is now a Democratic member of the board of trustees of Kelly's old Sanitary District.

This is the machine method of dealing with garbage.

The machine method of dealing with taxes is equally interesting. The taxpayer who can pay his taxes and won't pay them, to be sure, must be made to

pay them. The Kelly-Nash plan embodied in a law called the Skard. Under it, if the owner of a building, apartment house or office building has any building defaults in his tax, the city authorities can go to court and have the building put in the hands of a receiver, selected by the city treasurer. The receiver must get a fee. He must have a lawyer who gets a fee. And there swarms over the building Nash lawyers, real-estate men, appraisers, coal dealers, contractors of a sort and janitors.

### Disfranchising the Drift

This is the most expensive way in the mind of man can invent to get tax out of a property owner who is already in financial difficulties and having to pay the taxes without all the fixes. And as there are thousands and thousands of buildings in default, this has made a splendid holiday for the favored firms and lawyers whose political philosophy is sound. The big political law firm of McInerney, Arvey and Epstein (Arvey, boss of the 24th Ward) has been scalp-deep in the Skard law.

We now come to the latest—another tragic—chapter in the history of this grim political machine. On March 19 of this year a man in his middle years entered St. John's Hospital in the field, Illinois, for treatment. He was entered as Mr. Williams. He was a man quivering with a tangle of nerves, pursued by some dread fear. The next day his nurse, after a short absence from the room, found his bed empty and the bathroom door locked. When she finally forced the door, the patient was found in the tub which was half-filled with water. He was dead. At that time it became known that Mr. Williams was F. Lynden Smith, state director of public works, until recently closest adviser of Governor Henry Horner and custodian of the war chest of the state oration.

The state was in the midst of the election and county primaries. Republican candidates were showering the state with city machines with obloquy.

The Kelly-Nash machine was preparing for the coming of the Democratic convention. It was trying to put its foot forward. But the air was rapidly with ugly rumors about slush funds and a quarrel between Smith and various state leaders over their possession. Smith had been talking about a "little black book" which was filled with dangerous secrets. In the midst of that he was found dead and mysteriously dead. The newspapers and political whisperers began to ask: did he kill himself, did he die of a disease or was he murdered?

Behind this most embarrassing episode is a long trail of intrigue, charges, scandals. It introduced several new characters into this story. First of these is Henry Horner, former governor of Illinois. Horner, former judge, wealthy, cultured, and respected, is one of those who makes admirable window-dress for political machines. Tony Cermak picked him for governor in 1930. He made a liberal state executive quickly commanded the respect of the better elements of the Democratic party. He clashed—inevitably—very quickly with the County ringster, Mayor Cermak. When Cermak was appointed mayor, he was quite as quickly with Kelly.



Horner, determined to make control in Illinois after repeal a institution, told Kelly to keep heads off the liquor business. Kelly was of his own about the liquor business of Chicago. Next Kelly tried to legalize bookie gambling in Chicago. He pushed the bill through the legislature and Horner vetoed it.

Horner's turn for re-election around, Kelly and Nash marked slaughter. They named a doctor, N. Bundesen, health officer of Chicago, to beat Horner. But Horner beat them. He roused the state against Cook County machine and swamped the primaries.

There was a good deal of a black eye for Kelly and his side-kick, old P. A. Kelly, who talked about retiring, but then better of it. And then came another battle in 1938, which introduces more Chicago characters. One of them is Judge Edmund Jarecki. He has been county judge for sixteen years. He had offended the organization many times. He had taken a vigorous



ERIC ERICSON

for honest election and registration laws. It was base ingratitude. After all, the machine needs votes. It must have the votes of the pay-rollers, the bookie and contractor votes. But this apparently is not enough. There have to be created. So in 1935, the 1936 primaries approached, Jarecki, along with others, urged permanent registration law to prevent rigging the voting lists.

Pat Nash this seemed a monstrous thing. It meant disfranchising the ignored dead and that forgotten drifting hobo. Nash blocked the bill in the legislature. When he got to him he said in an unguarded moment that this measure would cost the Democrats a quarter of a million votes.

Chief Justice of Illinois Floyd B. Anderson, Democrat, said he resented the statement. If it meant anything, Thompson, it meant that the Democratic party intended to steal 250,000 votes. But despite Nash the law was passed. And so when the leaders met in the house atop a Loop hotel to make the county ticket they just dropped the law, despite his good record and excellent reputation—and assigned no rea-

son for the ballot box a major issue in the campaign. Which is reason for a slight pause to have a swift look at that symbol of our liberties—the ballot box in Chicago.

Stuffing the ballot box and padding the registration lists is one of the oldest and most honored skills of city-machine politics. It begins with the fraudulent registration. Mayor Kelly had started a "Keep Chicago Ahead" campaign to attract people to Chicago. His critics said he had succeeded signally, for his party machine, before election, had filled not only the vacant buildings but the vacant lots—with registered voters.

The registration, said one reporter, "has made railroad yards, garbage dumps and stone quarries teeming centers of population. The mayor has not only kept Chicago ahead, he has kept it ahead of the census taker."

The good old Twenty-fourth Ward of the late Moe Rosenberg holds a high place on the "Roll of Honor" in this field of endeavor for humanity. Moe is dead now, but his protégé and successor, Jake Arvey, Number Three man among the bosses, carries on. Mr. Arvey offers prizes for the precinct captains who roll up the biggest majorities. In that 1938 election that coveted honor went to Dr. Samuel Epstein. The doctor won a fine diamond-studded watch. The gold and the diamonds retain their luster, but the winning majority was later a little tarnished. Some one hundred ballots in this banner precinct bore evidences of having been tampered with. A handwriting expert found that a hundred ballots had been marked in the same handwriting.

#### Holding Three Jobs at Once

Another Jake Arvey lieutenant turned in a glorious result. He got two awards—one from the Kelly-Nash machine, a job as investigator of the sales-tax office; and one from a petty jury which gave him a year in the penitentiary for padding the election returns. In another Twenty-fourth Ward precinct when Dwight Green ran for governor in 1936 he got 42 votes in the Republican primary, but in the hotly contested general election he got only fifteen.

A grand old ward, the Twenty-fourth! A jury later completed its investigations of only nine of the sixty-two precincts in this ward and indicted forty-six election officials, twenty-six of whom were convicted.

It would be very unfair to the other ward committeemen to infer that Jake Arvey's ward is the only one which can boast of such fine performances. There's Mr. Touhy's splendid old Twenty-seventh on the river. In one election Mr. Touhy was credited with 296 votes in one precinct. In a recount there were only 276. The candidate for probate clerk was given 358 votes. But when recounted there were only 278—eighty votes had vanished.

The honors, however, went to a municipal court judge candidate. The election officials gave him 214. The recount officials could find only 31 in the ballot box. This, it must be conceded, is work of the highest order.

What is more, it calls for a high order of daring. There is such a thing as getting caught. And here the machine, with a fine sense of loyalty to its workers, does everything possible to protect them from that snarling minority of impracticable busybodies who are always objecting to ballot-box stuffing.

A fine sample of this is found in the case of Mr. Samuel Orlando and Mr. Joseph Vinci, precinct captain and aide in the Eleventh Ward. They were charged with doing everything to the ballot box in an election save throw it in the river. They were tried and triumphantly acquitted. But very soon it appeared that six of the jurors had been fixed. The job, according to the prosecuting attorney, was engineered by the court's bailiff. Two weeks after the verdict he was promoted to acting superintendent of



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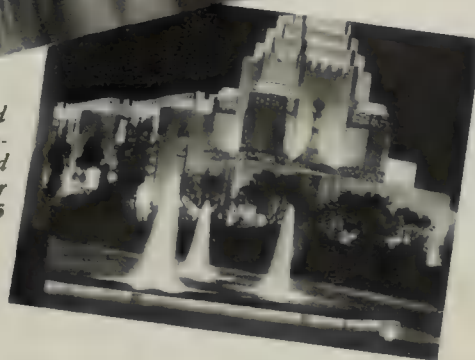
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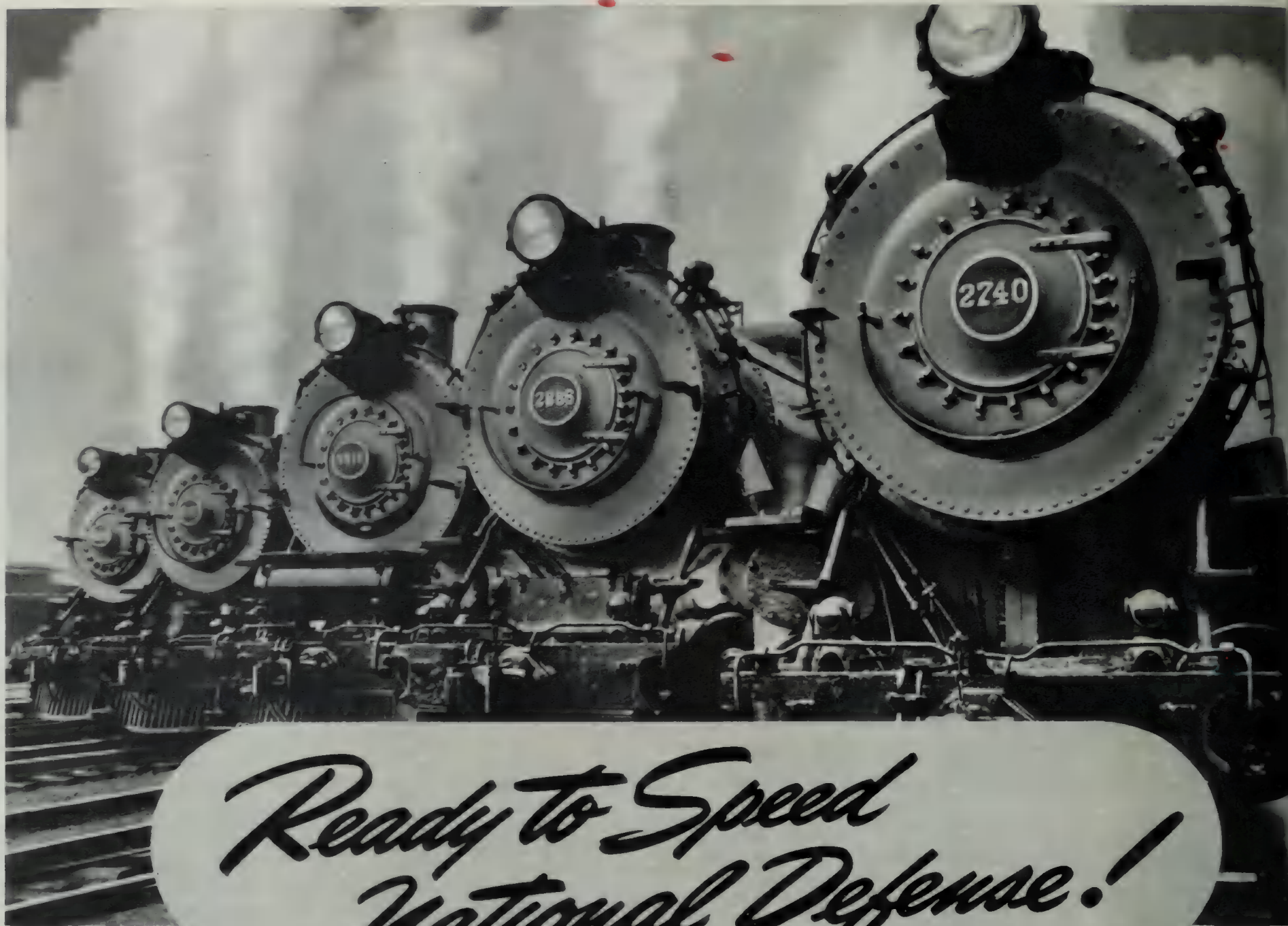
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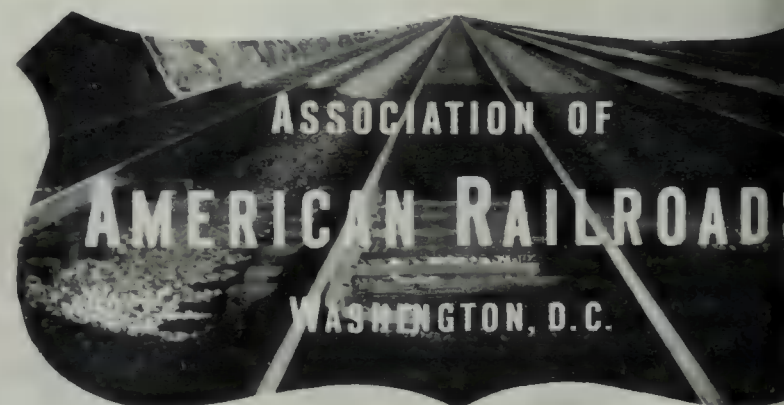
In the operating end, new methods have been developed for having cars available for loading whenever and wherever freight is ready to move — and for sorting and speeding freight cars through classification yards at a rate as high as 1 car in every 12 seconds.

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She allowed that in another  
\$50 to acquit three men on  
bookie case. All of these per-  
been indicted. These be our  
judges.

up the thread of this yarn—  
ed with the mysterious death  
n Smith in a bathtub—it was  
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Judge Edmund Jarecki was  
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d bitter primary battle. There  
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enator from Illinois—ran for  
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Mte Igoo.

the figure in this battle was Tom  
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—one of them a law job in  
Sanitary District. But he had  
th Kelly. He began raiding  
an attempt to enforce the  
ng laws. He denounced the  
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ation of Horner and Court-  
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to Kelly-Nash machine under  
primary. Jarecki was re-elected  
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#### Haberdashery and Politics

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But Horner—or certainly his lieuten-  
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developments of the last eight years.  
City and state machines, posing as re-  
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#### For Roosevelt and Humanity

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and Nash, just as along the Rialto reigns  
the peace of Capone.

These are our rulers.

THE END

## New Wax Polish

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THE CAR** **GIVES A  
WAX POLISH**



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**SPEEDY  
WAX**

(LIQUID)

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isn't the long, tough job it used to  
be. With Du Pont Speedy Wax, you  
can now *clean* the finish and give it  
a beautiful wax polish in one easy  
operation. You do *both* jobs at the  
same time. Speedy Wax is fine for  
all car finishes.



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Dept. 6-B, Wilmington, Del.

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Speedy Wax. I enclose 6 cents to help  
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cause overheating, reduce the engine efficien-  
cy. DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER  
cleans perfectly without reverse flushing.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BEAST IN THE WORLD

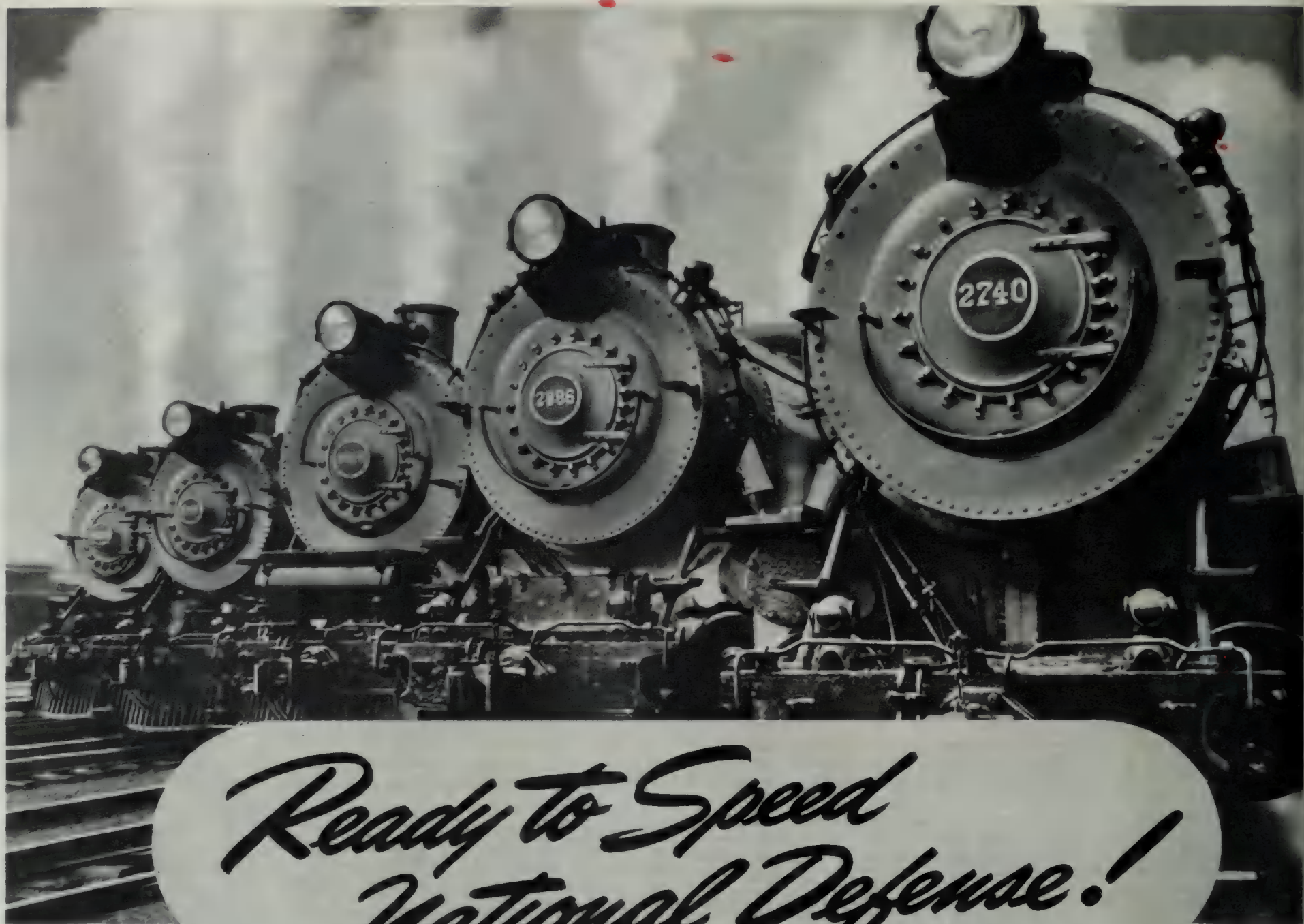
More than a million dollars has been spent to  
rebre the "Golden horses with fair manes  
and tails" of Homeric poems, and now they  
are being bred successfully in California

## GOLDEN HORSE

By Frank J. Taylor

NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S





## Ready to Speed National Defense!



**E**VERY loyal American wants to see his country prepared to meet any emergency—and a strong nation needs strong railroads.

The very size of the United States and the need for mass movement of men and supplies over long distances make railroads the foundation of national defense, as well as of our normal transportation system. Other forms of transport which ordinarily haul about one-third of our commerce supplement the railroads, but cannot take their place.

So it's sensible to ask, how is the nation's No. 1 transportation set for doing its job?

And a compact answer to that question is:

*In speed and operating efficiency the American railroads today are at the highest peak in their history.*

That's a strong statement. Here are the facts—

The average speed of freight trains today is 62 per cent higher than in 1920, at the close of the first World War period. Today, each freight train actually performs more than

twice as much transportation service as twenty years ago.

Operating efficiency was tested and proved between August and October 1939, when the railroads handled *the biggest increase in traffic ever recorded in so short a stretch of time*—and handled it with such smoothness and skill that in the busiest week there was a daily average of 64,299 surplus freight cars in good order and ready for duty.

All this didn't just happen. Despite lean years railroads have recognized and met their obligation to keep fit. Heavier rails have been laid, better equipment has been developed, new terminal facilities have been installed, literally billions of dollars have been put into better and more efficient plant and equipment.

In the operating end, new methods have been developed for having cars available for loading whenever and wherever freight is ready to move—and for sorting and speeding freight cars through classification yards at a rate as high as 1 car in every 12 seconds.

And as an example of how the railroads are equipping themselves to handle increased traffic, consider this fact: In the first six months of 1940, they placed in service more surplus freight cars than in any like period in the ten years.

All of which shows that railroad men keep their business—and are awake to their responsibilities.

As an essential arm of national defense railroads should be strengthened and supported by sound and impartial public transportation policies.

**TRAVEL AMERICA—by Rail**  
See your ticket agent about Grand Circle Tour





the garbage collection division, \$300, twice his bailiff's salary. The jurors—a lady—admitted \$50. She allowed that in another case. All of these people have been indicted. These be our judges.

Up the thread of this yarn—started with the mysterious death of Smith in a bathtub—it was lit upon fraudulent ballot-box Judge Edmund Jarecki was the ticket. The Kelly-Nash machine, two years before, had attempted to drive Henry Horner from the ship now set out to punish an edge. And once again this pre-bitter primary battle. There is a senatorial vacancy and Scott Lucas, senator from Illinois—ran for against the Kelly-Nash can-like Igoe.

figure in this battle was Tom the state's attorney who had into office by the machine. was no lily-white reformer. had held three city jobs at the one of them a law job in sanitary District. But he had with Kelly. He began raiding an attempt to enforce the laws. He denounced the shers in ringing terms. And nation of Horner and Court-a revolt of decent Democrats, the Kelly-Nash machine under primary. Jarecki was re-elected Scott Lucas senator.

Following year Courtney challenged in the city primaries for but this time he fought alone. was out of the battle. Courtney Kelly with being in partnership with the bookies. But Kelly a signal beating at the polls.

#### Haberdashery and Politics

Now, with this prelude, we can see the dead director of public the bathtub of St. John's Hospital in Springfield. And here we shall seem to me—if I may inter-opinion—one of the most tragic of this whole unhappy story. After battles of Horner against cost money—plenty of money. with the raising of that money concerned. The night of the Jarecki victory over the Kelly-Nash machine Horner was taken ill—an illness which he has never recovered. As to say about this episode we know. How much of it he is possible for we do not know.

That question must remain to be settled.

But Horner—or certainly his lieutenants—began to play with a dangerous weapon. These violent struggles with the Kelly-Nash machine have cost immense sums of money. The machine can raise funds. It forces pay-rollers to contribute. It levies on contractors, suppliers of materials, favored bankers, everybody who benefits by the machine.

Political reformers have long regarded this as one of the most vicious practices of machine politics. It is the thing that keeps it alive. To end this abuse 'civil-service laws have been passed to prevent turning the city pay roll into an army of mercenaries of the bosses. Corrupt-practice laws have been adopted and enforced in some states. The Horner regime was supposed to be a reform regime. Yet, putting victory above reform, it began to model itself on the Kelly-Nash pattern.

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Democratic leaders who were left out like Lieutenant Governor Stelle and Benjamin Adamowski, Democratic leader in the Senate, became angered. A serious split developed in the party. Then a split occurred between the regents over the slush fund. It became a row between F. Lynden Smith and Sam Nudelman. Nudelman was after Smith's scalp. Smith began to lose face with the hidden governor. Nudelman seemed to have Horner's ear. Smith began talking about his "little black book"—the book of ten thousand secrets—which would blow the lid off. Federal Internal Revenue officers were rooting around Chicago and Springfield. Smith went to the governor for a showdown. As a result he was fired. Nudelman took over the Illinoisans, the organization that succeeded the Iroquois-Illinois League.

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## New Wax Polish

**DOES 2 JOBS  
AT ONCE!**

**IT CLEANS  
THE CAR** **GIVES A  
WAX POLISH**

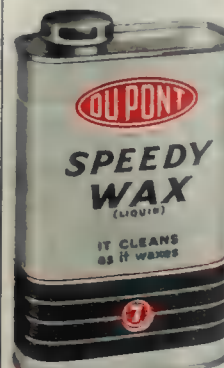


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WAX**

(LIQUID)

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Please send me a generous sample of Speedy Wax. I enclose 6 cents to help pay postage.

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THE

## MOST BEAUTIFUL BEAST IN THE WORLD

More than a million dollars has been spent to breed the "Golden horses with fair manes and tails" of Homeric poems, and now they are being bred successfully in California

## GOLDEN HORSE

By Frank J. Taylor

NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S





**SHE'S not ashamed of her FALSE TEETH SMILE**

**THANKS TO POLIDENT Beauty Bath**  
Keeps Plates Like New—Without Brushing

#### False Teeth Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

A dark film collects on plates and bridges, that soaks up odors and impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't even reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it but others will! Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film—leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!



Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is—get Polident—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges—*without brushing, acid or danger!* What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate—leaves it *clean*—attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists recommend POLIDENT. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted.*

Hudson Products, Inc., 220 W. 19th St., New York, N. Y.

## POLIDENT

*Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing*

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse — and it's ready to use.

### GET This Smart Safety Fan!



THIS 8 inch rubber-bladed safety fan gives wonderful air circulation and is good for years of service. Sturdy, quiet, streamlined. Assures cool comfort. Single speed. AC current.

**WITHOUT** a penny of expense. You can earn this streamlined beauty. It's yours for selling only three 1-year COLLIER'S subscriptions at \$2.00 each to persons living outside your home. These may be either new or renewal subscriptions.

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Regular use of HEAVY BODY 3-IN-ONE Oil will add to the life of small electric motors. It lubricates and cleans, prevents rust and tarnish. Shop equipment needs it. At Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores. Try it!

Ask for **HEAVY BODY**

## 3-IN-ONE Oil



## The Army of Despair

Continued from page 11

in the middle of a bridge. Not a good place to be with German bombers overhead. But there was no place to go.

We stood on the bridge, kept from going either backward or forward by the press of cars and trucks and wagons and bicycles and people and by the blackness of the night. Far to the right we could see occasional flashes and now and then hear the sound of the guns. Faintly now we heard the hum of a plane. It may have been the drone of fifty planes, flying high. It's hard to tell at night. Then it stopped. It may have been a French plane or fifty French planes.

Our army resumed its weary, tragic march. Now some turned off the road. We were in a beautiful part of France. It was raining too hard to sleep in the fields that bordered the road. I drove as long as I could but the intense blackness of night strains your eyes as effectively as strong light does and when I had gone off the road twice I gave up.

Occasionally a car crawled by or a silent bicyclist or a few on foot passed. From the thousands and thousands ahead and behind came an overwhelming silence that somehow had the effect of terrific, overpowering noise. This silent symphony of despair never stopped. It was impossible to sleep. We sat in our cars and our wagons and waited for the dawn. It took hours for it to come and when it arrived it was a murky dawn. Without food or drink, we set forth south, always south.

We passed through small towns. Streams of cars half a mile long would be lined up at a gasoline pump that had run dry days before. Now we passed stranded cars every few minutes. Sometimes people pushed their cars, hoping that there would be fuel in the next town. There was no fuel in the next town. There was no fuel and there was no food. We were the stragglers in this army. For more than a week it had been passing this road.

### Three Days of Terror

At one town we passed a railroad station. A long freight train was just pulling in from Paris. The doors of the freight cars were open and humanity poured out, spilled, overflowed. These were the cars on which the famous sign, "Forty men, eight horses," was scrawled during the past war. Forty men. There were at least one hundred men and women and children in each of these freight cars. At each station the doors were opened for five minutes. This train had been on the road nearly three days from Paris. Once the train had been machine-gunned. Not one, but every one I spoke to, told me the same story. It had been machine-gunned by eight German planes. French fighters had come and driven them off. Had anyone been hit? No one knew.

The congestion increased the farther south we went. People looked even wearier. Thousands of them had walked from Paris. We were a hundred and fifty miles from there now. Finally I arrived at Tours.

There was no rest for weary wanderers in Tours. The bombers came, aiming for an airport on the outskirts of the city and for a bridge that led south. The huge square in front of the city hall was packed with tired refugees. They ran when the bombs crashed. When bombs fall close to you, your only thought is to get somewhere else. They ran but their heavy feet rebelled and when they fell they lay where they had fallen, shapeless bundles of apathy and despair. Three times within an hour the

Germans came and the horrible noise of tearing silk that the made as they screamed earthward the shattering explosions a second drained whatever small vitality was left in the pain-racked bodies of these miserable children of ill

They had to move on. The bled on south, bearing the cross of despair with the same courage and cynicism that another had borne nearly 2,000 years ago. Then we to leave. The government had the wireless had moved south deaux. Tours became another town. I took back roads to Bordeaux avoid the packed humanity of the route. Near Bordeaux I joined the main road and once more became of this army.

### Too Much Faith in Ruler

Bordeaux was bulging at the seams. Bordeaux was an overfilled sack tied too tightly around the middle. It was night and thousands were in front of restaurants. When I told that there was no food I continued to stand there. While I chased one another along the packed streets. The cabinet resigned; Reynaud was out; the talk of capitulation. Added to and misery stamped, perhaps, on the faces of these people there was now bewilderment. It couldn't be. This country they had built could not die. They fathers before them had tilled and nursed vineyards and had green leaves grow into sturdy and had seen the wonder of grapes born and living and growing. I had turned the grapes into poison. What crime had they committed they should now lie miserably and in city streets. Had they put much faith in their rulers?

I sat in a crowded restaurant. The lights were out and service ended. A trembling cried: "Fifty Boche planes flying over Bordeaux. I heard it. It is true. Fifty planes will kill us. The voice came from the woman who ran the restaurant. No one man said anything. We were a bit embarrassed for the woman an officer laughed, "Stop talking sense, Madame. Go back to your room and find fifty eggs. We are all here. The woman stared ahead for a moment, brushed the hair back from her face and turned into the kitchen. She was soft, trying perhaps to forget the helpless misery of the homeless who were on the streets of Bordeaux. But no one knew. The magic of the night was gone. People were too tired. The journalists hurried to a destination had been sent for them. They got out quickly. We Americans were safe enough for the moment. It was easy to sleep even on the streets. The flight from Paris had been one and a tiring one.

In the morning the homeless started their pathetic trek to the south. Many left cars on the street was no gasoline. Many broken wagons and cars and bicycles. Where were they going? They didn't know. Writing this, I was on a street below filled with the ragged army of refugees. For weeks they had endured. It is not a pleasant sight to the twentieth-century Gethsemane.



## Say It with Music

Continued from page 10

s, said Penny, all very simple. Studio always liked to link the of two of their contract people in a romantic way. It not only helped the office but it kept their names in the papers if they were working on the same picture. So much the better. Of course, it didn't really have to go out to the public, although the studio preferred it. They had pictures of them as their names in all the gossip columns. Penny nodded. "It all sounds very simple," he said. "Especially as it is a time when I shall have—well, a lot of research to do. Indians, Indians?" said Penny, staring at her. "Why Indians?" "I don't know," he said bitterly, "that I have authority on them."

IN two weeks Oliver had good reason to understand why, despite enormous salaries, Hollywood composers were an unhappy lot. In those weeks he had read some thirty books on the red men, their ways and customs, not to mention seeing nine pictures in which they had danced and sung with utter abandon. But, try as he would, each effort to write the appropriate Indian music only succeeded in making him feel like all other Indian music. His company was already well into the studio and for the past ten days he had been on location. When they returned to the studio Penny almost recognized Oliver in the commissary with his hair and his hair was as hollow and his hair was as hollow that might have been blown away by a hurricane.

"Oliver!" she gasped. "Have you been drinking?" "I have not," he said darkly, "although I admit toying with the idea." Penny's eyes were even more beautiful than when he had been so startled, and a less fevered glow had knocked over the taste of anxiety to seat her. Mr. Bradley, however, was in no mood for either soul or body. Miss Ames was something else that reminded him of destiny was in the hands of the book trade.

"You might like to hear how I've been while you were on location," he said.

"You might like to hear how I've been while you were on location," he said. "After she had ordered, he gave her a bitter summary. According to the best gossip columns they had observed at the Grove, the fights, the drinking and eating a hamburger in a car. It was rumored that he had been in the house and she would be one of the things in same.

It was also rumored, he told her, that he was about to leave. Only this morning Mr. Steinberg's private secretary had called, saying Steinberg was anxious to know if he would have something on paper.

She shook her head. "Don't you tell him, Oliver," she said. "They're wanting people to get something out of you. Tell him what the writers do. You can't turn it on like a faucet. They'll leave you alone."

She was staring at her. Things might be much worse than they were. "I'll do it myself!" he said wildly. "I'll do it myself!"

Seven minutes he was back with a dazed look still in his eyes. He had an audience with Mr. Steinberg. He had said what did Mr.

Steinberg think he was, a faucet? and Mr. Steinberg had actually apologized.

"That's wonderful!" said Penny. "I'm so proud of you, Oliver!"

Mr. Bradley blinked slightly. His experience with young women had been limited to those whom he had secretly suspected of being concerned about their grades. To have a beautiful young lady announce she was proud of him was a new and titillating experience.

As he afterwards reflected, it was probably only natural that he should ask her to go out that evening. The studio expected it of him. In an hour he had forgotten all about the studio and was calling her Penny. In two hours, they were parked on the sands near Malibu, watching the long breakers roll in. For the first time since his arrival on the celluloid coast Oliver no longer felt alone and friendless.

"It was nice of you to come," he said. "I—I hope you don't find it boring."

Penny looked at him, the moonlight etching her little nose. He was, she thought solemnly, very nice.

"I think it's fun," she said. "I like being with you, Oliver."

Her simple honesty completely shattered what was left of his reserve. The next thing he knew he was telling her things he hadn't even admitted to himself. That terribly tight feeling he had when he realized this was his last chance to establish himself. The bleak reality that no matter what efforts he made, Indian music was still something derived from tom-toms and not from young men who had been to Harvard. And if he didn't come up with something that even Sitting Bull would have applauded...

"You will," she said, putting her hand over his. "I just know it, Oliver!"

The way she said it was too much. There was nothing he could do but kiss her. When his first dismay wore off it was replaced by the warm and pleasant realization of something every artist should learn. He had never known there could be so many lovely variations on the same theme.

BY THE time Across the Plains was entering the homestretch Oliver knew that only Penny's simple faith had kept him going. He had been seeing her every night (something the Messrs. Sid Skolsky and Harrison Carroll had duly broadcast to all their readers) and each night he had more and more difficulty determining where his gratitude left off and his emotions began.

The days fled across the calendar and he turned out reams of music, each note a little more hopeless than the last. If the picture hadn't been behind schedule his period of grace would have already expired and he would have been shipped east by slow freight. Mr. Steinberg made that very clear.

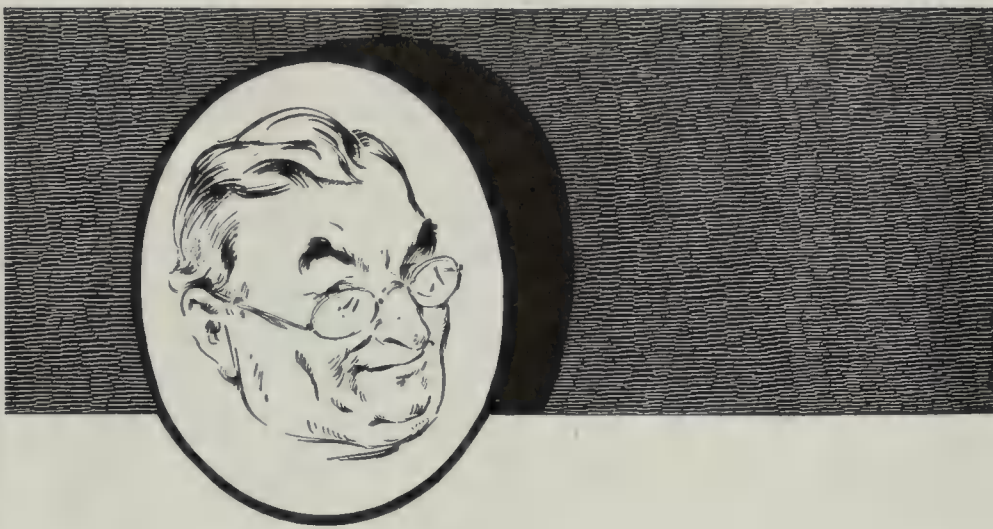
He called him personally when three weeks passed and no music was yet forthcoming. "A fine artist it makes!" he cried. "I've given you more time than mine own son and nothing happens!"

"I'm sorry," Oliver said dully. "Maybe by the time they're through shooting—"

"You're sorry?" screamed the producer. "I'm with ulcers! By the time the massacre scenes are over you gotta give with the music or else!"

Oliver hung up, looking wanly at the books of Indian lore that were stacked in every corner. There was only one possible source of inspiration left. No matter how degrading it might be, there was no alternative.

The massacre of the wagon train took



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place, per script, during the four days that followed. Four hundred assorted Indians had been hired and each day, made hideous with the war paint applied by the make-up department, they surged down on the beleaguered wagons.

On Saturday, the last day of the picture, the Indians were finally allowed to win a scene. After one final galloping around the besieged principals the maddened warriors were to storm the wagon train and immediately start hacking up all and sundry. At the last moment, of course, the cavalry would appear over a convenient hill but until then the braves could make murder.

It was during the final rehearsal that the melancholy party who served as the sound engineer, a Mr. Norman Zang, could stand it no longer. He walked over to the harassed director and said dolefully, "I'm going to have to change the microphones, Max. I'm still picking up something that ought not to be in there."

The director glared at him. "For four days you've been switching mikes," he bellowed. "Will you make up your mind what's wrong?"

Mr. Zang ran nervous fingers through his hair. "I can't help it," he said wretchedly. "I keep getting a war whoop with a Harvard accent."

A brave standing near by gave a stricken "Ugh!" and hurriedly moved away. For seventy-three scenes, including retakes, Oliver had avoided detection and he had every intention of keeping that record intact.

Desperate, he had bribed a make-up man and to the casual eye he made a quite satisfactory tomahawk artist. His body had been generously coated with liquid Indian make-up and he had been equipped with a black wig, complete with feather. Thus each day, wearing only a breechclout that made him very shank-conscious, he had gone forth in a final, despairing effort to wake the sleeping muse.

Penny's presence had only made things worse. He spent his days skulking on the edge of the crowd, always keeping a good hundred yards between himself and the young lady whom he took out each evening. If she were ever to observe the depths to which he had sunk something big and fine would die within her. One look in the mirror had convinced him of that.

The company was transported from the studio by bus each day and Oliver rode with the other Indians, waiting hopefully for some sudden insight that would set off the spark within him. He developed into a first-rate eavesdropper but so far it had been to no avail. The braves seemed chiefly concerned with a good thing at Latonia or the relative merits of the rumba vs. conga.

Until today he had cherished the forlorn hope that if inspiration were provided he might still come through at the last minute by dint of burning the midnight oil. That feeble hope was perishing with each passing minute but he was grimly determined to stick it out to the last scalping.

THE cameras were now set up for the final sequence. The Indians were ordered to mount and Oliver was seeking a convenient dune in which to lurk when he saw the first assistant was eying him with ominous interest. Having no choice in the matter, Oliver painfully boarded a pinto pony.

"Roll 'em!" cried the director. The Indians tensed to the charge, and off-scene three expert archers awaited the signal that would discharge their flaming arrows. The signal came, the arrows flew, the Indians whooped and were promptly answered with a burst of rifle fire. At that the braves came storming into the scene, doing their merry-go-round act about the wagons. Oliver was holding onto the horse desperately. This

time he was careful not to give out with a battle cry. The last one had almost proved his undoing.

The director was standing up now, waving them to close in, and Oliver was swept along in the melee as the braves stormed the wagons. He crashed through the circle and suddenly Penny was standing there right in front of him. The pony swerved just in time to avoid running her down and Oliver let out his breath in one long gulp.

The scene was over then but he did not dismount until he had put some distance between himself and the object of his affections. Then, and then only, he slid painfully to the ground. He limped away, seeking a soft seat in the nearest bus.

He was just about to enter it when the first assistant collared him.

"Come on, Butch," he said. "You get a break."

Oliver felt himself grow numb. "Ugh?" he inquired.

"Sure," said the assistant. "We got to get a close-up of a guy about to scalp Miss Ames when the hero shoots him from behind."

Oliver managed to nod. "Gettun make-up," he bleated.

He wrenched away and by the time the cameras were ready he was simply a small speck disappearing over one of the farthest dunes.

SUNDAY was a long, bleak day coated with the gloomy fact that on the morrow Oliver would have to face Mr. Steinberg and admit his utter failure. He could already picture the producer when he learned there was no music to score his latest epic. And, to make it even drearier, Oliver now knew that his personal life would end with his career.

He had discovered that while he was mournfully hitchhiking back from the location. Instead of the shame he should have felt in being on the public highways disguised as a war-whoop purveyor, he could think only of Penny and what his failure would mean to her faith in him. If he had only come through he could have spoken of the things that must now remain forever sealed behind his lips. A man with no career, no hopes, no future, cannot speak of such things as love and marriage.

Tonight, his last night with her, he must fight off his seething emotions and, ignoring her warmth and beauty, be a model of stony suffering. Then, at the last moment, he was deprived of even martyrdom. George Bates called and blithely informed him that he had fixed it with Penny for them to attend one of the Countess de Marco's famous Sunday night soirees. The countess' marble residence was only slightly larger than a good hotel and all the big names went there. An invitation was the social equivalent to winning an Academy Award.

Glumly Oliver attired himself in black tie and grew even more morose when, calling for Penny, he found her wearing the lovely white evening gown that had always stirred him so. He could feel that she was watching him with childish eagerness, awaiting the word or gesture that he had met with an inspiration. Somehow he avoided the issue and she was looking hurt and a little bewildered when they entered the countess' drawing room.

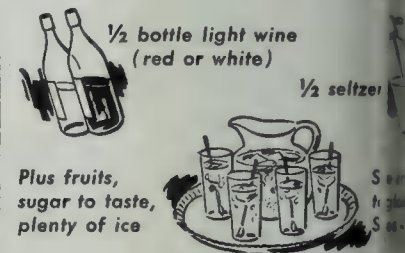
The butler announced them over the loud-speaker while Mr. Bradley looked morbidly upon the dazzling assemblage. It was even worse than he had imagined it would be. In one corner there was an orchestra and the floor was crowded with famous, pretty people. Other guests were at a modernistic bar that ran the length of the room. It was strictly a production and Oliver found it most offensive.

He turned to Penny and was about to say so when he found himself surrounded by wolves. That white evening



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and the knowledge she was about achieve stardom had brought the in full cry. One of them swept out on the floor and Oliver retreated to a wallflower's chair.

Despite her best efforts Penny didn't escape and Oliver had to be content with just watching her popularity. He was sitting there in a very soul state when he gradually became aware that he was being peered at. He looked up and saw that George was talking earnestly to a large man whose dress glittered with sequins. In fact, everything about the d, glittered, including the lorgnette which she was surveying Mr. Brad-

ROSE and was just about to sidle off when he saw Mr. Steinberg and life entering the room. Oliver had desire to be exposed to public hysteria. He took one look at Mr. Steinberg and fled right into the arms of George Bates.

"Oliver," Bates said briskly, "I want to meet your hostess." Oliver nodded, still glancing appreciatively over his shoulder. The introduction was no sooner acknowledged than the countess had him by the arm and was leading him toward the orchestra. He must, she said, play a little something for them. Her guests would never forgive her if they learned Oliver Bradley had actually been there and they hadn't had the chance to hear some of his immortal compositions. He simply couldn't refuse.

Oliver found she was quite right. He didn't have the chance to refuse. He was going wildly about for Penny when the countess halted the music and begged her hands for attention. "Be quiet, dears!" she cooed. "Mr. Bradley has consented to play for us!" Oliver gave him an arch glance. "Haven't you?"

He looked at her and then at that moment of the offensively successful. His career was about to take wings and now, as a suitable finale, he was employed as a supper entertainer. He saw Penny trying to work her way out of him but rescue was out of the question now. All he could do was face the music and make them like it. A dark rebellion welled within him. At least he could make his first and last appearance as a guest artist a memorable one. A veritable swan song with a vengeance.

"Very well," he said bitterly, "but remember this was your idea, countess." He stalked over to the vacated piano. It was slightly out of tune but he was in a mood for trifles. There was only one piece in his repertoire that fitted that hopeless rage within him. He was grimly determined to let the eardrums shatter where they may.

He sat down at the piano and without any preliminary warning plunged into the New England Hurricane Suite, the most violent passage in his late repertoire. None of the guests had ever seen of his art child, let alone the

music therein, and so they were completely unprepared for what followed.

The approaching, swelling storm stealthily working its way up the Atlantic seaboard was ominous enough. By the time it had passed over Long Island and was a howling, roaring gale the sturdiest guests had blanched. Even Oliver was beginning to feel the savage ruthlessness of his own composition. He was playing with more and more savage abandon and once, noting the startled, staring face of Mr. Steinberg, he added some impromptu thunder with his bass hand, and the producer winced and shivered.

The blow was in full force now, tearing buildings from their foundations and sweeping orphans downstream. Once Oliver glanced up and saw that the horror-stricken countess looked as if she feared the chandelier was about to fall on her distinguished guests.

The hurricane had desolated the coast region and was sweeping out to sea and Oliver was busy with the crashing waves when he felt the piano begin to vibrate. Some of the guests felt it, too, and looked uneasily at one another. They had never known that art could be so untamed, so utterly savage. For that matter, neither had Oliver.

His bass hand was pounding, pounding, pounding with the waves and the gale while his upstairs hand provided the lightning. The Coast Guard was about to put out from shore when a Ming vase, long tottering in a far corner, went crashing to the floor.

"Quake!" cried one of the guests. "Earthquake!"

The countess screamed, a high, shrill cry that was immediately lost in all the others that went up. There was the screaming and hysteria and then the sudden, mad stampede for the doors as Oliver, with a final vicious flourish, sank a large steamer with everybody aboard.

After a moment the last shivering vibration died away and Oliver looked up. Only Mr. Steinberg and Penny remained in the room.

Her eyes were misty. "Oh, Oliver," she said shakily, "I'm so proud of you! It's the best chase-music I ever heard!"

HE STARED at her. "Chase-music?" he said numbly.

Mr. Steinberg was beating his head with his hands. "You artists!" he wailed. "It ain't enough you got to worry me till the last minute. You get the most colossal score I ever heard for Indians and shooting, so you gotta preview it before mine own competitors! By morning every studio in town offers with contracts!"

"Contracts?" Oliver said weakly. A great light was slowly creeping across the horizon. "It's—it's up to your expectations, Mr. Steinberg?"

"Up to them?" the producer cried. "Better finale music there ain't! Tomorrow the music department sprinkles in some tom-toms and we record! Only one promise it has to give! You talk with me before you sign anything!"

Oliver was looking at Penny. There was that dewy look in her eyes that told him more than words. Now, there need be no parting. Instead...

He glanced at Mr. Steinberg, filled with that quiet confidence only the successful artist knows. It was wonderful. After all, the score was from his own opera and if it must be shown with Indians, at least the public would finally hear his work. "I imagine a contract can be arranged," he said. "I shall discuss it with you later." He took Penny's hand. "If you'll pardon us now—"

"Oh, Oliver!" she said.

They passed George Bates going out. He took one look at their faces and dashed for the phone. An elopement always made the first page.



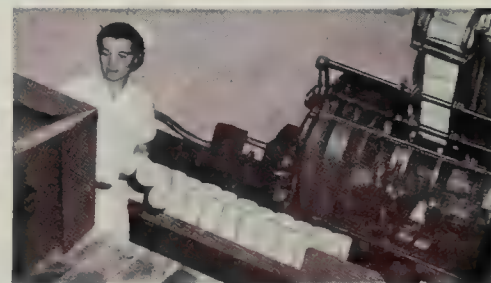
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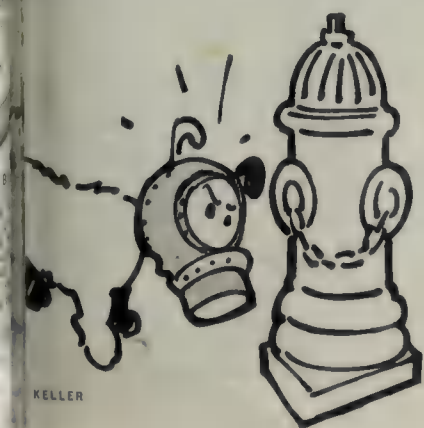


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## Here Kitty, Kitty

Continued from page 23

must remember that he is in the cage by the kind permission of the animal. Frighten him and his brain ceases to become your tool; make him hate you and one day he will be at your throat.

His system is founded upon (1) patience, (2) courage and (3) kindness. Court explores the minds of his pupils and tries to discover what they like to do. A bear may be a natural comedian and a lion with a magnificent black mane may be as full of ham as a human actor who loves to pose. Douthka was an actress to the core; even her slow, undulating walk was calculated to steal attention from all the other animals in the big cage.

### When Cats Forget Their Lines

Trainers all use some article or instrument upon which the beast is taught to concentrate his attention. The Court college uses a light stick and a short whip. When it cracks, the animal learns to focus his attention at the point where the sharp report originates. Thus, if one of the big cats is to leave his pedestal at the outer rim of the arena and come to center for a pyramid, the trainer points at the animal with the stick (a signal that it is his turn) and then sends the lash hurtling toward the place where the animal is to go.

Once, watching a rehearsal, we saw a black jaguar "forget his lines" and draw a complete mental blank when the time came for him to mount a lofty pedestal and leap over the trainer's head to another high perch. Instead of beating the animal into some sort of blind submission, the trainer coaxed him with a little pole and with the kind of soft talk that wild beasts come to understand means kindness. Even when this proved unavailing, the animal was simply left alone to collect his wits while the routine went along without him.

Alfred Court recently turned a puma's murderous attack into a neat trick and made a performer out of a leopard that was so lazy everybody said he was useless. The puma leaped at Court repeatedly; as soon as the delivery door opened and let her into the big cage, she attacked. Court broke her of this cute

little habit and taught her to leap a distance of thirteen feet from one high pedestal to another.

The lazy leopard would do nothing but lie down. It had to be roped and dragged through the delivery runs and once inside the performing arena rolled over on its back for the duration of the act. Court studied this cat; it had cost him a lot of money and it was a splendid specimen. He hated to sell to a zoo, which is what he had done with countless animals that proved bad material for his acts. One day he started playing with the leopard, using a pole as soon as the big cat lay down on the arena floor. He rolled her over. He had been doing it since, as a part of the act.

"The very first time an animal attacked me or starts a fight with another animal I hit and hit very hard. That is to establish discipline at the very first day of school. After that, I do not use strong methods except in an emergency."

The mixed groups afford the most excitement, but a good free-for-all among different kinds of animals in the same cage can cost a trainer the death or permanent injury of animals that come second-best in the scuffle. Leopards are the most savage of all and could wound lions and tigers if they (leopards) were bigger. They are twice as nervous as almost twice as quick as lions and tigers, and the black ones are more diabolical than the spotted variety.

Attempting to separate a couple of male lions in a battle over a lioness years ago, Court slipped and fell to the ground and immediately was attacked by one of the lions, which tried to get off his thigh. A Great Dane dog, member of this mixed group of wild and domestic animals, saved Court's life by attacking the big cat and diverting its attention from the man. But his poisoning set in and Court had to quit his exciting profession. He sold his animals and retired to a hotel he had built in Nice. There, for two years, he fought back to health. "My nerves were so destroyed that I would have committed suicide but for the fact that I was a religious man," he recalls. "Finally with my health returning, I began to think about the circus and decided



"I told Granny I wanted a violin, but I got the drums anyway"

JOHN M. P.



needed to keep from growing to live dangerously again. When I got the idea for the big act, my health and general appearance were restored."

fifty-eight and in his twenty-first year in the big cage has trained hundreds of lions and fifty tigers, bears and other animals. He has a quon Danes in one of the cages because they are big and attractive. A rule a Dane is no match for wild animals. The dog that was killed by the lion, Banco by name, was a champion and would take on any fight. He once nearly killed a lion's trainer.

Personnel of the Alfred Court is a junior league of nations. French, Fritz Schultz is German, Kovar is a Czech and his English as Piccadilly Circus. Courtney, Court's nephew and French and English. Damoo is Hindu and finds himself on a circus scene because several ago Court went to India in a black leopard and the ones he belonged to Dhotre, who is going with them.

group, who have relatives on the lines at home, don't talk about war except to regret it. As circus people, they are big their lives twice every day respect the skill and daring of the performers regardless of race or nationality.

Best killer that Court ever had was a Bengal, a huge tiger. He killed two men when Court decided to handle him in his own mixed lions and tigers and bears. For while Court worked the act, there was trouble from Bengal. Then, in the requirements of managing the animal, he so heavily that he had to turn the act over to someone. Patiently he rehearsed the new act, acquainted him with the intricacies of each actor. But in his first performance Bengal killed the new man and nearly bit him to bits. He died in Court's hands. Bengal was sold to a zoo.

Trainers like jungle-bred animals in preference to circus-bred cats. There is danger of inbreeding and consequent loss of intelligence after several generations of domestic-bred animals brought up around a show. Spoiled like a cute child and in spells trouble for the teacher and the school.

#### Reflexes Reflect on Ability

There has been injured dozens of animals. He doesn't like to talk about it. Many trainers who look upon animals as medals acquired in an exhibition, Alfred Court contends that injury is a reflection upon a trainer's ability or his good sense. Of course, an animal escapes and the trainer is hurt while protecting an outcast. It is something else again. A lion slashed Court during a rehearsal in the circular auditorium of a circus and the lioness did it because Court pulled her tail. He had a lion for it, however; the lioness was to escape over the top of the cage.

Most spectacular wild-animal escape in the Court records occurred in northern France and came through negligence of a cage boy. He was supposed to be cleaning the cages while the animals were in the circus tent, doing their stuff in the training arena.

Two tigers came running through the chutes after the act

was over and they ran right on through their exhibition dens to freedom. For the next twenty hours, Alfred Court was the busiest man in town—and the least envied.

The authorities agreed to let the circus man catch his own wild animals, but they made him sign a paper taking full responsibility. As a special concession to this big-game hunt, the town officials agreed to leave the street lamps lit all night.

Two lions were found in a café and, after a brief scuffle, were taken with injuries to their keepers only. A tiger got into a butcher shop and had a wonderful time. He was captured by boarding up the glass front, most of which his entrance had shattered.

A lioness went up a flight of steps to a hat shop and frightened the wits out of the woman proprietor who lived in an apartment behind the showroom. Shutting the animal securely in this room, Court ceased to worry about it; his men could pick it up later; eight animals still were on the loose. He also managed to get the milliner downstairs and into a café where a shot of brandy calmed her momentarily. But all during the night, when Court and his men would have occasion to go past this café as they continued their animal hunt, the woman would cry out that it was high time they picked up the lion upstairs in her shop. "Have a drink on me!" was Court's answer every time until she had imbibed so much synthetic courage she volunteered to assist in the capture.

#### Fanfare Makes Peace

Six lions got themselves into a blind alley and were taken with comparative ease, but one got into a schoolhouse and was not found until morning.

The last lion was the hardest to capture. This lioness, answering to the name of Fanfare, had jumped through the plate-glass window of a hardware store and concealed herself (all except her tail) between a pair of oil drums. Animal attendants got hold of the tail, but Fanfare wheeled and attacked them, injuring one man badly and then escaped from the store, heading for a canal at the edge of town. There, Court had a round with her, fearing all the while that she might pull him into the water. "I am not a good swimmer," he explains, preferring death at the hands of a raging jungle beast to drowning.

Now Fanfare had been the tamest animal in the whole group, but the confusion attendant to her sudden freedom made her a jungle beast again. She ran out into open country at last and hid in a forest. Seeing her crouched beneath some bushes, Court sent all the other men away and began talking to her. For half an hour the man did not move. Only his soft voice and the heavy breathing of the great cat broke the stillness. At last he gave the command that all his patient coaxing had prepared for: "Fanfare, come here."

The beast quivered, hesitated and then slowly slunk to the side of her master. He slipped a rope around her neck and led her like a docile dog to a shifting den that was waiting for her at the edge of the forest. This was achievement—a dozen wild animals back in their cages. And the little Frenchman even now doesn't think there was anything unusual about the fact that he worked the animal act again that night.

Wild-animal training has been dangerous, but also it has been very profitable to Alfred Court, who is a good businessman from a long line of merchants and manufacturers. His attitude may be summed up in a remark made when he had trained a particularly fine group of wild animals and had sold the act for exactly one million francs. "This is a good business," he said, "if I live!"

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—TED ELLIS





## The Big Job for Americans

OUR first duty is to recognize our faults. In their governments, the public opinion of democracies long lacked clear-sightedness and courage. The idea of patriotism, of military valor, was neglected. We must admit it once and for all and close this chapter of the history of the world with the indomitable energy of those whose eyes were opened."

The above remarks were made by a man who should have known what he was talking about. The man was Premier Paul Reynaud of France. He made the remarks in one of the series of speeches he broadcast to the French people in the darkening days of the mighty Battle of France, when the German legions were smashing daily nearer to Paris.

In that paragraph, we think, Premier Reynaud outlined about as tersely and completely as might be the main job that challenges a democratic people anxious to preserve its democracy through this era of dictatorships. Those fifty-eight words of Reynaud's seem to us to be worth, to Americans, as much as practically all the millions of words of free advice that our own commentators and orators have handed us since the President first called for a huge and speedy national-defense effort.

Our biggest job, as Reynaud told the French theirs was, is to recognize that we have democratic faults and weaknesses that totalitarian-

ism can pierce if it can find them. Democracy is inclined, as Reynaud said, to be lackadaisical, softhearted, softheaded, factional, ultrapacifist.

Democracy can, however, snap out of those things in a hurry, given just a little time and a strong enough, loud enough warning.

Mr. Hitler has surely furnished us with that warning—and has shown us how to safeguard our right to live under the kind of government we like best.

Our big job is to build up a good-sized standing Army, expand the Navy to far and away first rank in the world, stud our coasts with big guns planted where they will do the most good in any conceivable emergency, ring and stipple our strategic cities with antiaircraft guns, build up a powerful air force, root the dead timber and the gone-to-seed ideas out of all our fighting services, keep this whole fighting machine shined up and abreast of science and invention and pay all or most of the bills as we go along.

So much for the physical part of the job. The mental and spiritual part looks far easier to us than the physical.

We can see no sense in the screams of various cranks, pet-cause pushers and godsakers that we've got to follow them or perish.

For examples: Assorted sourpusses are telling us that we're too lighthearted a people, and

have got to forget our jesting optimism and concentrate on life's glummer (and gloomier) side. Assorted moralists allow as how we must have a great Spiritual Awakening, which that may mean in a country full to overflowing with churches and churchgoers. Proud patriots are yawning that we've all got to stop saluting the flag at the drop of a hat anywhere—and the Supreme Court, less, fell for one aspect of this guff in the Jehovah's Witnesses decision. People who hate liquor, tobacco, dancing, the movies, golf, etc., etc., keep yelling at us that we must give up what each yeller hates most, and stop paying tribute to some foreign dictator. You can say "Hokum."

Reynaud, in the passage quoted above, outlined the only mental and spiritual realization we really need to make as a people. What we need to do is to come around, quickly, to a hard-boiled realization that the world has moved into another gangster, pirate, lawless era, and that any nation desiring its independence must act accordingly.

Get that fact nailed into the nation's mind, and get up those defense forces as fast as we can, and we'll have done our whole duty as thoroughly as it can be done. The surplusage—hooey—pap for persons whose minds have never grown up.

## Lie Awake and Like It

WE IMAGINE in this kinetic country a large percentage of people have one or more bouts of insomnia—sleeplessness—per week, though we don't know of any statistics on the subject. Ordinary insomnia, we mean; the kind you don't have to see your doctor about.

Well, one of the better tricks in life is to make your misfortunes and mistakes work for you whenever you can; and you certainly can make simple insomnia work for you.

The essence of the secret is not to fight insomnia. Relax, from tip to toe, inch by inch, in the most comfortable position you can

assume. Then DON'T lie there wishing sleep would arrive and despairing because it doesn't. Forget about sleep. Think about anything else under the moon but sleep.

To make insomnia work for you, the thing to do is to think about whatever most pleases and entertains your own mind.

If you're fond of music, you most likely have a good memory for music. Well, then, let imaginary orchestras, brass bands or boogie-woogie killer-dillers play your favorite pieces for you in your brain. One old lady of our acquaintance used to while away sleepless hours very enjoyably by repeating poems she

knew by heart, she knowing plenty. Another, who had a vivid visual memory, kept her occasional sleepless interludes calm by running through in her mind a lot of her favorite pictures, their colors and details and lines all over each time.

The point is that in an attack of insomnia your mind is asking for an attack of entertainment while your body wants to sleep. You'll humor your mind by letting it play what it likes best, you'll not only refresh it for the day's work, but you'll also get just as much physical rest as you can get from sleep.



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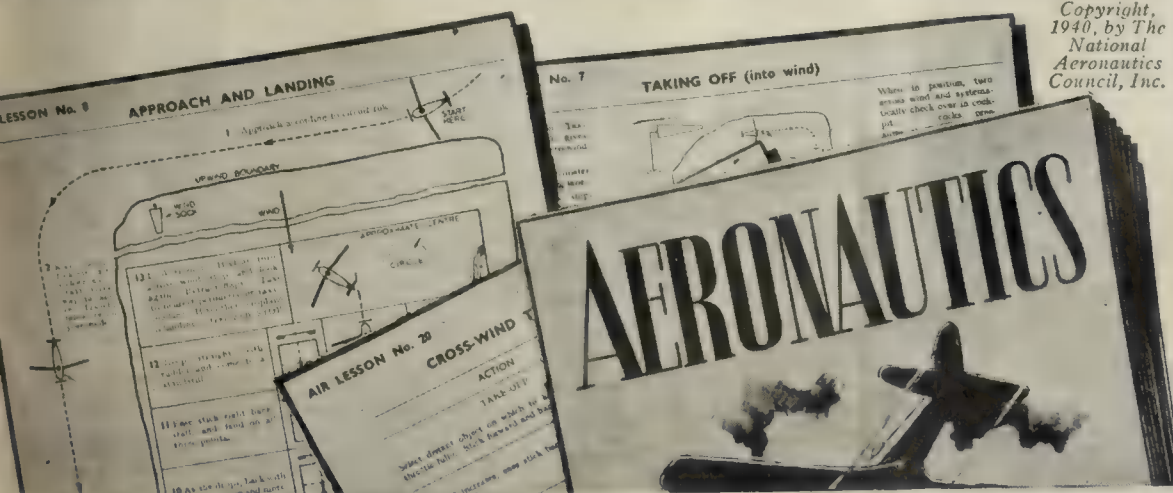
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JULY 27, 1940

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### COVER

ARTHUR CROUCH

## ANY WEEK

WE'VE just been to the movies. We're sorry you weren't there. But your movie theater is probably one of the many that has turned this film down. The exhibitors say that you're protesting against newsreels of war; that you don't want to see Hitler's mechanized waves and diving airplanes sweeping to flaming victory over Holland, Belgium and France. But you should see it. It should be a *must* picture. And Congress should be compelled to look. We were glad to hear that the General Staff of the United States Army has "consented to see it." It's about 7,000 feet of film shot by official German army photographers from planes and on the ground. Here's your lightning war. Here's your modern army racing to conquest. Here are Norwegian, Holland, Belgian and French cities transformed in a few seconds from caressing peace and quiet to blazing inferno. In the streams of terror-stricken civilians fleeing the storm of fire and steel we saw our own neighbors. In the stunned faces of the Allied soldiers, taken prisoners, we saw ourself. But that's incidental. Hitler's army is an assembly line turning out wholesale murder. Its attack was a beautifully rehearsed hell. From the dive bombers to the parachute troops, from the huge hell-roaring tanks to the simple soldier, every man, every wheel, knew exactly what it was doing and what it was going to do next. We left that projection room frightened. We were afraid that something—politics, stupidity, mental paralysis in high places, frozen military minds—might not see this preparedness program of ours through. If we make a botch of it and Hitler assembles his machine somewhere in the Western Hemisphere—well, it's goodbye to all of this.



WE ARE warned that this war will leave us holding the bag; and the bag will be heavy with hatred. France will hiss us for not sending those clouds of airplanes we didn't have. England who wasn't prepared will be sore because we weren't prepared. Germany will despise us for neither putting up nor shutting up. Our Latin-American brethren will spit in our eye knowing that we'd do nothing about it even if we could. Japan will take the Philippines if she wants and the Dutch East Indies if Hitler doesn't object. Russia will ignore us, and Italy's attitude will be dictated by Il Duce's Fuehrer.

Moreover, we shan't love ourselves devotedly. At least so we're assured by Mr. G. Lambert Hush of Columbus, Ohio, and we've no reason to suspect Mr. Hush of not being truthful. "We'd better give ourselves a New Deal in politicians, generals and radio commentators," says he. "This is no time for sucker government. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have run out of tricks. We need a fresh crop of generals who believe that the airplane has come to stay. We need radio voices whose first concern isn't the mispronunciation of European names. We've got to put the well-filled sock on professional Friends—Buddies of Britain, Friends of France, Pals of Poland, Rousers for Russia and Idolators of Italy. Let's elect a crew of hard-boiled realists who'll run this government and our armed forces (if and when) as if they didn't give a damn for any country but the United States. Let's grow up—suddenly."

AS a peaceful interlude we acknowledge a protest from Mr. Raul Martinez Ostos of Mexico City, Mexico. In Frank Gervasi's recent article *Swastika Over Mexico*, Mr. Ostos was listed as one of the "men to watch." Mr. Ostos denies this with heat. "I do not know the source of Mr. Gervasi's information," says he, "but he states a falsehood when he refers to me. I am neither a member of the fifth column, as charged by Mr. Gervasi, nor a private secretary to the secretary of the treasury nor member of the Communist party. The imputations made in your magazine . . . hurt my reputation seriously. At this moment in the history of the world I feel it is a crime to serve underground forces of national disintegration. It would be more useful to the United States if the press would publish articles that do not antagonize public opinion against Mexico for we have many things in common—the need of defending together our existence."

MR. AND MRS. WILL BELL of New York City stopped for breakfast at one of the numerous restaurants in the German Yorkville sector of that overcrowded city. Mr. Bell ordered scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon and French fried potatoes. So did Mrs. Bell. The waiter snapped to attention. "It is not possible. Sorry!" said the waiter in unmistakable gutturals. "A German restaurant this is, yes, and we are not permitted to discuss the war."

MRS. OTTO PROBST of South Bend, Indiana, read Frank Gervasi's *Swastika Over Mexico*, particularly the paragraphs setting forth the lamentable death of Otto Ernest Friederich Probst, with some interest. Her telephone has been ringing ever since. She would like to have it known that the Mexican Mr. Probst was not her husband. "My Otto Probst," writes

she, "is very much alive, an ex-statistician, plays slightly ungolf, does not drink to excess, a retiring nature and does not have a fat neck. We have been married months."



WHILE you're rejoicing with South Bend Probsts, Jim Marshall, Far East correspondent, is coming people to tell them that in Bombay saw a large colored boy beating drums in a dance band. "America asked Mr. Marshall. "Alabama the drums. "Like it out here," said the relentless Mr. Marshall. "Sho does," replied Alabama. "India boys treat us white folks."

IT WASN'T long after that that Marshall was on the Pacific, sailing home on a ship which he said run in the interests of the comfort those who didn't sail on her. One night during a despairful quiet dining saloon, the sharp voice of a lady passenger was heard. There was having major trouble with the steward. "Remember," she said, "some day you may be a passenger on this ship." And the steward: "I won't be sucker enough to pay."

SUCH incidents will not happen. Professor Jethro Peace Blair of Los Angeles, California, is elected president. Ignored by the Republicans and Democrats, Professor Blair pushed to run independently. And the says, will be "inconvenient, but means forbidding." Anyway, he tells us that the chief plank in his form will be that "every American family will be given a home, free cost and free of taxes, with the proviso that they move in at once and stay there continuously for not less than two years."

ALAS, all we can tell Mrs. T. DuBois Gross of Miami, Florida, that the gold she's worrying about we hope, still buried under Fort Kentucky. So many things have happened lately that we'd sort of forgotten about it. Not that we're doing Mrs. Gross asks: "If the stock market takes another dive and this goes for inflation and we get into against the public's wish, what they do with all that gold we bought higher than the market."

MAKE swell bullets. . .





## A Lot of "Heart Trouble" Isn't!

**D MANY PEOPLE** have fear in their hearts—  
at their hearts.

They have been told that "heart trouble" usually announces itself by such warning symptoms as shortness of breath, sense of oppression or acute pain near heart, or fainting.

However, no one symptom should make you decide, "I have heart trouble!" The cause may actually be disease of the lungs or digestive system, or nervous strain—or it may be something relatively unimportant. But, whenever any signs appear—*your physician should be the one to decide if it's really wrong!*

Such aids to accurate diagnosis as the stethoscope, the fluoroscope, the electrocardiograph, enable him in most cases to determine the heart's condition. He may be able to assure you that your heart is sound, that something minor needs correction.

Even if the trouble is in your heart it need not necessarily mean that you will be an invalid—if it

is detected in its early stages. You may be able, by following the doctor's instructions, to continue working and enjoying life for many years.

► Today, many men and women whose hearts are not normal lead useful, active lives. They and their doctors know what their hearts can and cannot do; their habits of work, exercise, recreation, rest, eating, and drinking, are sensibly regulated.

The most common forms of heart trouble strike most frequently after the age of 40. As you and your heart approach this period, it is wise to modify your work and play so as to avoid overexertion. Too much of either is dangerous. Get plenty of rest and keep your weight down. Remember, too, that sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise is apt to place too severe a strain on the heart.

► And at this time—more than ever—it is important to have thorough annual health examinations. Such examinations often can detect trouble before serious symptoms appear.

For valuable information concerning the hearts

of young and old, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the  
New York World's Fair and at the  
Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.





Eleanor Holm . . . star of Billy Rose's Aquacade at the World's Fair . . . says:

"Four performances a day would be ruinous to my hair if it weren't for 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. I use it regularly to keep my hair soft and lustrous and to protect my scalp from the drying effect of too much sun and water."



*Keep your hair lovely the  
ELEANOR HOLM way!*

**D**ON'T let sunshine, swimming and outdoor sports dim your crowning glory this summer! Follow the advice of America's number one outdoor girl, Eleanor Holm, and keep your hair as lustrous and lovely as she does!

Rub plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your scalp before every shampoo. Then before going for a swim . . . or out in the sun . . . smooth a very few drops on your hair. Not only will you combat dryness this way . . . but also help protect your wave, make your hair easy to arrange.

Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and see what a difference it makes in your oomph!

**BEFORE SHAMPOOING**  
... Be sure to massage scalp liberally with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

**BEFORE GOING OUTDOORS** . . . apply a few drops to supplement natural scalp oils and keep hair lovely looking.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the OFFICIAL hair preparation of both World's Fair Aquacades.



# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORDS By Freling Foster

Nearly eighty different infectious diseases are transmitted to human beings by animals. The cow is the source of twelve, the dog eight, the pig, cat and horse five each. Other animals on the list include sheep, goats, wild rabbits, squirrels, rats, parrots, fish, oysters, clams and several species of insects.

A calorimeter now used by an American university will record on paper the amount of heat produced when one thousandth of a gram of sugar is dissolved in a quart of water.

When a person is shot or otherwise injured while in a state of intense fear, the excessive amount of adrenalin in his blood at the time contracts the blood vessels and arrests the hemorrhage to such an extent that coagulation takes place from two to four times faster than under normal conditions.

One-sidedness in a person is shown not only in the use of the hand, but also in the use of the eye and the foot. In other words, a left-handed individual will normally use his left eye to look into a microscope and his left foot to kick an object out of the way.

Although America is one of the best fed nations, more than forty per cent of its people suffer from dietary deficiencies. Experts estimate that if all families had sufficient purchasing power and knew the kind and quantity of food required, the consumption of butter would be increased 15 per cent, milk 20 per cent, eggs 35 per cent, tomatoes and citrus fruits 70 per cent, and leafy, green and yellow vegetables 100 per cent.

Within the past ten years, the tourist-camp business has developed into a \$300,000,000 "motor court" industry. There are now more than 20,000 of these courts, a large number of which have cabins with garages, tile bathrooms and telephones. Many are highway hotels, costing as much as \$350,000 and offering such conveniences as air-conditioned rooms and restaurants, swimming pools and shopping facilities.

The quantity of wood the average person utilizes during the course of his life—in house construction, furniture, musical instruments, motorcars, sports goods, pencils, magazines, papers, books and other paper articles—is equivalent to the amount of wood required to build about four hundred large trees.

All ships at sea and all wireless stations in contact with them are required by international law to stop transmission for five minutes, at the 15th and 45th minute past the hour, Greenwich time, to listen for distress signals.

When the moon is a crescent, the light that makes the whole moon faintly visible is earthshine, the sunlight that is reflected by the earth. At that time of the month, the earthshine on the moon is estimated to be twelve times as great as the light of a full moon on the earth.

The San Jacinto Monument at Houston, Texas, is the tallest monument of its kind in this country, standing twelve feet higher than the Washington Monument. Costing more than \$1,000,000 and dedicated April, 1939, it commemorates the famous twenty-minute battle at San Jacinto in 1836, in which the United States defeated Santa Anna and freed Texas from Mexico.

Although the land area of Canada is nearly 500,000 square miles, less than that of the United States, more than ninety per cent of its population live within two hundred miles of the American border.

The Japanese catch a species of octopus, *Eledone chata*, in an earthen jar, fasten a rope, which is lowered to the bottom, ranging from 60 to 120 feet. The octopus crawls into it and is lodged, when brought to the surface, by pouring hot water into the hole in the bottom of the jar.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address Keep Up With the Word, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the material may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

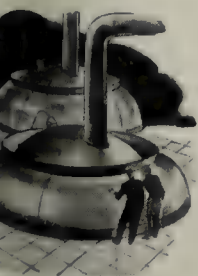


# Nature makes Beer



A NATURAL PROCESS  
CONVERTS MALTED  
GRAIN AND HOPS  
INTO BEER AND ALE!

Beer and ale are produced by *fermentation*—one of the most familiar and useful natural processes known to man. The brewing of beer and ale was first discovered thousands of years ago.



CENTURIES OF  
BREWING EXPERIENCE  
ARE APPLIED TO MAKE  
BEER TASTE BETTER

Although Mother Nature brews beer, the Brewer's skill is needed to make beer *taste* as good as it does today. Modern knowledge of brewing is the result of centuries of experience.

*A wholesome beverage, it deserves to be sold only in wholesome surroundings*

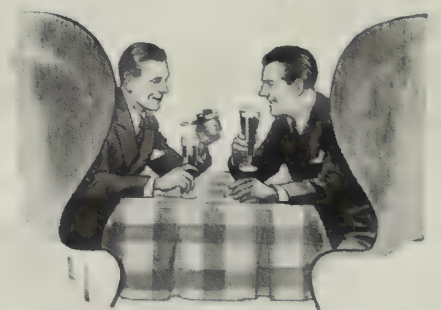
Simple natural ingredients—malted barley and other grains, yeast, pure water, and hops for flavor—that's what beer and ale are made of.

A natural fermentation process converts these ingredients into foaming beer and ale—low in alcoholic content, but rich in flavor—the *beverages of moderation*.

But it is not enough that beer itself is wholesome. For your protection the *place* where beer is sold should be clean and wholesome, too.

That is why the Brewing Industry has instituted a "clean-up or close-up" program to eliminate any undesirable beer retail establishments. This program is now in effect in a number of states. It is being extended.

We'd like to tell you about it in an interesting booklet. Write:—United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B16, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



TODAY... A NEW KIND OF  
TAVERN BRINGS YOU GOOD  
BEER AND ALE IN CLEAN,  
WHOLESOME SURROUNDINGS

Most beer taverns today are respectable, and law-abiding, and inviting. The Brewing Industry wants the few but objectionable "black sheep" establishments eliminated. To do this, the Industry now cooperates closely with law-enforcement officers in a growing number of states.



BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION





Sails and salt water—palms and pools—'dobe and d  
—saddles and snow caps—Long Distance will help  
have a carefree vacation *wherever* you go!

Telephone ahead to check reservations and arr  
visits with friends along the way. Telephone home to  
sure the rest of the family and get the news from the o

It's *fun* to share your fun by telephone. Breaking  
hooking a big one, snowballing in summer sun, all pa  
*double* thrill when you tell some one far away about

(Rates for all transcontinental calls and most other  
calls over 420 airline miles were reduced May 1.)

The Bell System cordially invites you to visit its exhibits at the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco



Young so nicely in your bath,"  
he said. "What was that song?"  
He couldn't stop now—not even  
for her. He whirled, stumbled  
and lunged through the door

## Bathtub Melody

By Howard Rigsby

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

No matter what anybody says, the handsome stranger in the beautiful lady's tub was only a worried song writer waiting for his muse

JAKE SPEER woke with what he hoped were the rudiments of the tune he wanted running through his head. It was just a bar or two, but after six weeks of sterility even that was something. He got out of bed humming it as he put on his robe and slippers so that he wouldn't lose it. He knew the thing; he'd never work it out into a good song in a shower. He was glad George Blair had been down and fixed it so he'd have a tub. That, he realized now, was what had been bothering him ever since he came west. There were only two tubs in George's beach house, and up in Hollywood the rooms hadn't been right somehow. He sighed, thinking of the old bathroom back on East Fifty-eighth Street. He hoped George's aunt would have a nice one. "She's got a couple," George had told him. "She won't mind at all." He threw a big, fluffy towel over his shoulders and let himself out. Still buzzing with melody, he crossed the street, giving the notes more volume now because the roar of the morning traffic was distractingly unharmonious. That would be the house George had pointed to last night, he thought—that charming, white one. He let himself through a picket gate, passed along a shrubbed path and stepped onto a bricked porch. The front door was open, revealing a room pleasantly filled with paint-chintz and morning sunlight. Jake knocked, hesitated a moment and then walked in.

He was just supposing the old lady still abed when he saw her. She was seated at breakfast in a windowed alcove, a half-raised coffee cup pointing her surprise. She was gray-haired and quite nice-looking, but undoubtedly startled. Jake hoped she hadn't forgotten about George telling her he'd be over.

"Good morning," he said, looking for a likely exit to the bath. It wouldn't do to get involved in any distracting conversation at this moment of creation.

"Good morning," his temporary hostess replied faintly.

He supposed she was getting ready to ask him questions about his work or something, involve him in a nice long chat.

"Well," he said hastily, "I hope you don't mind my bathing at this unseemly hour." He laughed; then, resuming his humming, crossed the room, entering a hallway.

He tried a likely door. It was a bedroom. He had a glimpse of dark hair spread out on a pillow, and a tanned feminine arm. Shutting that door, he tried another, then immediately gasped with pleasure. He was, he realized, standing on the threshold of just about the nicest little bathroom he had ever seen. Hearing the scrape of a chair in the other room, he entered quickly and locked the door.

The walls were done in pale yellow and there was a tub in cheerful aquamarine, a beautiful, adequate tub, long enough for a tall man to stretch out in. It was, Jake thought, a décor







"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "You're a puritan. Full of musty old orthodox scruples!"

sprightly, yet not garish. Windows opened out into a sunlit garden where gaily plumaged birds were singing in a eucalyptus tree. Entranced, he went over and turned on the hot water, then mixed in a little of the cold. Like a symphony, the water thundered into the tub. Steam rose, and even as Jake slipped out of his robe he felt the melody bubbling within him.

When the sting was gone from the hot water he lay back and closed his eyes. After ten minutes he began to tap on the edge of the tub. The melody came, and words to fit the melody. Drying himself, he sang the chorus. He was ready for the piano now—quick.

He opened the door, concentrated for a moment on the melody in his head, then bolted.

"Was it a nice bath?" someone asked him as he reached the front door.

Something about that voice stopped him dead. It was not George's aunt speaking. He turned his head.

The girl was wearing a striped Roman-silk housecoat, drinking coffee, dangling one mule on her toes as she watched him. Hers was the long, dark hair he had seen on the pillow. But there was nothing in all this to make him gasp: it was her face, the tilt of the nose, the mouth just so. . . . He stared at her speechlessly for a moment, his eyes still foggy with creation.

"You sing so nicely in your bath," she said. "What was that song?"

That song! He couldn't stop now—not even for her. He whirled, stumbled, muttered a curse, and plunged through

the door. He cast a slipper as he fled down the path, and lost his towel on a picket of the gate.

WHEN Joe Haver phoned from Hollywood that afternoon, Jake, still in his robe, was halfway through, picking it out on George's baby grand, pausing to jot it down when he got it right. He let the phone ring for a long while, then answered savagely.

"Jake?" said Haver. "This is Joe."

"Oh," said Jake. "Hello, Joe. Listen—"

"You listen!" Haver cried. "I want that music! You been out here six weeks and I haven't got a single note of music from you. You got three numbers to do for me—remember? I got to have the first one day after tomorrow."

"You'll have it tomorrow!" Jake shouted, and hung up.

He worked all that night.

At dawn he dressed, rolled up his music and got in his car. He stopped for breakfast on the road, reaching the studio at nine. He ran through the piece for Joe Haver and George Blair, then spent most of the rest of the day discussing the score with the music director. It was a real bang of a tune everybody said.

"The only thing worries me, Joe," Haver told him, "is that it took you weeks to do it, Jake. You got only two weeks left to get out two more tunes."

Jake waved airily. "You don't have to worry," he said. "I'm in the groove."

"How do you like my aunt's bathtub?" George asked him when the producer had left them.

"It's wonderful!" Jake said. "George, your aunt's bathtub is simply marvelous!" He became less eulogistic, more casual. "I was just wondering what the girl is that's staying with her."

"Girl?" George said. "What's she look like?"

"Dark hair," said Jake. "Very interesting sort of girl."

George seemed puzzled. "It might be my cousin," he said finally. "She lives in Phoenix. She drives out sometimes. He looked thoughtfully at Jake. "She's married," he told him.

"Married!" Jake said. "Oh. . . ."

NEXT morning he woke with only a record in his head. He lay brooding, thinking how unjust it was that after all these years he should find her married. But, he reflected—desperately grasping at any straw in sight—perhaps she was unhappy. Maybe her husband who was there in Phoenix was cruel to her. He had left him there, hadn't she? She'd come out to the coast alone!

He leaped out of bed. He put on his robe and slippers, noting when he cleaned his teeth that he'd better shave. He shaved carefully and brushed his hair. She simply couldn't stay married to anyone else, he decided. Even if he were happily married, he must explain to her that it was all a mistake. He would have to get a divorce. Why, then, since he had written the music for his first Triangle Show, five years before, she had been his girl. He had fallen asleep with his head on the keyboard one night and he had dreamed about her; then he'd written that song, *You Girl*. That was she. And now that she had become a real, live girl in a housecoat she belonged to him.

He absently took a shower before he left, then, selecting a towel and putting on George's best beach robe, he went whistling across the street.

As before, the door of the little white house was open and the morning sun was streaming in, lighting up the many paintings, scapes of sea, of dunes, of the serene, rolling hills of southern California. Jake tapped on the screen and stepped inside, his glance going directly to the breakfast alcove.

She was there alone, the silk housecoat proving indubitably that there was not a thing wrong with her figure. The sun made a nimbus of the curling ends of her dark hair; her blue eyes regarded Jake levelly.

For a moment he was speechless again, his expression rapt and almost unbelieving as he stared at her. Then he said with hearty joviality, "Good morning! Well—I've just come to take another tub in that splendid little tub."

"I thought that might be it," she said. "Won't you sit down and have some coffee, Mr.—"

"Speer," he said. "Jake Speer. I'd delighted."

He sat down and she poured a cup of coffee for him, her eyes still regarding him. (Continued on page 39)



# An Open Letter to a German Hero

OTTO, FRITZ OR EVEN ADOLF:

You'll probably wonder why I'm writing to you without knowing your name. You'll have to put that down as an act of the war. Things happen fast over there and you don't get much time for social business. I suppose you know that as well as I do.

A matter of fact I almost met you. You remember that day on the road between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines? You must have been there and gone when Jack Thorsen and I drove up. We only missed you by about fifteen minutes. That's why I wanted to let you know how things came out.

I don't know how it is with you fellows but I once had a boss who was a real pro on reports. He wanted us to fill in the blanks every day and he was really sore when we didn't. This is just to let you that if you have any trouble with your boss you can get in touch with Jack or me and we'll back you up. You did a fine job that day. That French ambulance was a mess when you finished.

It almost seems as if I ought to know you. Were you with that bunch up around Beauvais? You certainly bombed the hell out of us that time when you came with the two hundred and fifty Messerschmidts. We saw a lot of German planes that way but the German aviators I talked with were the kids who bailed out south of Amiens and were captured by the French. One was sixteen and the other eighteen. They were pretty scared but they gave us a good idea of why you guys are so tough. When we mentioned Hitler their eyes lit up as if they had just seen God. Suppose you're pretty young yourself. We were with the American Field Service, Section One, Jack and I. That's where we happened to run into you. We went into action first around Amiens. Two of our ambulances got busted up there and four of our men were reported missing. I don't need to tell you much about how the ambulances work. We were supposed to stay eight kilometers behind the line and bring cases from the dressing stations to the emergency hospitals.

We'll back you up. You did a fine job that day. That French ambulance was quite a mess when you finished."

Robert Montgomery on duty with the American Field Service in France



The only trouble was that the line was all over the place. Your infantry was alongside of us and behind us and everywhere. We had to retreat.

Well, that's how it went. We had to evacuate the emergency hospitals and try to keep the men coming from the dressing stations. We got down to Beauvais and were bumped out of there and then Jack and I worked between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines, where we almost met you. We had to go over a bridge at Pontoise, single file, and that was a torture every time. One day Jack and I were halfway over when the military police shunted us to the middle lane and made us wait there till a military column went past. There were seventy-five trucks in that column and it seemed to take hours to get by and we sat there with our hearts in our mouths and scared pie-eyed.

Why didn't you ever bomb that bridge? Do you remember it? Some of the fellows said it was because you wanted to use it yourself later but I never found out. But you were certainly on the job other places. Up around Amiens we never saw an Allied plane. You birds had a picnic there. We learned something, though. We found

out that the safest place was right under the motor. When you fellows came over, we'd hop out, if we didn't have any wounded in the car, and crawl under the front end and stay there.

But what you're really interested in, I imagine, is that day when we missed you by fifteen minutes. You know that road between Corbeil-Cerf and Marines. Sort of a country lane with no houses around. A driver could see for miles in either direction. When we came battling along we saw this French ambulance in the ditch. Thought, first, it had just run off the road and was waiting there for the repairmen. But when we got up closer we saw the bodies. There was a French captain on the front seat, leaning against the side of the car. He was dead. There were three stretcher cases in the back of the ambulance, also dead.

We saw two farmers in the next field and they told us what had happened. They said the ambulance was driving along alone when you came over in a formation of twenty-five planes. Suddenly you left the formation and swooped down. You dropped one bomb behind the car and that made it swerve into the ditch. Then you dropped another one in front of it. After that you

swerved around and came back and machine-gunned the ambulance.

There were big Red Crosses painted on both sides and on the top of the ambulance, so you had a good target. The driver was the only one saved. He had been carried off, wounded, just a few minutes before we got there. The captain seemed to have been killed by the bomb in front. The stretcher cases were killed by the machine-gun bullets. We could see that for ourselves.

I'm afraid I'm boring you with some of this stuff because you know it yourself. I just wanted you to know how it came out. You did a good, efficient job and nobody can take it away from you. People get bored with war stories after a while but you needn't worry about that. You can keep this letter to show them you were good. If you ever have any children, you can tell them about that day on the Corbeil-Cerf road. If there are any skeptics around doubting you, have them write to Jack Thorsen or me. We'll back you up. We'll be glad to tell anybody what happened.

Yours,

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

PAYMENT FOR THIS "LETTER" HAS BEEN MADE, AT MR. MONTGOMERY'S REQUEST, TO THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE







# THE GOLDEN HORSE

By Frank J. Taylor

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY J. WALTER COLLINGS

After vanishing for 400 generations, the world's most beautiful animal, the Palomino horse, is being revived

**I**MPATIENTLY Mr. Dwight Murphy waited for the sun to burn through the overcast hanging above Rancho San Fernando Rey in California's pastoral Santa Ynez Valley and then he hustled us out into the exercising yard behind the palatial stables to view "The King of Kings" in all his glory.

"Bring him out, Guy," he called.

And when Mr. Guy Rutherford led out El Rey de los Reyes, head high, eyes sparkling, coat glistening, feet prancing and muscles dancing we knew why horse experts have called this gorgeous Palomino the most beautiful animal in the world. As the sunlight rippled over his coat, El Rey looked like a horse freshly gold-plated, except for his silvery mane and tail and white nose and feet.

Palomino enthusiasts the country over are pinning their hopes on El Rey, and his sons Hijo and Conejo. Their blood is to restore again the glistening golden hue of a strain of royal riding horses purposely bred out of existence two milleniums ago by the Arabs. An amazing strain, this Palomino, with traits so prepotent that after four hundred hidden generations it is reviving itself on great ranches in California, Texas, Colorado, Oklahoma and other Western states.

How the Palomino acquired his golden hue in the first place is a hot, moot question among horse authorities. Fiery little Dick Halliday of Ojai, secretary-treasurer of the Palomino Association and keeper of the official stud registry, thinks he has traced the animal back to ancient Chaldea. He isn't quite sure, because the professor who was doing the best job was a Pole, and during the Nazi-Soviet digesting of Poland the professor and his records were lost. Meantime, Mr. Halliday cites the "Golden Horses with fair manes and tails" mentioned in the Homeric poems as the animals that carried the Greek demigods to victory. They were, he says, Palominos.

In his most enthusiastic moments, Mr. Halliday holds that the Palominos were the forerunners of the Arabian strain, and not just an offshoot of the Arabians, as other golden-horse enthusiasts like Mr. Dwight Murphy contend. Then there is Mr. Ed Borein, the Santa Barbara cowboy etcher and sketcher, who insists that "palomino" is just a lost basic color of horses, and not entitled to capitals.

(Continued on page 28)

Most famed Palominos are the three handsome stallions bred by Dwight Murphy on Rancho San Fernando Rey. El Rey de los Reyes, right, sired Conejo (center) and Hijo del Rey



# Occupation: Widow

by William C. White  
Illustrated by George Howe

## Story Thus Far:

BERLIN, Paul Lesser and Rolf Blaerchen start a night at the Krokodil. Due largely to the attractiveness of Dirling, a singer whom they employ, they do a good deal. Then Lesser marries Carola, and, sent to Warsaw on a "government" mission, is killed in an automobile accident.

Heartbroken, and strongly suspecting that her husband's death had been planned by Blaerchen (a Nazi), Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later, a Nazi agent finds her in Rome and orders her to report to Blaerchen (who has become a power in the German Foreign Office) in Berlin. Knowing that to resist would be dangerous, she returns to the German capital. There Blaerchen informs her that she is to work for him as a spy; presently she is ensconced in a charming apartment, with a maid (Maria Kunkle, who is in Blaerchen's pay) on eye on her every move.

Sara Mainescu—a woman who, once engaged to Blaerchen and working for him, now hates him—calls on Carola. She makes no effort to hide her feelings toward her former employer. A few hours after she leaves the apartment, she is arrested.

Carola has one real friend in Berlin: Karl Dietrich. Once a soldier at the Krokodil, he had offended the authorities, and, just out of a concentration camp, he is deep in an anti-Nazi plot. Among those with whom he is working are: Hans Klaus's son-in-law, Franz Ranke; and a man named Heller, who works in the Foreign Office. Although Karl is on Blaerchen's black list, he and Carola meet—surreptitiously. At a brilliant party to which Blaerchen takes her, Carola meets Franz Wagner, who is interested in several theaters and she is introduced to Signor Froschetti, who is attached to the Italian Embassy. Wagner offers her a job. Froschetti's gallant advances, suggests that Carola lunch with him some soon.

Wondering about Blaerchen's true status at the Foreign Office, Karl queries Schebeler. Schebeler says that Blaerchen and Wilhelm Praut—both of whom are among Ribbentrop's favorites—are using the Foreign Office as a base for intrigue against Goering and Himmler.

Karl calls on Carola. They go for a walk, discuss the perils of their situation. Karl suggests that, should Carola ever receive from him, she send him a telegram. It is night. The street is dark. And their future—?

## IV

CAROLA woke on a sunny February morning, the memory of Karl's deep, pleasant voice very real. Every word that he had said to her was something to be considered over and over again. On other mornings in Berlin she had awakened and the streets outside were quiet as they were quiet now. On other mornings, as now, she had heard the familiar sounds of family life in neighboring apartments, of breakfasts prepared, of children sent to school, of dogs taking the family dachshunds for a morning walk. Yet this day was different from all others and because of the first hint of warmth in the sunlight; after meeting Karl last night she knew that from now on she was not alone.

Her telephone rang early. Maria answered it. Herr Praut, of the Foreign Office, wishes to speak to you.

He called each day just as Blaerchen had prophesied. "I have a little free time today, *meine Liebste*," he said, clumsily intimate. His voice was as cautious as his manner. "I hoped I might see you today."

"I'm sorry, Herr Praut." The thought of a meeting with him made her shudder. "I shall be busy all day." "Perhaps you won't be busy the next time I call." "Perhaps." She hoped that gave him no encouragement.

He laughed lightly. "I shall be very patient." Blaerchen also called each morning. When Carola mentioned Praut, he was annoyed. "The *Dumkopf* could have more sense." Then, less heatedly, "I could advise you not to see him."

"I do not intend to see him," Carola said sharply. Blaerchen assumed the right to tell her whom to see and whom to avoid and she resented it. He had used the same phrase in speaking of Karl.

As she sat combing her hair, she thought of Karl. He had shown her a clear picture of her own situation. More than ever she would have to remain in



"I shall spend my life finding out who is to blame," he exclaimed. "And when I do—!"

Berlin, and pretend to Blaerchen that she was sincere, eager to do whatever he asked. But less important than learning the truth about her husband's death was finding some way to slip safely away from him. There would be some way! Her position here might be desperate and grow worse, yet she was less acutely worried about that than about Karl. He had no job and he probably had little money in this war-torn Berlin.

In worrying about him Carola felt released from her own worries; in having another person to be anxious about she felt something new. It was tantalizing to know that he was somewhere in this city and that, except in emergency, they had to stay apart. When worrying about Karl made her restless, she told herself that any man who had been through Karl's experience could take care of himself.

Without plans for the day and with her concern about Karl, time went slowly.

One habit she had acquired in the old days of itinerant cabaret singing was doing her own laundry. She still insisted on ironing even though Maria had objected.

While Maria watched disapprovingly, Carola set up a board to iron a few handkerchiefs and a dress. Usually Maria, whether working or doing nothing, went about smiling. For the past days she had been worried. As Carola spread the dampened dress before her, Maria said: "I'm anxious, *Fräulein*. I've had no letter from Fritz for more than three weeks! He used to write so regularly."

"I'm sorry," Carola said sincerely.

The telephone rang again. It was Froschetti, from the Italian Embassy, sounding annoyingly genial. "I've waited two days until I was sure I knew what I wanted more than anything else in the world."

"What is it?"

"To lunch with you." (Continued on page 41)



HE CAME out of the prairie from Virgil way, driving two matched bays and a light-paneled rig. His name, he said, was Crabtree and he sold a line of household articles. This prairie would one day blossom like the rose and towns would stand where mourning doves now nested in the river willows, but meanwhile would she kindly put him up to supper? Therefore Mrs. Rand had fed him and had been lavishly complimented. "You are," said Mr. Crabtree, "a rare cook." He removed the feed bags from the horses and tossed them into the rig; he donned his yellow duster, laid half a dollar in her palm, and prepared to go.

"I had not intended to charge," she said.

"Ah," said Mr. Crabtree, and gave out a sharp, cheerful laugh. "In a new land the religion is water and food and shelter. I respect religion." He lighted a cheroot and adjusted it at an angle that expressed his benevolent self-content. "Let me give you some practical advice. There are four hundred families newly arrived around here. Many drummers like me will be traveling through. You could make money feeding them."

Harriet Rand stood by the water barrel, watching him pass Brewerton's and diminish into the twilight, into the sea of breast-high yellow grass. All along the prairie the shanties and tents of homesteaders broke the evening horizon and, with the rapid arrival of darkness, points of topaz light winked forward from them. She closed her hand tightly on the half dollar, thinking that Mr. Crabtree would never know how it had strengthened her heart. This was the first money she had ever earned.

She heard her small daughter's feet scuffling around the shanty, and called at once: "Tara, don't go into the grass." The grass was beautiful but, deep in it, anywhere and everywhere, a cold and immaculate deadliness waited, with no warning to precede it but a dry rattling that was usually too late. She moved into the trapped summer's heat of the eight-foot square shanty whose flat tarpaper roof rendered out a strong asphalt smell.

There was a bed at one end of the room and a round-topped trunk with all her possessions, and a stove and table with two chairs, and two condensed milk boxes tacked on the wall for cupboards. This day she had made jelly from a gallon of blackberries given to her by the Bergs, who had traveled twenty miles to pick them on Crow Hill. Fear lived with her a great deal these days and it was a comfort to know she had made one thing with her hands, against the coming winter.

WITH half an ear she listened to the errant pattering of Tara's feet behind the house while she did the dishes and wiped the table's oilcloth. She put the half dollar on the table, gently worshipping her achievement. Money was life, though she had known nothing about that as long as Lieutenant Philip Rand had been alive to shelter and spoil her. She had one hundred and fifty dollars in her purse, her clothes in the trunk, the jelly in the cupboard, and this half dollar. Money was life and for a woman one year widowed there were so few ways of earning it.

She sat still before the table, a small woman who at twenty-six still displayed a girlish immaturity in her soft face and great round eyes and hesitant voice. Her quarter section would be worth two thousand dollars when patented. That was a year ahead and meanwhile how could she make her way? Since the day of the land rush, two weeks before, that question had never left her.

Black night moved in, so still that the oncoming swish of a body moving

through the high grass seemed very loud. She slipped the half dollar under the oilcloth and turned to discover Clyde Jacks beyond the doorway.

He said: "If you want, I'll cut your hay and give you half of what we sell it for."

He was a dry, close, plugging man who thought of things like that. Salt sweat crusted his temples and sun had burned him a violent red. He was flat-chested and long-faced, with a slight stoop to his shoulders and he stood before her in a pair of trousers whose suspenders looped over the shoulders of flannel underwear turned gray by dust.

"All right, Clyde."

He said, as though it were an afterthought: "This country's no place for a single man or woman. You can't farm and I can't handle a house. It takes two."

That had been a growing consideration in his eyes during the last week and she wasn't surprised. "It is nice of you to think of me, Clyde."

"Your quarter section and mine would make money. As for Tara, I don't mind children." Then he added quickly, "Though I'd expect some of my own."

"I'll think of it."

"Let me know in a few days. I'd rather it was you, but if it ain't you it will have to be some other woman."

SHE moved to the doorway, watching his angular frame sway through the dark toward Brewerton's. All her tenderness and need of love made its silent cry and every fastidious instinct she owned shrank away from Clyde Jacks. Then she thought: "I am a widow with a child. I can expect nothing more than he offered. If I cannot make my own way I shall marry him. I have got to think of Tara."

Wagons moved down the road toward Brewerton's, and people walked the night, their voices running bell-clear through the dark. Two weeks before they had all flooded this land in one wave of land rush, hungering for escape and a fresh start on the breast of a rich land whose treasures were lush beneath their feet.

The land was as rich as they had dreamed, yet it lay hard and immobile and stubborn beneath them, its riches to be torn out only by sweat and thirst and hunger.

She was thinking: "If I fail here I can't go back. There is nothing behind me and not money enough left to move again. I must make my own way or I must marry." She took three jars of jelly from the cupboard and caught her daughter's hand and turned toward Brewerton's. Tara would grow up, and Tara must have a good life, one that would not end against a stone wall at the age of twenty-six. There had to be ways for a woman to live out here. But if there were not—

"Mommy," said Tara, "your fingernails bite and you are walking awfully fast."

Brewerton's lights cut round, warm holes in the complete black, and horses and wagons stood about the place and people's voices sent twining echoes abroad. Tara heard a boy's voice and ran ahead, crying: "Georgie, Georgie, can't catch me!" Brewerton's house was a shanty with two rooms and an adjoining lean-to for his blacksmith shop. Hospitably he had scattered boxes around the yard for seats and his daughter Letty moved through the small crowd with a pitcher of lemonade. She said: "I was about to come and get you, Harriet. You shouldn't be alone too much." The Websters were here and Clyde Jacks and the Bergs with their daughter Ingrid who was barely a woman, and Ben Lowe with his nondescript flock of children and a wife whose acid, unhappy voice now and then rasped through the general talk.

# Dark Land Waiting

By Ernest Haycox

They were hard people in a hard country. But they were better neighbors than she had ever had before

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS







"It gets monotonous out here," he said. "When we live alone, we've got the worst companion in the world." He was an educated man turned sour, a man who believed in nothing

Tom Kertcher came out of the dark and paused and Harriet Rand noticed that his glance followed Letty Brewerton until she turned and saw him.

Webster said: "I don't make out what kind of plowin' you're doin' down there at the foot of your gully, Kertcher."

Kertcher sat back on his box, the tip of his cigarette setting up bright thin flashes against his eyes. "An earth dam to catch winter and spring rains. You've got to think of water out here."

Brewerton said: "We need wells, too. Haulin' water from the river takes too much time."

Mrs. Lowe's high, unhappy voice clashed through the silence. "We need a lot of things—and money to do it with. It is a year till crops. How can people live?"

A wagon's wheels groaned on the uneven road ruts and Curtis Kilrain drew into the shanty light's beam. Elizabeth Marsh sat beside him and a young man, thin and sick, pulled himself slowly from the wagon bed. Kilrain called: "I need two rolls of barbwire, Brewerton," and descended from the seat. He turned, holding up his hand to Elizabeth Marsh; and the silence in the yard was very strong.

"NO," said Elizabeth Marsh, "I'll wait here." She looked at the gathered people, her beautiful and rebellious eyes hating them.

Mrs. Berg said: "We need a school. We need a store and a post office."

Brewerton moved back of his shanty with Kilrain for the barbwire. Harriet Rand walked toward the young man beside the wagon. "This jelly is for you."

"Why," he said and showed her a strange, pale expression, "why, thanks."

"Then," said Webster, "we need a hotel. Lots of people passing through here."

Kilrain moved back with his barbwire, throwing it into the wagon. He stood a moment, watching the group, ironic and disbelieving; and looked up at Elizabeth Marsh on the wagon seat. Letty Brewerton came forward with her lemonade jar. "Elizabeth," she said, "are you thirsty?"

"No," said Elizabeth Marsh.

Curtis Kilrain swung up the wheel hub to his seat. Somewhere on the prairie horses rapidly ran and a man's voice yelled one word. He came into the light and hauled his horse back and jumped to the ground, flinging about to show the group a strained, wild expression.

Tom Kertcher said: "What's up, Pete?"

Pete Eccles breathed: "Mullan," and retreated slowly into the small crowd as Brazil Mullan rode out of the night. He stopped, three other men behind him, and from her place by the shanty, Harriet Rand saw Mullan's lank-long cheeks tilt down on Pete Eccles, and lift and go around the circle of people, and turn sly. He said: "Next time you take a pot shot at me I'll run you to hell and gone."

"Stay off my land and quit cuttin' my fences!"

"I'm warning you," said Mullan.

A voice said: "Hello, Brazil," from some yonder angle of the night. Mullan's head jerked upward and Harriet Rand noticed an alert and squeezing care come to his features. A rider drifted forward, a long young man who swayed on the saddle and gave Brazil Mullan an amused smile. "At it again, Brazil?" he asked and rested both hands before him. He belonged on the horse, he was part of it. Sun had bleached his eyes a pale blue that showed bright in the lamplight and sun had turned his cheeks a dark, smooth bronze. He was silently laughing at Brazil Mullan, yet it was the kind of amusement that made Harriet tremble.

(Continued on page 47)





## Dusty Death

By  
**Thomas McMorrow**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

**He wasn't looking for murderers. But they were looking for him—and they didn't lose much time finding him**

**H**OW I came to meet up with the Dust People, I was down in the Carolinas looking into some claims for stolen cars. I'm an investigator for insurance underwriters.

It was funny about that batch of claims. They weren't made by the owners we insured but by their heirs and families, and all they could tell us about the cars was that they had disappeared somewhere in the Carolinas, and the owners with them. Well, we were holding the claims up till we knew more, and I was seeing what I could find out.

Do you know the eastern Carolinas? It was new country to me. I certainly saw woods. People that say most of the woods in this country are cut down are not talking about the Carolinas.

Pine! I drove all afternoon and was still in the pine, except it might be an acre or two every few miles. It's not a pretty country. Pine woods are dark any time, and when the country is flooded and you look back under the trees it does not look homey.

Well, I was driving along and I got to noticing these little clearings every few miles. They were taken up with

low, yellow hills maybe twenty feet high or so. I thought they were clay. And thinking of it later, I noticed the witch water was heavy on the road that afternoon.

The sun went down on me while I still had five miles ahead to the town where I wanted to talk to the state police. It grew black as sin under the pines but was still bright on the road. I was moving along at fifty miles when I saw a young lady in the road ahead of me.

She was facing me, giving me the once-over, I guess, and I was driving a snappy new sports roadster, as it happened. When I was almost up to her, she tumbles to the road, falls down. She lay there and I pulled up and got out, as you would.

She was groaning and I asked her what the matter was and could I help her and all like that and she said she'd been knocked down by a hit-and-run. I told her to get in my car and I'd take her into town, but she said she lived "up yonder," pointing to a dirt road that ran off through the pines, and would I take her home. Well, certainly, and I helped her into my car.

The young one went back and helped the old one. The old one cried like a cat, but it was all p

The dirt road was narrow and with swamp on both sides and I remember thinking I might have a little trouble getting the car out again, and that was once I was right.

I didn't observe the young lady particularly as my only idea was to get I could and get on my way, but I had an impression later that she was young and husky and good-looking and very clean and refined; dressed in men's shoes, and her hair like a nest. And I did remember she had like some outdoor animal, green and bright, such as you will see through in a zoo, not mean, but more unattractive. Well, she'd just been knocked down and might look a little wild and stary. And she had six fingers; and

We drove down this road a mile or into the pine.

**W**E CAME to one of these clearings with the yellow hills. She said where she lived, and I looked at the house in against these hills.

Now, it was getting twilight and I was only interested in getting going. I saw a one-story house with an eighty-foot front, and there was a window and a door. Through the window I could make out a big room and light was burning in back.

I gave them the horn but nobody came, not even dogs, and the young lady asked me to go knock on the door. So I got out.

The house was a little up on the hill and I started up for the door. The low ground felt like walking on a just outside the door it was piled high on both sides, three or four feet high. I stepped along, thinking of nothing much except that somebody would be home and help the young lady and could be on my way. And all of a sudden the ground gives 'way under me and down I go. The ground opened and swallowed me up.

I would not know how far I fell because it was such a surprise that I fell myself down under the ground. I was swallowed up, over my head, in soft stuff.

The stuff choked me, blinded me. I was drowning dry, there was a roaring in my ears; I'll tell you frankly, I'm on going to be closer to death once more all my life. But I am a long fellow, six foot three, and able to handle myself. I got my hands up through this soft stuff, clutching to try and grab something and haul out. I plowed my way trying to haul up, but the stuff held me in a grip all over. Well, I'm skinnier than a wire. I twisted like a worm, I worked with my feet and butted with my shoulders. Up there was the air. I just made it. The stuff seemed to be a little lighter and I could breathe a little and rest a little.

And then I came up like a man from the grave, head and arms, and there I stayed for a bit, coughing and sneezing and seeing only a blur out of my eyes. You know what the stuff was, don't you? It was sawdust. Those yellow hills were sawdust.

I could see the house, though it was good, and it wasn't where it belonged right in front of me, it was off to the side; unless I burrowed a long way under the dust. I gave a sneeze and wiped my eyes, and when I looked at it, I couldn't see the house where at all. My car was gone, too. I am telling you this thing just as it was, and there was a roaring in my ears as if the top of my head were coming

(Continued on page 55)



# ain efore even

John August

WRITTEN BY C. C. BEALL

## Sry Thus Far:

... fighting together on the Loyalist side in Spain, Caleb Thatcher, of Wallisport, Massachusetts, and Bert Hendricks also lost their lives when a fifth columnist, "Gabriel," betrays their unit to the enemy. Following the outbreak of the war in Europe, Caleb returns to Wallisport, where he meets Hope Shaler, who is engaged to Gabriel, whose machine-tool company is feverishly filling order for overseas. ... joining a labor union, Hendricks comes aboard. A few days later, one of Gabriel's factory buildings is burned. Whereupon, he accuses Hendricks of incendiarism. Caleb helps his friend to make his get-

... Gabriel, the widow of John's brother, is infatuated with Greg Ashburn, who, with a man known as "Sir Eric Bramm"—Heinemann!—has convinced Natalie that he is a British spy, whereas he is emulating the Nazis. Natalie passes on to him documents that Gabriel keeps under lock and key. ...

... is drowned—according to the popular opinion. But, having learned that Heinemann has come to Wallisport, Caleb feels sure he has been a victim of foul play. While attempting to find Heinemann, he asks Hope to help him. Ashburn promises to do his best. After which, Caleb disappears.

At this time, the realization has come to Caleb that she loves Caleb; and she has broken her engagement to John Gabriel. Worried that Caleb does not get in touch with her, she and two together—fragments of evidence which make a fairly clear picture of the situation; and, certain that Caleb is in the city, sets forth to find him. Meanwhile, Hope—who, conscience-stricken at last by the betrayal of John Gabriel (with whom she is in love), has gone to Ashburn's home to clear an important document she had hidden for the spy—encounters Heinemann. Heinemann does not hesitate—he pinions her behind her, slaps his hand over her mouth and shouts for Smurthwaite, Ashburn's

... kidnapped by Ashburn and Heinemann, in an attempt to kill him, Caleb is being held in a room near Ashburn's house. Hope succeeds in finding him. He is bound. Hope releases him. As she does so, a shot rings out. She kisses her. "Stay here," he says—and goes toward the house.

## Conclusion

... THAT John Gabriel had achieved his purpose was simplicity. He was in love. And leaving the house when he thought there was no longer, he understood that he was jealous too. Nothing was important.

... had endured suspense easily, up to dinnertime. The impact that gripped him was impatience. Natalie—it was not mingled with other emotion. The afternoon had passed that the whole basis of his life had changed, that he was an altogether different man from what he had thought. He realized that change must have been coming for a long time, however suddenly discovered. Up till today he had thought such a disclosure as Natalie's must have shattered a priggish, conventionally moral young man. It was not. After no more than a moment's reflection, there had been only anger because Natalie persisted in denying him the madness that she felt such grief for something that did not matter. Did not matter at all. For the blinding light that burst on him showed things as they were. All that mattered was that, at last, he understood himself and she answered his kiss.

... whatever quixotic guilt or contrition was making her raise a barrier between



Her hands gripped the window sill and her feet swung down till there was support beneath them

them was silly—and cruel. He knew exultingly that it was as cruel to her as it was to him. ... He dressed for dinner with minute care; that formality, he told himself, was all that remained of the conventional John Gabriel. The new John Gabriel was the man who was remembering. And who was anticipating.

Whatever painful and preposterous effort she was making to degrade herself in his eyes was not finished—she did not come back for dinner. He contrived to seem self-possessed, talking with his frail, distinguished father—who could never understand Natalie's conflict as John did and so must never know it. Afterward they sat in the library, where John was rapt with the memory of

what had happened here. Here a few hours ago he had forced the miraculous truth from her. Here a few nights ago he had kissed her for the first time—how soft her body through that fragile robe! Here, with Natalie gone, he must now talk attentively with the old general.

It was about eight-thirty when the telephone rang. He snatched it up and he, and the butler, at an extension, said "Yes?" simultaneously. No one answered. He said, "Yes? ... Hello. ... Natalie!" several times, with increasing urgency, but there was no answer. She had called him—and then thought better of it.

With that, the agony began. It was barely tolerable till his father retired,

then it was intolerable, for he had to face a simple fact. Whatever errand she had gone on, whatever penitence was in it, whatever she meant by saying she must make him despise her—it must involve Greg Ashburn. The world had narrowed till it held just three people, and one of them was Ashburn. So for something under an hour John Gabriel sat in his library and realized that Natalie was with Ashburn, who up to two weeks ago, she said, had been her lover.

While the slow moments dragged, the world, made simple that afternoon, got simpler still. Till there was only one thing left. Till he found himself on his feet and heard his own voice say with ineffable derision, "And you let her go!"

(Continued on page 33)

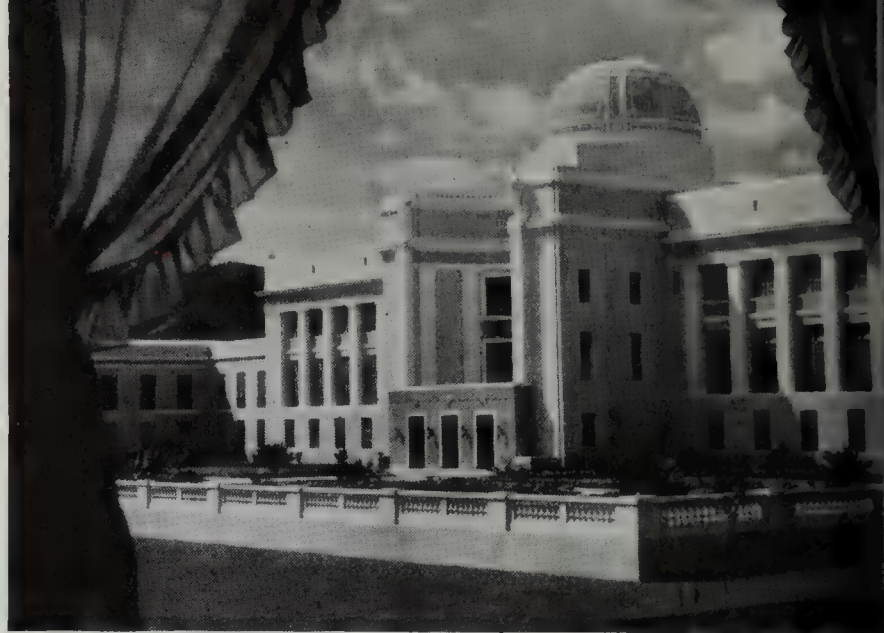


# End of a Dream

By Jim Marshall

The Philippine dream of independence fades as Japan and her navy eye the rich, orphaned Dutch East Indies. Practical Filipino politicians aren't deluded about their chances for survival if the United States turns the islands loose

Much of the Philippine revenue has been used by politicians for public buildings. Right, the provincial capitol on Cebu Island



The Dutch East Indian navy is small, but it will fight Japan if necessary. Above, its flagship, the cruiser De Ruyler

SOME time soon, there will come a faint tapping at Uncle Sam's front door. That will be the Filipino nation, wanting to know if it will be all right to come back under old Mr. Whiskers' roof and settle down as one of the family, instead of helling off like Little Red Riding Hood in a world full of wolves.

For a couple of years now it has been a good bet that the Filipinos would, in the end, decide a junior partnership in the United States was better—and considerably safer—than the complete independence the islands are scheduled to achieve on July 4, 1946. But what happened in Europe this summer made it practically inevitable.

This, oddly enough, brings us right into a sunlit harbor on the east coast of Borneo, facing Macassar Strait, and a place called Balikpapan, of which few Americans ever heard. Balikpapan is where the pipe lines come down to the sea from the Dutch oil fields. Trim Dutch tankers slide in riding high, fill up and slide out, deep-laden. Dutch freighters and liners running between Java and Manila stop to tank up.

Going into Balikpapan you zigzag

through a mine field. Up in the air, above the oil tanks and refineries, are hidden batteries of coast-defense guns. Not far away—at Soerabaja and Batavia—is the Dutch East Indian navy's headquarters. It has half a dozen small, fast cruisers, a half dozen destroyers, two dozen submarines, a dozen modern bombers and a few mine layers, their decks chock-loose with black eggs.

Today, five nations are intensely interested in Balikpapan: The Dutch, because they own it and intend to keep it; the Americans, because the Secretary of State Hull has more guaranteed Dutch ownership; the Japanese, because their navy wants Balikpapan the worst way, as a fuel base; the British, because an anese base there would menace their own bases at Singapore and Hong Kong. And finally, the Filipino nation, because with Japanese bases on Formosa, north, and in Borneo to the south, it knows full well that its independence would last only until the Japanese are around to absorbing the Philippines the empire.

Off the Asian coast lie twenty sand islands. In the north, they are Japanese. Then come the Philippines. South of these are the East Indies, mainly Dutch, although the British parts of Borneo and New Guinea are between Japanese, American and British Dutch possessions are only narrow channels.

There is practically no oil in Java, very little, apparently, in the Philippines; plenty in Borneo and more in New Guinea, which hasn't been thoroughly prospected yet.

Control of Balikpapan, Borneo's oil port in the Dutch East Indies, would give Japan a naval base that would make Philippine defense impossible. Dotted line shows Manila is about equidistant between Japan and Singapore, from which base our Navy could defend the Philippines





The oil port of Balikpapan, richest prize of the Dutch colonial empire, would be extremely valuable to the Japanese navy both as a naval base adjacent to the Philippines and a source of oil supplies. Balikpapan is the terminus of the pipe lines from Borneo oil fields

GENDREAU

Hitler drove northward through  
ark and into Norway and invaded  
he gave Japan an opportunity  
rt a claim to the Dutch East In-  
neaning mainly Borneo and New  
a, the two oil-producing islands.  
d, after being invaded, said the  
Indian islands were capable of  
ing themselves independently,  
f Hitler conquered Holland per-  
tly. Down in Batavia, in Java,  
ronized Dutch colonials told your  
er they proposed to maintain their  
ndence and fight Japan, if neces-

ut this time, you remember, the  
d States issued a statement to the  
al effect that she was on Holland's  
own in DEI. The Dutch down  
said thanks a lot, but we think we  
andle Japan without help, for ■  
anyway.

s American offer was the result  
announcement by the Japanese  
through Foreign Minister Arita,  
Japan proposed to "preserve the  
quo in the Dutch East Indies."  
reserving the *status quo*" in this  
meant the taking over of the DEI,  
e Japanese navy. It was this ap-  
t inability to translate Latin  
es that called forth from our Mr.  
ll Hull the mild announcement  
ve too were going to preserve the  
quo in DEI—and the Japanese  
better look up what *status quo*  
t. The reason for our interest, of  
e, is that Japanese bases on For-  
in the Carolines (near Guam),  
at Balikpapan would cut the  
ican-British-Dutch defense line  
now protects not only the Phil-

ippines, but the DEI and Australia and  
New Zealand.

This brings us, in a roundabout sort  
of way, to the fact that when Hitler  
marched north he practically ended the  
Filipino dream of complete independ-  
ence six years from now. Every Fili-  
pino, from Don Manuel Luis Quezon, *el*  
*presidente*, down to the lowliest *tao* be-  
hind his *carabao* in the paddies, real-  
ized that the Philippines—abandoned  
by old Mr. Whiskers and his nice shiny  
Navy, would be merely an overnight  
stop on Japan's southward march.

A few Filipinos, immune to the facts  
of life, still thought they could have  
independence without responsibility  
and that the United States would do  
their fighting for them after 1946—but  
the majority had no such illusions.

#### No Wonder They're Bewildered

Don Manuel, ■ practical if somewhat  
impulsive little dictator, is frankly  
skeptical of the islands' ability to stem  
a Japanese invasion. He recently told  
graduates of the Philippine Normal  
School that an independent republic on  
the eastern edge of Asia couldn't de-  
fend itself, and couldn't possibly build  
up an efficient defense for some decades.  
He added that the islands could be safe  
from attack under the American flag—  
and then, remembering suddenly that he  
was the Number One Champion of In-  
dependence, added that he didn't favor  
remaining under the flag.

This slightly bewildered the gradu-  
ates and the rest of the Filipino people,  
who construed the speech as meaning  
the islands would haul down the Stars

and Stripes, be an independent republic  
for ten or fifteen minutes and there-  
after become part of Dai Nippon. The  
main result was to crystallize a senti-  
ment that had been building up for  
some time: The idea that the whole  
independence question ought to be re-  
opened, considered in the light of re-  
cent events and a new setup invented.

Nobody knows what cost the Japa-  
nese navy might think worth paying to  
open the road southward. Cost count-  
ing and profit taking don't seem to en-  
ter much into Nippon's empire-building  
plans. For example, even if they cap-  
tured Borneo, the Dutch would—and  
could—destroy every refinery, drain  
the tanks, dynamite the oil wells, wreck  
the whole oil plant. The Japanese are  
not good oil technicians; it would take  
them months—maybe years—to get the  
layout into production again. But they  
seem to have ignored this in their plans.

Incidentally, of course, we have a  
stake in the DEI oil business. We have  
sixty per cent of the concession in New  
Guinea, with the Dutch and English  
splitting the rest; we have "interests" in  
Borneo and Sumatra. . . . But naturally  
this wouldn't affect our desire to main-  
tain the *status quo*.

Or would it?

The DEI flurry brought to a head the  
growing feeling in the Philippines that,  
for the present and near future, inde-  
pendence is just ■ grand, vague idea—  
and that some sort of alliance with the  
United States, and that comforting  
Navy, is a sound, practical plan. Cling-  
ing, verbally at any rate, to the freedom  
theory, were *el presidente* and most  
Filipino politicians.

On the other side were lined up nearly  
all Filipino and American businessmen,  
the sugar interests and some down-to-  
earth legislators. Their arguments were  
that "independence" could result only  
in the islands becoming ■ Japanese col-  
ony and that if, by some miracle, this  
didn't happen, the islands would be  
ruined economically.

#### It's the Filipinos' Play

What is now going on is a poker game,  
with each side waiting for the other to  
bid. Quezon and the Nationalists,  
though most of them know independ-  
ence is dangerous, feel they cannot  
make the first move for a new setup.  
They want our Congress to make the  
suggestion. On the other hand, the feel-  
ing in Congress is that, having given the  
islands the freedom for which they  
shouted so long, the play is now up to  
the Filipinos.

There are also American business and  
the American farmer. Between them  
they sell the Filipinos one hundred mil-  
lion dollars' worth of their products  
every year—one hundred boxcarsful  
every day. Forty years ago the Fili-  
pinos spent fifty cents each with us each  
year; now they're spending nearly six  
dollars each.

Have a look at what the boys and  
girls have been doing since 1936 when  
the "transition period" started. At that  
time there was a cash balance of \$17,-  
500,000 in the treasury; we handed it  
to *el presidente* and his legislature.  
Since then, we have given the islands  
refunds on coconut-oil excise taxes and

(Continued on page 32)





John had installed them. Good machinery and apparatus were personal to him

# The Alarm Clock

By Mark Saxton

JOHN ACKER quit work ten minutes early and left the lab. He didn't want to go to the apartment. He hadn't been there since the night Sue told him she was going to Reno and hadn't been able to tell him why. He still didn't know and he didn't like to think about it.

John walked slowly as he came near the building. He nodded to the doorman and stepped into the elevator. On the way up he reached into his pocket, and by the time the elevator stopped he had the key in his hand. It always took him just that long to get out his key.

He closed the apartment door behind him and went into the dim room.

When he pulled up the Venetian blind on the west window, Sue's square wooden clock on the desk said five minutes after one. The ships were still sailing across the blue water painted on the glass door below the dial. He felt lost; the clock stood for so many things. Involuntarily, John looked across at the electric clock on the mantel.

"Still going," he said aloud, and pulled out his watch. "Twenty seconds fast in a month."

Sue's clock never had kept good time even when she wound it. A few days after they moved in John asked her if she wouldn't rather have the radio on the desk and move her clock to the

kitchen. She looked at him as though she hadn't understood him and then said no, she'd like to leave it where it was. The same thing happened with the two plain, high-backed rocking chairs by the window. When he bought the new furniture suite for the living room, John suggested moving them out.

John ran his hand along the arm of the couch. It was chromium. He looked at his fingers; there was some dust but not much. He crossed the room and turned on the radio. Nothing happened. Then he reached around the side of the cabinet and threw the switch that cut in the regular radio circuit. As soon as he saw the light on the dial, he turned

the radio off. The wiring was in the bedroom.

Because the clock on the mantel was running and because the wiring was still there, John felt comfortable. He had installed them and they were dependable. Good machinery and good apparatus were personal to him; he felt friendly to them.

John put in the extra switch as he bought the radio. He wired to the alarm clock in the bedroom every morning at seven-thirty that went on automatically. John had the alarm out of the clock when he found a program that started with the alarm going off and then played the radio. He had always dialed the radio station on the remote-control turn before he went to sleep. Sue's radio alarm was a good idea.

John reached into his pocket for two lists Sue had sent him from Reno. One list gave the things of her he wanted stored and the other gave the clothes she wanted John to pack for her.

John checked the first list again for the furniture in the living room and then walked out to the kitchen. In the kitchen he threw another switch.

The swinging door into the kitchen opened in front of him as his legs touched the beam of the photoelectric cell. The cell had been more than worth the money; it took him to install it. Sue had never got quite used to it, but it had saved her endless trouble. She had been able to carry plates and food in a basket of the kitchen without having to push the door open.

John went into the bedroom to check the second list. The two beds were made and the lamp was on the table between them. But not the alarm clock. The soul of the place wasn't visible anywhere. Its absence made John feel uncomfortable again. What could have happened to it?

He went to the window, raised the latch, and heard the latch click. He pushed the catch. The window came slowly open.

That had needed a bit of doing. He had taken out the sash weight and put in the catch to hold the window open. The catch had been rigged for the alarm clock, now missing, so that the radio went on in the morning when the window closed by itself, and the room had a few minutes to warm before he got up. John had been working on the idea for automatically closing the window during thunderstorms, but he had no time to work it out.

The light in the closet went on when he opened the door. It had been easy to put in. This closet was Sue's. It was so full of her that for a moment John couldn't believe she wasn't in the apartment. Four dresses were on hangers. He remembered specific times when she had worn each of them, things she had done. He reached and felt the sleeve of the green one. They had been crossing Fifth Avenue and Sue had looked up at him and put her hand on his. She had said, "It's nice out, John. I don't go home yet." The cloth was smooth and soft under his fingers.

If she had only told him why she was leaving him, he wouldn't have been quite so hard. When he had asked her she was sitting at the desk with her hands in her hands. She looked at him, shook her head and said there was no reason she could give.

John closed the closet door and turned to the bureau. Whenever Sue closed that door, she always started to open it again to see if the light had gone out. Her picture was gone from the bureau, but the silver-backed brush were still there. He picked one of them up. Behind it on the runner were the remains of the alarm clock. It had been beaten and pounded with a hammer.

John took it and ran his fingers over the dents. "Why did she do that?"



# The Winner - FAMINE

By Walter Davenport

Here for the first time are the hard facts on the coming famine in Europe—what crops are growing and where, how much meat is still on the hoof, and how many mouths these must feed

NE followed Hitler through Europe. One by one, as nations fell, he sent his man-reaper, conquered, and sat down to starve. This winter will eat the wheat of France and the Danube, the cattle of Scandinavia, the pork of the Low Countries. Her doors millions of her human may die the most horrible death

and may survive the German terror. In any rate her western gates are closed. Her government can flee to colonies. Her children may be shipped off to North America or New Zealand and Australia where starvation await them nor famine follow. The colonies and the United States can help. The British navy may patrol the Atlantic, blockading Hitler from beyond the seas. Similarly it will deny bread and meat to Belgium, France, Norway and beaten beyond. But the victor shall not win. Neither will Italy. She will get Germany gives her as her reward a brief season of cautious combat. Have the story from the files of J. Edgar Hoover, former President of the United States. He fed Belgium after the first World War. He led a mercy crusade to Finland after Helsinki surrendered to Moscow last March. A director and high mind of the Polish relief. And he's trying to help Belgium again. When Belgium surrendered Germany in May she had food enough for a few days.

There is nothing emotional in the facts, although horror is their theme. Before Germany invaded Poland in September, Europe knew that her peasants were poor. Had Germany, England and France consulted together to plan a year for war that would have ended a punishing peace they could

not have done better. Poland was invaded as the farmer was sowing his winter wheat. Germany's potato crop was being ravaged by that voracious pest without a country, the Colorado Beetle. Drought had withered the fodder fields of Scandinavia and Holland and their herds of beef cattle had dwindled. They imported fodder but sources were reluctant. Even as England and France declared war upon Germany, Europe's farm economists reported that the Continent's crops of wheat would be anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent below normal. Last winter was yet to come.

## Danubia Can Starve

Winter brought the bitterest cold that Europe had felt for years, the deepest frosts, the vastest blights of ice. And while Hitler bided his hour and the Allies cozened themselves with the thought that he didn't dare strike, food hopes died in the ground. Spring came late and cold. Belated frosts killed successive plantings. England made overtures to the wheat growers of Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, thinking thus to make them her allies and ignoring as something that would always be hers Canada's 300,000,000 stored bushels and Australia's 125,000,000. But Germany's Or Else diplomacy won the Danubian granary and this winter she'll make the most of the dismal fact that whereas normally that fecund sector provides about sixty per cent of the bread requirements of North Central Europe and the western occupied countries, this year it will be different. The Danubian yield is off a third, is not expected to exceed 3,540,000 tons, and Adolf Hitler's Reich will eat almost all of it. Danubia can starve in the shadow of her own bursting grain eleva-



EUROPEAN

**Conquerors eat first and non-combatants get what's left—if any. These are German troops lined up at a field kitchen at what was their western front. Below, Rumanian peasants, despite rich harvests of grain, starve in the midst of plenty**

tors or beg from her knees for a loaf of her own bread.

What sick Nature hadn't done to Europe's grain and cattle, fruits and hogs, iron heels and steel wheels did. Armies leave nothing in their wakes except people and poverty. What marching men don't devour as they go, they destroy. Even the deep-delving Hoover records cannot estimate how many food animals died in Hitler's fire. And nobody knows how many hundred thousands of tons of grain and meat were destroyed by terrified farmers before they fled with their soldiers before the German wrath.

That's the picture you see in the Hoover files. No pretty phrases nor wishful thoughts are going to mellow it. There's nothing so drear as lost harvest hopes. The picture is painted in black-and-white statistics and tells you that at best, in normal days, Europe could not feed herself.

## They've Always Needed Help

There's the fundamental table, for example, which shows you in percentages the self-sufficiency in foodstuffs in normal crop years of the various nations.

For example, Great Britain is only twenty-five per cent self-sustaining. Remember that we're talking about food. Norway is only forty-three per cent, Belgium fifty-one, the Netherlands sixty-seven, Finland seventy-eight, Germany (prewar) eighty-three, France (prewar) eighty-three, Sweden ninety-one, Italy ninety-five, Poland (prewar) a hundred and five, Bulgaria a hundred and nine, Rumania a hundred and ten, Russia a hundred and one.

These are samples and can be mis-  
(Continued on page 38)





# Childhood of Miss Churt

By F. R. Buckley

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

What if she has only eight lives left to give for her country? The one she has lost was dearly bought



MISS CHURT—British, like one else aboard the Malvern, sat on the storm sill of the Atlantic and with glazed eyes surveyed the North Atlantic.

Miss Churt was meditating on the rump steak the cook had given her. "Eat it up, Kitty; good!" she had said, and Miss Churt had accepted the suggestion.

Now—although the steak had been delicious—Miss Churt was experiencing certain qualms; a sensation, as if cannon balls in the midriff, had been put there.

Miss Churt decided that she would get a little fresh air and drop in on her friend Mr. Wharton.

She dropped from her perch a few feet at its meridian height, walked steadily toward the cuddy stairs.

THE Malvern was moving unsteadily also, and likewise because of the feeling in the midriff; caused by the cannon balls but by much more by the munitions of war. Never on very bad terms with her rudder, she had never been shelled and be-packing-cased by an airplane-parted until she would soon go anywhere as anywhere else, and was constantly trying to do so.

In a room on the boat deck, the first officer and the chief engineer were discussing this phenomenon and other related to the comfort and well-being of the ship's company. Mr. McIvor, who was naturally the engineer, had been in New York and was absorbing lessons from Mr. Wharton.

"He's a kind of mixed product of the flu and the board room," said the first mate, alluding to his captain. "Well, you saw him."

"I saw something," said Mr. McIvor cautiously.

"That'd be him. Chairman's nose on the beach for years; war comes along—old Stokes gets flu—hand o' providence—an' here I am sayin' 'Ay ay ay sir!' to that. If he'd got eyelashes I wouldn't mind it so much, but—"

Mr. McIvor nodded, and his upper lip said, "Cluck, cluck."

"Have any trouble comin' over?"

"Subs, you mean? Naw. Well, sweetheart! Hello! Come to see Papa."

Mr. McIvor, thunderstruck, made an instinctive motion to smooth his hair but it was only Miss Churt. Mr. Wharton went over, picked her up out of the aperture of the hooked door and let her sit down again on his berth spread with a month-old newspaper carefully on the carpet. The page uppermost bore a picture of Lady Somebody's wedding to Captain Gossakes-Whosis of the guards; Mr. Wharton, bending with his back to the wall, surveyed Miss Churt sprawled over his palm, surveyed orange blossoms, smiles, teeth, the arch of swords with a nitric eye.

"There, sweetheart," he said, putting Miss Churt down on them.

"You a morried mon?" asked Mr. McIvor.

"Nah. But I will be. That's how it is."

The engineer rolled an eye at the picture on the bureau.

"Nice gurrul."

"You said it. Canon Hobson and I speakin' of cannon, have you seen 4.7 on the poop deck?"

"To my grief. But what's this?"

Mr. McIvor, whose intake of personal news was disproportionate to his position, put, "about a canon? The young lieutenant no got a smash on um?"

"On old Hobson? Not that kind," said Mr. Wharton; and his look told Mr. McIvor whether he should

Miss Churt ran away now, her ears cocked for the sound of belching footsteps pursuing. And they came



asld. "Fact is—that's a good sweetheart! Come to Poppa! 'At's ie!" e sem fond o' yon kitten." m ad about her. And she's just abot Harry, aren't you, pet?" ss hurt licked a gnarled and ed and. It tasted something like um steak, flavored with tar, salt, and Mallinson's Wonder Oint- for superficial cuts and bruises. . . herwhaur does this canon come

ll to girls round our way in Liver- arenad about him. See—he had all a Sunday school; children's alild, he called it; us boys got ater we'd been confirmed, of at you can believe it or not, I've on the swearer I ought to have." nced that when we was warpin' stream," said Mr. McIvor. "I h' maybe ye was a nance."

ullen squeezing of Miss Churt's eyed a mew. d hurt ums bellah?" asked Mr. rto. "Dere. Snuzzle down, a good e; ch a full ickle tummy . . . Ho, di hah?"

In we met," said Mr. McIvor in e. But—he canna be a young mon, paon?"

ANN," said Mr. Wharton. "Naw, arhe's no beauty neither. But he's bes knees so far's Annie's con- dan' she's goin' to be married by onobody, so so far it's been no- n' now they go an' put this -viskered nincompoop in over my

At's it matter who morries ye? It s longer than havin' a tooth out." d doesn't it? That's where you yur tow. Old Hobson's strong for al and all that; and that means s' orange flowers for Annie an' a he an' tails for me."

It not in wartime!" do you know?" go," said Mr. McIvor after re- id "an' see the old mon an' say sh to um."

Ye would not," said Mr. Wharton d "not if you saw him. He's only ative foot six, but I've seen him r stevedore with one look—cold rin' askin' for coffee. He's got one ne kissers you carve out o' granite a road drill. Looks something like

h chief engineer considered this dly, and put his glass down. eel," he said, rising. "It's the wull h, I suppwse, that some of us u be morried an' hae bairns, while r lovish their possions on tobbys. Guid nicht, Mr. Wharton."

he doorway he turned to see the s of this Glaswegian bomb. Miss who had been awakened by hing that felt like an earth tremor, d at him and went to sleep again. e've naval ratings aboard to work un?" McIvor asked, to cover his morbid curiosity.

e have," said Mr. Wharton, "an' body asks you who's in command t gun crew, it's me. Naval re-

ou bein' in turn commanded by in Timbs. Weel—guid nicht." ou heard about that timber ship r torpedoed?" Wharton asked. o. What was that?"

n, just that they thought she n't have sunk properly, an' be ct hereabouts. Timbs has been in' everybody bar Churchill an' dent Roosevelt, but nobody's her. Dark night, too. Well—pleas- dreams."

certain pensiveness marked Mr. or's departure but the first mate ed to feel better.

extracted Miss Churt gently from and of nod, held her up with fore-



"Forgotten something?" said Mr. Wharton. "I've left my cat behind." From the bow came a chuckle

legs dangling, treated her to a gigantic smile and kissed her unhygienically on the nose.

"Azza booful girlie!" said Mr. Wharton. "You like Poppa go home to his other girl an' get married, please, an' zen you have lovely house an' garden to scratch in?"

Miss Churt was exceedingly drowsy; moreover that rump steak seemed still to be clogging her articulation. She opened her pink mouth, but no sound issued.

"I'll bet you," said Mr. Wharton. "And that reminds me—"

He had just risen to pick up the newspaper with the wedding on it when from for'ard, out in the starry dark, there came a thunderous crash.

The Malvern stopped in her tracks like a dowager smitten in the breadbasket.

Simultaneously, the lights went out.

It was, of course, that derelict, floating bottom up at what the French so prettily call the flower of the water, or, in Anglo-Saxon sea talk, awash.

Having accomplished the destiny given her by those heavenly lights overhead—Neptune afflicted by Mars, perhaps; who knows?—and buckled the Malvern's blunt bows backward like the bellows of a concertina, the timber ship rolled, spewed a few hundred thousand board feet from a new gash and sank; while down behind the forepeak of the Malvern, Mr. Wharton and a number of nearly naked shipmates strove to save their tub from doing likewise.

IT WAS a question of strengthening a bulkhead, and strengthening bulkheads is uneasy work in the pitch dark.

It was an hour before Mr. McIvor and his horde got the uprooted dynamo go-

ing again; and then what was revealed by hand lights led into the hold was the reverse of encouraging.

Not only was the bulkhead spouting water through the holes of deracinated rivets; it was bulging bodily and visibly inward, so that it was obvious that no time remained for carpenter work and fancy shoring.

Mr. Wharton's eyes, under a mop of embattled hair, shuttled desperately about the hold. The port and starboard sides were solid-packed with minor munitions, forming admirable buttresses for the wings of the forward wall. But in the midst stood two cases that had taxed the stevedores; they were large and heavy enough to have contained whippet tanks, and the Malvern's notorious instability had caused them to be stowed well aft of the bulkhead.

The space between was filled with (Continued on page 53)



# Leave the Lady Be

By Frank Condon

Jean Arthur detests press agents and interviewers. So Gate-Crasher Condon decided to interview her to find out why



MISS JEAN ARTHUR has a nice voice and I am a fan for a beautiful young woman with a nice voice, especially if it is low and sort of lilting. I have returned from Tucson, Arizona, where I had a good chance to hear her in the rear of a tin garage, with a machine blowing, and I will tell you voice comes spang up to all sorts of conditions, hints and rumors. The reason Jean Arthur makes when talking is that you don't care a hang what she is saying about and are content to be lulled.

Regarding the trip to Arizona, there were a few ominous preliminaries that were explained, with some of them that Jean Arthur avoided no men, press agents, lady interviewers and any person carrying a sheaf of low paper in a side pocket. It was said she had a poor opinion of all interviewers, who are apparently people who do not listen carefully to what a person says and then write something.

There was a slight chill of the air in the Tucson air, which could be a little chilling, as it was other than 100 degrees in the sun, 100 in the shade. Even her own press department was a little scholarly lads from Columbia who spoke of her remotely as Miss Arthur and she was said to address them as Mister Wiles, causing him some uneasiness. I suggested to Lou Spence that he had bounced all the way over on a midnight plane: "Maybe we better wait around and go on home."

Well, I'll never understand the reason of it, because, as I say, I sat in a tin garage and Jean sat opposite me on a wet hospital cot, for which she had actually paid \$1.39, and we got along. The garage was part of the set and the trailer was backed into it and they shot a blast of air over the whole thing. We talked for two hours about pictures, actors, people, the war, and myself, pictures, actresses, people, the supreme efficiency of the war, and about her, the war and why she likes to pose in the studio for pictures, holding a bottle of catsup. She hates to sit anywhere for still pictures and studios must have still pictures.

I said: "What do you do about still pictures?" She said: "I don't go."

Meanwhile, the air machine continued to mure steadily, and after a long time the publicity staff figured they would investigate and see if anything had happened to me in the meantime. Miss Arthur was clad in an ivory white, with lace, two scuffed-looking shoes and a bride's veil, which she presented on a horseshoe.

## Tucson's Ready for War

Tucson in June is one of the hottest hot spots, although the residents appear not to notice the heat. The houses and homes are equipped with air-conditioning machines that work all right but make alarming noises, and you buy a cooler-box starting as low as \$10 dollars, so even the Indians have cooled tepees. Tucson lies a few miles north of the border of (one word) and enemy bombers could drop their eggs on Tucson within twenty minutes. It is close. Tucson gave this some thought, and with the help of Columbia Pictures it is now the only camouflage city in America and ready for war. It did, along with Columbia, was to another Tucson, a phony Tucson, seventeen miles due south of itself. In case of military activity the boys are expected to leave (same word) and fly north and mistakenly drop their bombs on the imitation Tucson.

(Continued on page 50)



# 'Cross Town *and* .....



# 'Cross Country



## TRY THIS YOURSELF.

Of all the trucks you see on city streets and country roads, notice how many of them are Internationals. And when you know the figures you won't be surprised.

*For nine straight years more heavy-duty Internationals have been bought than any other make.*

There's a very good reason for this year-after-year preference of truckmen who know their business—Internationals give them the best all-around performance, economy, and hauling satisfaction their money can buy.

For the 'cross-town hauler Internationals meet the exacting requirements of multi-stop delivery at

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# lady appreciates...

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*originators of REGISTERED REST ROOMS*

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D.T., 8:00 E. S.T., 8:00 C. D.T., 7:00 C. S.T., 6:00 M. S.T., 5:00 P. S.T.

Texaco "White Patrol" inspection cars, like the one shown below, guard *Registered Rest Rooms*. Many inspectors have first-aid training and carry first-aid equipment.





## The Golden Horse

Continued from page 12

# The Real McCoy for good smoking

**BENNY McCoy**  
\$45,000  
2nd-sacker,  
Philadelphia  
Athletics



There's a triple play in every tin of Velvet... it tastes right in a cigarette... it smokes cool in a pipe... bite is O-U-T! Made from maple-flavored Burley, aged two years or more in wood... it rolls a better cigarette and packs easy in a pipe.

# Velvet

*the Right Word  
for Smooth Smoking*  
**MILD and COOL**  
**Positively NO "BITE"**

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LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

This may seem like splitting hairs, but it is not trivial to the folk who are heart and soul for the Palomino. The record is pretty clear that golden horses were plentiful until the Arabs discovered that a warrior riding a Palomino was about as safe as a belted burglar. The Arabs deliberately bred the golden color out of their horses by getting rid of the Palomino colts and keeping only the darker animals or the pure whites, whose very lack of color blended into the horizon.

Though this had gone on for fifteen centuries, which is a long time in horse language, when the Moors invaded Spain, bringing their Barbs of Arabian lineage with them, the mares still dropped an occasional Palomino colt. The gold-loving Spaniards regarded these as gifts from Heaven. Among them the rare Palominos were rated as badges of royalty. The Spaniards called them "The Ysabellas," after the great queen who drove out the Moors and launched Spain on her era of conquest.

### A Mate for Blondie

It is a matter of record, says Mr. Halliday, that though there were only a few score golden horses in Spain at the time, Queen Isabella sent a Palomino stallion and five mares to her viceroy in New Spain, which is to say Mexico, to perpetuate the golden horse in the New World. From this nucleus, the blood spread to the Texas plains, and from Texas it came to California. In the notable trek of the de Anza party from Mexico across the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona to California to colonize the San Francisco Bay region for Spain, there was a doughty caballero named Juan Palamia who rode a golden stallion. It is probable that the name Palomino, distinctly of California origin, springs from Palamia's stallion.

The Spaniards released a number of horses in the California valleys and allowed them to propagate in their wild state. Before long, the wild herds were numbered in the tens of thousands, particularly in the San Joaquin Valley. The occasional Palomino colt found in these wild herds was sought out in annual forays by hard-riding young bloods.

As a matter of fact, Palominos were so highly prized that it was the unwritten law among Californios that they could not be sold. A caballero could give a Palomino to another caballero as a gracious gift ranking next to the gift of his daughter in marriage. But no hidalgo would think of buying or selling a golden horse.

Although the hidalgo who lacked a Palomino to ride in the fiestas was considered practically on foot, the easy-going Californios made no effort to breed golden horses scientifically. In fact, they wanted good wagon and plow horses so they crossed the sleek, fleet, graceful riding horses of the early Californians with draft horses of European stock.

Yet in spite of these overwhelming odds, an occasional golden horse of good conformation turned up in the herds on the Western ranches, and in Texas, where a similar evolution almost wiped out the Palomino. Wherever cowboys gathered, tales were told of the legendary feats of riding and roping possible with Palominos. Members of sheriffs' posses in the Western country readily hocked everything but their six-shooters to buy the rare horses of golden hue to ride in parades and fiestas.

The only breeder who has set the strain so far is Dwight Murphy, whose

Rancho San Fernando Rey is a thousand-acre pastoral paradise, stretching across the oak-studded Santa Valley, forty miles north of Santa Barbara. It is the last remnant of the Rancho San Marcos on which the people of Santa Barbara Mission raised cattle and horses.

Mr. Murphy first came west in 1880 as a young fellow seeking health instead of loafing in the Santa Barbara sunshine, he joined the U. S. Forest Service and, being single, was around from lookout to lookout, pinch hitter for the regular foresters when the regulars took vacations. He fought fires, rode ranges, slept in the doors every night for three years, gained his health, fell in love with a Santa Barbara girl. She thought he was marrying a humble ranger, but he covered when they returned to the burgh to see the folks that her husband was one of the richest young men in the country, one of the heirs to a great way-equipment fortune.

His heart and hers still being bated in the Santa Barbara hills, Dwight Murphy sold out as soon as he could and came west to stay. He bought the Rancho Los Prietos in Santa Ynez Valley and acquired a riding horse named "Indie." Desiring another golden horse, Blondie's mate, Mr. Murphy rode all over California seeking another Palomino. He returned from the excursion without one because there were no Palominos for sale.

"All right, I'll raise some Palominos," said Mr. Murphy.

The decision launched him on a career that has consumed a good deal of his life for the last twenty years. He came to Texas, returned with a load of Palomino mares. Through centuries of running wild, the Texas ponies had bred themselves smaller and lighter than the horses the Californians liked.

But the colts were everything but Palominos. They included bays and grays and some were albinos with red eyes. The next year's crop was equally disappointing, and it dawned on Mr. Murphy that he had made a false start. Later he learned that most of the Palomino breeders did this, too.

He talked with geneticists and one of them suggested that he inbreed for a time between Palominos.

This experiment, at first, looked promising. Then the colts took a turn for the worse, and after wasting several years trying to breed Palominos scientifically and scientifically, Mr. Murphy was back exactly where he started. Comparing his results with other breeders, he learned, as they had, that Palominos were as elusive as the wind o'-the-wisp.

### Every Man a Don

By this time, Dwight Murphy decided to build Palomino stock from the Arabian strain. He bought a great Arabian stallion, Swedish King, from the famous Lucky Baldwin stables. This time he was with him. Bred to light Palomino and Barb mares, Swedish King sired a number of promising colts with a golden tinge in their kinky, cream-colored coats. One of them as he grew older, grew more golden. He was Del Rey, rated the first bred-to-order Palomino in Mr. Murphy stables. Now nineteen years old, Del Rey is the retired patriarch of the rancho.

In his prime, Del Rey sired El Rey los Reyes, which Mr. Murphy named "The King of Kings" because the c



g w into a young stallion, demon-  
ted that he had everything for which  
om o fanciers had prayed. His coat  
luscious light golden hue, with plati-  
n and mane and tail. He has the  
cat head of the Arabian, the dark,  
light eyes, the crested neck, the  
les, the good manners and easy  
of parade horse. More important  
he was able to perpetuate his quali-  
ties most of his progeny. Among  
the Conejo and Hijo del Rey, the  
almost a spitting image of his

not a decade ago, Mr. Murphy in-  
the Santa Barbarans to revive the  
Spanish Days Fiesta and don be-  
sombros, tight black pants  
and stripes, gay sashes, whiskers,  
on. The women dressed in gay  
and the big occasion was the Pa-  
which everyone rode his best  
preferably a Palomino, which in  
akes every man a Don.

first year the Santa Barbarans  
skeptical that Don Dwight  
had to send down to Hollywood  
umes and hire cowboys to bring  
galia and ride, cutting \$10,000  
his own bank roll to put the show  
se. But after that first year, the  
ame in droves, bringing their  
urs, their horses, and their silver-  
and saddles with them. This Au-  
ere'll be a thousand horses in the

#### Stall and Bath

Murphy, the Irishman from Pitts-  
has succeeded in rekindling the  
Spanish Californian enthusiasm  
horses to ride in the Rose Bowl  
in Pasadena on New Year's Day,  
Sinas Rodeo cavalcade and others  
California's endless round of fiestas.  
body in any parade craves to ride  
amino, because the golden horses  
ably steal the show. The Califor-  
have managed to round up per-  
three hundred bona fide Palominos  
state, about as many, Mr. Dick  
ay estimates, as there are in  
Together, Colorado, Oklahoma,  
aska, Oregon, Arizona and New  
to have enough more to bring the  
y's Palomino population up to  
as a thousand head.

is not so many golden horses, but  
ering that a few years ago the  
seemed doomed to oblivion, it is  
azing comeback. Other breeders,  
ing Mr. Dwight Murphy's lead,  
successfully breeding Palomino  
notably John J. Mitchell's Juan y  
Ranch (Lolita being Mrs. Mitche-  
ne former Lolita Armour), and  
Spaulding's Rancho Tecolote,  
n Santa Barbara County, Karl D.  
niott's Rancho Carmelo in Mon-  
County, and Wallace Smith's  
nine Ranch in Yuba County.  
ward Cox of San Angelo and W. B.  
ell of Marfa have fostered the  
back of the golden horse in Texas,  
he Texans now have an annual All-  
mino Horse Show each October at  
ne.

e Palomino breeding business, in

case you want to muscle in while it is  
still in the ground-floor stage, is a bit  
on the capitalistic side. Dwight Murphy  
probably poured close to a million into  
his operations before he produced The  
Big Three of the Palomino Stud Reg-  
istry, as Mr. Dick Halliday calls El Rey,  
Conejo and Hijo, and his thirty depend-  
able brood mares. The other breeders  
have had to dig into their socks, too.

Where do all the dollars go? Take  
a look around the stables at Rancho  
San Fernando Rey. A little on the fancy  
side, according to fellows like Leo Car-  
rillo, for example, who was practically  
born on horseback.

Major-domo Guy Rutherford, who  
used to valet the steeds on Mr. Hearst's  
baronial estate at San Simeon, and his  
staff keep hustling all morning to get  
the Murphy horses ready for exhibition  
each afternoon. Every stallion has a  
separate room, not a stall, with running  
water, electric light and a thick layer of  
clean straw on the floor.

Each stallion, from El Rey down, has  
to be taken for an eight- to ten-mile  
morning constitutional, which begins  
with a trot, winds up with a gallop, and  
while he's lathered each horse is turned  
into a yard filled with beach sand for a  
good roll. The sand idea is partly to  
keep him clean, partly to burnish his  
golden hair and make it shine. After  
the roll, each stallion goes like an ath-  
lete to the showers for a bath. Later, his  
mane and tail are shampooed separ-  
ately. On Fiesta days, there's a special  
bit of primping. Each stallion's mane  
and tail has to have a permanent wave!

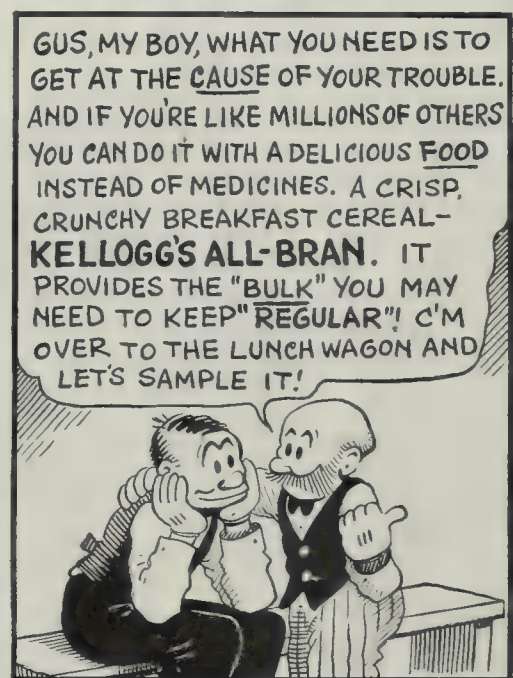
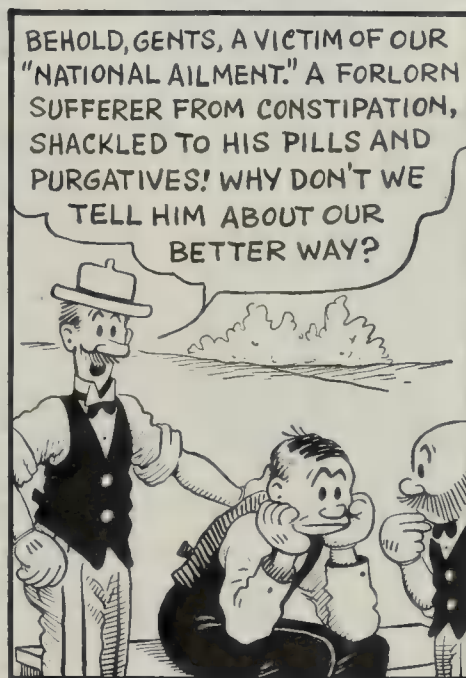
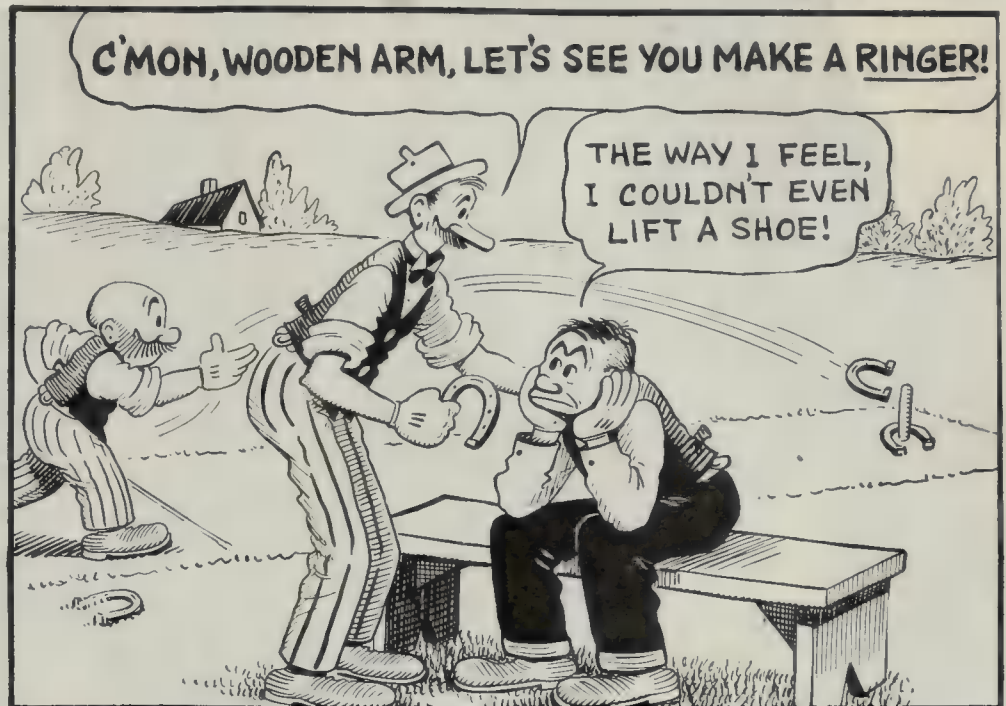
A Palomino's color continues to de-  
velop from cream at his birth to a fixed  
golden shade by the time he is two years  
old. Not until then do you know  
whether it is going to stop at the luster  
of new-minted gold bars, the most  
highly prized color, or continue on to  
the burnished copper shade, which isn't  
so bad, after all. Either way, if he is of  
good conformation and fine riding hab-  
its, you have an animal that will bring  
some real money, anywhere from \$1,500  
to \$5,000 for a stallion. If he approaches  
perfection, like El Rey, the rainbow's  
the limit. Mares and geldings bring  
from \$200 up, depending upon how much  
somebody wants them and how unwill-  
ing you are to part with them.


Most of the Palomino breeders are  
like the old Spanish-Californian hidal-  
gos. They dote on their golden horses  
to the point where they don't like to  
think of them in commercial terms.  
More than one modern Don has given  
Palominos to his friends to avoid sell-  
ing them. Leo Carrillo, already a Pal-  
omino owner and enthusiast, was up at  
Rancho San Fernando Rey a year or so  
ago, admiring the colts sired by the  
great El Rey. Leo fell in love with one  
frisky little squirt, "Conquistadore,"  
about the cutest, finest colt El Rey sired  
that year. Don Dwight Murphy watched  
the movie star and the colt and every-  
body could see that he was having a  
soul struggle within himself. Finally,  
he called the movie star over.

"Leo, that little colt is yours," he said.

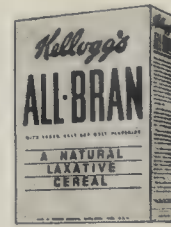
#### MUTT AND JEFF

—by Bud Fisher

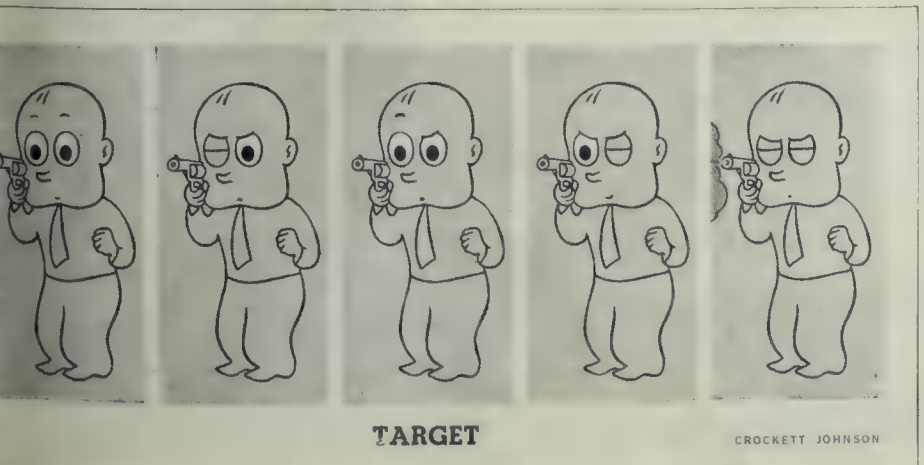




**H**OW about you? Would you like to be free of those heavy, logy days due to constipation — and free from the pills and purgatives, too? You can — if your trouble is the common kind (due to lack of "bulk" in diet). It's no harder to do than just eating a delicious breakfast cereal — crisp, crunchy, "bulk-forming" All-Bran. Eat it for breakfast every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't get more kick out of life!



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Join the "Regulars" with  
**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**





# WHEN SECONDS COUNT

By Dan Parker

Handler Ray Arcel, for his speed and closing cuts, demonstrated on fighter Bernie Fr

**The bell clangs, the boys go back to their corners, then the second's job begins. And forty seconds is all the time he is given to perform his miracles**

**F**OUR nights before Bob Olin lost the light-heavyweight title to John Henry Lewis in 1935, Ray Arcel, famous handler of fighters, was awakened from a sound sleep in his St. Louis hotel by a series of bloodcurdling shrieks. Thinking murder was being committed outside his room, Arcel jumped out of bed, grabbed the nearest weapon for protection and flung open the door, prepared for the worst. Instead of a mangled corpus delicti, Ray was confronted with Olin, doubled up as if in the throes of death and howling like a troupe of Banshees.

"Get me out of here! I'm going to die!" screamed the big, healthy brute

as he took a fresh purchase on his midriff. Ray, who knew Olin as a timid chap outside the ring, although a lion once inside the ropes, sensed the situation in a flash. He knew Olin was suffering from a bad case of ante-bellum jitters such as seize even the bravest of fighters, if they happen to be high-strung.

"Okay," said Arcel to the world's champion. "I'll call the fight off. Now, go back to bed and get some sleep and tomorrow morning we'll catch a train back to New York."

Relieved instantly of his "frightful pain," Olin went back to bed and was snoring like a boar with adenoids within five minutes. The next morning, Arcel took his fighter to the office of Dr. Raines, a noted physician and psychiatrist, and introduced him as Ray Arcel, a local clothing salesman who wanted a complete checkup. This subterfuge was necessary because there was a tremendous advance sale for the fight and even the rumor of a postponement might ruin the gate.

Dr. Raines went over Olin's body like a pair of gymnasium tights. Finally,

after an examination lasting a half-hour, he broke the silence by exclaiming: "Young man, you ought to be a fighter! I never encountered a finer, healthier specimen in my career!"

Olin felt both flattered and sheepish as the doctor pronounced his verdict. Arcel felt relieved. He knew now that the crisis had passed and that there would be no trouble getting his fighter into the ring.

## Bob Olin's Best Fight

Bob lost his title to John Henry Lewis a few nights later but only after putting up one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in St. Louis. Draped across the middle strand of the ring ropes in the 13th round and saved by the bell, Olin was carried to his corner by Arcel and Harold Scadron, his manager. It looked as if the fight was over. But, reaching into his vast store of wisdom, Arcel came up with a mixture of water and strong ammonia which he forced Olin to drink. As the powerful concoction brought the groggy fighter sharply to his senses, Arcel pleaded: "Bob,

please don't let this guy steal our title. Okay, Ray!" growled the champ.

For the next two rounds, Olin was Lewis the worst beating he assigned until a chap named Joe Louis came along four years later and topped him. John Henry was barely able to stand the referee held up his right hand and proclaimed him "the winner and champion!" Olin had lost after putting up the best fight of his career. Yet a few days before he had tried to blow a powder, in a fit of panic.

"Fighters are funny people," said Arcel, who has worked behind many of them than any man living, during the quarter of a century of serving as Jeeves for the Jab and Jolt Jack. "More fights are lost on the way out of the dressing room to the ring than in the ring itself. Some fighters are outside the ropes but tigers once the bell snaps the tension. Some of them have to be conned. Others are bullying. Some can think for themselves. Others follow instructions and are incapable of original thought."

"The successful second must be able to double for a mother, a physician and a mind reader. If you've worked behind five or six hundred fighters, like I have, it becomes second nature to you, like swimming typewriting. You've got only a few seconds to work on your fighter between rounds. Often you have to stop a hemorrhage or bring a fighter back. (Continued on page 51)



# Just off the Boat from Havana



**OWL:** Greetings, Everett—have a pleasant Havana vacation?

**MARSHALL:** Grand time—most enjoyable place!



**OWL:** Well, as a discriminating cigar smoker—some of the enjoyment must have been those Havana cigars!

**MARSHALL:** You're right—brought a few back with me. Here—try one!



**OWL:** Okay—swap you for a new White Owl... Tell me if it's got real Havana taste—will you?

**EVERETT  
MARSHALL**  
approves Havana  
taste of New  
White Owls



**MARSHALL** (after several puffs): Say—it's a good smoke, milder than a Cuban cigar—but it certainly has true Havana taste.

JUST BACK FROM HAVANA, Everett Marshall—whose baritone voice has been heard at both the Metropolitan and at George White's "Scandals"—steps ashore.

We interviewed him right at the dock where the boat from Havana comes in. And while the taste of Havana cigars was more than a memory—he still had a pocketful. We asked him to check on the

Havana taste of the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl.

The *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Everett Marshall on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the popularity of the *new* White Owl. Try one today.

NOW  
BLENDED  
WITH  
HAVANA!



Try a **NEW WHITE OWL—Today** **5¢**

New White Owls made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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# Me—I discovered something

**Me—sunk.** Second day at the shore—dying to see more of that handsome lawyer who's staying at our cottage. But I had barely reached the beach before I knew: "All this strange food and all this sun have got you, my girl!" You know that sickish, headachy feeling!

**Me—learning.** "Why, that happens to a lot of folks on vacation," consoled a girl at my cottage. "You just take some Sal Hepatica!" And she told me how Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. And in addition it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that you usually get right along with constipation—helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Well, I took Sal Hepatica pronto, and soon....

**Me—amazed.** Head clearing. Pep returning. I marveled. And as said lawyer and I romped off down the beach before a whole porchful of craning necks, I thought, "What a come-back! From now on I'm traveling with Sal Hepatica in my suitcase." Who knows? Maybe I'll be packing for a honeymoon soon.

## SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

## End of a Dream

Continued from page 19

sugar-processing taxes—all paid by American taxpayers. Up to the end of 1939, these gifts totaled about \$75,000,000. Until 1946 they will amount to about \$17,000,000 a year.

All these millions were given to help the Filipinos adjust themselves to the new economic setup that would follow independence. But today the original nest egg has all gone; so has the \$75,000,000; and the annual gift has been appropriated right up to 1945. It has been spent on gaudy new buildings, a glamorous private recreation park for Don Manuel and his guests, and a lot of other trinkets that can hardly be said to contribute to "economic adjustment."

There is, however, a great shortage of school buildings and teachers in the islands and thousands of kids can't attend classes in consequence.

The Philippine army, too, is being economized on; its budget cut, its operations curtailed. This army is supposed to number 400,000 trained men by 1946, but judging by progress so far it won't have much equipment. There is a skeleton air force of training planes and a couple of motorboats are supposed to form the nucleus of a navy.

Some Philippine political leaders say frankly they might as well spend the money while they have it, because after independence comes there won't be any money; and there's no use making "economic adjustments" because the islands' economy is going to collapse, anyway.

Meanwhile, under the guise of encouraging native enterprise and putting the islands' natural resources under native control, a brisk campaign is under way against foreign business, which is mainly American. All foreigners are called "exploiters."

Now, if there is one thing we have not done in the Philippines, it is exploitation. Our sins, if any, have been on the other side. As a matter of fact we have given the Philippines a square deal; the islanders are vastly better off today than any other people in Asia, and some people in Europe.

In spite of all this, there is in the islands a bitter underground battle against American business. American firms are taxed to death, enmeshed in red tape, discriminated against, threatened with expropriation.

### Freedom is Expensive

Canny Filipino businessmen and politicians agree that unless the United States keeps control and the Philippines keep our market a great many Filipinos are going to starve or go back to semi-barbarism after 1946. Some orators know this, too, and tell the natives in long, grand phrases it is better to starve as free men than live well as slaves. The fact that the Filipino is today a free man and hasn't been a slave for forty years is conveniently forgotten.

And so is the other fact: That if he insists on independence in 1946 he is going to be a slave again in 1947, yelling "Banzai Nippon!" at the sun flag. Or else.

Under the pressure of events the Filipinos have actually less liberty today, under their own government, than they had under ours. They live under a virtual dictatorship.

Quezon is not a bad dictator and there is no doubt he has the welfare of his sixteen million subjects close to his heart. He has his faults, but he is not vicious and probably his administration is as good as any other would be.

No one holds office in the islands without the nod of Don Manuel, and

this goes for lordly governors of provinces down to meek justices of the peace in remote Ifugao and Ilocano. Only a short time ago *el presidente* all but two of Manila's city council and replaced them with his own men.

The fantastic height to which nationalism and nationalism has risen is well illustrated in the official use of the American language. For forty years this language has been taught in schools; most islanders have a knowledge of it. When independence comes, American will be replaced by an obscure dialect, Tagalog—which happens to be Quezon's native tongue. Tagalog, a poor language of only a few hundred words, is spoken by less than a fifth of the Filipinos.

Manila's city council, in an outbreak of patriotism, once tried to conduct a meeting in Tagalog. The mayor, in the middle of the second sentence of his opening address and bogged down by almost impossible to express in Tagalog any scientific, economic, political business idea; hardly anyone on the islands ever has heard of the idea of let alone being able to understand it.

### Profits Without Responsibility

Many Americans think we should get rid of the Philippines" because they may involve us in war—but they don't like to continue selling that \$100,000,000 worth of our products to the Filipinos every year. We want profits without responsibility.

The Filipinos—most of them want substantially the same thing, plain feeling that they are completely free. Quezon knows full well that's possible and frankly tells his people that freedom will entail hardship, sacrifice and sacrifice. He thinks the price is worth the price.

What it adds up to is that if the islands want freedom in fact, which they have now, they will have to accept our continued management. And if we want to keep the Philippines as a good, profitable market we will have to accept the responsibility of defending that market.

That defense, in a showdown, is not going to be easy—but it is not as ugly as you might guess from the map. Apparently, we would have to fight the Japanese navy seven thousand miles from our Pacific Coast battle bases; nearly five thousand miles from Pearl Harbor, in Hawaii. Fighting at such distances from supplies, fuel, munitions and repair facilities would be an enormously hazardous undertaking.

But—and it's a big but—there's Singapore. Singapore and the Japanese naval bases are about equidistant from Manila—say sixteen hundred miles. The British have formally offered—in 1939—to "lease" the Singapore base any time we need it. The base has oil supplies, two enormous drydock and plenty of repair facilities. Basing our fleet in Singapore would wash out the advantage the Japanese might gain making the battleground near the Philippines.

Still, Japan's only chance to win in the Philippines would be by defeating the Navy near the islands and destroying or capturing our bases on Luzon. She would have no chance whatever of a naval victory within a thousand miles of Hawaii. And there lies the danger.

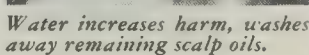
There—and at a steaming battleship port called Balik Papan, where the lines come down to Macassar Strait—the ships zigzag in through the fields, picked out by white searchlights under the muzzles of hidden guns.



## Continued from page 17

There was a crash of laughter from the big chair, where Heinemann seemed to grow steadily more like an American clown of a Nazi. "Does it matter what time it is at eight o'clock tomorrow morning?"

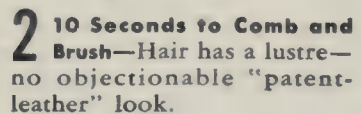
His forearm was paralyzed by a sudden blow of Heinemann's fist. "Stay where you are!" Heinemann growled. He forced Greg into a chair and stood over him. "Must I slap your face or can you act like a man?" The hoarse voice had sunk to a guttural and Heinemann



## ARE BAD NEWS FOR YOUR HAIR!



**HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!**





swore violently in German. "We are not leaving for a minute or two. We are waiting for Smurthwaite."

Greg got out of the chair. "Smurthwaite has been seized."

"He has not! Stay where you are!" The bellow stopped Greg and restored his intelligence. It was going to be necessary to shoot Heinemann. The butt of his pistol was hard against his thigh. Heinemann said, "There are lights at his house! What of it? In ten minutes we will be out to sea."

"We will never get to make the start."

"Bah! You did right to play you were an Englishman! You are yellow through and through. Lights? It is the girl. She is still looking for her lover." That was possible and Greg's alarm lessened somewhat. Heinemann went on: "I grant you, we will move fast now. Not even an American could fail to get the idea when he does not come home all night. But there is plenty of time, I am counting minutes for you. You may stop trembling. I promise you, there is time enough."

Greg stood irresolute, twitching, unable to decide anything, aware that he must decide something in the course of a second. Heinemann's pig eyes watched him narrowly. Something was happening to Heinemann. It would be necessary to act at once, to shoot. . . .

Suddenly there was an unmistakable sound upstairs. Greg shrugged. He said, quietly, "That is the police. They sneaked in upstairs over the shed roof." The tenth part of a second. He leaped for the door.

HE DID not get there. He crashed into Heinemann's chest and Heinemann's gorilla arms went around him. "That is Smurthwaite," Heinemann was muttering. Greg could do nothing against that tremendous strength. Pain flashed along his arm, a forearm across his throat was strangling him, his knees buckled. Heinemann wrenched the pistol from his pocket, snarling, "Firearms are not for women." He lifted Greg off the floor and hurled him into a corner. He struck on his forehead and shoulder. The room spun and swung and came out of darkness into light again. Heinemann was ten feet away, pointing the pistol at him.

"You can get up and sit in a chair," Heinemann said. Nausea and dizziness ballooned in Greg but he shook his eyes clear, trying to focus them on the brute figure that, half crouching, still held the pistol pointing down at his chest.

Heinemann said, "Too bad but necessary. I must take no chances with you." He sat down, crossed his legs, leaned back easily and kept the pistol pointed at Greg. "That is Smurthwaite upstairs. He is carrying out my orders. He brought the boat up while you were having hysterics about some lights in a farmhouse. He went at once to do what I had told him to do."

Greg's tortured throat could produce no sound, one of his arms was wrapped in pain, something had happened to one of his legs. But his mind was clearing. He tensed his legs.

"No, don't do it," Heinemann said, conversationally. "This is too bad. You are not allowed a pistol. Smurthwaite will keep this one pressed against you in the boat." The apelike face blurred in Greg's eyes and Heinemann was chuckling. "You see, while you were gone this afternoon, there occurred an episode. It was advisable not to let you know about it. Smurthwaite is getting the other passenger we must take on the boat. You will help him with Thatcher. I will devote myself to the other passenger."

Heinemann stood over him, touched his ribs with a foot, and spoke sharply: "Stand up! We are going now. You will help Smurthwaite with Thatcher.

If there is one moment of hesitation, I will shoot. . . . Get up, I say!"

Greg got to his knees. But Smurthwaite came in. Smurthwaite said, "She is gone!"

"Gone?" Roaring, Heinemann turned away from Greg. "She cannot have gone!" He ran out of the room. Smurthwaite followed him. Greg got to his feet. He could stand up by holding on to a chair.

NATALIE felt herself being lifted. She screamed against the pad that had been bound across her mouth. Useless. It was only breath, not sound, and her throat ached. She was being carried somewhere in darkness. A voice at her ear said, "I'm Smurthwaite. Be quiet, please."

She twisted, squirming against the ropes that bound her arms, bound her legs together. She had been squirming against them for an eternity. Smurth-

"Run fast." The shed roof was silver with moonlight and she saw the dark edge beyond. She hung on to it, dropped her feet, let go. She sprawled on the ground. She got up.

Now she came alive. She was not going to run. She was not going to get into the trees. She was going back into that house, and keep on trying to get that paper back for John.

She went around the corner to the back door. It opened on the kitchen. Darkness here, after the moonlight. But someone was running upstairs—running and roaring. He was running down again. A light went on in the hall.

"She is gone!" That was Sir Eric Bramwell. He cursed in German. She heard Greg's voice and there was something wrong with it: "Who is gone?"

They came into the hall and she shrank back through the pantry door. A light went on in the kitchen. They were hardly ten feet from her. Bram-

so violently that she brought up a door. He had dropped her because he had said, "Damn you!" and had started to move toward him. Greg's arm was dangling grotesquely and must be hurt in the leg too, for steps were infinitely slow and falt. Bramwell said, "Stop!" and leveled his pistol. Natalie could not scream. Greg took another step, his sound rising. He took another one and the room split with the thunder of the charge.

Bramwell bumped into her, going through the door, and she sprawled the stoop. She got up. He was running toward the water. But he stopped, reaching the edge of the house's shadow. He stood for a moment in the moonlight, turned toward the front corner of the house and fired into the night. He began to run again—and stopped. He saw a clear silhouette in that silver light. The pistol rose. It fired again. More. Again, out of the moonlight came another shot. The silhouette started and went down.

Natalie got into the kitchen. She was crumpled face down on the floor. She had no sensation whatever—she was a concentrated purpose. But he said, "The thin shadow of a sound, Natalie—in my coat pocket. What do you want?"

She had it. A moment later Thatcher was with her. A moment later that she was safe, for here was John.

WHEN Caleb measured it some time later, they found that it was ninety yards from where he had thrown Hope to the ground to where Heinemann had stood in the moonlight and fired three times at Caleb. Neither of them was just where Caleb had stood to avoid that fire. Hope did not care. When it was, the scene was photographed on her memory forever in black and silver and the crimson jets of fire. She had lain there with the bullet knocked out of her and watched Caleb with a desperate unhurriedness, toward the house. Then chaos. A woman and a man burst through the kitchen door together and the man was running straight toward Witchcraft, straight toward Caleb and her. The man stood shot once—that was at John—was running again and stopped again. At ninety yards, in the moonlight, she saw the arm rise and saw the four fiery flashes. She saw Caleb raise his arm.

She was reduced to pure instinct and will. She got to her knees, she got to her feet, she started to run—it was more like crawling. Caleb was leaning over the man on the ground, then ran on to the house. She crawled, onward and someone said to her, said, "I thought you were Natalie" and abandoned her. That was John. He got inside the house before she did. But she got there, and Caleb was being held by Greg Ashburn, who was holding John and John was holding Natalie in his arms. . . . Another tableau engraved on her memory forever.

It was only the beginning of the night. Nothing had been explained, little had been said, when Nate Jenkins arrived. Hope's mind whirled and ballooned with light and sound coming through meaning little, and it seemed only seconds till the place was swarmed with police. Town police, state police—doctors—an ambulance in the yard—sirens—a furious activity—ten thousand questions. One flurry was special, tense when Caleb and Natalie made clear that Smurthwaite had to be taken and innumerable policemen surged after him without diminishing the number in the house. Then the four of them were taken away to Greg's living room and were answering questions, or to answer them.

Presently someone saw that



"Git in there, moths, an' select me a fall outfit!"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

waite muttered in German. He stopped and, dimly, she saw a ceiling just above her. The attic stairs. Smurthwaite whispered, "I am getting you away. You must make no sound. Be still. Do not scream. Do not struggle."

With infinite slowness he went down the stairs. It was a little lighter here—this would be the second floor. He laid her on the floor and bent down till his mouth was at her ear. "There is only a minute or two. If you cry out we are lost." He unbound her arms. "Work your hands. You will need them." He got the rope off her knees and ankles. He pulled her to her feet. "Good!" She swayed against the wall. "You must have strength," he commanded her in a whisper that reached her intelligence at last. Inch by inch, making no sound, he got a window open. He pulled her to it. "A minute or two only. The roof of the shed is three feet down. Drop from the roof to the ground. Then run. Get into the trees. Thank you for caring about Radnor."

She was paralyzed. Smurthwaite shook her. "Be quick!" He shoved her to the window sill, shoved her over it. Her hands gripped it and her feet swung down till there was support beneath them. "Run!" Smurthwaite whispered,

well shouted, "There is no time. We will go now," and Greg shouted something, and Bramwell cut across Greg's shout, "Smurthwaite, get him into the boat!"

There was no one else to stop them. She had to go into that kitchen. She was going into it. She went.

They were stopped—frozen motionless where they stood. Smurthwaite by the hall door with his face stupefied, Bramwell nearest her with a pistol in his hand and his face frightful, Greg with blood on his forehead and one arm dangling, a terrible comprehension coming into his battered face.

Time was turned off. It began again when Natalie's tranced eyes saw Smurthwaite disappear through the hall door behind him. No one else saw that abandonment—they were all talking now, or shouting. Greg had said, "Natalie!" and turned painfully toward Bramwell, "She was your passenger!" Bramwell had said "Ja" in a choked voice, and filthy German words followed that syllable. And Natalie had said to Greg, "I've found out. Give it to me."

Bramwell leaped for her, and she screamed once before he got his hand over her mouth. He was yelling "Smurthwaite!" as before, hours since, but he dropped her, flinging her aside



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**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



could not talk very well because she was shivering, and gave her a big glass of whisky. She made them understand that she wasn't frightened any more, she was just cold, and someone wrapped a blanket around her. She told what she knew, or disjointed parts of it, but couldn't have told it intelligently, for the whisky made her mind spin faster and float higher.

At least she made out that Caleb and John were rapidly piecing things together, even if she didn't understand; that Natalie had been tied up like Caleb, that mystery was being chipped away in large chunks. She made out that John had taken hold of this thing and was running it himself. And she saw John suddenly put an end to the ordeal—getting up and ordering it stopped.

"Take my car and drive these women to your house," he commanded Caleb. He blazed at Jim Dowdy and the state police lieutenant, "I will not permit you to harass them after what they've been through." He glared at Hope, "Take that man's blanket off!" That seemed so logical and was so forcible that she fairly shrank out of the blanket. Now, for the first time, somebody noticed that there was a trickle of blood on John's wrist—yes, and he had left a spot of it on Natalie's cheek—and at once no one could misunderstand how Natalie felt about it. But when they got the cuff back it was only a little nick in his forearm, hardly even a scratch, and that was the last damage Heinemann had done to anyone. A surgeon came in, now, and said that Heinemann wasn't dead. Caleb said, "If he lives he'll just fry." The curt, hard words stopped Hope's vertigo. She began to understand. It was over, this was the end, what had begun in Spain had now stopped threatening Wallisport, and they had come through.

Caleb took them to his house, and her mind was clearing and quieting. It had been lived through! Caleb was free of danger, she had come out of the shadow. Then Caleb swept away the last vestige of disbelief and horror, and released a catch that let joy flood over her in a great, rising wave. He opened his bedroom door, gestured Hope and Natalie inside, said, "You can put on some of my clothes," and shut the door on them.

There it was! She was all mirth, all delight. For this was how it had begun, they had come around the circle to the starting place. Stripping off her sodden clothes, washing caked mud from her face and arms, toweling herself till her skin glowed, catching sight of her inconceivably bedraggled hair in the mirror, putting on Caleb's underwear and trousers and sweater—why, she had done this before, the broken tune had been caught up again and would be finished, she wanted to laugh, she wanted to cry, and if she cried it would not be for sorrow.

Natalie was still and silent. Hope studied her covertly. That pale face was different; something had subtly refined it so that it seemed gentler, less arrogant. A depth that was not altogether horror had been added to the sea-blue eyes. Natalie was changed—and you didn't need to guess twice. But the change had not impaired her immaculateness. She had spent hours bound up in Greg's attic, she had twisted and rolled and fallen and been tossed about, but her hair seemed to be freshly waved, her dress was hardly wrinkled, and she could have paid a formal call just as she was.

Except—Hope said, "Oh, Natalie, you slattern! There are runs in your stockings! They're ruined. How slovenly, how vulgar!"

They clasped each other and laughter rose up from the very depths of Hope's being. It was a laughter that cleansed and healed. But Caleb knocked at the

door. "Natalie," he said, "there's a fireplace there."

That meant nothing to Hope but Natalie's cheeks grew even paler, then a slow flush came to them. She took a parchment envelope from the bodice of her dress and withdrew from it a thin, creased packet of papers. Confusion, fear, repugnance moved across her face. She looked at Hope, a question in her eyes, didn't ask the question, stood irresolute.

Hope said, "After tonight, nothing matters."

Natalie whispered, "I believe you." She laid the papers on a charred log and set fire to them. When they had burned away, she stretched out a toe—and be sure that was a fashionable slipper—and slowly ground the ash to powder. A shudder passed over that fine body, and then Natalie's cheeks were stained a still deeper red.

The aroma of coffee invaded the room—and the exultation in Hope's blood grew stronger. She had stood in the kitchen, had seen the interrupted preparations for a meal, and had thought that Caleb might be dead. He wasn't dead and now that meal would be completed. Much else would be completed.

Later, John had come, Caleb and Natalie were eating, and all four were talking rapidly and easily, held in a new friendship there was no time to speculate about. The others were impelled to ask and answer all the questions, but not Hope. She just wanted to sit by Caleb, touch him sometimes, and wait—wait patiently enough for what would surely come. She didn't care what happened to the puzzles. But if the others did, let them talk—at last there was plenty of time.

"If there had been any way of getting all four of us together and pooling what we knew!" Caleb said. "It could all have been prevented. But no, we had to go on quarreling about women and Red plots and who is jealous about what and why don't you leave my girl alone!" He scowled and banged the table. "Four damned fools! But in a championship contest, I'd win in a walk."

The new John Gabriel, who had a much quieter assurance than the old one and seemed much more formidable, said, "From here on, we aren't going to call ourselves fools."

They had thrashed all this out at Greg's, but Caleb had to go on: "Bert must have caught sight of Heinemann right after he left Hope. He must have started to follow him and followed him right up into Greg's yard, right on into the house. We'll never know—"

"They'll get Smurthwaite in an hour or two," John pointed out. "They'll turn him inside out. They'll clear things up."

"And inside the house was—a damned Nazi that two of us had taken for a gentlemanly British agent who didn't count. Bert didn't have a chance." Hope saw the passionate despair in Caleb's eyes—the deeper because he too had lain bound and blinded, waiting to be drowned. Her breast rose in a great sigh—we can't do anything about Bert, but we're safe, it's over. She pressed Caleb's hand. He went on talking: "Ashburn must have been pretty high up. Wallisport must have been a focus in the system. Well, Uncle Sam's boys will find out about that. Yes, and we'll all be talking to them till we're bored. . . . Everything keeps coming back to Ashburn. He had brains. Heinemann must have demanded his help when he got here and found Bert on hand. Heinemann knew his life wasn't worth a nickel if Bert saw him."

Caleb got up and began to stride about the room, seething with explanations: "The whole plan was not to do anything about Bert themselves. Greg had an agent in the mills—we'll turn him up

now. So he had his agent set a fire—a crude, suspicious fire that would make Gabriel believe Bert had set the fire—Gabriel could have him put away. So they set the fire. But they hadn't counted on someone's blundering in the back door. Hope and I did—the very night of the fire. The boat Greg kept at Gorham and no one ever saw it because no boats ever come through the Farrow Shoals and no boats are kept on Witchcraft. Particularly, a country gentleman wouldn't keep a boat—he loved dogs and horses. Smurthwaite must have brought a lot of callers to Greg, up Witchcraft, after midnight, when nobody would see. And the boat was coming for Heinemann that night. But Hope and I blundered into that. That was the pay-off. I had to be discredited, and it would be great stuff if I got jailed too. And still they had to work around a corner."

He turned to Hope: "It was Ashburn who phoned about your car. It was Ashburn who kept telling Gabriel, with the greatest reluctance, that I must be engaged in some fiendish Red business with Bert. It was Ashburn who planted that paper here and told John fairy tales about my secret communications with Bert after he'd gone into hiding."

Hope wanted to say, It doesn't matter any more, darling. But there was no stopping him. "It didn't work. Luck and chance were on our side. Neither Bert nor I got put away. They weren't so bright! So then there was nothing to it but murder." He stopped, then went on much more slowly: "We weren't too bright! It was a damned close thing!" He faced the others. "The moral is: take Hope's word for it, she knows best! She suspected the beggar all along. If I had listened to her—"

"I didn't suspect him," Hope said, "I just didn't want him playing with my garters. No, the moral is: don't believe Caleb when he says he's in no danger. The moral is: what are the police for? Any one of us could have broken it up at any time, if we'd told the police the truth. No, we wouldn't—we might hurt somebody's feelings, somebody might be embarrassed, somebody might get mad! Or maybe the moral is: just wake up when a boat happens to come by."

"Five minutes!" Caleb said. "They lost their game by not more than five minutes. And you licked them."

"Did I? They lost it by just one minute! Who got that minute for us? Natalie! Maybe the moral is: be kind to servants. Or: feel sorry when dogs are shot! One minute more would have . . . changed everything. And that was Natalie—with Smurthwaite's help."

"The moral is—" This was Natalie, and her voice was deep and strange. She got up from the table. She said, "No, I won't tell you what the moral is." Her face was pale again, deadly pale, but she stood straight and calm, looking at John. Clearly, John was the only person in this room. "You can draw whatever moral you like. But I'm going to tell you—"

"Nothing! Nothing at all!" This was John, and he was pale too. He had stood up but he wasn't calm. Far from it. He looked like a man who was holding himself back by the collar of his own coat. "There is nothing I want to know. There is nothing I will listen to. Good God, Natalie! I came to a house where I knew you were and heard shooting!"

"Nothing can stop me—"

"I can stop you!" That was a kind of bellow, and John looked accusingly, wildly, at Hope and Caleb. Oh, wildly!

Caleb said, "Well, stop her," and that seemed to be what was needed. It got action. John walked toward Natalie and she shrank away, her arms trying to keep him back. They didn't keep him back, his arms went around her and she tried to strain away from them, turning

her head away, desperately keeping her chin down. Her bitter resolution was not last. Suddenly her arms locked behind his head, she sobbed and rose to his kiss. . . . They stood wondering, looked confusedly at each other, and Caleb, seemed abashed and away, arm in arm, and went out the room. Outside, the engine of John's car whirled awake. John's hat and gloves were on a chair.

"Well!" Hope murmured. "I say, he never found it in his head to be like that."

"I told you months ago you'd never be Mrs. Gabriel."

"Mrs. Gabriel will be Mrs. Gabriel. What was that paper you told me to burn?"

"I don't know," Caleb said. "I think John will ever know. He could stop her from telling him, as if he can."

"And there she goes with even a pin in place and her make-up aged and not an inch of slip. And here I am with slime under my fingernails and my hair full of not a stitch of womanly clothes."

"You look fine," Caleb said. "I be surprised how fine you look."

So suddenly it was very quiet in the room, the room that had seen so much intense and heartbreaking things, a room where, a few hours ago, they thought that Caleb was dead, that she could not go on living. Those hours between! The power of them had lost its power now but would come back, would have to be dealt with and subdued. Some other time! Now was just quiet here, with a sense of marshes and the sea beyond, where Bert had been drowned but hadn't been. Now it had all ended could begin.

The moment was so quiet, so line, so taut with peace that she was most reluctant to have it end. But it ended!

She said, "We can break out of about Bert and all the rest. Or we can not break them. I can come this way toward you. Or you can come this way—your legs are longer than mine, darling."

But Caleb was like rock. "Well, I shot him. Maybe he's going to die, but I would have any time I could, or he was dead. Nothing could have stopped me. You couldn't have stopped me shot him. What about it?"

Tears came storming to her eyes. "What about it? I saw you walk away some grass with moonlight on it, and him raise his gun and shoot at me. Yes, and had seen him walk away death without flinching from it."

He said, even more slowly, "I saw something else. You saw a boat waded up Witchcraft. You saw me through a window and saved me. 'I didn't do it so that you'd be there and make speeches,' she said. 'Does it turn out that Gabriel knows more about women than you do?'"

No. At last, no. . . . And she had never been kissed before. It would be kissed again. . . . The clock on the mantel struck once. Thirty! Hope said, "Aunt Elinor got to tell her that the worst she hoped for has come true. Dear care where I am at three-thirty for she knows where I am."

At last she moved out of the room. She became aware again of her dress—sweater, trousers, socks, slippers—had begun with a drenching in the craft and putting on Caleb's clothes. It had got around to that again. The starting place. This time the going on from there.

"Yes," he said, "you're beautiful. I'll tell Aunt Elinor."

THE END



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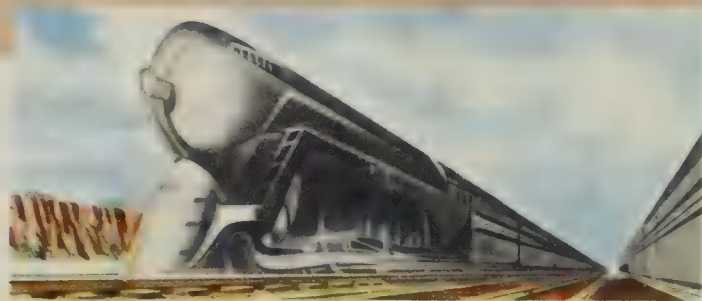
By way of contrast, today practically every city can boast of this modern service . . . practically every section the pleasing and whistle of these trains has become a familiar sound. For within these six eventful years the

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**B.O.** (BODY ODOR)

**AND NERVOUS TENSION MADE IT WORSE**



WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR TOES TONIGHT, HONEY. NELSON IS AWFULLY IMPORTANT TO ME

LATER I'M SORRY WE MUST LEAVE SO EARLY. THIS UNFORTUNATE HEADACHE - ER - ER -

I DO HOPE YOU'LL COME AGAIN MRS. NELSON

I KNOW WHY THEY LEFT. BECAUSE OF THE THING I'VE BEEN HINTING AND HINTING TO YOU ABOUT. NOW I'LL SAY IT RIGHT OUT - 'B.O.'!

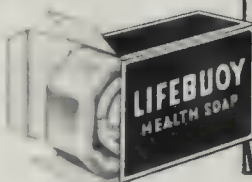
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Lifebuooy Health Soap in your daily bath really protects you. It's the only popular soap especially made to prevent "B.O." Lifebuooy puts tang, refreshment into your bath. Loads of purifying lather. Lifebuooy has an exclusive deodorizing ingredient. More folks use it for their bath than any other soap. Get it today!



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TO HERSELF ANDY WON'T BE SHADOWED BY 'B.O.' THIS TIME!

## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy - Its Protection lasts and lasts

## The Winner—FAMINE

Continued from page 21

leading. These percentages of self-sufficiency are influenced by the size, eating habits and distribution facilities of the various countries. There can be, and too often is, famine among peoples in countries that are almost and even quite self-sufficient. Russia has furnished an ugly example. Moreover England, France and Germany, being more elaborately educated in the art of eating might, in normal crop years, be nearer to self-sufficiency were their appetites as simple and as easily appeased as Estonia's, Rumania's and Bulgaria's where the ordinary menu, particularly that of the peasant, might strike you as a bit monotonous.

But all that's beside the point. You may reduce these percentages of normal self-sufficiency by a quarter to a half and view the outlook from Europe this winter from there. All the contributing reasons for this prospect that we've set down above are complicated and even multiplied by the problem of dislocated peoples. Until long after peace returns on broken wings to Europe and Hitler finishes his task of repatriating nationals, redrafting maps and segregating the unwanted, there will be hundreds of thousands of people, whom war has robbed of their homes, wandering up and down the continent living, starving, dying and being killed on the roadsides. In any famine conditions, Mr. Hoover has learned, the job of feeding the helpless is not one to be undertaken by those easily discouraged.

As usual Mr. Hoover has gone to standard sources for his statistics and has relied upon long-established authorities. Reports from various American consulates contribute. And research has been made into the files of The Economist (London), Foreign Commerce Yearbook of the United States Department of Commerce, The League of Nations, the report of the Delegation for the Promotion of Economic Co-operation Between Northern Countries, the Berlin Institute for Business Research, the Institute for Economic Research, Louvain University, and so on.

### Facing a Black Winter

Germany has been as coldly efficient at going to market as she has going to war. Into that portion of Poland not absorbed into the Reich and annexed by Russia, the so-called Government General, Hitler has packed more than 15,000,000 people where fewer than 10,000,000 lived before. These 78 counties are chiefly industrial. They must import food or starve. They will eat what Germany and Russia give them in payment for their labor.

The Hoover files have it that "almost seven million of these people" are on the verge of starvation and that "one thousand of them are dying daily for the want of food." An influenza epidemic is helping them die. As Germany and Russia took the agricultural sectors of Poland, so may she quarter other conquered lands, including France. She will not starve in Europe's famine. Starvation can solve the political problems she acquired with victory. Poland's great food staple—peas—has been cut in half by crop failures. And Germany has taken most of that to augment her own soya-bean stores—the famous Nazi Food Pills made from soya, the "Magic Bean." Normally Poland raises more than 7,000,000 beef cattle. The fodder failure reduced these herds to 2,400,000. And Germany shipped them to her abattoirs against the black winter that is to come.

We've cited Poland as a horrible example. Norway is rationing flour at a rate of three ounces a week per person. Germany has forbidden the Norwegians to feed grain to the too few cattle remaining in their barns. Norway depends upon imports for seventy-five per cent of her breadstuffs. She is getting less than five per cent of that today and that by the grace of Adolf Hitler. Her margarine, fats and sugar are exhausted. She is eating fish but no meat. A whale oil, an important element in her diet, is being diverted to Germany for the winter is months away.

### Defeated Nature—Triumphant Famine

Denmark is slaughtering live stock because she cannot feed them. And many takes them as they fall. Belgium and the Netherlands are already going bankrupt. Milk and beef are mere memories.

Even Russia, the nervous neutrals lying awake at nights wondering about next winter's food. That's why she demanded—and got—Bessarabia. She wants wheat. She can't afford to let Germany and Italy gobble Danubian food. The Hoover files lack specific information about Russia's food situation. Equally reticent are other sources. Such are the bare facts. The situation has only one direction to travel—downward. A defeated Nature and a triumphant Hitler have seen to that.

Outside Europe there is plenty. Argentina mourns the loss of twenty per cent of her export trade because she may not sell her meat and wheat to the low countries, Belgium, Denmark, Poland, Sweden, Finland, Switzerland. Nor may she sell to France, whose ports are held by Germany and Italy and closed to trade by the British blockade. Italy and Germany used to take thirty per cent of Argentina's food exports. They're no longer customers. They're taking their food where they find it and death can play with what's left. Likewise the United States, Brazil, Uruguay and Chile may gorge themselves on their own crops and herds and leave what remains to rot while Europe starves.

Mr. Hoover's files tell us that in the meantime the United States, Canada, Australia and the Argentine are at the wits' end to find storage space for excess foods left over from past harvests. The world has 1,433,000,000 bushels of wheat left over from crops it couldn't eat and couldn't sell. The United Kingdom and Ireland expect to buy 233,000 bushels this year, chiefly from the British dominions. The rest can rust and mold while ten million hands reach for a loaf. America sent \$40,000,000 to the relief of the desperate peoples of foreign countries last year. She could multiply that by ten if she would, and still the famished victims of embattled political systems would starve. A child can die in the Baltic countries for five cents a day. And yet refugees and observers send word that the streets and the roads are filled with kids already horrible caricatures of childhood—bird-legged, reed-armed, fever-eyed and bald-headed. An adult can be fed for as little as seven cents a day. But you can't live on seven cents.

Germans tell Mr. Hoover that the war will soon be over, Britain gone the victor of France. The British report that many will be starved into submission next winter and the world will be saved to Democracy. In either case the picture you read in the files is not altered. Famine is stalking Europe. She is nobly ally.

Vive la guerre.



## Bathtub Melody

Continued from page 10

readily. He grinned. "Splendid," he said.

"Is it in Phoenix?" he asked. He set down the coffeepot carefully. His eyes still held his own with that gaze, and it seemed to Jake that, at her beautiful tan, she had paled.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't know how it is in Phoenix." He noticed that her hand shook as she gave him the sugar. Then he noticed her finger. There was a large diamond there, but she was not wearing a ring. Jake's heart leaped.

"Understand," he said softly, giving her a warm, knowing glance.

"Let that pass. 'Tell me,' she said, 'do you bathe here, Mr. Speer?'"

"No," he explained, inching his chair a little closer to her own, "it's not my thing. A bathtub's the only place I really relax. When I've got the beat of a tune in my head I just draw a hot tub. I get in there and work until I could never think of a single shower bath."

"I love shower baths."

"You're all right," Jake agreed. "But I'm composing music. A tub is the best for that." He sipped his coffee, made motions of looking around. "Is this your aunt this morning?"

"My mother?"

"No," he said. "She's gone back to San Francisco. She's just visiting me for a while."

"At, with a horrid sensation that something had gone wrong, set down his coffee. 'You are George Blair's cousin, aren't you?' he asked hopefully."

"No," she said. "I'm afraid I'm not. Your mother is certainly George's."

"How me to decide that," she said. He stared at her. "I have a feeling I've been some mistake here."

"He smiled at him. 'Yes,' she said. 'Who are you?' he whispered."

"Jane Mays," she said. "I'm a mother."

"Then you're not married!" he cried. "No," she admitted. "I'm engaged."

"On it Jake saw a picture of a man with a very positive expression."

"I guess I must have gotten the wrong house," he muttered, feeling only acutely embarrassed.

"I guess so," she said. "I'm so glad you got this straightened out. Mother wants to leave me down here alone with strange men wandering in and out."

"Got up. 'Did you ever hear of a girl called My Girl?' he asked her."

"Yes, indeed."

"Just wondered," he said. "Well—"

"Isn't there some way I could go in there sometimes?" he asked.

"She shook her head. 'It really doesn't look right, would it, Mr. Speer?' She smiled up at him sweetly, 'You were some kind of lunatic. 'I'm red that you want to think up your own in my bathtub, but—'"

"Never mind," he interrupted stiffly. "I'm sorry I mentioned it. I'm sorry about everything." He bowed, glared at the picture on the secretary and went to the door.

"You didn't let the water out of the tub last time, either," she called after him. He reddened, then went on out.

He felt like crawling.

The next house was indeed similar to the one he had left. A tiny white-haired lady responded to his knock. She looked him over, smiling.

"I know," she said. "You are George's friend, who's come to take a bath."

Jake smiled wanly.

"Come right in," she said. "I've two lovely baths, and you may make your choice of them."

Both baths, Jake found, were of the noisy variety. One was done in old lavender, with vermilion accessories, the other was a nightmare of orange and navy blue. Faced with a choice, Jake indicated to George's aunt that he would prefer the vermilion-and-old-lavender number.

It was the most unsatisfactory bath he ever remembered taking. When he lay in the tub with his eyes open he could only shudder, and when he closed his eyes he saw the girl.

He climbed out of the vermilion horror, as barren of melody as when he had entered it.

After three days of sitting at the piano, biting his nails and brooding, he went to see a real-estate agent. "I'd like to look at some nice bathrooms," he told him.

"You want houses with them?"

"I don't want anything gaudy," Jake said.

The agent drove him around to see some. Jake would enter a house, go directly to the bath, or baths, and walk right out again. They all were wrong. The agent appeared heartily relieved to get rid of Jake.

Jake went home to George's house and put on some swimming trunks. The weather was fine and hot. The birds, the fragrant air, the flowers and the people all seemed full of the old allegro as he walked gloomily down to the beach; large . . . Large Jake.

He found a secluded cove and flopped on the sand, staring out at the glistening surf. He wondered if he could think up a tune in the Pacific. Deciding he might as well try, he got up and trudged dourly into it. If there were only some way to heat it, he thought. It was really a very pleasant décor, what with those fleecy cloud effects, the aquamarine, and that pale sky-blue. It really reminded him of that old bathroom of his back on East Fifty-eighth. Or—some-what—of her bath. Stingy—that's what she certainly was. Unimaginative! He lay on a tilting swell out past the surf and tried not to think about her.

AFTER half an hour he emerged shivering on the lip of a wave. He picked himself up and hummed a bar or two unenthusiastically. He had the beginning of something, but he didn't think it was anything very good. Then he forgot about it entirely. Someone had usurped his cove. She had!

Clothed in a play suit, she was astraddle a camp stool, daubing at a canvas fastened to a portable easel.

Jake walked up and stared somberly over her shoulder. Waves were taking form on the canvas. A small figure was lying on one of them.

"Like it?" she asked, without looking up from her work.

"No," he said.

She indicated the minute figure of the bather with the tip of her brush. "That's you."

"I still don't like it," he said. "I'd rather be in your bathtub. You don't know what you're doing to me. You don't seem to realize."

She looked up then, wide-eyed; said:

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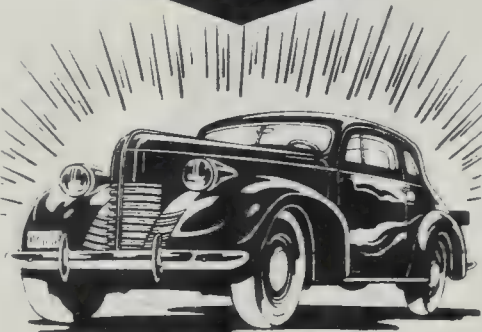
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"What am I doing to you, Mr. Speer?"

"You're ruining my career."

"Well, I can't help it. You just can't use my bathtub to think up your songs in. What would people say?"

"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "You're a puritan. Full of musty old orthodox scruples! No wonder you don't paint better."

She bent over her work again, dipped some blue from her palette and began daubing out the figure on the wave. "I didn't want to say so," she remarked rather absently, "but I thought that song, My Girl, was one of the corniest little numbers I ever heard."

Jake snatched up his towel, laughing bitterly. "I'm beginning to think so myself!" he cried.

The telephone was ringing when he got back to the house. It was Joe Haver.

"Well," Joe said. "Been down bathing, have you, Jake? Been down sporting with the girls on the beach?"

"Listen—" Jake began patiently.

"You listen!" Joe said. "When you going to give me some more music? We're trying to start shooting up here."

"It's the bathtubs," Jake said.

"What did you say?"

"Bathtubs," Jake repeated. "I'll have something for you in a day or two."

There was a silence on the other end of the wire, then Joe Haver said, enunciating very distinctly, "I don't want any bathtubs. I don't want any nuts. I want two more tunes—quick!" He hung up.

Jake put down the receiver with his ear smarting. He went over and sat down on the piano bench in his wet trunks. He made a violent glissando, then started picking out the notes.

He had gotten away with worse tunes before, but it wasn't the sort of thing that had gotten him where he was. It wasn't what made him worth the money he was getting. People wouldn't walk out of the theater whistling this one. He didn't even dare take it up to the studio; he mailed it.

Two days passed, days of utter frustration, then Joe Haver was cooing in his ear again. "We got a tune here in the mail," Joe said sweetly. "Was it something from you, Jake?"

"Yes," Jake said.

"Don't you think it's just a little sour, Jake?"

"Well," Jake said, "it's where this hooper thinks he's lost the beautiful chorus girl, and he's supposed to be sort of sad. It's moody—see?"

"Moody—sure!" Joe screamed. "But the way you got it he'll be committing suicide before the end of the picture. So will everybody else! Now, listen—I can get boys a dime a dozen to turn out a dirge like that. That's not what I'm paying you for. You're Jake Speer. And the next one has got to be a Jake Speer tune—plus! You get what I mean?"

"Sure," Jake said wearily. "I know—the old allegro." He hung up.

HE HAD gone at it all wrong; he could see that now. He should have been nice to her, showered her with attentions, and pretty soon she would have been begging him to use her bathtub.

He waited at the window until he saw her coming up the street from the beach, then strolled casually out to his mailbox.

"Why, hello!" he called, pretending to notice her with great surprise. He walked over and took her easel from her. "Let me carry this."

She opened her gate without comment and walked up the path to the porch. She turned and put out her hands for the easel, looking into Jake's eyes.

"I was just thinking," he said. "How would you like to go out for cocktails, and some dinner?"

"Why?" she asked.

"Don't be mad at me," he begged her. "I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry I said that about your painting. Having the

artistic temperament yourself, you can understand how a fellow gets."

He noted, with a kind of stricken detachment, that she seemed to be getting very angry. She suddenly jerked the easel from his hands. "I understand!" she cried. "I understand perfectly well! You're just trying to be nice to me because you want to use my bathtub. That's all you're thinking about. Why—that first time when you came out of there you didn't even look at me!"

"Oh, no," Jake said. "You're all wrong. I looked at you. Stop! Believe me—"

"Get off my porch!" she cried.

JAKE left—went across the street to sit wrapped in lonely melancholy while the sun fell splendidly into the sea. He knew now that he needed more than her bathtub for inspiration. He needed her—just as he had always needed her.

Two funeral days staggered by, and then Joe Haver was on the phone again. "You got just three more days to write me a smash hit," Haver said very softly. "If you don't do it, Jake, you'll never write a tune for anybody else. You can't let me down. If you don't do it you're through for good—in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Jake wandered glumly over to the piano with the last of this threat running through his mind: "... in Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu!"

Timbuktu—you!

Standing, he played a few chords, sang it. Then he went out into the evening, across the street. No lights were burning in the little white house. He seized the pencil that hung on a chain by the door and wrote hastily on the note pad:

"This is the end! Either I use your tub tomorrow or I am ruined."

"P.S. And it never was just the tub!!!"

As soon as he woke next morning he opened his front door and looked at the slate tacked up next to it. "Well, all right," was chalked there. "At ten."

When he entered she was sitting in the breakfast alcove in the striped housecoat. She looked at him levelly. "Go right on," she said. "You don't have to bother to stop and talk."

"I can't talk anyway—now that I'm practically a failure," he said. "That is, I can't tell you what I'd like to. I just want to ask you if you remember what color hair that girl in the song, My Girl, had?"

"Brown," she said. "Dark brown."

"What color eyes?"

"Blue," she said. "Eyes so blue."

"While I'm taking a bath," he told her, "you ought to go look in a mirror."

He sank his melancholy length wonderful tub and sighed with pleasure.

He closed his eyes and began to hum happily: "In Hollywood, on Broadway and even in Timbuktu..."

After a while he began to sing it and he became aware of the disharmony a loud, angry voice. He stopped, singing. Someone pounded on the door.

"Come out of there!" someone cried.

"Come out or I'll break in the door!"

Jake leaped furiously from the tub and put on his robe. He unlocked the door and stepped out. The young man with the positive expression took a horrified look at him, then turned bitterly to Jane Mays.

"I might have known it!" he said. "Letting you live all alone down here. I suppose this is just some queer Bohemian custom!"

Jake, having taken in the delicate situation, made protest. "It wasn't her fault," he said. "I just wandered around, going into strange houses and taking baths."

"Oh, sure! You just dropped in to take a bath!"

Jake nodded innocently.

"Would you please go now," Jane begged him tearfully.

"Well, I was just taking a bath—help me!" Jake declared.

HE SAT on the piano bench, peering deeply. Had she known her husband was coming down? If he only knew that, Jake thought, he would have plenty.

After a while he heard the sound of a car starting. The sound came from across the street. He rushed to the window but was not in time to see her had driven away in the car, him or not. He looked at the clock. It was noon. He had just two and a half days now to write a smash hit, a tune he knew that if she had gone away in a car he would never write it. He went over to the piano and sat down, slipping on the keyboard with his face buried in his hands.

Presently he heard the door open. He looked up and saw her in the doorway. She smiled and walked directly across the living room. She had a package thrown over her shoulders. She disappeared into the bath.

After a moment Jake heard the sound of the shower. He sat up and began to play.

It was the old allegro again—even though he was bawling.



"Let him save you for a while. I want to swim"

HOWARD B.



## Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 13

are agreed. To stay by herself and found the trodden track of her thoughts would do no good, and she was pleasant company. "Visit me at the Adlon at one!" she thought of any sort of social life again was not unpleasant. She was even a little excited. No one taken her to lunch at the Adlon for some time. She wore a gray dress with a jacket, a little round gray hat. She stood by approvingly and said, "Look like your own daughter, Carol!"

was at the Adlon on time. The glass, the shining metal of the table were unchanged. War or no, nobody began polishing here at eleven morning. At the little tables in the corner of the lobby near the bar, the sort of people Carola remembered from the past. The stiffly starched white tablecloths were unchanged, the waiters, in uniform, ran about like clockwork machinery. It was curious to look for some sign of change, to feel its absence, as if war would change things physical as quickly as it changed things personal.

FROSCETTI entered on a wave of goodbyes, and led Carola to a table in the dining room.

"I'm going to order the most elaborate lunch in the history of this hotel," he said. "Have you any preferences?" He looked at the menu. Here, for the first time, who could afford it, was no sign of wartime stringency.

"I'm not very hungry," Carola said. "Nonsense! This is a gala occasion, isn't it?"

"What does it celebrate?" he asked. "Lunch with you the first time," Froscetti said. Then he debated for a few minutes the choice of wine. He had a likable boyishness and he laughed.

"Other thing!" He was dreadfully honest. "I have known you for forty years. I should have known you twenty years ago. I resent all that waste of time and I have to hurry to make up for it."

He kept up a continual chatter and tried to become interested in what she was saying but it was difficult. Somewhere in Berlin at this moment, Karl, probably lunching, if he had not, in a cheap bowl-of-soup restaurant.

Froscetti was talking about his work: "Diplomacy is quite a different thing than in my father's time."

"My father was a diplomat, too?" he asked. "And his father and grandfather before him," Froscetti said proudly. "It is tradition in our family. My grandfather was here in Berlin and knew Bismarck very well. My father was here at the outbreak of the World War. He died today but insists that I write each week about everything I do, to someone I meet. He will have a lot to say in my next letter."

"Really?" he asked. "About Carola Dirling!"

She laughed. "And you will probably have more to read in his answer."

"He will order me to bring you to Berlin at once," Froscetti had long, delicate hands. They showed best as he lit a cigarette. "I wish you were there. Berlin is not a very relaxing place for a young lady."

His sureness, in contrast with her own uncertainty, was so definite that she remembered, remembering how Karl had told her a future even more uncertain.

"Boring you," Froscetti said. "I

should talk about you and I shall. But first I want you to know everything about me!"

A waiter brought a tray of elaborate pastry.

Carola refused it.

"Do you know why I ordered so large a lunch?" Froscetti grinned. "I wasn't hungry either. But the larger the lunch, the longer I have to be with you."

Carola laughed at his confession.

"That's my chief problem now!" Froscetti continued. "I'm making up a list of places to take you, things we are going to do together."

"That sounds like a busy winter."

"You will see. First is a party at the home of a friend at the end of the week—Peroli, the second secretary of our Embassy. May I—?"

"I shall be glad to go." That was probably the sort of invitation that Blaerchen had hoped she would get.

Froscetti smiled happily. "Then there's a party—"

A voice behind interrupted, the voice of Blaerchen. He came up to the table while Froscetti jumped to his feet.

"I hope you are enjoying a pleasant lunch," he said.

"Uniquely pleasant," Froscetti said. "Will you join us?"

"No, thank you," Blaerchen smiled at Carola as if the smile had some inner meaning that she should know at once. "I'm delighted to see you enjoying yourselves. I have to attend to affairs of state."

When he had gone Froscetti asked without any lightness in his voice, "Do you know Herr Blaerchen well?"

"He and my husband were once partners in business."

"Indeed!" That might have meant anything and Froscetti sounded as if that was what he had implied.

IN THE hour before darkness Carola left her apartment for a walk.

A man standing near the doorway looked at her sharply as she passed, as if he were watching for someone. She told herself that he might be interested in any one of fifty families in the house. Yet as she moved down the street she could not resist looking back. The man was walking after her, a hundred feet away.

Carola held down a swelling dread by reminding herself that she had no one to fear, unless Blaerchen had learned of Karl's coming the night before and had decided to have her watched. She walked faster, wishing that she could lose herself among people, but the wind had driven most pedestrians indoors.

Then a hand touched her. "Fräulein Dirling?" The hand held tightly to her arm.

For a second Carola could not take another step. This was what the moment of arrest was like, like the turn of a switch that cut off strength and power and clarity. She could only ask weakly, "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you." The voice was harsh, unfriendly. "We will go to the nearest café."

That did not sound like arrest but the man's silence was not assuring.

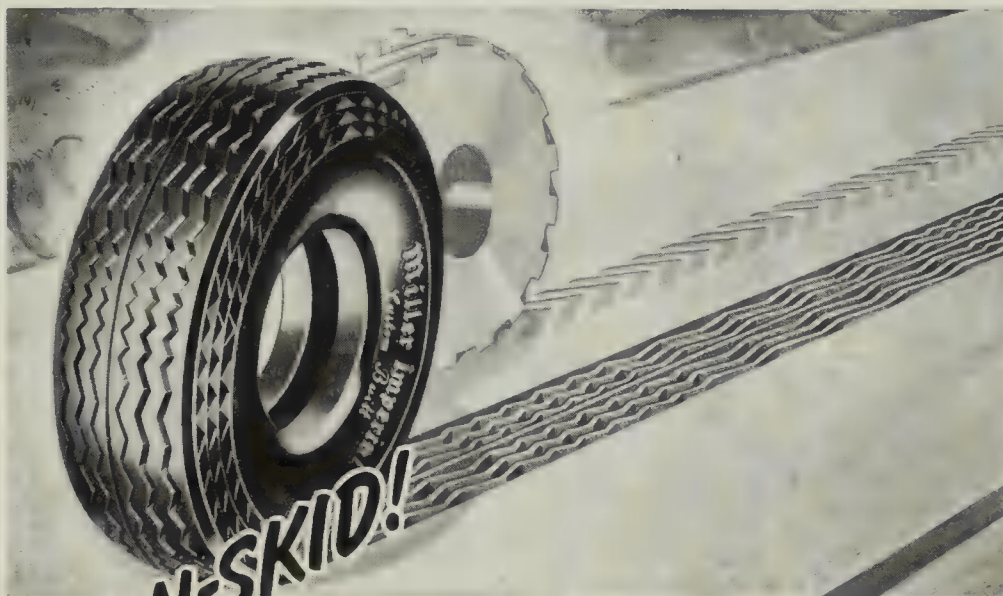
They entered a café and sat at a small table. For the first time Carola saw the man's face. It was a young face, marred by thin red ridges across one cheek that marked university sword scars. Everything in the face implied the German aristocrat, as unyielding as a boulder.

"I am August von Maurer," the man said as if speaking to a menial.

Carola smiled at him, to reassure her-



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# MILLER TIRES

## GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

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gn wanted him to do just what he  
s, to run errands, to help in gen-  
rutine. The temptation each day  
in touch with Carola was strong.  
telegram would do it. But unless  
re was some real emergency, it was  
lis to court the danger that would  
invariable if Blaerchen found out  
the meeting. Here in Wagner's  
ce, here might be a chance for an  
asual casual contact. And if Car-  
ws ever in any trouble, she would  
g ph.

left Wagner's office in the late  
on to keep his appointment with  
eller of the Foreign Office. It was  
ment of dangerous Underground  
not in itself important. But a  
nd men or even a hundred men  
an cities, doing little things, had  
e their results. From Klauss he  
arned nothing about the organi-  
and it was better to know little.  
e an, he gathered, knew little about  
ecept who his superior was and  
as enough to know.

made a point of being at the café  
the and was annoyed when Sche-  
e was late. But Schebeler came,  
ing the inevitable brief case, and  
ilg, like a man finished with a tire-  
n day's routine, glad for a chance  
at across a glass of beer with a  
er.

er a few minutes Schebeler took  
velope from his pocket and handed  
uer the table to Karl. "Here are  
randa of some Foreign Office con-  
nsions with our friends in Rumania  
d Turkey," he said. "The Italians  
nd give a lot to get hold of this."  
Anything that showed Nazi activity  
here could be useful to the Under-  
nd and Karl took the envelope.

"Or a little while coming here I  
frightened," Schebeler smiled. "I  
I was being followed. Nervous-  
" "know what you mean," Karl said.  
inevitable in this activity, I pre-

light movement of Schebeler's arm  
e table attracted Karl. The man's  
was blotchy. "I told you I thought  
s being followed—there's the man,  
e at the door! Get away with that  
elope. If they should take me and  
sh me they'll find nothing but if  
e search you—!"

Karl got up and wrapped his coat

around him. He started for the door, not  
hurrying, like a man loath to leave what  
little warmth there was for the cold out-  
doors. A man was standing at the door,  
searching for a familiar face when Karl  
brushed by him. At each step he ex-  
pected a hand to reach out and stop  
him. On the street he did not hurry un-  
til he had gone a hundred feet.

The arrangement Klauss had sug-  
gested for delivering the material was  
simple. Karl was to go to Friedrich-  
strasse station and wait near the down-  
stairs ticket windows. He went there  
and waited. A few minutes before five-  
thirty Ranke came by, like a man hur-  
rying to catch a train. Karl joined him.  
As they went up the stairs he gave him  
a newspaper folded around the enve-  
lope.

"No trouble?" Ranke said nervously.  
"I had a scare," Karl said.  
"You get used to them." Then Ranke  
hurried away.

**T**HE party at the home of the second  
secretary of the Italian Embassy had  
been going on for some time when Fro-  
scetti arrived with Carola. Except for  
one attaché from the Foreign Office, all  
the guests were foreigners. The table  
that held bottles was twice as long as  
the table holding food.

"We have to do something in Berlin  
at night," Froscetti said. "If only we  
were in Rome! Here we have to see the  
same people at every party. There's  
nothing else to do."

The host, Peroli, and several men  
gathered around Carola. Serving her  
from the buffet became a minor but  
acute competition. Froscetti looked  
angry. He looked angrier when he heard  
Peroli, whose wife had been spoken of  
as a resident of Rome and jealous, ask  
Carola for cocktails "later in the week."  
The party showed signs of going on  
through most of the night but shortly  
after ten o'clock Froscetti said, "I think  
we had better go."

"Very well," Carola agreed. She was  
not enjoying herself.

On the way home Froscetti com-  
plained, "I thought it would be fun but  
I didn't have any fun."

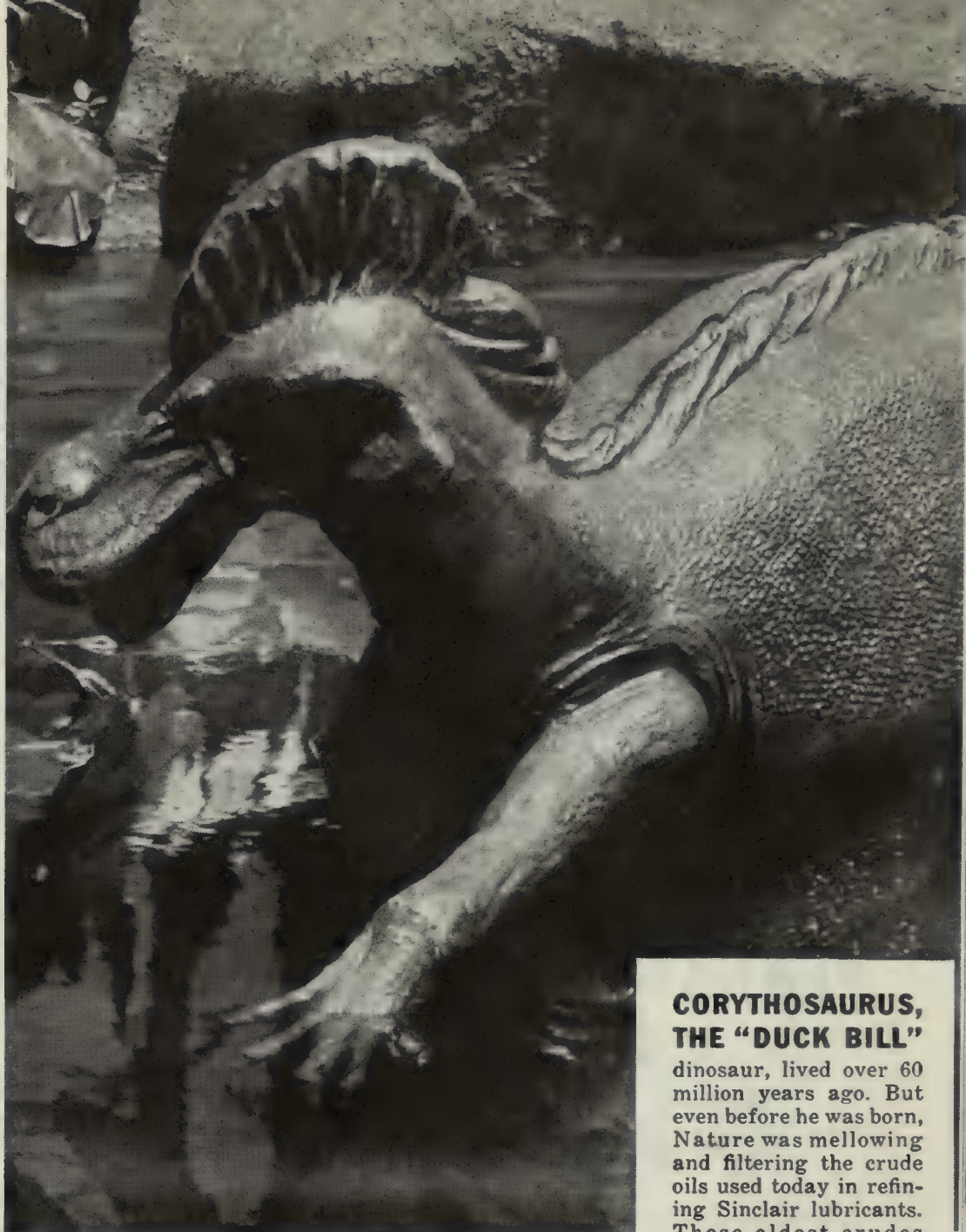
"Why not?"

"With all those men around you?  
Even that old fool Peroli was trying to  
make a date with you. He has a wife  
and five children and if she ever heard



"Don't be so particular. You know she's the  
first traveler from Europe we've had in weeks"

GUSTAVE LUNDBERG



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→ DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE! →

of it she would cut him down six inches shorter than he now is."

He sounded as if he wanted to quarrel and that was ridiculous but they rode on in silence, slowly and carefully through the dark.

He asked suddenly, "What do you do here, Carola?"

"Do?" she repeated.

"You are attractive. You once had a wide reputation. You came back suddenly and live here comfortably although few German women today live with any ease. You seem to."

She was sure curiosity and not suspicion explained his question. "I got homesick abroad and came back. That's all."

He accepted that. "Aren't you lonely?"

That could scarcely be called a subtle approach. "I keep very busy."

"But you go out very seldom. I've asked about you!" He said it proudly. "Few people even know that you are back."

Along with his remark he came a little closer.

The car stopped at her house. "Will you let me come in for a little while?"

"It's rather late."

"I have something to tell you that concerns you vitally."

She hesitated. That remark could be taken several ways. Then she remembered that he was in the diplomatic service and that he might know something that would be valuable to her.

"Please! Just for a minute."

"Very well," Carola said, "but just for a minute."

Once in the apartment he looked around with curiosity. "This room is charming."

"It is very comfortable."

He sat on the divan while Carola took a seat across the room. He seemed unwilling to begin to talk and Carola reminded him, "You said you had something vital to tell me."

"I have." He lit a cigarette, then suddenly turned toward her: "I have fallen in love with you, Carola."

She could not help laughing but she was sorry at once. She could see on Froschetti's face that he was hurt. Very gently she said, "You've only known me for a few days."

"Who can measure emotion by time? I'm serious. I would have told you yesterday but the Adlon dining room—"

"Is not famous for its privacy," Carola agreed. Before she could say anything else the telephone rang. "Excuse me!"

Froschetti looked displeased and said something under his breath.

Carola lifted the receiver. "Hello?" "Fräulein Dirling?" The man's voice was unfamiliar. "Say only 'yes' or 'no' to my questions. Is Signor Froschetti with you?"

"Yes," Carola said nervously. She glanced at the Italian who was looking more displeased than ever.

"LISTEN to me carefully." The voice was most businesslike. "It is now ten-thirty. In ten minutes you will please scream."

"I don't understand."

Froschetti heard the tone of her voice and was looking at her questioningly.

"I am speaking for Herr Blaerchen." The voice was impatient. "Understand? In ten minutes you will please scream. Scream loudly so that it can be heard in other apartments, on the street—"

"But—"

"You will please do as you are told. That is Herr Blaerchen's wish." The voice was cold, impersonal. "Do not disobey!"

Froschetti was by her side as Carola put the receiver down. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Is anything wrong? Are you ill?"

"Just get me a glass of water." That

would give her time to think. She would scream and men would come rushing in, find Froschetti there and involve him in a nasty scandal.

She knew she had nine minutes more!

Froschetti brought the water and she drank it. He looked much concerned. "Carola, what is the matter?"

She knew she had eight minutes more.

This was probably Blaerchen's way of arranging things in the diplomatic world. That Froschetti was nice, young, and harmless enough, with family tradition and background, did not matter. A scandal would do more than embarrass him. Yet, not to do as Blaerchen had ordered would bring certain punishment of some sort.

SEVEN minutes more!

The Italian stood in the middle of the room, curiosity blended with impatience on his face. The street outside was quiet, the corridors in the house were quiet. Carola did not know how many minutes were left. To go through with this assignment or anything like it would be impossible. In a few minutes men would be waiting outside to hear a scream from her apartment, a betrayal of a man who had done her no harm.

She had time for a quick decision. Her voice was firm as she said to Froschetti, "Please leave at once!"

"Why?" He looked astonished. "I don't understand."

"Please leave!"

"Without an explanation?" No trace of his role as suitor remained. "Are you angry because I spoke of being in love with you?"

"Yes. Please leave!" She emphasized each word.

With set white face Froschetti put on his hat and coat. As he reached the door he turned and said coldly, "I should certainly not want to embarrass you if you're expecting someone else!"

There was scarcely time now to think of excuses before impatient men would knock at her door. With or without excuses, Carola was glad that she had had enough courage to tell the Italian to go. The thought of what Blaerchen might do, in retaliation, if he doubted her excuses, was a growing, ominous thing, a thought that might choke her to speechlessness. Karl had said, "Wait until you have a definite reason for breaking with

Blaerchen." This might be it! She only wait and wonder.

Five minutes passed before she heard a knock. Three men, strangers were there. They pushed into the

"Will you please explain, Fräulein?" one of them said impatiently. It was the voice she had heard on the telephone.

"Froschetti left your house immediately after we called," another man added.

With as much self possession as possible Carola looked at the men. She said coldly, "I think it is you who explain."

"You were given an order—"

"Without proof that it was an order?" Carola looked at the men scornfully. She grabbed at any explanation. "How could I know that it was not some of Froschetti's friends playing some practical joke?"

"In Germany today no one dares to play such a practical joke."

"I suppose not."

"Did you tell Froschetti what we said on the telephone?" one man asked rudely.

Carola snapped, "Of course I did." "It is curious that he stayed in your apartment for such a short time after we called."

"That is my affair!" She was not afraid. "You used Herr Blaerchen's name. Let me see credentials giving you a right to use it."

"You will ask no questions! Your duty is to obey orders."

The men turned to the door. One of them added: "We shall report to the Fräulein!"

THEY left abruptly. To her own surprise Carola did not feel frightened.

She decided to be aggressive and to call Blaerchen the next day but before she could reach him he called her.

"Hello, my dear, how are you?"

"I'm glad you called. Some merest night—"

He interrupted: "I know all about it."

"But—"

"I'll drop in for a little while late in afternoon."

His voice gave no indication of what he thought but she was not as sure as she had been that she was not frightened.



"There's a Democrat right ahead of you, Senator, passing out taffy to the babies you're going to kiss!"

THURSTON GENTRY



# The man who took lessons in smiling



FIRST TIME he registered with us, he was one of the grouchiest guests we'd ever met. But, as he returned again and again, we noticed him gradually changing to something akin to good humor.

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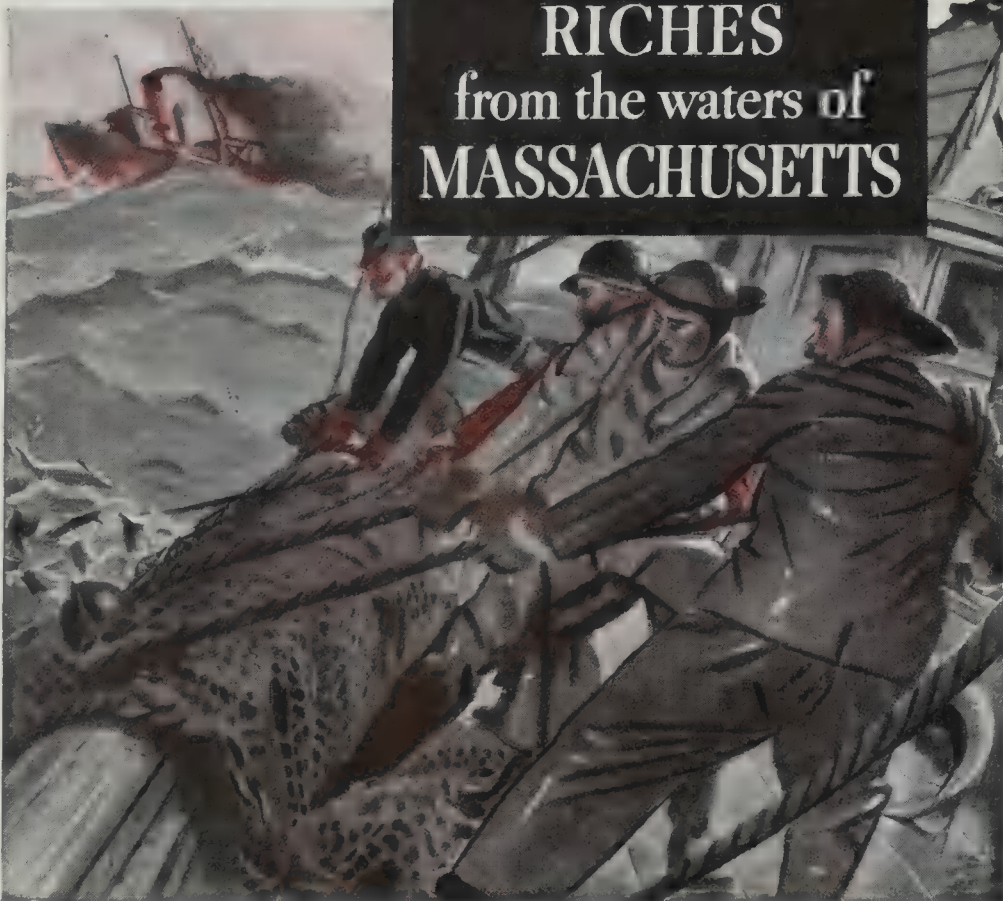
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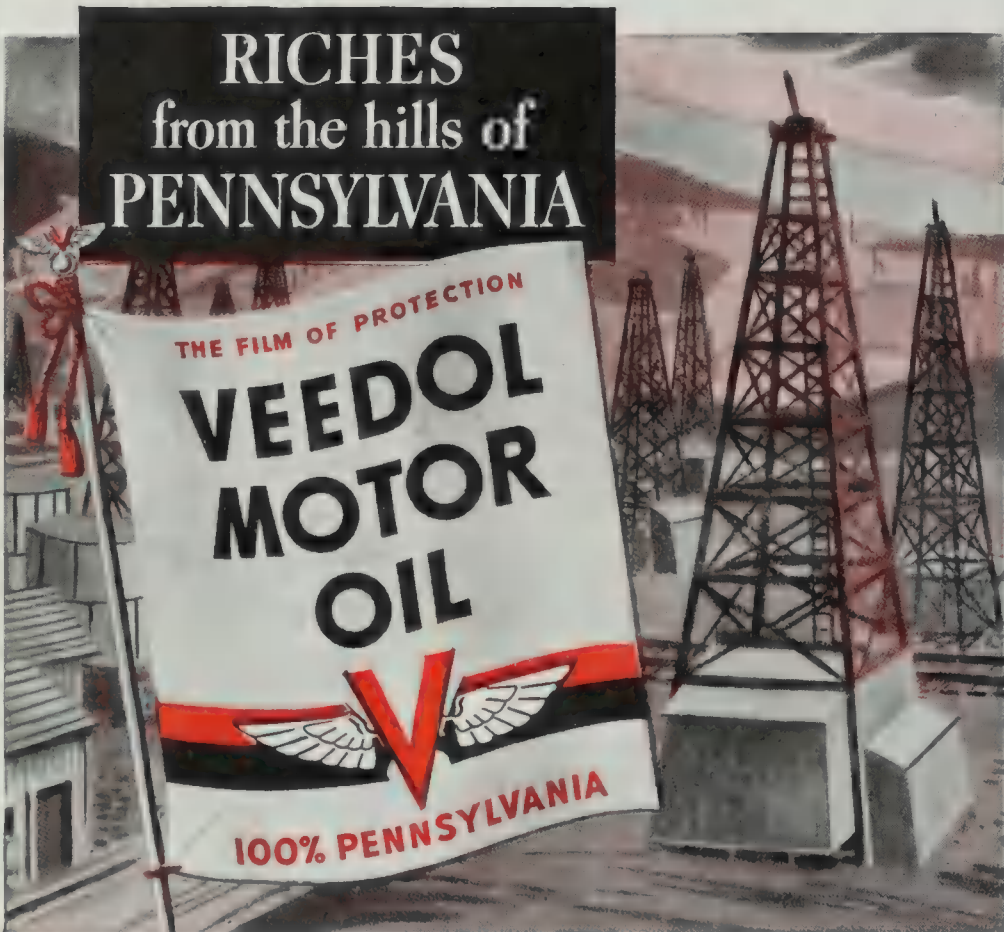
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ened. She thought of going to Karl for advice but it was better not to risk that until she knew exactly what Blaerchen was going to say.

Maria usually came by nine o'clock but this mornnig she was late. Carola was in the kitchen preparing her own breakfast when the telephone rang again. It was Froschetti. If she had never heard from him again she would have understood; yet here he was on the telephone, speaking pleasantly with no slightest trace of annoyance.

"I hope you had a pleasant evening after I left," he said courteously.

"Thank you." Carola was still surprised that he should call.

"Could we lunch together today?"

Carola knew she owed him some explanation. "I would like that."

"I'll pick you up at one."

The only explanation to make to him was the truthful one. He might be able to explain why Blaerchen had chosen to set such a trap.

**T**HE telephone rang later in the morning. A man's voice asked, "Do you know who this is?"

Carola knew. "Yes, Herr Praut."

He seemed flattered that she should recognize the voice. "I told you I would be patient. May we lunch today?"

"Sorry." She felt grateful to Froschetti.

"That's too bad."

She put the phone down, sure that Praut would keep on stalking her. The whole situation was getting too complicated and she wanted to run from it. Instead of running, it would be better to plan what to tell Blaerchen when he called this afternoon.

Maria had not come by one o'clock when Froschetti came to the door. As Carola left the house she wondered about the maid's absence and could not understand it. Maria had never missed a day and was always prompt.

"Where shall we lunch?" Froschetti asked.

"I'm not hungry. Let's drive for a little while. I'd be grateful for some air."

"Very well." He turned the car toward the suburbs. Then he asked very quietly, "If I am not being rude, could you possibly tell me what happened last night?"

"Yes," Carola said. "I had no time to explain." She turned to him, to watch his face. "That telephone call was from a man who asked me to wait a few minutes, then scream. I am sure that men were waiting outside to break in as soon as I made a sound and create as much embarrassment for you as they could."

Froschetti turned red, then white. "Oh!" He had not expected that. "Then

I should be grateful to you. I am grateful." The boyishness that was able was like a garment put away to think," he said sharply, "that I know the name of the man who told you."

"Who?"

Very slowly he answered, "Blaerchen of the Foreign Office."

Carola shook her head. "He came from a stranger."

"Probably hired by Blaerchen," a pause he said, "That would have been a very embarrassing situation."

"Really?" She wished he would explain.

"That is not a new trick. It is done by other Foreign Offices in an attempt to place a diplomatic agent in a position in which publicity would be very ruinous. For me it would have been disastrous—my family in you know!" He concluded: "The choice is then offered the choice between publicity and becoming amenable to suggestions." He added bitterly: "The first step in the manufacture of a roll."

"Why should you think it was Blaerchen who called?"

Froschetti did not answer at once. He looked at her quickly. "That is a innocent question, Carola. How do you know that you aren't working for the Foreign Office?"

"Had I been part of a plan to get you," she said simply, "I surely would not have warned you."

"Of course not," he said. "Forgive me but it was a natural assumption. Blaerchen is a friend of yours and a very bad friend to you. You'll pardon me. There are many that he has approached other in the diplomatic circle at times."

**W**HAT does he want? Here in some way to important knowledge.

"Money, I suspect," Froschetti said. "These big Nazis can't get money, and why? To deposit it abroad. That's what they think. Hitler's statement that the Nazis will endure a thousand years. Perhaps Blaerchen's short of money for little petty intrigues. The war has made it difficult for those gentlemen to transfer their assets back and forth the might like." He paused. "He is desperate for money!"

Then he was intent on his thoughts.

"I really am obliged to you," after a time. "If ever I can do for you—!"

Carola smiled. "Thank you." When he left her at her house she knew this was a short chapter closed.

(To be continued next week)



"You play the National Anthem and we'll grab the chairs"

LEONARD



## Continued from page 15

means a good Roof



# You wouldn't fly in this 1908 Airplane



## But do you use a SAFETY RAZOR INVENTED BEFORE 1900?

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**SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR**

want to build this. How much would the lumber cost?"

He said, "You're Mrs. Rand," and smiled, and gave the slip of paper his thoughtful attention. Then he added: "You've got a shanty now. What's this house for?"

She hated to tell him, for men were practical and they had no faith in women's ideas. She stood small and dramatic before his great bulk, her eyes very dark. Her voice came out with a smothered faintness. "For a hotel. There's no place to eat or sleep out there—and a lot of travelers come by. I am quite a good cook."

"Looks like three, four hundred dollars for lumber."

Money was life. She dropped her head so that he would not see her face. "It is more than I have," she murmured. "I could only pay fifty dollars now and the rest when I earned it. Maybe—"

"How would you get it built?"

"I don't know."

His gray-green eyes remained on her like weight and the painful silence ran on. She wanted to say, "Trust me and I'll get it built," but her pride held back the words. Everybody had their troubles; she would not share hers.

"If you can find a way to get your hotel built," Mr. Jessup said, "you can have the lumber. I'll write a note to Brewerton. I'll take fifty dollars when you start building—and the rest when you earn it."

Gratitude rushed through her, so great that she was motionless and speechless. Long moments later she looked up to see him smiling. Then she said, so softly: "You will be fully paid."

AFTER a cold supper Harriet Rand put Tara to bed and moved to the yard, grateful for one slow, soft breath of wind moving up from the south. The odor of cut grass was a fragrance all around her and the crickets were singing and Clyde Jacks walked across the prairie, dim and lumpy in the night until he came within the lamplight's beam. He had not washed and he had not shaved and he wore the same blackened underwear. She tried not to see these things, for he was a hard-working man and would not be deliberately unfair as a husband.

He said: "A man gets lonely. You made up your mind?"

"Not yet, Clyde."

"It is you or some other woman," he said in his flat voice, and moved away toward Brewerton's. She listened to his shoes solidly scuff the ground. That sound got into her and was like the beat of a hammer nailing down every hope and every dream. She turned into the shanty and sat at the table before her hotel plan, thinking, "It needn't be that big," and drew another plan, one front room and a kitchen and four small bedrooms on a single floor. It would take less lumber and less time to build. John Madden, south of Kertcher's place, had been a carpenter in the East; in the morning she would see him.

After breakfast she took a jar of jelly and went down the road with Tara, through the sweet, bright morning air. Two miles forward, she stopped at the Eccles shanty to leave her jar of jelly and met Mrs. Eccles in the yard. "Pete's sleeping," said Mrs. Eccles. "He was up all night guarding the place. It's hard enough without the fear of Brazil Mullan to contend with. We've talked of goin' back to Ohio."

"You must never do that," said Harriet vigorously. "Nothing's that bad. There's always a way."

"And you so small and alone," said Mrs. Eccles. "You give a person hope."

Mrs. Rand left the main road and followed a lesser road wiggling through the grass. Along the prairie, shanties made black points against a yellow earth, and a rider trotted out of the mid-

dle distance, and dust boiled like fire smoke from the gully where Tom Kertcher fashioned his earth dam. She turned onto Mr. Madden's quarter section and caught him at his mowing. Mr. Madden was a man with a scarlet face and dust-inflamed eyes; he stopped willingly to rest.

SHE said: "You are a carpenter. What would you charge me to build a house? A big room and a kitchen and three bedrooms."

"You got a shanty. What you need a house for?"

"I have a use for it." She couldn't tell him the real reason, for she knew she was small and helpless before this man's eyes; he would think her foolish. "The rooms," she hastily added, "would be small," but all the conviction had left her voice.

"It would run pretty high," he told her. "Anyhow, I couldn't get at it this summer."

She said, "Thank you," and turned about, moving back through the dust and stubble with her head lifted; she looked straight into the blue distance,

and felt the sharp, stinging effect of his presence. He tipped his hat, then riding on.

She made supper and later sat in the doorway, watching dusk move over the other black night. Perhaps one of the two small bedrooms would be enough. She could use the shanty for a kitchen. Everything smaller and smaller as she sat over, hands tight across her chest, blinked on the prairie; in the sc flat gunshot barked out.

There was a quick series of visions after that first one. The echoes faded and the vibration of the horses lifted from the direction and rapidly strengthened. Harriet Rand, facing south, saw no the wall of black, but she observed Clyde Jacks had extinguished his light. She turned into the shanty with her head down and said, "Stay here." The beat of the hoofs grew flat and loud and she the sound of a man's voice, half crying. She moved to the table, lifted its cover, taking up the revolver which had belonged to her husband, and returned to the yard.



"Look, lady! It isn't necessary to give your reasons why you're picking him!"

her lips pressed tight. Tara said, "Mommy, you're walking too fast." The solitary horseman now coming up was Curtis Kilrain, who waved at her. She went on, keeping her head up with effort. She lifted a finger and pressed it slowly across one eye and then the other, and then thought of Otto Pedersen, who was also a carpenter, twenty miles down the river. She moved steadily through the heated day, stopping again at Brewerton's to speak to Letty:

"Do you suppose I could borrow your team tomorrow to ride to Pedersen's?"

"I'll drive you."

"That's very nice," said Mrs. Rand gratefully and went on. It had been very hard to ask the favor.

She made a cold lunch and put Tara to bed for a nap and stood in the yard, idle and hating to be idle.

At three o'clock the sun was a livid brass flare half down the western sky. The cattleman, Andy Pierce, trotted casually out of the Virgil road and paused to murmur, "Warm," and to roll a smoke. When he lighted the cigarette his eyes struck at her, keen and curious. He was very tall and he sat on the saddle with a beautiful ease, as though nothing in the whole world had the power of disturbing him. The black edges of his hair lay against the smoothest, most completely self-controlled features she had ever seen in a man. She said, "Yes,"

to see Pete Eccles rush out of the shanty. He cried at her: "Have you got any cartridges? My gun's empty!"

Other riders were sweeping in a line, knew at once who they would be. He said: "Get down. Get into the shanty and stay there!"

Fear changed the shape of his face that he was not the same man; a man who had lived so long with her own fear. She felt a great pity for him and for the anger at Brazil Mullan. Eccles slid from his horse and gave it a great kick to the flank to send it away. He brayed desperately: "You got a gun, Harriet! Mullan and his men were very near they would kill Pete Eccles, as they threatened. Harriet took Eccles by the shoulder and pushed him into the shanty and pulled the door almost shut behind her back to it as Mullan came around the house and stopped, with other riders behind him.

HE WAS in the beam of light when he came out of the shanty window. She noticed the flash of his eyes and the long and morose shape of his jaw. "Get him out of there," he said. "Right now!"

The revolver was behind her back. She was quite small against the shanty, the thought of Pete Eccles' fear raged her and made her completely helpless. "You go on," she said. "You must be ashamed of yourself." Some-



ight other riders seemed to be  
adriding rapidly. "You get out of

uln said: "I'll pull him out," and  
swinging from his saddle.

claimed, "No, you won't," and  
the pistol from behind her back.  
the hammer to cock with her  
band aimed the gun at his hat.  
gave her the blackest glance she  
received and his voice was like  
slap of his hand. "Put that

of the other men said: "We got to  
up here."

was then too late, for men closed  
all quarters of the night, or so  
ed to Harriet Rand. Mullan  
ened on his saddle and whirled  
a hand clinging to the butt of his  
he was like this when Kertcher  
ly Pierce galloped into the yard  
opped before him. They were not  
Brewerton and Kilrain and Web-  
re up; and she saw other home-  
drift around the shanty and  
ring. Pete Eccles opened the  
door, saying in a half-embarr-  
voice: "I only had six cartridges  
ldn't've run. They started across  
at again and I told them to quit it.  
umped me. Four against one is  
ds."

her said: "Put up your hands."  
everything in the yard was black  
and yellow glow, with disturbed  
ing up like tawny steam. Mullan  
reat sigh out of his chest and  
Rand heard his teeth grit to-  
For a moment she thought he  
to fight, and that moment was  
ng. But at last a change came  
s face, a kind of dismal, secre-  
culation, and he put up his  
Kertcher moved in and jerked  
s gun from the holster. Andy  
rode around to the other three  
ok their pieces.

won't have this business," said  
er. "There's too much work to be  
be troubled with a bunch of  
chieves scarin' hell out of decent  
You catch on, Mullan?"

an turned without a word and  
to the night, his three partners  
him.

Pierce said: "You've still got  
b to do, friend Kertcher. I know  
country better than you." His  
swung around to Harriet and  
ly all these men were watching  
eing the gun in her hand, seeing  
tly resolute expression she wore.  
Pierce murmured: "You weren't

" she said. "I wasn't afraid."

cher said an odd thing then to  
erton. "Is she helpless, Adam?"

ly Pierce lifted his hat. "They  
bother you again tonight. Eccles,  
le home with you." In a little  
the homesteaders drifted away,  
voices dying out at last in the dis-

M the seat of the Brewerton  
on, Harriet Rand watched it roll  
as one beautiful fold upon an-  
gently dipping and rising and  
on. Letty stopped the horses at  
ver for a drink and afterward  
east. It was quite early, the sun  
lly up, yet people moved on all  
s of the prairie, the wake of their  
and wagons lifting golden smoke  
against the light. Harriet Rand  
"Where's everybody going?"

gil, I suppose. This is Saturday."  
ad forgotten," said Harriet, and  
ted to her anxious thoughts. Letty  
erton was a competent girl with a  
she walked and trotted them by  
and covered the whole width of the  
by noon, reaching Pedersen's  
y. There was a woman in the door-  
carefully watching them—smiling  
served.

Harriet Rand said: "I wanted Mr.  
Pedersen to build a house for me."

"Why," said the woman, "he's gone  
towards Virgil." She gave Harriet a close  
look, and added, "But he wouldn't have  
time for that. He's got a steady job  
with the Wagonwheel outfit. You girls  
come in and eat."

"I am not very hungry," said Mrs.  
Rand and sat lost on the seat until Let-  
ty's arm urged her to the ground.

They were back in the wagon by two  
o'clock, homeward bound along the rim  
of the river. Mrs. Rand bent her head  
against the sun and held her hands tight-  
crossed in her lap. At five o'clock they  
paused in a clump of willows. Letty  
said: "I'm sorry, Harriet. Did it mean  
a lot?"

"Why, yes," murmured Harriet Rand.  
"But it is all right." There was no use  
explaining it. People had to take care  
of their own troubles. All that morning  
she had nourished her last hope, and  
now it was dead. The land was too big  
for a woman alone and there was noth-  
ing left but Clyde Jack's offer. She was  
long silent, struggling with her own per-  
sonal tragedy, reproaching herself for  
false dreams. She had been foolish to  
think she was still young enough to ex-  
pect happiness. "But," she said aloud,  
"it will be different with Tara. She will  
have what I lost."

"WHAT was that, Harriet?"

"I am going to marry Clyde Jacks."  
Letty gave her a shocked glance. "I  
had not known it meant so much to  
you."

"People must keep their own trou-  
bles."

They drove on against the burning  
flare of the sun. At darkness they turned  
to the north and aimed at the glitter of  
a homestead light. A rider whirled up  
from the distance and hailed them and  
vanished again.

Letty said: "It needn't be Clyde Jacks,  
Harriet. There are other single men."

Harriet thought of Andy Pierce and  
put the thought away with a sense of  
guilt. "It doesn't matter," she said.

Blackness was a velvet depth all  
around, all the prairie lights somehow  
lost. This had seemed like the way  
home, but now Harriet was confused.  
"Are you sure we're on the right road,  
Letty?"

A voice came from deep stillness.  
"Letty?" Letty Brewerton said, "Yes,"  
and curled the wagon toward a long low  
shadow bulked against the earth. The  
smell of coffee drifted in the warm wind-  
less night.

"Where is this?" asked Harriet.

Another voice said, "All right," and  
suddenly lights flashed along the earth—  
many lights brightly gleaming, and  
Harriet faced the glowing windows of  
a house larger than she had ever noticed  
on the prairie. It had two stories and an  
outside stairway. Beside it—recogniz-  
ing it with a wrench of heart—was her  
own small shanty. In front of the house  
people stood very still, the shadowed  
and bronzed faces of men and the smil-  
ing eyes of women watching her. It  
seemed all the prairie was here. Tom  
Kertcher moved up from the crowd with  
Curtis Kilrain; she saw Andy Pierce in  
the background. It was the embittered  
and half-savage Kilrain who said, "Here  
is your hotel, Harriet. We built it to-  
day."

She was crying, though no sound came  
out of her, and those kind, dark faces  
moved away behind a blur that no light  
could break. Letty Brewerton's arm was  
around her in strong comfort and some-  
where a voice lifted and in a moment all  
those people, tired from the hard day,  
caught up a song and the song lifted  
their spirits and the words of the song  
moved out, far out to the dark and wait-  
ing land: "Mine eyes have seen the  
glory—"

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## Leave the Lady Be

Continued from page 24

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summertime drink  
that doesn't  
"talk back"!



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That's why so many folks play safe and stick to grapefruit juice as their hot weather cooler. It's a grand thirst quencher, this tangy, delicious Florida canned grapefruit juice that's loaded with vitamins and minerals. Best of all—it's good for you in a dozen different ways. And you can't drink too much! Your grocer has it.

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thus sparing the real city. If this doesn't work, it will be just another plan gone wrong.

That's where I found Jean Arthur, in the bogus Tucson, now officially called Old Tucson, with a post office where you can buy genuine stamps and post cards, ninety-four buildings, ten streets, thirty-five dogs and two hundred movie people, making the picture Arizona, directed by Wesley Ruggles from the story by that old-time cowboy, deer-slayer, buffalo hunter and dutch-treat maestro, Clarence Budington Kelland. The first time I met her, she had just finished shooting Indians with linen bullets—a touch of authenticity—and she looked highly uncomfortable, but was smiling. She wore a pair of thick blue overalls, a thick leather jacket over a thick blue undershirt, a pair of cowhide boots, an army hat weighing one pound and she carried a rifle. Temperature in the sun, where she was, 130.

"It's a little warm, working down here," she admitted. "But I have gained four pounds."

She then gave herself another back-pouring and resumed shooting Indians. In Old Tucson and on the various near-by locations, she lives in her own trailer, air-cooled and full of feminine gadgets. Mr. Ruggles and his men live and eat in the heat under canvas flaps and take it like soldiers. At night, Jean rides home to her ranch, which she rents from a man named Walt Coburn, who writes wild-western stories and must be doing all right. It is a fine ranch, and should be, for she pays seven hundred and fifty dollars a month rent. Walt moved out happily with the first month's rental and took a place at Del Mar, California, where it is cool and sea-breezy in summer.

#### She Knows What She Wants

When the company arrived in town, they stowed Jean away in the royal suite at the Santa Rita, parlor, bedroom and bath, and hoped she would be happy. This is the hotel where, in the construction days, Chris-Pin Martin carried water at fifty cents a day. Chris-Pin is now an actor himself and can afford to pay fifteen dollars a day for a room, although such a thing has never happened.

For one week, Miss Arthur remained in the hotel, not sleeping much. At two each morning, and muttering to herself, she would put on a red robe, walk across the street and make herself comfortable on a park bench until dawn. She was never disturbed, so it must be Tucson has no drunks, for the robe was quite red. After a week of that, she rented Coburn's ranch, where she lived thereafter with two maids, a cook and a hair-dresser.

Every so often, her husband, who is Frank Ross of Los Angeles, flies over for the week end. . . . He always returns on the five-o'clock plane—that is, five o'clock in the morning—and the lady always gets up and sees him off with a merry smile, so the Rosses must be getting along fine.

She is five feet, four inches, weighs 110 pounds, has calm, gray eyes, blond hair, speaks deliberately in that voice I mentioned and has definite notions about what she wishes to do in pictures. She has had her battles with the film magnates and was set down for eighteen months for rebellious conduct.

Wes Ruggles thinks and says Jean is really a great actress, touched with the magic wand of genius. If you are a list liker, these are some of her pictures:

Diamond Jim, The Plainsman, Easy Living, History is Made at Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, You Can't Take It With You, Only Angels Have Wings, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and Too Many Husbands.

Of these, she personally likes best The Plainsman, Mr. Deeds, You Can't Take It and Mr. Smith.

She is unquestionably a softhearted person and sympathetic, although a little short with photographers holding a bottle of catsup. For example, she bought hay for the goats and took over the thirty-five dogs. These mutts were on their gassy way to the next world when rescued from the city pound. Dogs were required for the scenes in Old Tucson, so Jean stepped in and had them cleaned up, debugged and reconstructed. She bought them licenses, which they lacked. She had them examined by a good dog man, and soon they were washed, fed, bedded and happy.

After the company departs from Arizona, the dogs will remain, all of them

we don't like and nobody can

"How about releasing them?"

"You can get a release for a picture any day in the week. If you make poor pictures and lose the lease, what good does that do you?"

"Statistics show," I said, "that ninety per cent of all pictures independently made are flops. They broke."

"We shall not. Banks are lending us the money. If they thought we were going to fail, they wouldn't be anxious to lend money, would they?"

#### Afternoon With the Indians

Here a man named Carter called and asked Miss Arthur if she was ready in five minutes to be married. William Holden in the grand scene, where Phoebe Titus finishes Peter Muncie. She nodded and the veil off the horseshoe. In mortal hours, the six hundred had been milling about in the sun and nobody fell over dead, but you could fry the well-known usual place.

For the very last scenes in the picture, they went off fifteen miles into the desert, rented a ranch and built a cienda, set in a pool, dug a well, a road and grew alfalfa and hay. These scenes are brief and show the newlywed Phoebe and Peter sitting on their own porch, looking at a peaceful country, waving at them. After that they walk inside the house and walk out. That's all. It costs a lot and makes you wonder why they shoot it in the studio with a few sets and some stucco. When they leave they will give the improvement ranch man, who came out from Hollywood seeking quiet. . . .

In this particular location Jean has an arrangement with the Indians and Mr. Ruggles. She starts one hour earlier than normal. When lunchtime arrives, she has to go to rest, everyone else one hour earlier hurries into her trailer and takes a shower. Then comes a light lunch which she swabs down the way with water and dozes another hour. She is then ready for a tough afternoon with the Indians.

In shooting at these early scenes, she noticed she kept biting the bullet. She learned these were the liners that came after the muzzle-loading of our early wars. The little bag of powder, with the bullet fastened to the end and a piece of string to throw. When you snap the string with your teeth, the powder can be poured out of your gun, the bag becomes the bullet and you're ready to shoot. Jean has about thirty of these quaint bits in one scene.

Miss Arthur has a clear notion of her job is and what a person should do.

"You just go ahead and play your part as well as you can, and if moments like you they'll keep on coming."

"No publicity? No interview?"

"Those are not necessary. I don't do on the screen and nothing. If people don't like your work, still pictures in the world can't be made and nothing written about you. Oceans of it, will make you popular."

The last I saw of her, she was up a lace dress and stepping through the dusty street on her way to be wedded, and her water boy along behind. It was still 130 degrees and the extras waited patiently, but stepped along exactly like a cheerful bride in the sunshine.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

## HERCULE POIROT

Begins investigation  
of a series of mysteries that lead to a  
solution of historic  
significance

### The Patriotic Murders

A NEW NOVEL BY

Agatha Christie

having homes with the Tucsonites, all with three-year licenses, bought by this Miss A. The goats in the vicinity made her unhappy, as they had nothing to eat but cactus, which is tough eating, even for a goat. She dug down and ordered in some tons of new-mown hay, had it spread over the goat country and the goats went right on eating cactus.

The best moving picture she ever saw was Pygmalion by George B. Shaw. She saw it repeatedly and there was sadness even in her joy, because that was the picture she wanted and that was the role—the little guttersnipe gal—she long had craved, and when she pleaded with the studio to buy and make Pygmalion they assured her it was old-fashioned Shaw and of no merit. . . . They lived to eat them words.

Now she would love to make Joan of Arc, a remote notion. At this point a note of defiance appeared:

"I'm going to make my own pictures soon. Mr. Ross and Norman Krasna and I are going to do things our way and put in everything we like and leave out what



## When Seconds Count

Continued from page 30

consciousness in that fleet-footed second who can save a fight and a water-bucket totter can't. The popular conception of a fight second in a jersey who talks out of the corner of his mouth, swings his arms and urges his charge to "don't fight him!" Except for that towel-swinging has been changed by most state boxing commissions, the popular conception is rather than a caricature. As many really competent business as there are second-knockout count.

Requisite of a good handler is a cool head. He cannot, as Harry did after the thrilling round of the Dempsey-jump around the ring hysterically, "Where's the fight?" while holding it in his hand all the time. Nor can he, as a whole, in his excitement, as a whole, one of Joe Louis' did on one of the few occasions worked in Joe's corner.

### Four Eye on the Referee

must be able to see his opponent's beating without fainting. Harry did when his immortal second, Terry McGovern, was out by Young Corbett. On the other hand, he needn't be as callous as was the late Leo P. Flynn, who used the slogan: "He can't hurt me." As he was seconding a big, raw-horn named Tim Kelly one day, Tim was qualifying as the fish catcher since the heyday of Bresnahan. After one parting round, Kelly came back over discouraged and wailed: "I'm dead if I go out for another round. Faith, I'd better give up." "You mean by talking such nonsense," roared Leo. "Why, he didn't go on you that round."

"Well, jabbers, you better keep your eyes on the referee!" moaned Tim, beaming lips, "because someone's givin' me a helluva baytin'." As he is noted in the fight game without a peer at the art of seconding. It looks simple the way he does it in his allotted forty seconds but that's only because, after years of acting as an emergency physician, he has acquired skill in the particular field beyond that of a hold medical degrees.

According to popular belief, all cuts are treated the same treatment. Fighters are bleeders and some are not. Professor Arcel. "I know I require only the application of a line and a little pressure to stop a wound. Others will bleed from a small cut that we have to the dynamite. Know what I mean? Monsell's Solution. It's harmless. I don't know how to use it and in some states.

A popular solution is liquid adrenaline but you've got to know your opponent's it's safe to use this. In some cases it acts as a perfect styptic and in some cases it increases rather than stops the bleeding. Sometimes it acts as a stimulant, even when applied externally in such cases it increases the action and thus promotes the blood instead of stemming it. It is also a snake-venom preparation on the market which is effective in some cases. The important thing, no matter what styptic agent is

used, is the application of pressure."

Arcel is qualified to handle a fighter both orally and manually. Although he will yield to the manager in the matter of advising a fighter between rounds if requested to, he insists on taking complete charge of the job of administering to the fighter's physical needs.

Before every fight in which he works, Arcel buys a pail, sponge, bottle and supply of ice. These, with his medicine cabinet, comprise his working kit. Besides the styptic agents, Ray carries a bottle of smelling salts, a little brandy and a mixture of honey, brandy and lemon. Some fighters when fatigued are refreshed by a drink of water and aromatic spirits of ammonia. Others are nauseated by such a mixture and require brandy. Still others go for the brandy, lemon and honey mixture. Brandy stimulates the heart without intoxicating, honey supplies energy and lemon juice chases away the nauseous feeling a fighter gets when tired.

Forty seconds is all a second has in which to work between rounds although there is a one-minute interval. Arcel explains that it takes ten seconds for the handlers to climb into the ring and the fighter to get to his corner after the bell. All handlers must leave the ring when the warning whistle sounds ten seconds before the bell rings for the next round. A wise second will try to cut down on the twenty seconds that are wasted by rushing out to meet his fighter, dousing him with a spongeful of water and removing his mouthpiece.

Ice is almost as important in boxing as in hockey. Nothing refreshes a weary boxer quite as much as a piece of ice held against the forehead or back of the neck, says Arcel. A new ice technique was introduced in the art of seconding a few years ago by Pete Reilly, the Silver Fox. A great believer in proverbs, Pete decided that the ounce of prevention which lies in an ice bag, rubbed over a fighter's face between rounds, is worth the pound of cure that is contained in the various preparations for closing wounds. Now, every up-to-date second uses ice bags to freeze his fighter's physiognomy so that it won't cut easily.

### Pete Shows the Proof

A daring soul, Pete also originated the dented protector gag, in the days when fights could be won on a foul in New York State. One night when Pete's fighter, Jack Delaney, was having a bit of a joust with Paulino Uzcudun and not making much headway with the job, he fell to the mat, doubled up like a jackknife at parade rest and moaned the baritone to Pete's tenor cry of "Foul!" The referee, a music-lover, listened for a moment, then disqualified the astounded Paulino, who hadn't landed a punch below the Adam's apple in three rounds. Pete the Fox made a flying tour of the press row a minute later to exhibit a dented protector cup. The newspaper boys were deeply impressed until the thought occurred to them next morning that Pete would have had to undress his fighter in public to produce the cup Jack wore.

Pete's prize-winning performance, however, was that of seconding one fighter for the first seven rounds of a fight and his opponent for the last eight. This quaint little dodge took place in Hartford, Connecticut, the night André Routis lost the featherweight title to Bat Battalino. By a strange coincidence, Pete not only turned up in Bat's corner in the middle of the fight but he

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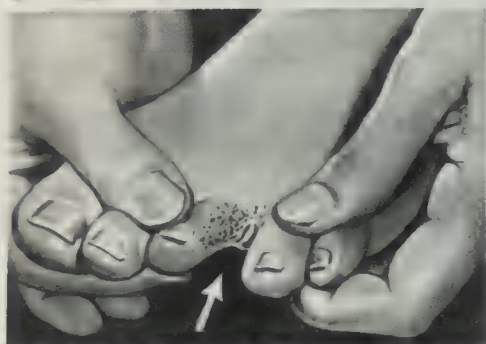
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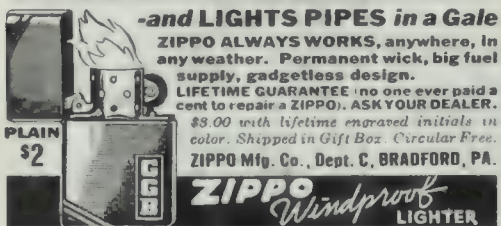
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turned up as his manager after the battle. Droll fellow, that Reilly!

No second can hope to handle successfully a fighter whom he doesn't know. Handlers like Ray Arcel who regard their work as a profession and take deep pride in it wouldn't think of going into a fighter's corner until they have had a chance to study him. That means his personality as well as his style of fighting. It would be fatal to a sensitive fighter's chances, for instance, to bawl him out for a mistake.

"You've got to know which fighters to con and which to bawl out," says Ray. "Also, you must know whether your man tires easily, how he reacts to punishment, what stimulants he requires, how easily he bleeds, whether or not he can think for himself—all these and a hundred other things you've got to file away in a card index in your brain."

"Probably the greatest obstacle we have to contend with is the poisonous advice given to fighters by wise-guy friends. They're whispering free advice all the time and, though they don't know what they're talking about, the average fighter will listen to them. Years ago, there weren't so many boxing 'experts' at large. Today, every barber, boot-black and cigar salesman knows more about our profession than we do ourselves, to hear them tell it."

A good second doesn't need to have been a boxer himself. In fact, most ex-boxers are so excitable they fail as seconds. Abe Attell was one of the greatest featherweights who ever gouged an eye or busted a nasal bridge. Yet, so excitable does he become when handling a fighter nowadays that he works himself into a state of complete exhaustion. Abe's fighter always finishes in better condition than Attell, who has used up all his strength jabbing, hooking, ducking, side-stepping, bobbing and weaving, outside the ropes as he follows the action and imagines himself in his fighter's place.

### The Caplin Curse

An excitable, two-fisted second and one of the most comical in the business is Hymie Caplin. No one has really seen a fighter seconded ambidextrously and bilingually, until he has watched Hymie Caplin in action. This East Side Hebrew who had been told (but not by the Duchess) that he looks like the Duke of Windsor, is the most individualistic of all the strange clan. It is told of Hymie that he once had to retire temporarily from his trade of beseeching pugs not to box him but to fight him, because a sprained wrist left him speechless. Caplin is equally fluent with the left or the right hand but is at his best when speaking with both.

In addition to the best pair of talking dukes in the business, Hymie is unique in that he owns the greatest collection of klulas of anyone in the fight racket. A klula isn't something you dunk in your coffee. It is a Yiddish curse, uttered half humorously and half maliciously. Sometimes Caplin lays the curse on his own fighter for refusing to obey his instructions but more often he utters his imprecation against the chap in the other corner, providing, of course, he is Jewish and understands what is being wished on his hapless head.

Lou Nova trained for his fight with Max Baer in the summer of 1939 at the beautiful estate of Dr. Pierre Bernard, at Nyack, New York. Dr. Bernard, known to the tabloids as Oom the Omnipotent, is a practitioner of Yogi and interested Nova in the Oriental cult. Arcel, who trained Nova for that fight, says Yogi exercises hindered rather than helped him. Yogi stresses will power. Nova confused will power with stubbornness and almost lost the Baer fight

by disobeying orders. His disastrous defeat by Tony Galento in Philadelphia a few months later was due entirely to his refusal to do as he was told. Instead of boxing Galento as he was instructed, Lou tried to show his contempt for Tony by slugging it out with him. They say in South Orange, New Jersey, a locomotive once tried to do the same thing with Galento and it's still at the roundhouse, being patched up. Arcel did one of his best jobs of patchwork on Nova that night. Almost every round, Lou came back to his corner bleeding from a new gash that Galento had opened. Ray used up all his blood-stanching drugs and chemicals in that fight and his skill enabled Lou to weather it out until the 14th when he collapsed. Nova hasn't fought since then. If he ever does again, he'll pay attention to his seconds instead of to good old Yogi.

### Colored Boys Fight Best

Working behind fighters five nights a week, fifty-two weeks of the year, in cities from Coast to Coast, Ray Arcel has a better grasp on what's going on in the boxing game than anyone else connected with it. Conclusions that he has reached after a quarter of a century of experience are:

1. Negro fighters have a tremendous advantage over white boys in the matter of stamina. With fewer generations of the softening influence of civilization behind them than their white brethren and inured to hardships by the less favorable living conditions under which they are brought up, colored boys not only have more endurance but can take more punishment. The thicker skull of the Negro also helps make him a better

shock absorber. Henry Armstrong stands out not because of any superiority in boxing or punching ability but because he can outlast all his opponents. A white fighter who tempted Henry's nonstop style of fighting would have been burned out long ago. Joe Louis' tremendous punching power is due to the same set of conditions.

2. Of the white boys, the Italians have the sturdiest physiques. This is accounted for, not only by the fact that Italians eat rough, wholesome food but also because Italian children aren't pampered and learn to fight early in life.

3. The Irish and Poles excel in courage, determination and initiative. Late the Irish have softened up because of the progress they have made in America. The Poles has improved their mode of living measurably. When the Irish were picks and shovels, they were to the game what the Italians are now. Braddock was a throwback to the style Irish fighter and Leo Lomskey fied the Poles at his best.

4. Jewish boys are the smartest fighters and fastest thinkers. Two of them, Benny Leonard and Barney Ross, stand out as the intellectuals of the ring.

5. There are fewer and fewer fighters as the years pass because of the modern pugilist's requirements. Cream puffs and manure have replaced roadwork, plain, substantial food and brine baths for the hands in the modern pugilist's regimen.

6. Boxing, despite all the sins committed against it, chiefly by those who earn a good living from it, can be a builder of character as well as of physique and must be essentially a struggle to survive all the attacks from outside and within.



"We don't want to spoil your fun. Take the party to our apartment downstairs—we'll sleep here!"

GREGORY D'ALE



## Childhood of Miss Churt

Continued from page 23

nd that, in packets weighing mere  
eds of pounds.

"Get that junk out o' the way!"  
said Mr. Wharton. "C'mon, boys!"  
Himself was about to seize a crate  
the third mate grabbed his shoul-

ay, Wharton—" "He hell you do. Muck in an' shift  
thing. I'm goin' to shove these  
motives up, or whatever they are."  
sten! The Old Man's in a sweat  
nk—sendin' out SOS till the ether's  
ots in it—" "He hell with him!"  
h' now he's gettin' ready to aban-  
or hip."

N. Wharton disposed of his current  
a and dashed forward to cut the key  
out of a jam. Somehow or other  
shirt had disintegrated, and his trou-  
consisted of but a breechclout and  
neg, but still he was not swearing.  
Onon Hobson, at that moment asleep  
off Liverpool, his craglike nose in  
st pillow made for him by a parish-  
n, would have been gratified could  
ave known.

"HAT are you goin' to do?" de-  
manded the third officer. "He's got  
the ship's papers ready, an' he says  
uty's to his men, an' unless we get  
by dawn he's gonna take to the  
s."

you don't get outa my dog-rammed  
we won't be afloat till dawn," said  
Wharton. "Hey—" "But you got to stop him!"

an' risk my ticket—mutiny? No,  
I obey—get that stuff movin', you  
h o' lobsters! Come along aft here,  
knob-eyed slackers—want me to  
e this myself? You Fawdry—you  
on—"

leared space now lay between the  
head and the first tank, which, of  
se, was not really a tank, it just felt  
one. Anyway, the problem was to  
it up to that bulkhead—and the  
r one up behind it, if possible. And  
bulkhead was remarking, in the  
uage of tortured steel, that it would  
damned if it was going to wait for  
a support much longer.

You can't shift 'em," said the third  
e weakly, "an' if you do, you'll shove  
bow down an' we'll slide."

Like the Tornado at Coney Island,"  
ed Mr. Wharton, grinning. "Down  
t McGinty—ready, boys? Line up,  
your shoulders against it. It's shove  
row gills! Now—one—two—" "The  
case didn't move."

The Old Man says—" gasped the  
d mate.

Give us a chantey," grunted one of  
men; and Mr. Wharton obliged. It  
ght almost be said that out of the  
ness of the heart the mouth spoke.  
could hardly be called singing, and  
verbiage was bald and incomplete;  
in topicality, direction and—yes—  
passion of love denied, Mr. Whar-  
s chantey might have claimed  
ship with the romaunts of the trou-  
lours.

Ca-a-a-ptain Ti-i-i-mbs," he emitted  
a wavering roar, "is a son of a—  
ve!"

The men had had their leave stopped  
Staten Island.

Ca-a-a-ptain Ti-i-i-mbs," they agreed  
sively, "is a son of a—heave!"

The case budged.

Ca-a-a-ptain Timbs—heave!"

t moved six inches.

—son of a—heave!"

six inches more.

Up on the bridge, the subject of the

chantey was talking to three naval rat-

ings who seemed not to like him. They  
were the men responsible for the 4.7 aft,  
and they seemed to be suffering from  
the spirit of Nelson, or Collingwood or  
somebody.

All they did about it, though, was to  
say they didn't think—

"You don't have to think!" said Cap-  
tain Timbs.

"You're not our officer, sir," said the  
senior rating.

"You're under my orders! If I say to  
abandon ship, we'll abandon ship!"

This made it the turn of the junior  
rating.

"Aye, aye, sir," said he. "If you say so."

Captain Timbs swallowed a large and  
visible lump in the throat. "That's the  
order," he said. "Soon's it's dawn.  
We're ripped wide open."

"Roughish sea, sir," said the senior  
rating impassively.

"I've got a Swedish freighter on the  
radio—she'll be here by then, standing  
by. Who the hell are you, questioning  
my orders?"

"Nobody, sir," said the second rating.  
"Get to hell out!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said the third; and  
out they went.

What they said as they went below is  
nobody's business; such low specula-  
tions about the sums payable by govern-  
ment to bereaved ship owners; so much  
plain, vulgar swearing. One may, how-  
ever, make extracts to the extent that  
the senior remarked that dawn was  
breaking already; the second said that  
the old gal felt like taking the high dive,  
at that; while the junior, peering aft,  
remarked sentimentally that anyhow  
she'd go down with her flag up and her  
gun shotted.

"Might go an' fire her off for once,"  
said he.

"Might go down an' give Wharton a  
hand," said his senior severely; and so  
they did.

SOME time later, Miss Churt, whose  
rump steak had filled slumber with  
dreams of gigantic rats chasing her down  
unending alleyways, awoke with a start  
and a bad taste in her mouth.

She yawned and decided that a little  
fresh air, again, would do her good.  
Jumping down from the settee, she  
found that the floor was not exactly  
where she had left it—it sloped down-  
ward now, and before she could correct  
her stance her for'ard legs had given  
way and she had rolled into a corner.

Picking herself thence, and reaching  
the doorsill, she rolled forth in search  
of company. It was light, so she gave  
the yawn and stretch by which cats  
thank God for each night spent in shelter  
—but something appeared to be wrong.

Where was everybody, to start with?

And why wasn't the deck vibrating as  
it always had, except just before and  
after mother left? And then the cargo  
winches had been working, with a roar  
that set one's ears back; now there was  
stillness—and behold! as one crossed  
behind the charthouse the bulwark of  
boats was gone and the wind smote one  
unimpeded.

Just some ropes trailing . . .

Miss Churt walked forward a few  
more paces and sat down, like the treble  
clef in a musical stave. Far in the misty  
distance she could see a ship standing  
still; and as for the Malvern's boats,  
they were on the water—swimming,  
actually, and swimming away from her.

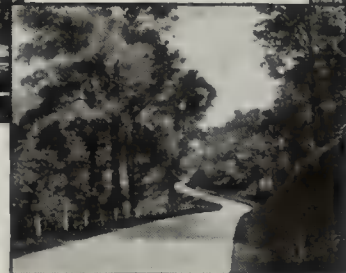
And in one of them, along with the  
three naval ratings and some other able-  
bodied gentlemen who disapproved of  
Captain Timbs and were saying so, Mr.  
Wharton was at this identical moment

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remembering that he had left Miss Churt aboard.

"Noah's nails!" he ejaculated; and Canon Hobson, still sleeping, smiled in his distant dreams. "Why—"

The oars lifted.

"Forgot something, sir?" asked the senior rating.

"Forgotten something?" said Mr. Wharton. "I've left my cat behind!"

From the bow of the boat came an imperfectly stifled chuckle.

"You laugh at me and I'll put a head on you," said the first officer; and silence redescended on the ocean.

"Want to go back, sir?"

"I—think I will," said Mr. Wharton.

"If we're to save our dirty hides when there's no need to, I don't see why a poor dumb animal should suffer. Unless these gentlemen object? Pull stabdud, back port! Come on, you bunch of tailors!"

"Captain's boat's stopped rowin', sir," said the bow oar.

"Ne'er mind," said Mr. Wharton, "we can rat just as well in ten minutes' time. An' that Swede can wait. Some expensive nephew for—c'mon, put some beef into it!"

A distant hail came over the water—which, by the way, was now astonishingly calm.

"I'll just swarm up the falls an' be back in a jiffy," said Mr. Wharton—not knowing that a mile the other side of the Malvern the sea, hidden from him by the wallowing bulk of that ship, was just being broken by the conning tower of a submarine.

Her commander, a pleasant enough fellow named Koenig, usually resident in Munich, Glocknergasse No. 8, had heard the frantic distress signals wireless by Captain Timbs and had wondered if perchance they might portend something in his line of business. There was, he knew, a temporary scarcity of destroyers in this area; but the event was turning out better than his hopes. Through the periscope he had watched the crew abandoning ship, and, when the Malvern failed to slide precipitately out of sight, had commented soul-ticklingly to his men on the un-sea-to-dare-worthiness of British sailors.

That this was no Q-ship he was well assured, both by the presence of the Swedish ship and the perilous trim of the Malvern herself. So it was his intent to combine business with pleasure by letting the fleeing crew watch him use their vessel for target practice. He thought he would use percussion fuse and blow the funnel out of her first.

As the submarine came awash her gun crew tumbled up, ran for'ard and proceeded to clear their gun.

And simultaneously, the longing gaze of Miss Churt was gratified by the spectacle of Mr. Wharton, shaggier than ever. Miss Churt liked shagginess, it gave one more corners to nestle in.

HER master, landing on the boat deck from the falls, didn't seem as cheery as usual; something seemed to be bothering him; he didn't smile.

But Miss Churt knew how to remedy that. When anybody looked sad, she ran away, and Mr. Wharton ran after her and picked her up and called her a little devil and corrected himself and said "weevil" and kissed her on the end of the nose.

Miss Churt therefore ran away now, skidding slightly because of the slant of the deck; her ears cocked for the sound of beloved footsteps pursuing.

And here they came.

But here came something else.

Something terrible. A long, increasing noise, coming out of the middle of a distant thump, boring into her ears—so terrifying—and then—a vast flash of light, taking up the whole world and tearing it to pieces, shaking her stom-

ach so that the steak didn't matter any more. . . .

Mr. Wharton, rushing from behind the wireless house, paused a moment.

He saw a very large scorched hole in the boat-deck planking, around which he had to pick his way.

While thus engaged, he saw Captain Koenig's submarine, lying perhaps three quarters of a mile off.

But what he was looking for was a small ball of soiled fur; and this he found, very limp, just for'ard of the bridge-deck ladder. The curious thing is that Captain Koenig also adored cats, and had three at home in the Glocknergasse.

But that's war.

Mr. Wharton took up in his very large hand what war had left of Miss Churt, and he laid the other hand over her like the lid of a little coffin; and then he raised both his arms and, still holding the limp form in his right hand, cursed Captain Koenig and his superiors and inferiors and all his works in a voice that almost carried the distance.

Indeed—in St. Mary's Rectory, Canon Hobson awoke with a start; looked at his bedside clock and found it was 5:25; rolled over—but somehow was disinclined to go to sleep again.

"You bloody, sneaking bloody butcher!" Mr. Wharton was now shouting; and there came a sudden crack in his voice. "My little—"

A voice spoke from just behind him. It had not seemed quite proper to the naval ratings that their officer should go aboard without escort, so they had swarmed up the falls also and here they were. The voice was the voice of the senior rating, as was proper.

"How about giving 'em a packet, sir?" he inquired.

Mr. Wharton had forgotten the 4.7 gun aft. Now he remembered and gave a perfect snarl of assent.

The body of Miss Churt he crammed into the side pocket of his coat; and then down the ladder he went, and after him came the ratings.

They had to descend another ladder and cross the aft well-deck and then climb the poop; and it was now that Captain Koenig saw them.

With a welter of ow sounds and a swamp of terminations in ch, he directed his men to shift target and give Wharton *et al* a packet; so that the question resolved itself roughly into one of who should give whom a packet first.

The U-boat, being in the groove, got

her shot off the earlier; but the altered aim was high and the shell missed the Swedish ship by more than half a mile (Memorandum March 27, 1940, paragraph 2.).

Meantime, the senior rating had various manipulations of various and now, with a nod of the head, pressed himself satisfied. Quite necessarily, he looked at Mr. Wharton opened his mouth and was just to ask if he should open fire when the officer (not a regular navy man, of course) shoved him aside, seizing firing lever and got the shot off her

IT WAS just luck, blind luck, concerned; but the fact remained that unconventional, almost illegitimate shell flew as through a tube to the U-boat's gun, bent it, thereoff without touching Captain Koenig or his men, and smote the lip conning tower, where it exploded the abandon peculiar to high explosives. Nobody was hurt, save Seaman brecht Otto of Bremen (deaf-mute scratches)—but the conning tower impossible to close. That meant submersion—

And on the southern sky line had appeared, and was approaching smudge of smoke which betokened destroyers. The ratings pointed to one another.

Meanwhile Mr. Wharton, at the rail, was expressing his complete berserk opinion of Captain Timbs and all men who would take to boats lifeboats on perfectly sound ships badly needed munitions.

This expression, in addition to tending (if the third officer may be believed) the paint on the thwarts of Lifeboat No. 1, left Mr. Wharton exhausted. And softened in mood.

He put his hand into his pocket, pulled out the mortal envelope of Miss Churt. The bluish eyes were closed, her head rolled on the neck, and her whiskers had been singed away.

"You want us to come back, sir," came a hail from the boats.

"You can go to hell!" roared Mr. Wharton; so they started toward the shore.

But a voice pitched to carry a quarter of a mile is tremendous at close range.

Miss Churt vibrated in every corner. Her stomach began to trouble her again. There was a familiar smell in her nostrils, seeping past the steel-burned whiskers—tobacco, tar and linson's—



"I think it's wonderful how you wardens begin as mere convicts and work up in the ranks"

DAVE BRIDGES



She opened her eyes and said: "Mew!"  
 All it was wartime, the parish  
 of St. Mary's was properly deco-  
 rated for this wedding; though in view  
 of circumstances, Canon Hobson had  
 wanted to relax the clothing rules so  
 the bridegroom was concerned.  
 Miss Woollard, however, was in the  
 prescribed raiment even down to the  
 twenty-ninth orange blossom; albeit  
 she seemed, apparently, to take nervous  
 out of her veil. She was more  
 nervous than brides usually are; more  
 nervous even than seemed warranted by  
 the fact that her bridegroom had three  
 medals—the senior, junior and middle  
 ratings, all with medals but one  
 inferior to that which had been  
 won on Mr. Wharton.

The cause for this uneasiness came  
 to light when Canon Hobson, opening  
 his prayer book, first glanced, then  
 looked, then stared at the bridegroom's  
 hand coat pocket.  
 He should perhaps be mentioned here  
 in addition to a granite face and an  
 extraordinarily soft heart, the reverend  
 Canon was equipped with eyes that  
 seemed to have been chipped out of  
 a hard and ground to fine points.  
 He furled the prayer book and spoke  
 in a low, dazed voice.

"Henry," said he, while the congrega-  
 tion craned, "that cannot be a cat you  
 have in your coat pocket? Not a cat?"  
 This was rather an exaggeration of  
 the status of Miss Churt, who was six  
 years old that day and had just put her  
 shaven face out for a little air.  
 The general proposition was unde-  
 niable.

## Dusty Death

Continued from page 16

When I got my wind back I dragged  
 and crawled downhill to the wood  
 and I couldn't see more than just a few  
 and nothing clear on account of my  
 which were burning and running  
 in the dust, but I came to the road  
 got up and staggered off along it.  
 After a while, I wouldn't know just  
 how long, I got back to the highway. I  
 caught the next car that came by and  
 the driver picked me up and rode me  
 to the town I'd been heading for.

He didn't make much sense out of  
 what I told him because I could not  
 make much sense out of it myself. He  
 seemed a bit and reckoned, I guess, that  
 was full of corn.

He dropped me off at a local police  
 station and I showed papers I had in my  
 pockets and they sent me on to the next  
 station of the state constabulary.

The state police got me a room at one  
 of these tourist homes and I had a bath  
 and got the sawdust out of my system.  
 When I went back to talk to them again,  
 they had told me to come back in an  
 hour or so and there would be an offi-  
 cer there who would know what I was  
 talking about.

This officer was a sharp fellow. His  
 name was Linsey. I told him my busi-  
 ness, that I represented insurance com-  
 panies, and I said, "We are getting a lot  
 of claims for cars lost in these parts, Mr.  
 Linsey. We are not paying them till we  
 know more." I said, "but we think we  
 better look into it. What's the matter  
 with you coppers—no good?"

He lit up his pipe and puffed and said,  
 "Don't blame you, Mr. MacLaine, and it  
 can't make us look so good, but wait till  
 I tell you. It's happened the same way  
 eight times in the last six months.

"The first thing is, sir," he went on,  
 "that we get a telephone from some-  
 body that says he represents a finance  
 company that is selling a car on install-

"Yes," said Mr. Wharton. "It is."  
 "He would bring it—he would—I  
 said—" quavered the bride; but Canon  
 Hobson paid no attention to her, though  
 she began to sob.

Meeting the bluish eyes of Miss  
 Churt, however, his adamant orbs  
 underwent a peculiar process. First they  
 flickered from their condemning stare;  
 then, as it were, they liquefied, so that  
 their penetrative qualities became nil.

He spoke:  
 "Am I to presume that—this—is some  
 kind of mascot? Connected perhaps  
 with the recent—? What has happened  
 to her whiskers?"

"I'll tell you about it in the vestry,"  
 said Mr. Wharton; and, meeting the  
 canon's gaze, mourned for the misjudg-  
 ments of his youth.

Canon Hobson nodded; opened the  
 book which he had closed on a pro-  
 bationary thumb, and cleared his  
 throat.

"Dearly beloved," he proclaimed, "we  
 are gathered together—"

Miss Churt could not quite identify  
 all the smells (largely lilies) or sounds  
 (mostly Canon Hobson) that were go-  
 ing on.

They were interesting, and she had a  
 vague idea that something of the same  
 general purport might be her personal  
 concern one day.

But not now.  
 Not for a long time yet.

And meantime she had had enough  
 air.

She withdrew her head from the  
 atmosphere of St. Mary's into the warm  
 tweediness of Mr. Wharton's pocket and  
 composed herself to sleep.

ments, and he says that he just grabbed  
 a car—repossessed it—because the  
 owner is back in his payments. He gives  
 us the car number and the owner's name,  
 and says, 'If he complains that his car is  
 stolen, tell him we got it!' That's good  
 enough for us and if the owner would  
 call up we would tell him to go talk to the  
 finance company—but the owner don't  
 call up."

He puffed his pipe, staring at me.  
 "Then what, Mr. Linsey?"

"THE next thing, Mr. MacLaine, is  
 after three or four days, or it might  
 be a week, in walks some friend or kin  
 of the owner of the car and tells us the  
 owner is missing. He hasn't showed up,  
 him or his car, at some point where he  
 was expected so many days ago. And,  
 Mr. MacLaine, we never find hide nor  
 hair nor hear tell of any of those owners  
 after, or their cars either. That's the last  
 we hear of it, sir."

"Well, Mr. Linsey," I said, "it's not  
 the last we hear of it because we might  
 have to pay for the cars, and that's my  
 interest in the matter. Now let me tell  
 you what happened to me tonight."

I told him about meeting up with the  
 young lady on the road and falling in  
 the dust. It seemed to fit into some-  
 thing he knew and he took me over it  
 several times. About thinking I saw the  
 house off to one side, and then not see-  
 ing it at all; and the roaring noise.

"You didn't see the house when you  
 got out, Mr. MacLaine?"

"No, I didn't. Or my car either," I  
 said, looking at him.

He knocked out his pipe.  
 "I reckon you fell in with the Dust  
 People, Mr. MacLaine!"

"Who are the Dust People?"

He chuckled. "You know most about  
 them, sir. You are the only body ever  
 seen one and lived to tell. Now, sir, it

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 spiration and dead skin until  
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 those cracks, they spread  
 quickly. Red, itching toes and  
 dead, white skin peeling off  
 in patches tell you Athlete's  
 Foot has struck!

## Drench those cracks TONIGHT



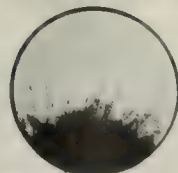
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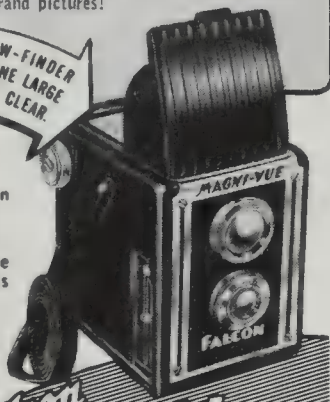
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might be all silly talk and you know how a story gets around and builds up, but it is told anyway that some right strange and mean people live in the dust hills.

"I'll go bail, Mr. Linsey," I said, "that your Dust People are not all silly talk."

They sent out an alarm for my car and I promised to come back in the morning when we could find that house in the woods.

I went back to the tourist home and had a sleep and went to the state police post next morning and met this copper. We got in his car and drove back for five or six miles till we came to the wood road. I'm sure I found the right place, that was where I picked up the girl.

We drove into the wood road for a mile or so, which was as far as I thought I went the night before, and, sure enough, we came to sawdust hills just where they ought to be, about a mile back on the left side of the dirt road. But there was no house.

We went along the road farther and looked but we had to come back; that was the only clearing for miles.

It had me fanning. "But look," I said, "the tracks of my car going in! And see that low spot? That must be where I fell through the ground."

He couldn't see it. "Mr. MacLaine, that looks like where some farmer around here drove in and helped himself to a load of dust. And where's the house?"

"Search me, Linsey," I shrugged. "It should be standing right there."

Well, we weren't making any money sitting there gaping at the sawdust, so we went back to the state police post, and they had some news for us.

About my car. It hadn't been found, and the alarm hadn't done any good, but my car had been reported as "repossessed." Somebody had called up state police headquarters about midnight and given the number of my car and my name—my license was in the glove compartment—and reported that it had been grabbed by a finance company.

The same thing that happened in the other cases, the only difference being that I was above ground instead of being in the dust.

It got me thinking.

So far as the Dust People knew, I was lying dead, six feet under; then why were they calling the police to say anything about my car at all? Nobody was going to complain that my car was stolen, so far as the Dust People knew. It was funny. If they called the police, they were asking for trouble.

It couldn't have been the Dust People that called the police. That was the first leak of light I got on the case.

"AS I see it, Linsey," I suggested, "there must be two mobs working here. The Dust People that grab the cars, and another mob that is probably their outlet, don't you think? And the second mob doesn't know what happened to the drivers, so they work this wrinkle of calling the police and reporting the cars as repossessed, to head off an alarm."

"I think you got something there, MacLaine," he agreed. "It makes sense of these telephone calls. The Dust People would have to tell their pals that the cars were stolen, but they sure wouldn't want to tell that the owners were murdered. Yes, sir, that's sense."

That was a little light, but what there was no light on was how I was so dumb as not to be able to find that house again where I had lost my car. Linsey and I drove back on every woods road up that way for fifteen miles and we saw some houses and looked them over but I couldn't recognize any of them.

It made Linsey laugh. "I reckon you looked too much in that girl's eyes, MacLaine, and she witched you!"

But it was mighty serious business.

Let alone that my people would have to pay for a lot of fine new cars, there was the serious fact that this mob working the roads thought no more of a man's life than of a sparrow's.

It is generally bad policy to tell the public about a police matter like this, because no matter what you tell them they will tell one another a different story and you might have a panic. So after I told my story the motorcycle men simply told lone drivers not to pick up pedestrians but to report them to the next police station if they needed help.

Linsey was one of their best men and he had been detailed to try to get a line on these missing drivers and cars, and that is why I was turned over to him. We went to work on it together.

I GUESS my people were a little surprised when I put in my claim for a stolen car, but it showed them anyway that I had got in touch with the situation.

I got me a new convertible coupé, with a shelf in back of the seat and I had a job done on the shelf so it could be raised up like a lid. Under the shelf was the trunk. When the lid was up, Linsey could sit in the trunk, sitting sideways and quite comfortable, and ready to duck and pull down the lid, while I drove.

This was our idea: there were two mobs. If we grabbed the first mob—the Dust People—we would never get to the second mob that was disposing of the cars. So Linsey was to stick with the car in hopes of going with it to the second mob, and I was to deal with the Dust People. I was to locate their den right this time, and let them grab my car, only taking care to keep out of the pit.

It mightn't be the house I was taken to. We figured that the Dust People had different places, because drivers and cars had disappeared in different directions, but it would be in the pine country.

Linsey and I mapped the whole section, and we drove it from light to dark, expecting all the time that we would hear of some other lone driver that started out in the morning and never arrived at night. But during that ten days nobody was reported missing.

This afternoon we were moping along at thirty miles and watching ahead. I

remember we were talking about witch water that was heavy on that day for the first time since I picked up the she-devil; you see the ahead flooded over with water when you get there it is nothing dry. I do not believe in witches, it is only what I have heard people say about the witch water.

It came sundown, but still bright then we saw these two ladies on the road ahead. One was sitting on a bench by the road and the other was standing up, and as we came along the one was standing up stepped into the ditch and flagged us, and Linsey ducked into his box and pulled it down behind him.

I pulled up, and this lady came forward me, holding up her hand, and noticed she had six fingers. She was young and husky and she said the mammy had been hit by a car and I ride them home. This was a good thing, miles from where I had picked up the she-devil, as I called her to me.

"Sure thing, lady," I said, getting the gun out of the glove compartment. "You can crowd up."

The young one went back and the old one. The old one was a lady and all bent, with one good leg and one shrunk leg. She came along crying like a cat in the dark. It was all put on, because I could see her watching me out of her rear window. They crowded in. The old one held up to me and kept up this low howl and working on her ball of snuff, put it up under her lip. I didn't look at her claws.

The young one said they lived "down the creek," meaning a creek that went down the road there, and would I take them home. Well, certainly.

I TURNED into the road, along the creek, and drove onto a bend, and there was a clearing and the hills, and a house. I knew it again, away though the last time I saw it was a hundred miles off.

It was the house and I took a good squint at it this time. It was painted yellow, with a flat roof, and eaves, and it had a dead sidewalk with no window; just the window in the door and a door. There was a curtain in the window but I could see the big



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inside because there was a light in there and the sun was down in the pine.

"Would you like me, lady," I offered, "to knock on the door?"

"Would you very kindly, sir?" she squealed softly. "Mammy's hurt bad and she can't walk good." So I got out and edged up toward the door.

I had hold of my gun in my pocket, and I was watching the door with one eye and the corner of the house next me with the other, and the far corner and the ladies with the other, so to speak, and all I was not watching was the house wall, because nobody is coming at you through a solid wall, and that's where I near got a knife in me.

Because that's where he came from. The house wall next the window folded—it was only a canvas drop with a window in it—and out through the opening he jumps; but I got a flash of the knife. He bounds on top of a dust heap with his knife up ready to give it to me; but he got two in the belly—bang—bang. I was backing up fast, and he plunged down from the heap and hit the ground in front of me and was swallowed up.

The ground went right down with him out of sight, and the dust heaps on both sides slid down on top of him. It was a spread of canvas over a pit, and dust heaped on the canvas on both sides, and when you hit the canvas and went down you pulled everything in on top of you and were sunk without a trace. It made me dizzy to see, but that was no place to wait around, and I turned and lammed.

As I went by the car, I got a flash of Linsey with his head up peeping, but he pulled in his neck when he saw I was doing all right.

I hit the road and ran along it to the edge of the clearing but I did not hear any bullets following me, so I had a look back, and I was just in time to see the Dust People folding up their house. Linsey was right there but he did not see it, having his head down, or he could have saved himself a lot of trouble as I will explain; you will laugh when I come to that.

The two ladies that I brought in my car were unhooking the front of the house and taking it down. It was only painted canvas with a window in it and a door hanging on it; the old lady with the shrunk leg was a good worker; she went like a spider.

What was left when they took the front down looked to me like a big truck with the back door standing open, except I did not see any wheels. Then somebody—the first young lady I met, I guess—drove my car up into the house or truck, and they closed the back door on it.

IT WAS a truck all right. It began to race and roar, and moved toward the hill and came backing out over the dust; a big truck, a motor van. The big room I thought I saw through the window was the inside of the van, and the part of the front that had the door on it had nothing behind it but the back door of the van. I went off the road among the pine and the truck went by at forty miles for the highway, and I came out and hiked after it, wishing Linsey luck.

I was almost up to 17 again when I thought of the bird with the knife that I left in the dust. He mightn't be dead. Well, if it was me I'd go back and shovel on a little more, the way I felt about him, but you know what a jury is, even a coroner's jury. One of them thinks he was rooked once by an insurance company, or there's a reporter listening in. So I turned around and hiked back and looked for the spot but it was dark now and one place looked like another. I gave it up for a bad job and felt my way back on that black woods road to the highway.

It was quite a hike to some place

where I could talk to the state police, as cars weren't picking up pedestrians. The police sent for me and rode me to the nearest barracks.

We would not want to do anything more that night as it might interfere with Linsey, who was in a fair way of finding out what happened to cars grabbed by the Dust People, if nothing happened to him, so I found a bed in the police barracks. And who should be sitting on the foot of my bed when I woke up with daylight but Mr. Linsey.

He was a tough man, a Carolina mountain boy and old revenuer, and he was fresh after being up all night. "Got them, Mac!"

"Where?" I said.

"In North Augsburg, half across the state," he says, fetching my clothes to help me get up. "A garage there was the drop for the cars the Dust People ran off. I got the little crippled woman and the two young ones and the garage-man that was buying the cars off them, and they were some surprised when I popped out of your car. Do you know how they moved your car, Mac? They rode it on a big truck!"

NOW comes the laugh. "Jump in your pants quick, Mac," he said, "and let's get back to that house in the woods, and see what we can get there!"

"What house, Linsey?" I said. And I laughed; it was one on him. He had rushed all the way back from North Augsburg to raid the Dust People's house. Because he did not see the house fold up and he did not know it was only the motor truck, so he leaves it in North Augsburg and races half across the state to look for it. A smart man like him. When I stopped laughing I asked him if he didn't see a door and window on the truck and he said there was something under canvas but he didn't look.

The Dust People were a family named Sawney, a family of road tramps. We found old man Sawney in the pit with my two bullets in him. The district attorney put the heat on the North Augsburg man to tell what he knew about the Sawneys. Well, he didn't know much, or he wouldn't be phoning in to the police to say a finance company was grabbing the cars; but the D. A. didn't need much, as there were belongings of the eight missing persons on the Sawney truck. The last I heard of the ladies they were being looked over to see if they were wacky.

It was a nice thing for Linsey and he got all kinds of credit and he is a lieutenant in the state constabulary now; and I got kind words too, but it was not all milk and honey, not all credit. You see, there was the matter of losing that first car.

It was not my fault but after I put in for my theft-insurance money my chief wrote me from New York that the insurance people were doing quite some complaining about sending an investigator to check on claims for stolen cars, and the first car they really got to pay for and no getting out of it is the investigator's.

So I asked Linsey about that car I lost the first time.

"Nice work, old-timer!" I said to Linsey that morning after I was done laughing at him for coming back to look for the house. "Drove my new car back, I suppose, did you? But say, what about the car I lost the first time? Did you get a line on that? Some people in New York are bringing the matter up."

"No, Mac," he said, "I did not get a line on that first car you lost. And no, I came in a police car and did not drive your car here. While I was covering the North Augsburg garageman and the Dust People last night, one of his helpers jumped in your car and went off—but you got insurance on it, I reckon. Put a claim in on that one too."

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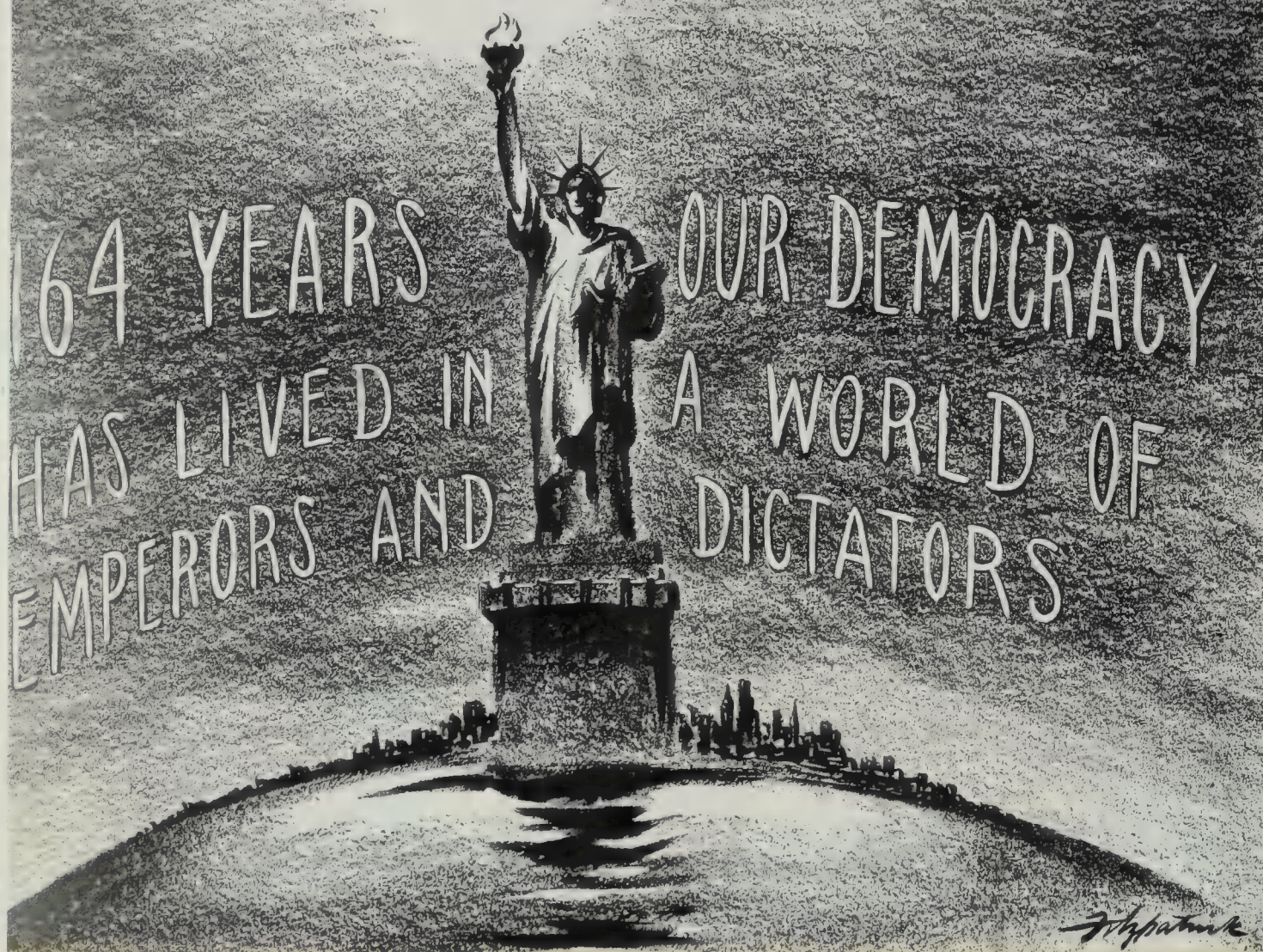
This scheme looks far better to us than the assorted vague plans for noncombatant military training, whatever that may mean. We hope it will win out over an even more dangerous fallacy that is in circulation: the belief that war machines are more important than trained fighting men, and that we can safely go easy on training men if we can round up enough bombing and fighting planes, heavy tanks, big coast guns, anti-aircraft guns, battleships, dirigibles.

The fact is that both war machines and fighting men are essential in modern warfare. Many, for example, had both, in the 39-day Battle of France which ended in a disaster. The Maginot Line was essentially a huge, stationary war machine which it was hoped would save France a lot of the expense of training a lot of fighting men.

Another fact is that we are seriously under-equipped with trained fighters. At this time, for example, our populous and rich First Corps Area (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and part of Long Island) is guarded by only 5,131 Regular Army officers and men. Another example, our 600,000-sq.-mi. Territory of Alaska, off whose island nose we are settling colonists in numbers such as even the local Eskimos, has 363 Regular Army officers and men—though, to be sure, we are now strengthening our manpower defenses at the Anchorage, Alaska, air base.

It all boils down to this: That we cannot defend ourselves by the naked magic of modern machinery any more than by the naked men unequipped or underequipped with the best modern war machinery. We've got to have both, and plenty of both.

We'd better just go ahead with a comprehensive system of compulsory military training, and be done with our qualms and squeasiness on the subject. This will be a single piece of insurance we know of, and any of our men ever having to fight for this nation's own choosing.



## IF GERMANY WINS

**A**S THE world spins on through the piratical, Napoleonic period to which Mr. Hitler has brought it, let's renew our determination just about every morning to hang on to our democracy. Let's revamp our democracy only as much as we absolutely must to keep it working.

We've lived as a nation through such periods before, when we were far weaker than we are now. We did it by insisting on living under the democratic system which most of us believed and still believe to be the best system yet invented. At the same time, we recognized other nations' right to live under whatever systems they prefer, so long as they don't step on our toes.

We believe the United States can still carry on along that line even if Germany wins this war—which Germany may do. We can't string along with those who think a German victory will send us into a nose dive.

Specifically, we can't see how the United States will have to go partially or wholly Fascist even if a German victory turns all Europe Fascist.

In such a case our best bet, it seems to us, will be to try to get along as a nation just as successful persons get along in the world as persons.

The successful person takes the world as he

finds it, from year to year, with a calm and cheerful determination to live in that world and enjoy his reasonable share of its goods and pleasures.

He does what he can to improve the world. But he never forgets that if he doesn't survive and keep building up his own influence he can be of no use to himself, his family or his fellow men.

We believe the democratic system is most productive and most efficient in serving the wants and fulfilling the aspirations of the largest number. We believe more people are happier under the democratic system than under any scheme of government yet devised.

We believe that the dictatorship of Hitler has no better prospect of surviving than had the one-man rule of Napoleon. We managed to live without abandoning our principles while Napoleon ruled. If we are alert we shall be able to survive without any surrender during the dark period within which Europe bows under the savage ideas of Hitler.

But neither democracy nor any other system can be sustained by weakness, indolence or a lack of discipline. We sing of America as the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let's not forget the last word. We can be free regardless of what occurs in Europe if we are hardy enough to maintain our freedom.



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

August 3, 1940



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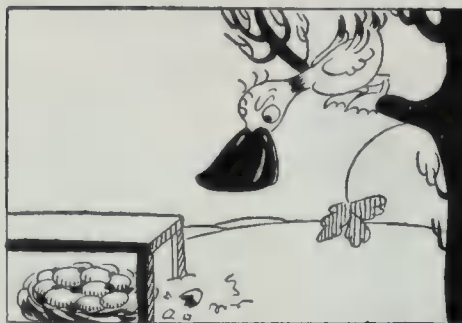
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### COVER

ROBERT O. REID

## ANY WEEK

IF YOU insist on reading a parable into this report from Mr. S. Dillon Ripley, the relentless aviculturist and escapist, there's nothing we can do about it. However, we hastened to do so, being somewhat low in the mind as the result of the floods of political oratory that have flowed over us lately. From his farm in Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr. Ripley writes that his favorite wood duck has been hopefully sitting on a setting (or whatever it is with wood ducks) of seven eggs. A wood duck must sit on eggs twenty-eight days if her object is more wood ducks. So she sat there twenty-seven of the twenty-eight when suddenly one of the eggs exploded. Mr. Ripley, hovering near by encouraging the creature in the final hours of her devotions, says that the odor emanating from the overwrought egg was memorable. The wood duck arose unsteadily, managed to make a near-by tree from where she eyed the remaining eggs with angry suspicion. And then came the part that seems to us to carry a nice broad political hint. Her head cleared, the wood duck flew back to the nest and proceeded to kick therefrom the remaining six eggs. Mr. Ripley seems to think this remarkable. We don't. We think that the honest creature had read all about what the Republicans had prescribed as being necessary in Washington if this country is to continue to be a country and that she was merely setting a good example for them—which nobody, including the Republicans, has any intention of emulating.



WE'VE been visited by a gentleman from Helena, Montana—Mr. Charles Wesley Grabbock. Mr. Grabbock too had been taking the convention oratory on the chin. But he's a practical fellow, thinking of taxes and similar catastrophes. "Understand," said Mr. Grabbock, "I'm practically rabid about free speech—in favor of it. But this country needs dough for bombs and similar entertainment for visiting totalitarian firemen. Therefore, why not impose a microphone tax upon political orators this fall. Let's not weasel. Say five cents for every word of ballyhoo entering the mike. And just to encourage the boys to spend, let's show listener patriotism by writing them fan letters exhorting them to louder and longer speeches. There'd be a lot of battleships in it, my friend."

RAMBLING around as we do, we hear a great many things that don't help much. But every now and then we pick up a grain of comfort. For example, we've been talking to a gentleman, part of whose job it is to play poker with legislators and be careful to lose. Sometimes he finds losing a far from simple matter especially when he's holding a full house against two pairs in the hand of a lawmaker whose vote this gentleman's employer needs. We got somewhat stuffy about it, telling him that it was a pretty commentary on Democracy. "Don't be silly," said he properly enough. "If we had one of these Fascist setups we'd lose our dough without sitting in and get nothing for it."

AND WE are trying hard to understand the panic of Mrs. Lulu H. Truance of Buffalo, New York, although it's asking a lot. Mrs. Truance says that she awoke "trembling all over" and that it was noon before she had recovered her composure. "I dreamed that I had been invited to the wedding of Miss Dorothy Thompson and Walter Winchell. It was to be broadcast—responses and all—with Father Coughlin performing the ceremony. But it wasn't that, terrific as it would be, that frightened me. I found myself thinking of the ensuing children."

IN A recent editorial we let go with this: "This is a hot spot we're on. But we've been on hotter ones in our time as a nation, and we've always worked off them." Our editorial writer was speaking of Europe's war and the kettle of fish the United States is floundering in as a result. Mr. James Lowell of Houston, Texas, read that sentiment several times, thought that it sounded familiar, and then wrote us a very few pointed words, to wit: "All you guys need to go with that," says he, "is an umbrella."

ANOTHER warlike note was detected in Hollywood, California, by one of our more reliable agents. Mr. W. C. Fields who, as far as we're concerned, is the greatest comedian in the world, was discussing universal military service with his director, Mr. Eddie Cline. Both Mr. Fields and Mr. Cline were as one in favor of it, Mr. Fields waxing so enthusiastic that he said that it didn't go far enough, that it ought to be compulsory. Mr. Cline declared that he'd lose no time in recruiting a regiment of fat men, training them to fight sidewise. Mr. Fields' enthusiasm became almost unbridled, volunteering at once and dragging in Andy Devine, weight 255. Whereat the question of a proper drill grounds was raised but soon disposed of by Mr. Fields who offered the spacious lawns around his home. These lawns are bordered and otherwise made beautiful by huge trees closely spaced and grouped. But Mr. Cline doubted there'd be room for

the trees too and said there was to do but cut them down. "We'll cut them down," roared Mr. Fields. "Where would we practice hi-



AND ALL this talk of universal training and service, with his approval, lacks "at least an element" in the mind of Mr. B. Vansleeve of Jacksonville, Fla. "The harshness of unrelieved life," thinks he, "tends to make men go into battle shoulder to shoulder, under their beloved banners, their bugles and drums, their souls, with songs on their lips. This is the American way. Let our congressmen and the gallies of our Army to write into the law an hour a day be devoted by our drier sons to mass singing. Our let their mass songs, a million be broadcast to the mother, wives, children and sweethearts of land. Thus we who must bore home will know that there is but a song, in the hearts of our

THERE ARE still optimists there. For example, Mr. W. B. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, h. dollars he'd like to bet with that America will still be functioning customary happy-go-lucky no matter what happens. E. or who wins the election is. Faced with a vast array of sn. candidates to choose from, M. B. proposes to vote for them according to their wealth and not their principles. If a guy's safe, he says he, he is apt to give the better break than he who "s. his time trying to legislate. roll out of existence and the trying to get it into his own. But either way," concludes Mr. jers, "this country will go rolling sometimes in the wrong direction sometimes in the right but the guy who gets in the way."

AND IF that isn't enough to busy, you might work on this tossed this way by Mr. Quir. of Richmond, Virginia. "Is reason," he asks, "why something what happens here is so damned necessary?"

WHEN?

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ently they move through the dark-  
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ay head for a bargain and find your-  
the rocks, you need a guiding light.  
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g tires, *how many* tires they have  
and *how those tires have performed*  
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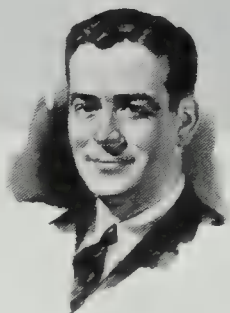
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**KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD**

**By Freling Foster**

More than 2,500 of America's 12,000 race horses are handicapped by defective vision, usually near-sightedness in varying degrees in each eye, which not only produces a tendency to run to one side but also causes undue nervousness. Often these defects can be corrected, if the animal is under a year old.—By Dr. Ernest E. Emons, Miami, Florida.

If the present production rate of copper is continued, more of this metal will be mined and smelted in the next six years than was produced in the entire history of the world before 1900.—By T. B. Jefferson, Kansas City, Missouri.

Racing shells in intercollegiate regattas cost as much as \$1,200 and are rarely used by a varsity crew for more than one season. After this short service, they are passed on to other crews in the college.

The only bottles of Scotch whisky whose labels carry the age of the product are those imported into the United States. Most exporters include this information because it reduces the duty imposed on liquor thus guaranteed to be four or more years old.

By installing a new bandit-barrier system in its banking department, the Illinois state treasury in Springfield has reduced the annual cost of its holdup insurance from \$10,000 to \$6,000.

The world's first dental college, dental society and dental journal were founded in the United States one hundred years ago and we have since led all other nations in the quantity and quality of dental work. Yet not more than a quarter of our people visit a dentist regularly.

Expert restorers of oil paintings sometimes transfer a famous picture from its rotting canvas or boards to a new canvas. In this delicate operation, a strong paper or muslin adhesive, pasted over the front, holds the paint while the old backing is removed and the new one put in place.

When Panama seceded from Colombia in 1903 and became an independent republic, it "moved" from one continent to another. Subsequent maps showed the border between North and South America at the eastern end of Panama instead of the western, which Panama in Central America is the extreme southern part of the American continent.

Only five times in its history the United States government has formally declared war on foreign countries—on England in 1812, Mexico in 1846, Spain in 1898 and Germany and Austria in 1917.

In New York State, a man has been illegally detained in prison and may sue those responsible for his detention. Not long ago, a convict was awarded a \$7,500 verdict against two former members of the parole board who kept him in prison three years after a writ of habeas corpus for his release had been signed.

The albatross, largest of the birds, sometimes attains a wingspread of seventeen feet and is so powerfully built that it often stays for days without alighting. At other times, the bird so gorges itself on food and becomes so "overweight" that it cannot lift its weight into the air.

When a bottle of wine is corked and its cork, therefore, is likely to crumble and drop into the liquid, connoisseurs and wine snobs have been known to remove the neck of the bottle, below the cork, by cutting through it with a pair of red-hot tongs.

Human skin is sometimes so sensitive that it becomes painfully inflamed upon exposure to cold. People so afflicted must remain in darkened rooms and remain there until nightfall.

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# INSULATION

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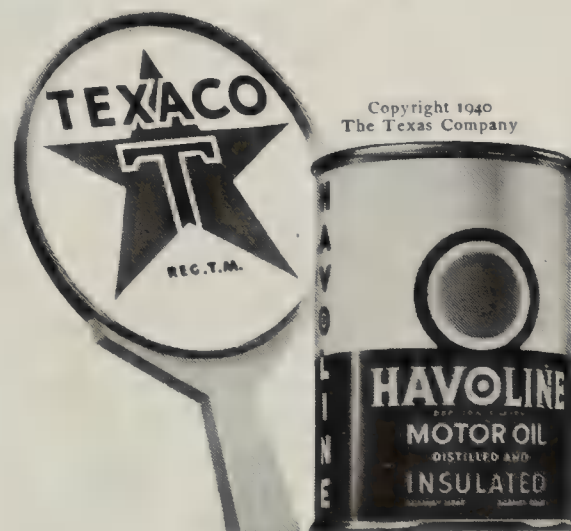
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LOOK at this amazing *new kind* of refrigerator, created by Philco! A sensationally *different* refrigerator, unlike any you have ever seen. It gives you every feature you need to preserve the purity, freshness, taste and healthful condition of foods. It brings you brand-new services, conveniences and economies you have never enjoyed before . . . and cannot enjoy today in *any* other refrigerator.

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"I simply cannot believe it!" she said. "It seems quite incredible that he should do such a thing"



MARIO COOPER

## The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

Hercule Poirot begins investigation of a mystery that has no meaning—until a succession of murders reveals its close connection with the story of our times

MR. MORLEY was not in the best of tempers at breakfast.

He complained of the bacon; there was no need, he said, even if it was rationed, that it should be unfit to eat. He demanded acidly if it was necessary for the coffee to have the appearance of liquid mud, and added that if this was butter he'd rather eat margarine and have done with it!

Mr. Morley was a small man with a decided jaw and a pugnacious chin. His sister, who kept house for him, was a large woman rather like a female grenadier.

She eyed her brother thoughtfully and asked whether the bath water had been cold again.

Rather grudgingly, Mr. Morley said it had not.

He glanced at the paper and remarked that as usual there was no news. What we ought to have done was to have bombed Berlin right away at the very start of the war.

Miss Morley, who spent much of her life listening to one person or another laying down the law on "what we ought to have done," murmured soothingly: "I expect they know best, dear."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Morley who, like many small men, was bloodthirsty in speech and kindly in action. "We're soft, that's what it is. All these leaflets they drop. High explosive and incendiary bombs—that's what they need."

Miss Morley's parrot hereupon took occasion to remark conversationally: "That old man Hitler is a nasty man!"

"Who taught the bird that?" demanded Mr. Morley.

"Cook, I think."

"It's an understatement," said Mr. Morley.

He returned to the paper, expressed admiration of the Norwegians, sympathy for the Finns, distrust of the Russians, approval of the Turks, said that that fellow Mussolini was no good at all, and finally got down with gusto to explaining exactly just what sort of a government of supermen was needed.

Miss Morley agreed with him in a deep bass voice. As a mere woman she





Mr. Morley peered critically into his patient's mouth. "Well, I think that seems all right," he said

had always found the iniquities of whatever government happened to be in power at the moment distinctly useful. It enabled male bad temper to blow off steam.

When Mr. Morley had explained exactly why everything this government did was wrong, he had a second cup of the despised coffee and unburdened himself of his true grievance.

"These girls," he said, "are all the same! Unreliable, self-centered—not to be depended on in any way."

Miss Morley said interrogatively: "Gladys?"

"I've just had the message. Her aunt's had a stroke and she's had to go down to Somerset."

"Very trying, dear, but after all, hardly the girl's fault."

Mr. Morley shook his head gloomily.

"How do I know the aunt has had a stroke? How do I know the whole thing hasn't been arranged between the girl and that very unsuitable young fellow she goes about with? That young man is a wrong un if I ever saw one! Ought to be in the army instead of loafing about! They've probably planned some outing together for today."

"OH, NO, dear, I don't think Gladys would do a thing like that. You know, you've always said she was very conscientious."

"Yes, yes, Georgina, but that was before this undesirable young man came along. She's been quite different lately—quite different—absent-minded—upset—nervous."

The grenadier produced a deep sigh. She said, "After all, Henry, girls do fall

in love. It can't really be helped."

Mr. Morley snapped: "She oughtn't to let it affect her efficiency as my secretary. And today, in particular, I'm extremely busy! Several very important patients. It is most trying!"

"I'm sure it must be extremely vexing, Henry. How is this new boy shaping, by the way?"

Henry Morley said gloomily:

"He's the worst I've had yet! Can't get a single name right and has the most uncouth manners. However, if he doesn't improve I shall sack him and try again."

He glanced at his watch.

"I must be getting along. A full morning, and that Sainsbury Seale woman to fit in somewhere as she is in pain. I suggested that she should see Reilly, but she wouldn't hear of it."

"Of course not," said George Reilly loyally.

"Reilly's very able—very able indeed. First-class diplomas. Thoroughly date in his work."

"His hand shakes," said Miss Morley. "In my opinion he drinks."

Her brother laughed, his good temper restored. He said: "I'll be up at half-past one as usual."

AT THE Savoy Hotel Mr. Amberiotis was picking his teeth with a toothpick and grinning to himself.

Everything was going very nicely. Those government contracts, for instance; always some nice pickings to be had in wartime. And then that business. Fancy those few kind words of his to that idiotic hen of a woman being so richly repaid. Oh! well—your bread upon the waters. He was always been a kindhearted man. He was generous! In the future he would be even more generous. Benevolent visions floated before his eyes. Dimitri. . . . And the good Constantinopolous struggling with his little restaurant. . . . What pleasant surprises for them. . . .

The toothpick probed unguaranteed, and Mr. Amberiotis winced. Rosy visions of the future faded and gave way to apprehensions of the immediate future.

He explored tenderly with his tongue.

He took out his notebook. 12 o'clock. 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

He tried to recapture his former exultant mood. But in vain. The horizon had shrunk to six bare words:

"58, Queen Charlotte Street 12 o'clock."

AT THE Glengowrie Court Hotel, South Kensington, breakfast was over. In the lounge, Miss Sainsbury Seale was sitting talking to Mrs. Bolitho. They occupied adjacent tables in the dining room and had made friends the day after Miss Sainsbury Seale's arrival a week ago.

Miss Sainsbury Seale said:

"You know, dear, it really has stonking! Not a twinge! I think perhaps I'll ring up—"

Mrs. Bolitho interrupted her.

"Now don't be foolish, my dear. You go to the dentist and get it over."

Mrs. Bolitho was a tall, commanding female with a deep voice. Miss Sainsbury Seale was a woman of forty, with indecisively bleached hair rolled up in untidy curls.

Her clothes were shapeless and rather artistic, and her pince-nez were always dropping off.

She was a great talker.

She said now, wistfully:

"But really, you know, it doesn't hurt at all."

"Nonsense, you told me you had slept a wink last night."

"No, I didn't—no, indeed—but perhaps, now, the nerve has actually died."

"All the more reason to go to the dentist," said Mrs. Bolitho firmly. "You like to put it off, but that's just common sense. Better make up one's mind and get it over!"

Something hovered on Miss Sainsbury Seale's lips. Perhaps it was a rebellious murmur of: "Yes, but not your tooth."

All she actually said, however, was "I expect you are right. And Mr. Morley is such a careful man and never hurts one at all."

THE meeting of the board of directors was over. The position was highly satisfactory—government co-operation was assured. There should have been no discordant note. Yet to the secretary, Mr. Samuel Rotherstein there had

(Continued on page 26)



# The Irish Can't Believe It

by Quentin Reynolds

FROM DUBLIN

WAS back in 1922 when the Black and Tans finally turned their hated backs upon the shores of Ireland. The last boatload of them was just when a stalwart Dubliner made a mark that has come to be part of the Emerald Isle.

"Thank the Lord they've gone," he said stily. "Now, praise be, we can have peace."

Today Ireland is very unhappy at the thought of someone infringing upon her national heritage of fighting peacefully within her own borders and with no foreigners participating. Ireland is in the position of being a likely battlefield for two foreign nations—one nation that she hates and another to which she is indifferent. Ireland, beyond declaring her neutrality and maintaining her small army as well as possible, is solving the whole problem by simply ignoring it.

"It's like this," a member of the Dáil said to me earnestly. "If either of them invades us, by the living Lord we'll kick them right out. If Germany invades us, why, we might allow them to help us kick them out. If Italy invades us, well, we've been fighting England for seven hundred years and know how to handle her."

I heard this in homes in Dublin and in Cork and in small village inns and in the temporary. I heard it in the eighteenth-century-old palace of an earl, and in the country clubs in County Wicklow, and I heard it in Galway on the west coast.

No matter what tall, anxious-looking De Valera says; no matter what the four-looking William Cosgrave, leader of the opposition, says; no matter what William Norton, leader of the Fianna party, or what gentle, scholarly President Douglas Hyde, say—the opinion of the people of Ireland is one thing on which they are completely united. Ireland is committed to neutrality and, by God, Ireland will remain neutral if it has to fight everyone else to maintain its status. I have heard this a thousand times in two weeks from the people of Ireland and I heard it whispered to me by government officials talking "off the record."

Coming to Ireland after the nightmare death of France and after the terrible and horrible feeling of dreaded annihilation in London was like emerging from a dark, dank swamp into the brilliant light of the sun. You heard far more talk in Dublin two weeks ago, I am sure, than you do today in New York. There were no black-outs and no cars on the streets. Prices were the same as they had always been and there was a heaping plate of golden butter on the breakfast table alongside a filled bowl—two things that the eyes of a correspondent had not seen for a long day.

There is a war going on but, praise be, no war of Ireland's. It is a war between England and Germany and the United States and they will take them both. That is the well-known ostrich defense used so ineffectively by Holland and Belgium, the two old twins who still don't know what



Prepared for action it doesn't really expect is this Irish army antiaircraft unit

BRITISH COMBINE

hit them. If you stick your head in the sand these days the obvious thing is sure to happen. But Ireland shrugs her shoulders, looks at tomorrow's entries, and doesn't believe it.

Yesterday I visited Glendalough, which is the vale between the two lakes in Wicklow. It has been a Sunday-afternoon picnicking ground for Dubliners for two hundred years. I was looking for likely places where the German parachutists might land. Glendalough is the place where in the year 504 Saint Kevin built his seven churches and then retired to a cave overlooking the lake. One night the fair Kathleen, in love with the fire of his eloquence, came to tell him of her love but the holy Kevin pushed her away, and down into the dark blue waters of the lake she went, never to come up again. Then Kevin in remorse decreed that never again would anyone drown in the lake and to this day none has.

## Don't Give It a Thought

There were probably two thousand laughing people from Dublin there, and they were telling the story of Kevin to solemn-eyed children, and they were having tea at the lovely inn on the shores of the lake, and to them the legend of 504 was far closer than the nightmare that has come to life in 1940. This is true: there in fact is the very cave and the ruins of the churches that the good saint built. Parachutists? Fifth columnists? Get on with ye, now.

For two weeks I have been looking in vain for just one man who is afraid of the potential invasion by the Germans.

To date I have not found him, and yet every military observer in London is convinced that this will be the next object of Hitler's blitzkrieg. Today I walked into the bar of the Royal Hibernian Hotel, and forty men were deep in form charts, figuring out possible winners at tomorrow's races at Phoenix Park. I ordered a Scotch and began talking to the bartender. The bartender winked at a man standing next to me and said to him, "This fellow is here for the invasion." "Never mind the invasion," the man said. "We'll take care of those blighters if they ever come here and mind that."

Tonight I was at the Elm Park Country Club just outside of Dublin. Here the fairly well off businessmen of Dublin meet each day to play golf and each night to drink and talk. The lawyers, the merchants, the newspaper editors, the automobile salesmen—it is a perfect cross section of substantial Dublin.

I know them all now, and they laugh a little bit at me but temper their laughter by taking me into their circle. Reggie Knight, prominent Dublin businessman, says, "Now what a pity we haven't a few little parachutists for you to play with tonight. But here's Michail Buckley from Cork. Men from Cork never open their mouths for fear that by mistake they'll order a round of drinks. And Jack Arigho, who played wing three-quarter on three Irish rugby teams that beat England; and Norman McBratnea and Con Foley and Paddy Duffy and Larry O'Neill, and now, lads, there'll be no closing hour tonight."

Someone asked me about the German

tanks and how they operate. I told him. He laughed and said, "Some of our lads with rifles could pick their eyes out."

"But this is not a war between men, but men and machines," I said desperately. "The parachutists land with machine guns and carry hand grenades in their belts and flame throwers that shoot a flame a hundred yards."

"Come now," venerable Lawrence O'Neill said soothingly. "Have a wee spot and forget your machines. Did you know that I went to school with James Joyce?"

Enemy planes over Ireland? Ridiculous—and what if they did come over? Ireland had planes.

## The Army Isn't Laughing

Holland had planes and so did Belgium and so did France. How many planes did Ireland have? Well a dozen or so and fine little things they were. Oh, but you wanted to scream at these happy, lovable, charming people and tell them to wake up, destruction might be just around the corner. But they'd slap you on the back and Jack Arigho would go to the piano and play The Minstrel Boy, and sing it in his high, sweet voice, and Pat O'Loughlin would make another speech of welcome in Gaelic which not a man in the room would understand, for only three per cent of the people of Eire know the mother tongue, more knew it until it became compulsory to learn and then, of course, none would study it any more.

If the civilian population of Eire (Continued on page 45)





Special treat for Don Magarrell's daughter Ann—grilled steaks with his own mustard sauce, picnic fashion

## All Ready to Eat

By Frank J. Taylor

Add excitement to your outdoor picnic meals by eating some of the delicious pre-cooked food Don Magarrell serves travelers on the air lines

WITH a seasoned eye Mr. Magarrell watched the fire in his outdoor grill settle into a glowing bed of embers. When the last flame flickered out, he picked up a steak cut an inch and a quarter thick from sirloin butt, dipped it into a bowl of salad oil, slapped it on the grill, shook on salt and whole crushed pepper. As the meat sizzled and seared, he deftly speared it on one edge, careful not to puncture the seared part, and flipped it over. In less time than it takes to tell, the grill was blanketed with sputtering steaks. Eight minutes later, when they were broiled to a turn, he lifted his voice and yelled, "Come and get it!"

Mr. Magarrell might have saved his breath. Everybody was there with his plate in hand. Nobody in his right mind

ever passed up a Magarrell steak doused with the chef's own original mustard sauce, the secret of which we'll shortly reveal because it appears that Mr. Don F. Magarrell ranks right up at the top among this country's foremost authorities on picnic cooking, which is an art unto itself.

In his more serious moods, youngish Mr. Magarrell is maître d'hôtel of the United Air Lines kitchens, ten of them scattered strategically from coast to coast, and as such he is responsible for no fewer than half a million pre-cooked picnic meals a year, served on high to travelers aboard the Mainliners.

Now you might not call these de luxe five-course meals picnics, but that's what they are. When Mr. Magarrell took them under his wing four years ago,

they were plain box lunches. In those days, when hunger gnawed, an air traveler opened his box, picked over an assortment of weary sandwiches, a cup of potato salad, some cake, cheese, an apple, all of which he washed down with a slug of aging coffee. Well, Mr. Magarrell changed all that with a new culinary technique that keeps pre-cooked foods as hot and appetizing as they were when they came out of the oven. And if you ask his opinion, Mr. Magarrell will tell you that the old-fashioned basket of food most folks take to eat in a shady dell is no picnic at all. "There's no reason why picnic meals can't be served as hot and fresh as anything you ever ate at home," he says.

That kind of talk puts Mr. Magarrell outside the pale, so far as the American Association of Amateur Picnickers is concerned. He is definitely a "pro," except on holidays when, like the postman taking his Sunday walk, he glories in broiling steaks in the woods or in opening up a thermos jug of individual chicken potpies, or ham and string beans en casserole, beef tenderloin sauté, or navarin of spring lamb served steaming hot by the burbling brook. That's what four busy years on the air lines, preceded by three hundred (yep, we checked on them) previous culinary assignments with hotels, clubs, restaurants, railroad and steamship lines, have done to Don Magarrell's idea of a picnic. He's even licked the problem of keeping scrambled eggs with Canadian

bacon as hot and light and fresh as they came from the stove, and he'll tell you how to do the same for breakfasts.

Just whip your eggs, he says, all on whipping with a fork after you've poured them into a hot pan already buttered. When they've thickened, add an ounce of cream for every three eggs, whip them some more. Then put them in your thermos jug or in hot casserole the latter to be wrapped heavily in paper. The scrambled eggs stay so soft and fluffy that, thanks to this technique, certain transcontinental flights. Magarrell's chefs are able to serve eggs three or four hours before breakfast is served and the customers don't think they've been freshly cooked by the stewardess on the plane.

If you happen to want link sausages with your scrambled eggs, he says, the system is to boil them two minutes, then in flour, fry them, then drop them on absorbent paper to draw out the excess grease. After that, you can put them alongside the eggs in the thermos jug or the casserole, confident that they'll hold their size and keep piping hot while you're locating the right spot.

### New Cooking with New Rules

As chef in the ten kitchens that serve the air liners, Mr. Magarrell has a train of young cooks who didn't have a lot of Continental cooking lore to lean on. Pre-cooking technique is something different, he says. There are a few "don'ts" and a lot of "do's."

Take the "don'ts" first. They've got to do mostly with foods that just won't hold themselves to pre-cooking. Potatoes, for instance, which dries out. Veal is out, too, and fish is taboo on the Mainliners except Eastern lobsters, West Coast crab, or Southern shrimps for salads. Cabbage, turnips, cauliflower and any other kind of gas-producing vegetable is out. Another of Mr. Magarrell's "don'ts" has to do with paper plates which absorb the juices right out of the meat, no matter how delicious it is cooked.

"Especially for steak, you need a china plate, and you need it hot," he insists. "That's true whether you cook your steak ahead of time or broil it over a fire just before you eat it."

Maybe you're from Missouri and you have a notion of pre-cooking steaks for picnics. Well, a lot of the other customers on the Mainliners, too, until they ate some of these Magarrell filets mignon on the air liners. Some of them still insist that the first time they cooked aboard ship, up in the cockpit somewhere, but that's not so.

The angle on pre-cooking steaks, according to Mr. Magarrell, is to not cook them, but slap them in a thermos containers while they're still hot. The steaks keep on cooking in their own steam for a time, but not too much, and they're still hot and juicy an hour or two later. Douse a little Mainliner sauce over them when you serve them and you've got something to satisfy an epicure without the bother of coaxing a bed of coals in your yard.

Mainliner sauce is something that Mr. Magarrell thought up one day when a passenger asked for catsup for his hot steaks. Catsup and chili sauce smeared on good food make Mr. Magarrell's chefs nervous because he says they overwhelm the delicate flavors of carefully prepared meats. But, recognizing that pre-cooked steaks or chops do become a bit bland in the container, he hit upon the idea to zip up their flavors. It certainly did the job.

"Mix two and a half tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of dill with enough boiling water to make a smooth paste," explained Mr. Magarrell. "Add slowly one cup of vinegar."

(Continued on page 53)



# The Girl Talks

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Detective O'Malley puts the bite on a killer equipped with a small gold tooth

"THERE'S a holdup killing," O'Malley said. "Three guys stuck up a night club and they killed a guest. The same three been holding up cafés and night clubs and we can't find who are. Till now they never shot no one. This time they did."

"Who was it they killed?" I asked.

"A guy named Jernel. He was at a party with a lady but she wasn't his wife."

"Have you got a description of the guy?"

"Plenty descriptions but they get us mixed up."

"Except the guy that shot Jernel has a gold front tooth, the descriptions could mean anybody. They did this stick-up the same way they did all the rest. Nobody had ever seen him in that night club but they knew his place. Two of 'em stood at the two ends and the third guy went around and cut up the dough. Then they ran out and got away in the same taxi they always escape in. This time a guy passing the street seen 'em run out and get into the cab with guns in their hands, and wrote down the taxi license number. I looked the license up. There was a license issued with those numbers."

"When you've not much to start from," I declared.

"We looked at the night club. We didn't find out anything. The manager never seen any of the three men who were the robbery. He was sure, if any of 'em had ever been there as a guest, he would have recognized them."

"Yeah. But they knew how this place was arranged," O'Malley told him.

"Yes, there's no doubt of that. From the spots where they stood they could see everybody in the place and no one could get behind them."

"What can a cop do with a case like this?" O'Malley asked me.

"We went to headquarters. They had a young woman there who had been at a party with Jernel. She was extremely pretty and said her age was eighteen."

"That she was in New York studying at a dramatic school. Her name was Mary Rynd. I could see she came of a good family and her soft voice showed she was from the South. The police were showing her pictures of known holdup men, but she hadn't recognized any of them."

"What was this Jernel doing that the police shot him?" O'Malley asked her.

"He wasn't doing anything." The girl looked shaken and hysterical. "He'd taken the man his money. We both were sitting still, and he'd told me to give the man my jewelry."

"How long you known Jernel?"

"Some friends introduced us about two months ago. I didn't see anything of him then. About a month ago he called me up and asked if I remembered him, and he wanted to see me. He said he was lonesome and he seemed unhappy, and since then we've seen each other a whole lot."

"What made him lonesome? The guy had a wife."

"He told me about that. He was getting a divorce from her."

"You think a lot of Jernel?"

She began to cry. "Yes."

"This Jernel," O'Malley explained to me, "had a lot of money. Him and his wife belonged to what they call café society. They spent a lot of time in night clubs. Cops know about that divorce. When Jernel asked for the divorce, he mentioned a guy named Sammin. This Sammin is known in night clubs too. Let's go and see Mrs. Jernel."

A neat maid let us in. It was a big, luxurious apartment. Mrs. Jernel was young and beautiful and seemed calm and collected.

"You know any reason your husband should get shot?" O'Malley asked her.

She seemed surprised. "I don't understand your question. It was a holdup."

"Yes, lady, we know. But there wasn't no reason that holdup should have shot him. How long since you seen your husband?"

"A little more than a month."

"Ever been to that night club yourself?"

"Yes; a number of times."

"With Mr. Sammin?"

"Your question is impertinent."

"A cop has to ask."

WE WENT and saw Sammin. He had a shop high up in a tall building and he was sleek and black-haired. He was a jeweler.

"You in that night club last night when Jernel got shot?" O'Malley asked.

"I wasn't."

"You been there, though, plenty of times."

"I don't know what you mean by 'plenty.' I've been there."

"With Mrs. Jernel?"

"Sometimes."

"She know you've been questioned by the police quite a few times following jewel robberies?"

"What's this idea?" Sammin shouted at us. "I've never been convicted of receiving stolen jewels. Are you trying to involve me in this killing?"

"Do you appreciate the significance of all this, O'Malley?" I asked when we had got outside.

"You tell me."

"Let's review the facts," I said, importantly. "These holdups have occurred in places where the men executing them had never been and therefore they have not been recognized, but in every case they knew the arrangement of the place perfectly. That means it had been described to them."

"Sure. They got a finger man."

(Continued on page 46)

He didn't like the report, and crumpled it up and threw it in the wastebasket. The girl and I watched while he rewrote it





# A Man Takes His Vacation

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

How Hubert happened to win the big bronc-bucking contest and a prize that was not on the committee's list

THE plank sidewalks of Horse Creek rumbled to the prodding of high-heeled boots; fast-moving hoofs lifted the thin, tawny dust of the town square and it hung like a pall over the crowds. Bright shirts and colorful neckerchiefs flashed beneath broad-brimmed hats, and in the doors of the bars the passers-in and passers-out turned sideways to get through.

A slight young man in a gray business suit was trying to get into one of the saloons. Each time he started in, he met a group of cowboys on the way out, eyes on distant bars, looking over his head. He was not very tall.

Invariably they pushed him out.

"Pardon me," he kept saying.

Finally, in desperation, he fell in behind several cowboys who had shoved him aside and followed them to the next bar. He went in easily, in their wake.

The bar was crowded. But he followed his interference, unnoticed at their heels, and found a place for himself beside them. "A glass of beer," he said; but there was too much noise, nobody could hear him. A harassed bartender plunked a bottle of whisky down before the group and placed some glasses on the bar. A tall cowboy poured the drinks. There was one glass too many. The big cowboy looked around, glanced down past his shoulder and saw the little fellow in the gray suit.

"Pardon me," the little fellow said. "I guess the bartender thought I was with—"

"What the hell, have a drink," the cowboy said. He slid one of the filled glasses toward the other. "From the East?" he asked.

"No; Salt Lake City."

"Come up for the rodeo?"

"Well, what's left of it. I guess today's the last day. I saw the posters in Yellowstone Park and came down. I'm on my vacation, you know. From the office. A fellow has to get away."

"Sure," the cowboy said.

The other offered his hand. "Hubert Winslow's the name. Bartles-Adams, advertising novelties. File department."

The cowboy shook the hand clumsily. "Slim Howard," he said. He turned to

his companions. "Meet a friend of mine," he said.

"I'll buy a drink," Hubert said. He wigwagged to the bartender. "On me," he said loudly.

"Look who's here," Slim said. They all looked around. A tall, beautifully turned-out cowboy had entered. He was flanked by two attractive girls in Western attire. They moved up to the bar and the cowboy ordered drinks for everybody with a large gesture.

For the first time Hubert noticed that there was a difference between the cowboys he was drinking with and most of the others in the place. His friends were not dressed as well as the others: they

wore faded blue denim pants and their hats were stained, the brims curled. Their blue cotton shirts were open at the throat, and they wore no neckerchiefs. The others were more like the one who had just come in.

"THAT fellow," Hubert said, in an oblique effort to penetrate the difference, "must be a—foreman. Or whatever you call them."

"What they are called," Slim said, looking at Hubert, "is dudes. That one's staying at the Bar H Bar, a dude ranch. He's a broker in New York."

"Oh," Hubert said. He was beginning to get the idea. Slim said, "Today's

dude-ranch day at the rodeo. Every ranch has got one of their dudes for the dude bucking-horse contest."

"Bucking horses!" one of the cowboys said disgustedly. "The damn' bucking horses!"

"What can you expect?" Slim said. "They're just dudes."

"The tame broncs," the other said. "They been practicing all summer on the tame broncs."

"Is yours a dude ranch, too?" asked.

"Not like the others," Slim said. "Lazy K is a cow outfit, but we're to get dudes. We didn't get a year, against the big places like







Hubert at this point lost track of what was going on. The grandstand began to whirl, and so did the ground. Instantly Hubert decided to get off the horse

Maybe we'll get some next year." "We could get a dude and he could win this dude bucking contest," another cowboy said, "we'd be over. You could have advertising."

"You ought to take first prize from under your nose," Slim said. He looked at Hubert. "Can you ride a horse?" he asked suddenly.

"No," Hubert said. "I hate horses. Let's have another drink," Slim said.

"WELLS," Hubert said an hour later. "I'm not so sure about this. My knees feel kind of weak. I hate—" "Buck up," Slim said.

Hubert tried to buck up. They were

standing behind the little grandstand at the rodeo grounds. Through the lattice-work of weathered timbers, through the pattern of the two-by-fours and the people sitting on the plank seats, their rears bulging, Hubert could catch glimpses of activity out front. Riders were moving back and forth; steers were bawling; a voice was calling out names. Suddenly his own name boomed from the loud-speaker.

"Come on," Slim said. He took Hubert by the arm. Hubert's underpinning began to fail him. "I'd rather—" he began; but the others were around him and he was walking under the grandstand, down a passage, and the clumsy

leather chaps that Slim had made him put on were hanging loosely from his hips. These and the big spurs he was wearing just missed tripping him at each labored step.

"Come on," Slim said.

At the end of the passage they came to a cage made of heavy planks. It was just a little larger than a horse. A horse was in it. The horse and Hubert looked at each other and Hubert closed his eyes. Somebody boosted him to the top of the cage, and two others took him by the arms and lowered him, and he was sitting in a saddle; a live, restless saddle. He felt the stirrups and shoved his feet into them and somebody handed him the

end of a thick rope and he took hold of it mechanically and prayerfully.

The whole side of the cage swung away, exposing the rodeo grounds. The horse bounded out into the open.

Hubert at this point lost track of what was going on. The grandstand began to whirl, and so did the ground, and he was being hit terrific blows on the seat of the pants. Instantly he decided to get off the horse. He tried to, but found, to his horror, that he could not. He glanced down and saw that the fastening in the front of the chaps had slipped over the horn of the saddle. At each lunge of the horse he was jerked violently forward and the horn hit him in the stomach repeatedly.

Hubert's world turned black. . . .

The water on his face was cold, and he heard Slim's voice and opened his eyes. "He's coming around," somebody said. Slim was kneeling there with a wet towel in his hands. When he saw that Hubert was all right, he grinned broadly. "Hubert," he said delightedly, "you won! You got first prize!"

Hubert sat up and looked around. He was in the rear of the grandstand again, and his friends were standing around him, looking down at him. He moistened his lips. "What is first prize?" he asked.

"A three-day pack trip out of the Bar H Bar," Slim said, "with the governor's party. He's staying there. Three whole days on horseback, Hubert!"

Hubert lay back on the grass and closed his eyes.

"WELL, there she is," one of the cowboys said.

Hubert looked where the cowboy was pointing. Just beyond the sagebrush flat over which they were riding, at the edge of a pine forest, beyond which great snow-capped mountains rose abruptly into the sky, was a long log structure with a porch across the entire front. It was flanked by lesser buildings.

Slim pulled up close alongside Hubert. "Whatever you do, don't go saying you got to get back to the office. Remember, Hubert, you won the dude bucking-horse contest. You got to act on your dignity, Hubert."

They went through a gate and rode across a well-kept lawn, toward the porch. On the porch Hubert could see people, people dressed in big cream-colored hats and bright shirts. When they were almost there, a tall man in immaculate regalia stepped down and came to meet them.

"Hello, Mr. Van Orton," Slim said. Mr. Van Orton nodded briefly. Slim jerked his head toward Hubert. "I guess you heard the Lazy K entry won the bucking-horse contest." The dude rancher looked at Hubert without expression and nodded again. Slim said, "Well, we brung him up for the prize."

Mr. Van Orton bowed slightly. "Come in," he said to Hubert.

"Goodby, Hubert," Slim said. "Remember what I told you."

"I will," Hubert said. He dismounted painfully, and Slim took his horse and he and the others rode away. Walking slowly, frequently glancing down to see if he really was as bowlegged as he felt, Hubert followed Mr. Van Orton around the end of the lodge. The brilliant people on the porch were watching, and Hubert summoned such dignity as he felt he possessed and looked straight ahead. His host took him to a small cabin in the rear, and they entered. The one room was just large enough for the cot, washstand and chair.

"Make yourself at home," Mr. Van Orton said distantly. "The pack trip with the governor will get under way in about an hour. His Excellency at the moment is resting." He left.

Hubert threw himself upon the cot and lay face down. He was unhappy. He did not like this; he hated the whole

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# Night Work

By Meyer Levin

WHEN Lloyd Baker, instructor at City College, sought to use the Franklin letters at the Foundation he was informed that Professor Knowles of Columbia had them out for study, and he had a fright. Knowles was probably already started on the very thing he wanted to do. Several times, in the Historical Journal, he had encountered articles by Knowles in his own field of early American letters—and more than once Lloyd had been startled at the echoing chords of their minds. Oddly, though they had mutual acquaintances, they had not yet met.

Before giving up the Franklin idea, there was only one thing to do: ask. So he wrote Professor Knowles. The reply was comradely. Knowles even hinted at a collaboration.

The evening Lloyd went out to discuss the matter, Felice, as usual, wanted to go along; his young wife sometimes seemed to have the idea she could go everywhere with him, even to his classes. This time she finally consented to be parked at a movie.

Knowles lived in one of those boxlike apartments with which Lloyd had been all too familiar in his bachelor days. University areas abounded in them. The professor was younger than he had expected, probably only a few years his own senior; they were even of the same physical type, large-boned, swingy, Knowles a shade taller; and as soon as the professor opened his mouth Lloyd recognized home. "Hoosier?" he asked.

Sure enough. Knowles was from Valparaiso, near the Baker farm.

In the apartment, Lloyd was struck even more forcibly by the sense of duplication, for Knowles, like himself in his bachelor days, had turned the dinette into a work-hutch, upholstering it with books. For an instant Lloyd felt a longing for those solitary evenings, with maybe a colleague ringing the bell, late, for a gab over a drink.

As to their work: they hit it off right away. Lloyd would study the influence of French ideas of liberty on Franklin, and Knowles would analyze the other side, the influence of Franklin on the French. Right off Knowles showed Lloyd a cute, obscure passage in a Franklin anecdote, on the object of conversation with women. Lloyd spotted it as indeed an old French saying. "Bonhomme, at the Sorbonne, used to kid all the co-eds with it."

"You study with Bonhomme?" Knowles asked.

And both had spent their Sundays at Prof. Bonhomme's place on the Seine. And both had held the Voxhaul scholarship. "We must be the same guy!" Knowles laughed.

Truly, the parallel in their lives was astonishing. Not only their background but their work. For when Lloyd mentioned that he had to pick up his wife, at the movie, Knowles remarked, "Bet you married a French girl."

"You guessed it," Lloyd responded.

"Didn't have to guess. Just followed through."

Lloyd glanced around the typical one-man apartment. "You're not married, are you?"

"Was," Knowles said. "Met her at the Sorbonne." Next thing, the fellow would say his wife's name was Felice.

Lloyd couldn't help asking—almost as from an oracle—what had become of that marriage.

"Happened? She's back home," his new colleague replied. "Swell kid, but those things just don't work out. French and us."

THE work went well. Too well. Their collaboration was so stimulating that Lloyd could scarcely put his mind on anything else.

They had already published a preliminary paper; a publisher wanted a book on the subject; Lloyd felt sure this work would bring him his full professorship; he picked out the fur coat he would buy Felice, for their anniversary, if the book could be finished swiftly enough so he'd get some money for it, in time to pay for the coat. He and Knowles worked late afternoons, and often into the night.

Once, coming home late, Lloyd found the customary pie and milk on the kitchen table; but Felice failed to slip from the bedroom, while he ate. Then he remembered something about a dinner date with the Reynoldses, who were entertaining a visiting Frenchman.

He couldn't fall asleep. The last time he looked at his watch before she got home, it was 2 A. M.

Felice was gay in the morning, humming as she had breakfast with him.

The thing happened again, and again. Naturally he couldn't blame her. The poor kid had to have some fun in life:

he was working every evening. But the fourth time, when she got in at 1:30, he couldn't help letting her know he was awake.

"But, darling, I don't like to have without you!" she protested. "If you would come with us!"

No use reminding her he was busy to finish the research.

"That Knowles! That monster! Does he know of life!" she cried. "The day enough to work?"

He had to say she might at least manage his own work, and the next she was angry with him, and the next she was out again.

The following evening, they were cussing a Franklin gem Knowles found in an old almanac. "Marriage without love soon becomes love with marriage."

"Yeah," Lloyd agreed. "It seems the French idea, all right. I ought to know."

"Trouble?" Knowles asked.

Lloyd nodded.

"Sooner or later," Knowles said, "you have to face it. That's the way it is."

"How long did yours last?"

"Four years. The last year was all Frenchman show up?"

"She went home with him."

Lloyd shuddered. And yet he was strangely grateful. Knowles would have him the pain of the last stages.

Perhaps Felice sensed something. She asked Knowles to dinner. He didn't hit it off at all, naturally. The next day, she declared to Lloyd that he was crazy in thinking he and Knowles were alike. "Just because you both come from Indiana!"

A FEW evenings later, coming home after midnight, he found her sitting up with that Frenchman. Lloyd rose to have a drink with them, and went to bed, leaving them there together.

She didn't come to breakfast the next morning.

He remembered Knowles' remark. Yet, he wanted to make one try. He went out with her. That afternoon, he went home to pick up his notes. She was out. But in the cab, looking through the notes, Lloyd saw words penciled, in handwriting, between his lines. He remembered that one about marriage without becoming love without marriage. He had written, "All work and no play makes Jack a bad husband." As a wife without a husband soon leaves a husband without a wife.—M. Knowles. Then, in a pained gasp, "Oh, darling, don't!"

Suddenly he saw himself as Knowles was, alone in a one-room box, sitting at his dinners, working all the time. He told the driver to turn around.

She was curled, a shivering ball, in a huge chair, his chair.

Later, Lloyd called his colleague. "Sorry I can't work tonight." An important engagement had come up, he explained, to take his wife dancing.

Hereafter, they'd have to work in the afternoons; slower, but they'd get through. "Oh, and Knowles—"

"Yeah?"

"Just thought you ought to know. We're not the same guy, after all."

Felice was gay in the morning humming as she had breakfast with







So they chose four of their number to go to St. Louis and bring back the Book—surely the strangest horsemen that ever rode in the West

## White Dawn in Oregon

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. AYRES of Boston, cruising for sea-otter furs in the Pacific in his ship, the *Mercury*, put into Nootka Sound one day and took twelve Indians on board as passengers. They went with him willingly, he promised to bring them back when the cruise was over. Instead, he marooned them on a deserted island in Sir Francis Drake's Bay. It was easier to do that than sail all the way back to Nootka; and it didn't matter to Captain Ayres whether the twelve survived or starved.

That is the first link in the chain. The second is the *Tonquin*. She came to Nootka soon afterward—John Jacob Astor's ship, the *Tonquin*, sent by him from New York around Cape Horn to build a fur empire on the Oregon coast. She had stopped at the mouth of the Columbia and built a fort there (Astoria, they called it) garrisoned by a few west voyageurs under Duncan McLaughlin. Then she cruised northward

along the Vancouver shore to trade for sea otter with the Nootka tribesmen.

The *Tonquin* dropped anchor off the Indian town and her captain, Jonathan Thorn, being a bullheaded, violent man afraid of nothing, didn't even rig safety nettings around the deck to prevent too many Indians from coming aboard. Captain Thorn had never heard of Captain Ayres or what he had done to the twelve Nootka hunters. If Thorn had known about that, he would have enjoyed it. Some weeks before, he had beaten one of his seamen half insensible, thrown him overboard and sailed away, leaving the sailor to sink or swim ashore as fate decided.

So Captain Thorn would probably have laughed if he had known of that clever trick which Captain Ayres had played. Ayres had saved time and money. What did it matter if a dozen Indian women had been widowed? . . . When the *Tonquin* had anchored, the Indians came out in their great sea

canoes, bringing their bundles of furs, and Thorn let them come on board, as many as wanted to come. The goods were arranged on the deck and trading began.

But it didn't go well. Thorn and James Lewis, a clerk, did the bidding; but the Indians rejected most of the offers. A tall old Nootka chief, thin and hook-nosed and magnificently dressed in a beautiful sea-otter robe belted with native cloth of many colors, directed them with great dignity from a seat placed for him by his underlings. They watched him, and when he shook his head, they shook theirs also.

Captain Thorn's quick anger rose, quickly boiled over. He whirled on the chief and ordered him to leave the ship. The Indian made no move, and Thorn, in a fury, seized him by the hair, jerked him to his feet, then struck him in the face. There was a moment of utter silence, utter stillness. Only a moment. The chief turned away and went quietly

down the ladder and his people followed him.

Captain Jonathan Thorn strutted the *Tonquin's* deck. He'd taught these damned red cattle a lesson. They'd be back in the morning and trading would be better then. Alex McKay, one of Astor's partners, who was on board, didn't think so and wanted to weigh anchor. But Captain Thorn was right.

Early in the morning they came with smiling, happy faces, with rolls of fine otter skins—as many rolls as five large canoes, each manned by twenty paddlers, could carry—and Thorn in high good humor bade them come aboard with their pelts and make themselves at home. So they swarmed up the ladders (all except the women, who stayed in the canoes) and trading was better and Captain Thorn's good humor expanded—until, suddenly, at a signal, they drew the terrible *pautumaugan* war clubs hidden in their rolls of otter skins and made

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# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## The Story Thus Far:

PAUL LESSER and his friend Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, start a night club in Berlin. Lesser marries a singer whom they employ: Carola Dirling; then he dies—the victim of a mysterious “automobile accident.”

Heartbroken, Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later, she is in Rome when Blaerchen—whom she suspects of somehow having caused her husband's death—sends an agent to her. The agent informs her that Blaerchen is a power in the German Foreign Office; he orders her to return to Berlin. Not daring to resist, she goes back to the German capital. There—ensconced in an attractive apartment, where a maid (Maria Kunkle) keeps a sharp eye on her—she goes to work as a Foreign Office spy, reporting to Blaerchen.

She has only one friend whom she can trust: Karl Dietrich. Just out of a concentration camp, Dietrich is deep in an anti-Nazi plot. He tells Carola that Blaerchen and Wilhelm Praut—bitter enemies and favorites of Ribbentrop—are working secretly against Goering and Himmler. . . . Senta Mainescu—once engaged to Blaerchen, now one of his enemies—calls on Carola. She makes several indiscreet remarks. They are reported back to Blaerchen. She is arrested, charged with treason—and executed!

While taking a walk, Carola is approached by a stranger who introduces himself as August von Maurer. He says that Senta had been his fiancée; he questions Carola closely, in an effort to learn who had betrayed the woman he loved. . . .

Young Signor Froschetti, of the Italian Embassy, escorts Carola to her apartment, after a party. He tells her that he has fallen in love with her. The telephone rings. Carola answers it. A man (whose voice she does not recognize) orders her to “wait ten minutes—and scream.” The man adds: “This is Herr Blaerchen's wish,” and hangs up.

Carola insists that Froschetti leave the apartment, at once. Puzzled, angry, Froschetti makes his departure. A few minutes later, three men come in. They accuse Carola of disobeying Blaerchen's orders. They say they will report the matter. They go out. . . . The following day, Carola explains the episode to Froschetti. Realizing that he has narrowly escaped a blackmail trap, Froschetti thanks her. But when they part, Carola feels certain that she will never see the young Italian again.

## V

AT HOME there was still no sign of Maria. Carola was not concerned; she would turn up in time and explain her absence. More important was Blaerchen's coming. She could only repeat to him what she had told the men the night before, then watch his face to see if he believed.

At the front door someone was trying to fit a key in the lock. Carola rose and opened the door. Maria almost stumbled into the room, her clothes awry, her face red from unbroken crying.

“Look!” Her voice was hollow. “Look! Fritz, my husband!” She held out a little card. On it Carola read a cold, formal announcement of the death of Fritz Kunkle at the front. Neither place nor time nor date were given.

“I am sorry, Maria.”

“Fritz is dead,” the woman said as if to convince herself. She burst into violent weeping again. “He wasn't a soldier. He didn't want to harm anybody. He was a cook!”

Carola wished she could help. “It does no good to cry.”

“I know it.” Maria tried to dry her eyes. She looked at the card again. “Can you bury a postal card? Can you give a postal card a decent burial?”

Carola stood beside her, not knowing what to say. She put her arm around

her and said weakly, “It's a dreadful shock.”

Maria got control of herself. “Herr Blaerchen promised that Fritz would not go near the front. His promises!” Bitterness in her voice matched the scorn in her voice. “He promised Fräulein Mainescu that he'd marry her and what did he do? He put her in jail because of what she said here.”

Carola stared at the woman, forgetting her weeping and her sorrow. She asked, “How do you know that?”

“He knows everything that is said in this room. There is a thing in the wall there. It was put in one day when you weren't here.”

“A microphone? Where is it?” Her questions were asked in cold anger.

Maria pointed to the wall near a framed picture of a German village scene. “In there.”

Everything the woman was saying now was being overheard! Carola shuddered. She knew she had to find some wordless way to keep the woman quiet.

Then Maria sat upright, her face gray and glassy. In sudden spilling fury she almost ran to the framed picture on the

wall and stood just a few inches from it. So bitterly that Carola shivered, she screamed, “Listen, I want you to hear me. Herr Blaerchen, this is Maria!”

“Maria, what are you doing?” She was alarmed at the woman's growing hysteria.

Maria was beyond any control. “Herr Blaerchen, you lied! Fritz is dead. He was a good man. He did not deserve to die. You killed him after you promised me—! Was sagst du, Herr Blaerchen?”

“Please stop, Maria.”

She ignored Carola. “You should hear what the people in the streets are saying, Herr Blaerchen. They say, ‘Maybe the Allies would like to catch Hitler and the Nazis, but we hope we catch them first!’” She was screaming now. “That is what they are saying. I know! I hear them! Now my Fritz is dead and I don't even know where he is buried but when the people are through with you Nazis there won't even be kitchen scraps to bury.”

“You must not say those things, Maria.” Carola felt ridiculously helpless.

The woman turned away from the

wall and threw herself on the floor. She was just a shivering pile, clinging softly to herself. Carola got some for her. She was afraid for Maria. The woman had to be persuaded to leave at once before anyone who heard her remarks sent police after her.

In a few minutes Maria sat up, reached for her handkerchief, and said, “I'm sorry, Fräulein.”

“I only wish I could do something for you, Maria,” Carola said desperately.

“I will be all right. It's the shock had no warning. I should have known something was wrong when Fritz didn't write from Cologne for such a long time. I should have known!” She got up and wavered slightly. “I'll get things from the kitchen and go.”

Carola felt ever so slightly relieved. At least, there were no sounds from the stairs outside. The woman had got away.

Maria went into the kitchen and Carola followed. The microphone would not pick up anything said here. “Where will you go now, Maria?”

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“Herr Blaerchen, you lied!” she cried. “Fritz is dead. He did not deserve to die. You killed him!”





RONNY JAKUES

quel of Caracas, Vene-  
an overnight sensa-  
now with Jersey City

is a baseball scout's dream of  
even:

Has hacking his way through the  
and bush in search of talent. In  
oet is a sharp telegram from the  
emanding that he deliver—or  
ddenly he comes upon a clear-  
ne backwoods and there before  
a rude diamond, is playing a  
b that fairly bristles with first-  
ayers.

only that, but the players are so  
end love the game so much, and  
s far removed from the prima-  
alass, that they sign up for prac-  
nothing. All they want is a chance  
e good, and never mind bonuses  
ing.

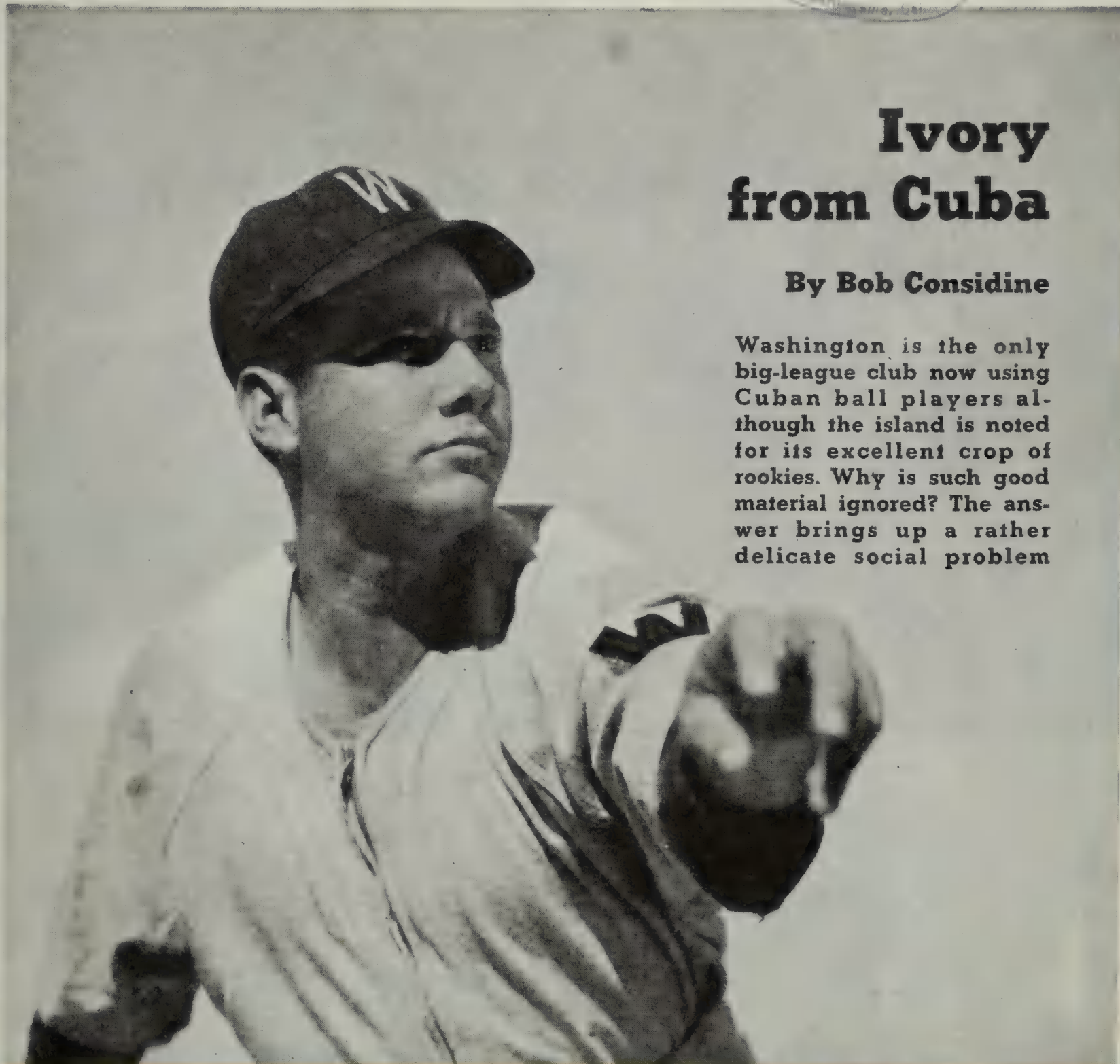
about the time our dreambound  
ts signing up a future DiMaggio  
a week, the scout lurches back  
nsciousness. He awakens in a  
hotel in Pottawatomie, gets up  
a unhappy wheeze and goes out  
splintery ball park to scout some  
D second baseman who couldn't  
cold on an igloo sleeping porch.  
one scout lived this dream. He is  
ambria, an Italian laundryman  
Baltimore who is now the chief  
of the Washington Senators and  
alent-gatherer for such Washing-  
ms as Charlotte, North Carolina;  
field, Massachusetts; Greenville,  
Carolina, and Orlando, Florida.

day Cambria parted the leaves of  
ay land and beheld tons of good  
ayers. Furiously, he began put-  
them under contract. He is still  
them up. He discovered a gold  
of baseball players that will never  
tself out.

it isn't likely that enough of  
will infiltrate into organized base-  
o change the complexion of the  
Or that the influx of Cambria's  
labor will knock the pins from un-  
e prevailing wage schedules in the  
agues.

ause Cambria's ballplayers are  
ns. Cubans and, currently, one  
y-faced Venezuelan.

at means that their chances of get-  
as far in baseball as their merit  
warrant correspond roughly to  
ances of that adventuresome snow-  
They may have the kind of zeal  
a comparison makes the bloke who  
for dear old Siwash look like a  
er. But unless they are extraordi-  
expert at the game, and unless  
are physically and spiritually con-  
ed to fight back against the forces  
eek to ride them back to the Pearl



OESER

Last remaining representative of the foreign contingent in baseball is  
Pitcher René Monteagudo, who's just too good to be sent to the minors

# Ivory from Cuba

By Bob Considine

Washington is the only  
big-league club now using  
Cuban ball players al-  
though the island is noted  
for its excellent crop of  
rookies. Why is such good  
material ignored? The an-  
swer brings up a rather  
delicate social problem

of the Antilles on a rail, they'll never  
amount to much.

They get beanballs thrown at their  
heads by closed-shop (and closed-  
brained) rivals. They face pitchers who  
willingly will throw away their arms  
bearing down on them in an effort to  
escape the "ignominy" of yielding a hit  
to them. They get a measure of grass-  
singeing abuse from the "jockeys" on  
the enemy bench. From their own team  
they get rock-bottom pay, and from  
many of their own teammates they get  
a wintry ostracism. Those who want to  
befriend them are halted by the differ-  
ences in languages.

## Judge Landis Dissents

The Cuban players might reasonably  
wish for a little more substantial spon-  
sorship than Cambria can produce. But  
none of them will ever be able to say  
that Poppa Joe, as they call him, bored  
them. There is only one Joe Cambria in  
baseball, and for this Judge Landis of-  
fers up a daily prayer of thanks. The  
old judge has had Cambria on that mat  
often enough for Joe to wear a trench  
in it. Landis triumphantly caught him  
post-dating a rookie's contract last year  
and fined him \$1,000. The judge also

made him sell his St. Augustine club  
when his boss, Clark Griffith, bought  
Orlando in the same Florida League.

By 1934, when Cambria first began  
to exploit Latin talent, his reputation as  
a shrewd, lucky and bizarre baseball  
gypsy was well established. He had  
been in baseball only four years, but he  
had gotten around: Hagerstown, Balti-  
more, Youngstown, Reading, Albany.

He made the first trip to Cuba to look  
for ersatz ivory in the winter of 1934-  
1935. His chief discovery was a squat,  
powerful, grinning third baseman named  
Roberto Estalella. Estalella was pro-  
moted to Washington as a novelty for  
the tag end of the 1935 season and was  
a sensation. Then he dropped back in  
slower company and did not get another  
chance until last season. He came back  
as an outfielder, and became the long-  
est, stoutest hitter on the Washington  
team.

This year Estalella is back in the mi-  
nors, though several American League  
managers will tell you that he is good  
enough to be in the league. He was sold  
outright to Minneapolis. His usefulness  
to Washington was impaired during the  
1939 season because an alarming num-  
ber of the sterling sportsmen who pitched  
against him repeatedly sent him sprawl-

ing into the dirt—ducking beanballs.

Some of them only wanted to break  
Estalella's toe hold on the plate, for  
Roberto was one to crowd the dish and  
plant his feet in the ground as deep as  
fireplugs. But others who "dusted" Es-  
talella were of that peculiar big-league  
mold which is almost psychopathically  
opposed to Roberto and his coffee-  
colored colleagues.

## The Unfavored Foursome

The gorilla-shaped Cuban outfielder  
had company among the 1939 Senators.  
With him all season was Alejandro Car-  
rasquel, of Caracas, Venezuela. During  
the early portion of the season the Span-  
ish-speaking section of the Washington  
club also embraced the Mutt and Jeff of  
Cuban pitching—6 feet 4 inch Roberto  
Ortiz and runty, fattish René Monte-  
agudo.

They made a curious knot in the cen-  
ter of the predominantly Southern ball  
club. On road trips the four of them  
would sit in facing seats, knees jammed  
together, jabbering in low excitement.  
Their meager salaries prompted them to  
get to the railroad stations ahead of the  
other players and gulp a quick meal at  
(Continued on page 24)





The boat struck with all the force of motor, current and tide behind it. Al screamed once, groped and fell

## Fog on the Bay

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

IT WAS still dark when they left the house, blowing out the kerosene lamp, and walked the brief distance to the wharf where the boat was moored at bow and stern against the steady push of the wind that crossed the Potomac from Virginia. Under them the wharf creaked and swayed and once a board over a worm-eaten post almost gave under the son, but neither of them spoke. That the wharf was rotted and worm-eaten they knew, and that they couldn't do much about it right now with oysters at twenty-five cents a bushel they also knew; so there was no use in talking.

They worked silently, the son casting off the bowline and the father trying to start the old motor. The boy picked up the wide, awkward, culling board and set it against the gunwale.

"If we run into a good mess today," he said, "we'll need a third man for culling. Shouldn't've let Johnny Guy go last week."

The father was silent bending over the engine and the boy picked up the long-handled oyster tongs and the nippers for big singles, and laid them, twenty feet long and unwieldy, across the culling board and bin walls.

"Ain't no use, Joe," the father finally said, "in having a man working at this kind of work if'n he can't make two dollars a day anyways. Johnny knowed he could've stayed if he wanted."

A beam of light washed rapidly up and down over the boat and both men turned to the shore. The wind had pre-

vented their hearing the car coming but now they saw it, moving fast over the bad dirt road that wasn't much more than two ruts in the earth. "Kind of late for any party to be coming down fishing," Joe said. "Maybe we could get a few rockfish rising, though."

There was a rending of springs as the car hit a deep hollow filled with water, and then jounced to a stop, almost on the wharf. Two men came out, leaving the doors open, and ran out on the wharf, the stockier one carrying a handbag. It was too dark to see much more about them.

"No one coming fishing'd come in that much hurry," the father said. He had grown tense without knowing it.

"YOU Foley Abell?" the man with the bag said.

"That's right," the father said.

"I went fishing with you once. How much to hire your boat?"

"It's kind of late, even for rockfishing," the father said.

"We don't want to go fishing," the man without the bag said.

"Shut up, Al," said the man with the bag.

"I could take you out, though, and

maybe try for some," Foley Abell went on. "Charge you eight dollars if we didn't get any fish, ten if we did. I don't—"

"We don't want to go fishing. We want to go away from here and we want to go right now. Some place in Virginia. Give you a hundred dollars."

That much money made it a bad business, Foley Abell knew. His mouth was dry.

The boy, Joe, like many children, had an instinct to recognize evil. "I don't like this, pa," he said. "These—"

"Shut up, you," Al said. "No one asked you anything."

"I don't like you, mister," Joe said. He started to climb out on the wharf.

"Oh, yes you do," Al said. "You like me fine." In the first light, Joe saw the automatic in Al's hand.

"What I ask you, Al," the man with the bag said; "what I ask you is did you have to do it?"

"This punk," Al said. "For twenty cents I'd give it to him." Joe couldn't see Al's eyes but he could feel them looking at him and hating him beyond any reason. Joe stood there, one foot on the boat, the other on the wharf. He wasn't frightened.

**They weren't killers. But they had a right to live. So they did what had to be done**

"Shall I give it to him, Gerry?" Al asked. "Don't talk foolish," the other man said. "This is our last out." He turned to Foley Abell. "That's the way it is," Gerry said. "Now you know. You've got no choice now. Get in the boat." "I remember you, Mr. Ferris," Al said. "You was here with a par last July."

Gerry laughed. "That's right. You remember me as Mr. Ferris. I'm right on remembering me as Mr. Ferris and everything will be okay."

"MR. FERRIS," Al mocked, still on Joe Abell. "Mr. Ferris, listen to it. Where the hell did you get that name. Mr. Ferris. Gerry Pierson. 'Shut up!' Gerry said. 'You're enough wrong things now. Take the roads out of Washington and you'll take this one that goes into the end at Point Lookout.'"

"They had us headed off on the Post Road to Baltimore?"

"Mr. Ferris," Foley Abell said, a family. I don't want to do anything that might make me lose my boat. I won't say anything. I—"

"I'm sorry, Abell," Gerry said. "I ain't got even half an hour on the water. If we don't take your boat we got to let you stay here. Al knows more about the water. He can swim."

"Who was it was talking about going off?" Al said.



"Right, I'll take you, Mr. Ferris," Foley said.  
 "Joe stay here. He's only sixteen."  
 "That would be nice," Al said. "That would be  
 y. Then you could tell them all about it. Get in  
 punk!"  
 He stepped into the boat.  
 "Gerry said to Al. "Maybe you should  
 hear into the water. They maybe won't catch  
 this so quick. It's pretty deep in the creek, ain't  
 e?"  
 "Right now, right off the bank there's eight feet  
 "Foley Abell said. He stood near the motor,  
 and died.  
 "At the gun in his pocket and went over to the  
 smaller automatic had suddenly appeared  
 's hand from a shoulder holster. He stood  
 ot pointing it at either of the Abells. In  
 ding light, Joe could see him clearly, a stocky,  
 n with high cheekbones and a flat, blank face  
 n, bloodless lips.  
 "Started the car. It lurched out of the mudhole,  
 rear sagging from a broken spring. Al pulled  
 hand throttle, left the car in first, let in the  
 pedal and jumped out. The car dove off the  
 nk and was quickly covered by the water. It  
 ke a person a while to notice it.  
 "going," Al said, jumping into the boat.  
 "motor won't start," Foley Abell said, bent  
 "Don't give us that stuff," Al said, going over to  
 "Look at it, Al," Gerry said. A shadow seemed  
 over his face.  
 "I worry, I'll look at it," Al said. He pushed  
 "They out of the way and bent over the motor.  
 "the hell would you be," Al said, "if I wasn't  
 when it comes to motors. Hell, you can't even  
 car."  
 "It's right," Gerry said. "Go on. Go right  
 nd shoot off your mouth. Tell them every-  
 ou know."  
 "at they know won't ever make no difference,"  
 almost to himself. Foley heard him and the  
 hered in Foley's belly like a stone. He looked  
 nch near by but his eye, as though of its own  
 caught the dull gleam of the gun in Gerry's  
 "You'd give me that needle," Al said, louder,  
 all right."  
 "the last one," Gerry told him, "and you're apt  
 it worse before we get some place you can get  
 ne motor," Al said. "I never saw such a motor.  
 tter be sure we got oars or something. They  
 is motor on the ark. Old man Noah himself.  
 ousand boats down this neck of the woods, I  
 d you gotta pick out this one."  
 "was the only place I know down here," Gerry  
 "I been fishing here once. If you didn't take  
 ad we wouldn't've had to do this."  
 fear had gone from Joe Abell. Wise in knowl-  
 of the river, he was yet naïve in other ways. "I  
 ho you ones are," he said. "You're the ones  
 ke into the bank last night in Anacostia. The  
 "ell, well," Al said, looking up. "Aren't you the  
 ound feller, though!"  
 "ep quiet, Joe," his father said.  
 "u keep quiet, kid, or you'll get hurt," Gerry  
 ound where Foley Abell had disconnected the  
 r, made the connection and started the motor.  
 ned to Foley: "It couldn't be that you slipped  
 re off, could it?"  
 ey didn't answer. He and Joe could look fully  
 or the first time. They saw a slight man, dap-  
 dress, with a pale face whose features seemed  
 e shrunk toward each other. A thin stubble of  
 beard had begun to show. The hat was new  
 he brim pulled down. "Some dude," Joe  
 it.  
 e pale face before them seemed to break up and  
 convulsive movement Al reached for the gun  
 pocket.  
 on't!" Gerry called. Al paused, swaying a  
 "This damn' kid, he stands there and he ain't  
 and you'd think he was somebody."  
 "ll right," Gerry said, as though resigned to  
 hing. "You can have the needle now. Listen,  
 you get that boat going (Continued on page 51)



ne coming fishing'd come in that much  
 y," the father said. He had grown tense



# He Serves Up America

By C. M. Black

Pare Lorentz takes our greatest river as his theme, or the dust bowl, or the fight against disease, and produces a great moving picture

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Practically a one-man producing company is Pare Lorentz, whose fine movies are as American as the broad social problems around which he weaves them

IT WAS 2 A. M. and nobody in Hollywood was more asleep than King Vidor. He had gone through a tough day at the studio and he was due to resume activities at eight the next morning. So he was sleeping fast and furious when the shrill blast of the telephone woke him. Before he was half awake he had answered the phone and before he was awake enough to bawl out the person who had called at such an hour he was listening to an avalanche of words.

"Look, King," the voice boomed, "this is Pare Lorentz. I'm talking from the DeSoto Hotel in Dalhard, Texas. . . ."

"What are you doing down there?" Vidor said sleepily.

"I'm making the damnedest picture you ever saw, King," Lorentz shouted. "It's the kind of picture you always wanted to make. It's the story of a big part of America and what has happened to it. I'm calling it The Plow that Broke the Plains. It's about the dust bowl, King, and it's important. But I'm stuck. My cameramen think I'm ruining the picture. They want to quit. I've run out of money. I have no technical sound men here. I need money and I need cameramen and I need advice. Will you help me out?"

"Well, Pare, I'd like to . . ."

"I knew you would," Lorentz shouted happily. "I'll hop a plane and be in Hollywood in twelve hours."

Lorentz went to Hollywood. He lived with Vidor and used Vidor's car and at night he'd be in Chasen's or the Beachcomber's and directors and producers would say, "Hya, Pare. Good to see you." That was swell all right, except the next day when he phoned their offices they were never in. Lorentz was making the first serious motion picture ever made by the government of the United States. But the Hollywood bigwigs thought because it was sponsored by that awful Mr. R. that it must be a propaganda picture.

## Silent-Picture Technique

That Mr. R. was doing all sorts of things to their industry. Why, the man actually encouraged unions and collective bargaining and other anarchistic ideas. They wanted no part of him. So they wouldn't answer the phone. John Ford would and so would Lewis Milestone and a few others, but Lorentz wanted to get some shots of a bountiful harvest in the then destitute plain areas and they didn't have any for him.

Word finally got to Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who was lobbying for the picture industry. She put in a few phone calls to Hollywood to remind them that their tight little community, technically at least, was still in the United States and how about giving Mr. Lorentz a little co-operation. Grudgingly they did. Finally he got the harvest shots he wanted. He got a few helpers from Vidor, a few bucks here and there and then he went back to finish The Plow that Broke the Plains.

Pare Lorentz was definitely in the picturemaking business. Since then he has done two others, The River and the current The Fight for Life. There are a lot of people who think Pare Lorentz makes the best pictures in the world. Lorentz will not admit the indictment. He does admit, however, that his technique is a bit different from that of most Hollywood directors.

"I'm old-fashioned," Lorentz admits. "I like the silent-picture technique. Often actions and music can talk more effectively than mere words."

Lorentz is so old-fashioned that he is brand-new. In The Fight for Life there are three-minute sequences where not a word is spoken but the music, used not

as a background but as the predominant medium to explain more clearly the pantomime on the screen, heightens suspense as no words could do.

## A One-Man Campaign

In the early 1920's Lorentz was born out of Clarksburg, West Virginia. He had come to New York with only vague and unformed plans as to how he would work out his destiny. In a general way he wanted to earn a living, but it was necessary, and he wanted to get to music, which wasn't a necessity. It was just something he liked to do. He got a job running a trade magazine and then he got a job with Judge. Eventually, he became movie critic for the magazine.

In those days moving pictures were usually reviewed by office boys and reporters six months out of school. Two New York newspapers had critics who realized that pictures were more than "movies." Jack Cohen of the Sun and Dick Watts of the New York Tribune were revolutionary enough to believe that pictures were potentially a new and important artistic medium.

(Continued on page 38)



# The Devil Beats His Wife

By Edwin Lanham

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

ing money brightens  
outlook of a boy who  
shed a humble dream

THEY climbed the steep hill, the white-haired old man with his left sleeve pinned up and the small boy, Shad, was so churned up in- at he could not speak. Uncle Rob ahead toward the crest of the hill fixed squint, like a man looking far in a daylight sky, and he strangely different from the Rob who carried on long and aim- conversations with the boy as he e chores around the Wilkins where Shad's mother was the cook. Shad had learned a lot from Uncle Rob. He had learned that frost always d a tipped new moon, that you plant potatoes in the dark of the that the sun shining through rain that the devil was beating his yet he had never known before Uncle Rob went when he started with the shovel over his shoulder. Today as he left the yard Uncle Rob had glanced at the boy as he ed under a chinaberry tree and Shad, you want to come along?" Shad was excited, for as long as he remember he had seen Uncle Rob ing, but he was a little scared, anyone should be when ventur- yond the range of his perceptions e major mysteries. He trailed the old man as they came to the the hill. He saw a stunted oak and a cactus plant with its prickly purple in ripeness, and the rest was oft grass. Uncle Rob suddenly dropped the and stood looking down at the with a curious, secret smile. was a hole in the grassy soil, five feet long and three feet deep, a soft bank of turned earth on one f it. Shad looked down at the a of the hole. If he had seen a on he would not have been sur- But there was nothing. Well, Shad, let's go to work," the an said. He clambered stiffly into and looked up at Shad. He held s one hand and Shad took it. The ut his eyes and held his breath as aped, and then his bare toes spread e soft dirt at the bottom. Uncle reached for the shovel. "You and me will just team up, Shad," d. "You take and guide the shovel ll push it. You reckon you can it?" "I kin," Shad said. The boy bent over and put both hands e staff of the shovel. Uncle Rob his weight against the handle and ade sank deep, deep into the red- arth. Shad helped to lift the head e shovel and toss the dirt out of t, then he guided it back for an- shovelful. He did not feel scared ore, and it wasn't as exciting as d thought it would be, just digging e. Uncle Rob," he said. "What you n' fo?" The old man smiled. "Gold, Shad." ol?" Shad considered, and looked at the earth under his bare toes.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Rob. "A gunny- sack full of gold. A long time ago there was a train robber by the name of Sam Bass. He took a bagful of gold double eagles off the Union Pacific and rode down here with it. But the law was after him and he took and buried it here."

Shad looked down again. "Right here, Uncle Rob?"

"Somewhere hereabouts, Shad. I al- ready dug over yonder by that scrub oak, and down there by that big rock. Right here ought to be a likely place. Yes, sir, a gunnysack full of gold, Shad, about fifty, sixty thousand dollars, I reckon."

"I guess dat's a heap er money, ain't it?" Shad asked. "I guess you could buy a double dozen supercoaster bikes wif dat."

"Anyhow a double dozen," the old man said. He paused to rub his sleeve along his forehead. "You got your heart set on a bike, Shad?"

"Honin' ain't gwan hurt me none," Shad said with the adult air with which he parroted phrases of his mother.

"I TELL you what," Uncle Rob said, with a visionary smile. "When we find that gold I'll take and buy you a bike."

Shad's eyes opened wide and his breath whistled through his teeth. His eyes searched Uncle Rob's face.

"I don't know, though," Uncle Rob said, and Shad's heart sank. "Maybe we ain't digging in the right place."

Shad's body was tense and his throat had stiffened so that he could hardly speak. "Come we fine it," he said. "You jus' jokin', Uncle Rob. You jus' jokin' 'bout dat bike. . . . Ain't you?"

"No, sir," Uncle Rob said. "I ain't joking at all, Shad."

The boy's hands tightened on the shovel. "Let's us dig some mo'."

"Well, maybe a little more," Uncle Rob agreed. "All right, Shad, you get busy and guide for me."

The old man's fingers closed on the handle of the shovel and he threw his weight against it. The blade bit deep

into the earth and Shad bent to pull it clear with both hands. He grunted and said, "Uncle Rob, come we fine it, what you gwan do?"

Uncle Rob leaned on the shovel and the curious, secret smile curved his gray lips again. "Me, Shad? Well, I ain't sure. I ain't made up my mind. Maybe I'll pick up and go back to Tennessee. Maybe I'll just travel around the world, where I won't have no back yard and no cows to milk nor sewing machines to fix. No more of that. It'll just be all front lawn and somebody else to mow it."

He nodded his head and pushed on the handle of the shovel. Shad guided the blade, and as he lifted it he slipped to his knees and the red earth stuck to his overalls. Uncle Rob chuckled and said, "Say, now, I expect we've done enough work for one day."

SHAD raised his intent face, shiny in the sunlight. "I ain't tired, Uncle Rob."

"Ain't you?" The old man smiled. "But I am, Shad, and time is passing. I expect we better start on home." He tossed the shovel out on the grass and climbed out of the hole.

The Negro boy scrambled up after him. Uncle Rob picked up the shovel and swung it over his shoulder. He started down the hill toward the creek road, and Shad followed slowly.

On the white dust of the road Shad came alongside the old man, peered up at him. "Uncle Rob, befo' you goes away, you ain't gwan fogit?"

"Forget what, Shad?" "Dat supercoaster bike." Shad's eyes were anxious.

Uncle Rob paused on the steel bridge

"Here we go," Uncle Rob said, and he gave the bi- cycle a push. Shad yelled. The handle bars wobbled and shook, and then the grass came up to meet him

over the creek and spat into the slug- gish water. "Shad, you got my promise on that," he said. "You're going to have the finest bike money can buy, with shiny handle bars and a leather seat and a horn that honks."

"An' red wheels?" Shad asked.

"And red wheels."

The boy capered along the bridge, picked up a stone and threw it as hard as he could at a stick in the creek that might have been a water moccasin. "A supercoaster," he shouted. "Yeah, man, wif red wheels an' a honk horn an' a head lamp. An' a head lamp, Uncle Rob?"

"You bet a head lamp, Shad."

"You know what I gwan do?" Shad's teeth shone in his black face. "I gwan take my bike and ride all de way clean to de county seat an' back, first thing, an' I gwan honk ever'body off'n de

(Continued on page 48)





## Ivory from Cuba

Continued from page 19

the lunch counter, instead of waiting to eat on the Pullman diner. In Washington they lived at a boardinghouse.

It was at this boardinghouse last year that several Washington rookies began to toss the bewildered Cubans around. Above the din of crashing furniture and the howls of the landlady the Cubans learned that they were being slugged because Ortiz had "forgotten his place."

Ortiz and Monteagudo departed soon after that, Ortiz to Charlotte and Monteagudo—as Cambria pronounces it—to Springfield. That left Estalella and Carrasquel. In the latter, Cambria had presented to Washington the game's first South American. And a more forbidding-looking character than Carrasquel never climbed over the rail of a Spanish galleon with a dagger in his teeth. His fierce, saddle-colored face makes him look forty, but through interpreters he has said that he is 27, 28 and 29. It depends on his mood and the interviewer.

Old Mose Grove took a piercing gander at Carrasquel one day last season, spat reflectively, and bayed:

"If that guy's a rookie, I'm Paderosky. I betcha a hat I pitched against him in an exhibition game in Cuba in 1924."

## Carrasquel Shows 'Em

Cambria signed Carrasquel during the 1938-1939 winter. He had been a pitcher in the Havana Winter League for a number of years. At least, his mature technique indicated as much.

His first start was a relief role against the Yanks, and a man never broke into baseball under less auspicious conditions. The bases were filled, the game was close and Joe DiMaggio was up there at the plate.

Carrasquel fastened on DiMaggio the fishy stare of a man who has never seen or met the man confronting him. The Washington catcher, Angelo Giuliani, the team's official interpreter, walked out to the mound to warn Carrasquel about the hitter. The name DiMaggio made no impression on Carrasquel. He got ready to pitch, while the Washington infielders got ready to duck—then proceeded to make DiMaggio pop up weakly to end the Yankee rally.

A few days later he did the same thing in another relief performance, with Joe Gordon as his victim. He became a sensation.

In his first three games as a starter, Carrasquel beat the Tigers, Browns and Athletics. He gave the Tigers four hits, the Browns five and the A's four. He cooled off after that, for he had left a lot of his strength in Cuba.

If baseball's anti-Latin element thought it had scored one for its side, when Estalella, Ortiz and Monteagudo were demoted in 1939, Cambria quickly disillusioned it. The intrepid scout combed Cuba last winter with old Joe Rodriguez, an ex-Giant, as his adviser. And he brought six Cubans to Washington's training camp at Orlando. Three of them he virtually kidnaped off a Cuban gunboat. They had been selected by the Cuban Sports Commission, a Batista agency, and were scheduled to be presented to the Cincinnati Reds in Tampa, via gunboat.

These were Jorge Torres, a thick-legged little outfielder; Louis Minzal, a catlike third baseman, and Arturo Castro, a six-foot-one right-handed pitcher who was so green that Washington immediately re-routed him to Greenville. Torres has been sent to Springfield and Minzal was left in Orlando to ripen.

Ortiz has been returned once again to Charlotte, where he is undergoing the rigors of forgetting how to pitch and learning how to be an outfielder. This transformation got under way last year, after extreme wildness had nullified such early-season feats as beating Detroit's \$75,000 rookie thrower, Hutchinson. Ortiz was coming along fine in the Charlotte outfield, and hitting more than .300, when his skull was fractured by a thrown ball while running out a double play.

At this writing, only one Latin remains on the Washington roster. He is Monteagudo. Early this season, Washington sent him to Jersey City as a part of the deal whereby Washington was inflicted with Zeke Bonura. But he won a couple of games there with his pinch-hitting and the Senators grabbed him back—giving up Carrasquel and Gilberto Torres. Gilberto, who is no relation to Jorge Torres, has been knocking

capped by a rather widespread inability on the part of American ballplayers to differentiate between Cuban and Negro athletes. This dates back to the turn of the century when the first of the Cuban immigrants usually played here with Negro teams. The immortal Cuban Giants—popularly known as the Cuban Giants—had only one Cuban on the roster around 1900. He was John Garcia, the catcher, who dropped dead one day while chasing a foul fly during a semipro game. The remainder of the team was Negro.

## Two Who Stayed

The first full Cuban team to make any impression on the American public was a semipro outfit imported in 1911 by a Long Branch, New Jersey, promoter for the amusement of the resort's summer colony. That same year Clark Griffith, then making the Cincinnati Reds, im-

southerly minors whetted Luque's native temper. He was brutally ridden by the bench "jockeys" on rival National League clubs, and they'd torment him into flinging back at them all the bizzarous profanity he had picked up while serving in the Cuban army as a youth. He found even better ways of quieting his tormentors. With a second Cincinnati team behind him in 1924, he won twenty-seven games and lost eight. With a little better support record would have been thirty-one. His earned run average for the season was a bleak 1.93.

He appeared in the only world series of his long career in 1933. Bill Terry picked him up the year before and gotten some fine relief pitching out of him. But none of it was finer than what he turned in in the tenth inning of the final game of the series against Washington. The Senators had the lead and winning runs on bases and Griffith Stadium was madly demanding that Kuhel, Washington first baseman who was at bat with two out, do something about it.

## He Gave Him Numbaire Two

Terry called time and strolled over to the mound where old Adolfo was fiddling. He knew that Luque had been there pitching his heart out since the sixth inning, when he relieved Hal Schumacher. He was afraid Luque was going—so afraid, in fact, that he had Hubbell warming up in the bullpen in case Kuhel hit or was walked.

"Pops," Terry said to Luque, "if you get this guy out we win the series. You've got two strikes on him. Can you finish him?"

Luque wiped a nervous hand across his creased brown pan. "Beel, u leeson to Poppa," he wheezed. "I see you in the clawhouse (clubhouse) queeck!" Terry walked back to the base and Luque struck out Kuhel with a vicious "sinker" which Kuhel missed by a good foot.

"I feexed heem! I feexed heem!" Luque kept yelling as he ran for the clubhouse. "I geev heem Numbaire Two!"

Today Luque is a political power in Cuba and one of its two or three all-time national heroes. Gonzales, too, is a hero—an opulent one with a fine home, a chauffeur and fighting cocks. Cuban youths know their records better than any American kid knows the record of Babe Ruth.

The fame of these conquistadores is a tremendous incentive to young Latin American ballplayers. They look up to them as gods, and are either oblivious or unmindful of the fact that the road they traveled was no bed of roses. A Havana newspaper printed a story in the spring that one of the Cuban rookies with Washington had to work out without socks, because Cambria was away and the Washington club would not trust the rookie with the socks until he could raise the fifty cents. The article brought a few expressions of indignation, but Cuban youth in general was not impressed. All young Cuban players can be counted upon to cup a wild ear to the horrible pidgin-Spanish of talkative Cambria, when next he comes to the island looking for bargain counter ivory.

And "Poppa Joe," who sometimes wears a Washington baseball cap with his street clothes, has a moist fountain pen. He will get every able-bodied Cuban ballplayer in sight—cheap.

Unless Judge Landis gets him that



around the minors for six years. He is a big, stringy pitcher and son of Ricardo Torres, who caught for Washington in the early '20's. He has a chance.

Monteagudo looks as if he would have been better cast as a fattish, romantic, guitar strummer. He won a certain grudging respect from the Washington regulars in the spring of 1938 when he held the Senators to two hits in nine innings of an exhibition game against the Washington farmhands. The Senators brought him up late that season and he beat the Red Sox in his first big-league start. He was one of the sensations of the Eastern League with Springfield last season.

Cuban players have been coming here for more than forty years and a surprising number of them have had the talent and the gumption to make good. But only a few have ever been paid a just salary. Among this handful would be Luque, Mike Gonzalez, Joe Rodriguez and perhaps Armando Marsans, all of them persevering individualists.

In their relations with fellow players they were (and all Cubans are) handi-

ported the fabulous Rafael Almeida, a rich young Cuban third baseman who smoked dollar cigars, had his own chauffeur-valet and who brought along his own interpreter. The interpreter was Armando Marsans. One day the eagle-eyed Griffith saw the interpreter shagging flies in the outfield, for exercise, and immediately signed him. And Marsans lasted in the big leagues for years after Almeida was forgotten.

The mainstay batter of that Long Branch outfit of nearly thirty years ago was Luque and his willowy receiver, Miquel Angel Gonzalez, called Mike Gonzales. Gonzalez, who was one day to add a deathless phrase to the American language (he summed up a so-so rookie in a blunt telegram to John McGraw in this way: GOOD FIELD. NO HIT.) went from Long Branch to the Braves and then served the Cincinnati Reds for years. He finished his playing career with the Cardinals in 1933 and today he is a power in that organization, though his role is only that of a coach.

The abuse he suffered in the more





You'll tempt summer appetites best with **RITZ**  
the cracker that stays so fresh and crisp!



**THE HEAT** at meal-time by serving a chilled jellied salad, refreshing  
taste . . . delicious iced tea with accent on the *iced* — and *turn on*  
serving with Ritz! For Ritz, you know, is the famous cracker that  
rightfully crisp and tempting no matter how the mercury climbs. That's

completely delicious *all the time* because a *special* baking process *seals in* fresh-  
ness and flavor! Don't miss the appetizing zest that Ritz can bring to your  
summertime meals and snacks! Order Ritz from your food dealer today—and en-  
joy this finer cracker that *keeps* its goodness down to the last one in the package!



**COLORFUL**—this clever lemonade  
with maraschino cherries frozen in the  
lemonade. Served with Ritz it will hit the  
spot. Ritz pleases *everyone, every time*  
America's most popular cracker!



**SUMMER FAVORITE.** Shivery jellied soup  
with Ritz is one of the most tempting  
"starters" for a meal that you can serve!  
Remember, Ritz' distinctive tang adds  
zest to *all* appetizers—never be without it!



**THIS FAMOUS RED SEAL**  
of National Biscuit Company  
is the buying guide for house-  
wives who want the finest in  
bakery products. Look for it  
on the package of the biscuit  
you buy—and you will be as-  
sured of high quality, fresh-  
ness, delicious flavor.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER • A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



# The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 10

something, some nuance in the chairman's manner.

There had been, once or twice, a shortness, an acerbity, in his tone—quite uncalled for by the proceedings.

Some secret worry, perhaps? But somehow Rotherstein could not connect a secret worry with Alistair Blunt. He was such an unemotional man. He was so very normal. So essentially British.

There was, of course, always liver . . . Mr. Rotherstein's liver gave him a bit of trouble from time to time. But he'd never known Alistair to complain of his liver. Alistair's health was as sound as his brain and his grasp of finance. It was not annoying heartiness—just quiet well-being.

And yet—there was something—once or twice the chairman's hand had wandered to his face. He had sat supporting his chin. Not his normal attitude. And once or twice he had seemed actually—yes, *distract*.

They came out of the board room and passed down the stairs.

Rotherstein said:

"News is good today. Two more German destroyers sunk. Can't give you a lift, I suppose?"

Alistair Blunt smiled and shook his head.

"My car's waiting." He glanced at his watch. "I'm not going back to the city." He paused. "As a matter of fact I've got an appointment with the dentist."

The mystery was solved! *Toothache!*

**HERCULE POIROT** descended from his taxi, paid the man and rang the bell of 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

After a little delay it was opened by a boy in page-boy's uniform with a freckled face, red hair, and an earnest manner.

Hercule Poirot said:

"Mr. Morley?"

There was in his heart a ridiculous hope that Mr. Morley might have been called away, might be indisposed, might not be seeing patients today. . . . All in vain. The page boy drew back. Hercule Poirot stepped inside, and the door closed behind him with the quiet remorselessness of unalterable doom.

The boy said:

"Name, please?"

Poirot gave it to him, a door on the right of the hall was thrown open and he stepped into the waiting room.

It was a room furnished in quiet good taste. On one of the chairs sat a military-looking gentleman with a fierce mustache and a yellow complexion. He looked at Poirot with an air of one considering some noxious insect. It was not so much his gun he looked as though he wished he had with him as his insect spray. Poirot, eying him with distaste, said to himself, "In verity, there are some Englishmen who are altogether so unpleasing and ridiculous that they should have been put out of their misery at birth."

The military gentleman, after a prolonged glare, snatched up the Times, turned his chair so as to avoid seeing Poirot, and settled down to read it.

Poirot picked up Punch.

He went through it meticulously, but failed to find any of the jokes funny.

The page boy came in and said, "Colonel Arrowbunby?"—and the military gentleman was led away.

Poirot was speculating on the probabilities of there really being such a name, when the door opened to admit a young man of about thirty.

As the young man stood by the table, restlessly flicking over the covers of

magazines, Poirot looked at him sideways. An unpleasant and dangerous-looking young man, he thought, and not impossibly a murderer. At any rate he looked far more like a murderer than any of the murderers Hercule Poirot had arrested in the course of his career.

The page boy opened the door and said to mid-air:

"Mr. Peerer."

Rightly construing this as a summons to himself, Poirot rose. The boy led him to the back of the hall and around the corner to a small lift in which he took him up to the second floor. Here he led him along a passage, opened a door that led into a little anteroom, tapped at a second door and without waiting for a reply opened it and stood back for Poirot to enter.

it, for the time of year? News was fair, on the whole—

Gently, still talking, he led the way to the appointed spot—to the chair! Deftly he played with its head rest, running it up and down.

Hercule Poirot took a deep breath, stepped up, sat down and relaxed his head to Mr. Morley's professional fiddlings.

"There," said Mr. Morley with hideous cheerfulness. "That quite comfortable? Sure?"

In sepulchral tones Poirot said that it was quite comfortable.

Mr. Morley swung his little table nearer, picked up his little mirror, seized an instrument and prepared to get on with the job.

Hercule Poirot grasped the arms of

Poirot thought in confused idiom: "seen the rabbit!"

"A little trouble here. Not being any pain? Hm, I'm sure. The probe went on.

Finally Mr. Morley drew back and

fied. "Nothing very serious. Just a trace of decay in the upper molar. We can get it all right, this morning."

He turned on a switch and the hum. Mr. Morley unhooked the drill and fitted a needle to it with loving hands.

"Guide me," he said briefly, started the dread work.

It was not necessary for Poirot to avail himself of this permission, a hand, to wince, or even to yawn. Exactly the right moment, Mr. Morley stopped the drill, gave the bit a little "Rinse," applied a little disinfectant, selected a new needle and continued

**PRESENTLY**, while Mr. Morley was preparing the filling, conversation was resumed.

"Have to do this myself this morning," he explained. "Miss Neville has been called away. You remember Neville?"

Poirot untruthfully assented.

"Called away to the country by illness of a relative. Sort of thing that does happen on a busy day. I'm here already this morning. The trouble before you was late. Very vexing, that happens. It throws the whole thing out. Then I have to fit in a patient because she is in pain. I allow quarter of an hour in a morning case that happens. Still, it adds up."

Mr. Morley peered into his mirror as he ground. Then he resumed his discourse:

"I'll tell you something that I've always noticed, M. Poirot. The people—the important people—the people on time—never keep you waiting. Royalty, for instance. Most important. And these big city men are the same. Now this morning I've got an important man coming—Alistair Blunt."

Mr. Morley spoke the name in a tone of triumph.

Poirot, prohibited from speaking, several rolls of cotton wool and a tube that gurgled under his breath made an indeterminate noise.

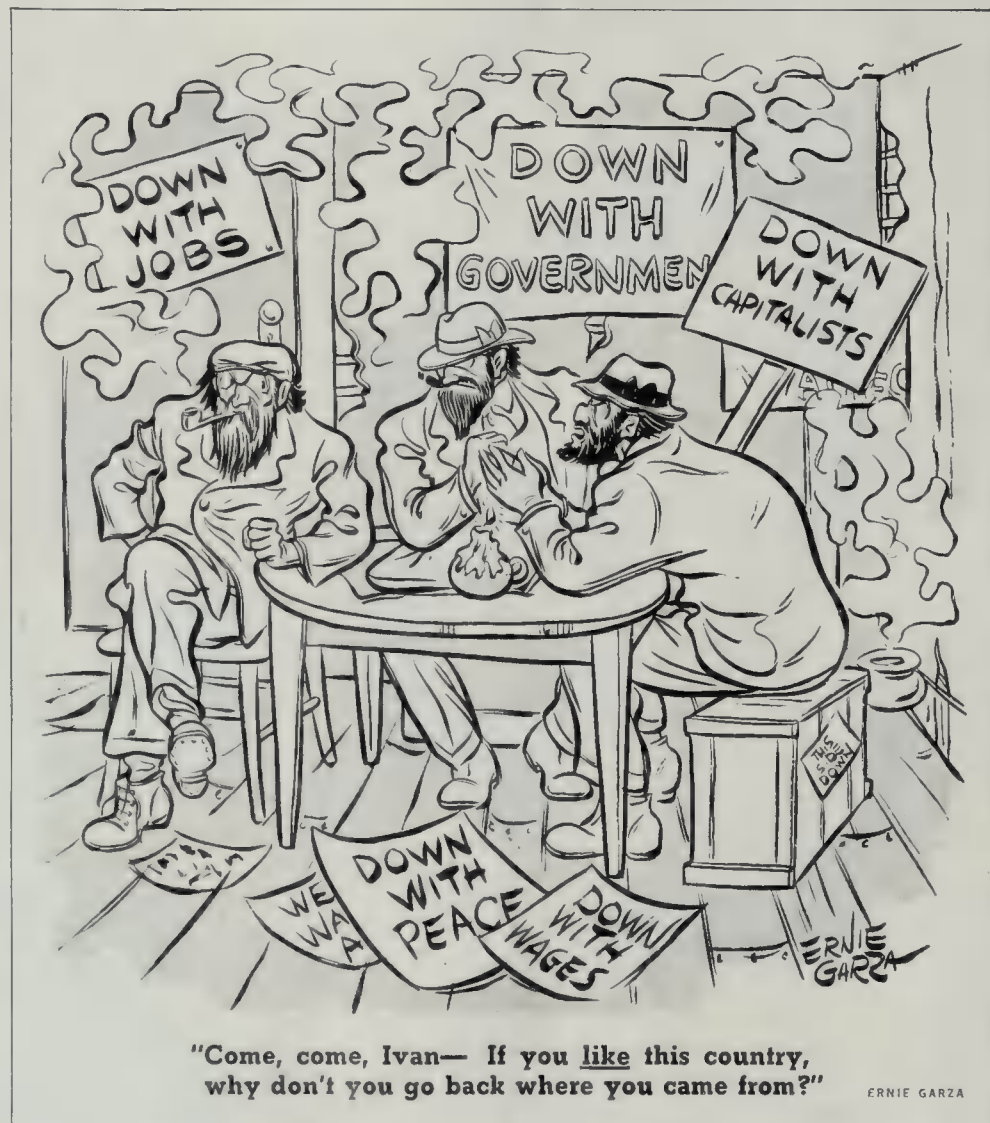
Alistair Blunt! Those were the days that shrilled nowadays. Not diamonds, not prime ministers. Not Mr. Alistair Blunt. A man who was almost unknown to the general public—a man who only figured in occasional quiet paragraphs. Not a spectacular person.

Just a quiet, nondescript Englishman who was the head of the greatest firm in England. A man of great wealth. A man who said Yes at governments. A man who lived a quiet, unobtrusive life and never appeared on a public platform or made a speech. Yet a man in whose hands lay great power.

Mr. Morley's voice still held a different tone as he stood over Poirot, filling the home.

"Always comes to his appointments absolutely on time. Often sends away and walks back to his office quiet, unassuming fellow. Fond of his garden. You could buy up the whole country. Just like you and me."

A momentary resentment crossed Poirot at this offhand coupling of names. Mr. Morley was a good dentist, there were other good dentists



Poirot entered to a sound of running water and came around the back of the door to discover Mr. Morley washing his hands with professional gusto at a basin on the wall.

**THERE** are certain humiliating moments in the lives of the greatest of men. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet. To that may be added that few men are heroes to themselves at the moment of visiting their dentist.

Hercule Poirot was morbidly conscious of this fact.

He was a man who was accustomed to have a good opinion of himself. He was Hercule Poirot, superior in most ways to other men. But in this moment he was unable to feel superior in any way whatever. His morale was down to zero. He was just that ordinary, that craven figure, a man afraid of the dentist's chair.

Mr. Morley had finished his professional ablutions. He was speaking now in his encouraging professional manner.

Hardly as warm as it should be, was

the chair, shut his eyes and opened his mouth.

"Any special trouble?" Mr. Morley inquired.

Slightly indistinctly, owing to the difficulty of forming consonants while keeping the mouth open, Hercule Poirot was understood to say that there was no special trouble. This was, indeed, the twice yearly overhaul that his sense of order and neatness demanded. It was, of course, possible that there might be nothing to do. . . . Mr. Morley might, perhaps, overlook that second tooth from the back from which those twinges had come. . . . He *might*—but it was unlikely—for Mr. Morley was a very good dentist.

Mr. Morley passed slowly from tooth to tooth, tapping and probing, murmuring little comments as he did so.

"That filling is wearing down a little—nothing serious, though. Gums are in pretty good condition, I'm glad to see." A pause at a suspect, a twist of the probe—no, on again, false alarm. He passed to the lower side. One, two—on to three? "The dog," Hercule





## Something you don't have to pay for

**LIFE INSURANCE POLICY** is a contract between the Company and you. The Company wishes to fulfill the terms of that contract, but perform every reasonable service that may increase your policy's value to you and your family.

Evidence of this, you will find a "Notice to Holder" printed plainly on the back of most Metropolitan policies. If you will read this notice, you will find that it is not necessary to employ any agent to collect the insurance payable under your Metropolitan policy, to obtain any information about your policy, or to secure any of the benefits that policy provides. The Company wishes to pay every proper claim without delay.

What is necessary is to get in touch with your Metropolitan agent, or with the manager of your District Office. If this is not convenient, write directly to the Home Office in New York City, or to the Pacific Coast Head Office in San Francisco.

Whenever you have a question about your policy, it is advisable to consult your Metropolitan Agent. It is his responsibility to help you solve insurance problems, and to serve you efficiently, sympathetically, and intelligently... and without additional charge of any kind.

Following are a few of the many instances in which your Agent's help is available for the asking.

**Payment of Death Claims or other Benefits.** For notary fees, there is no need for a beneficiary to pay a fee for preparation of claim papers or other papers necessary for other benefits. Your

Metropolitan Agent will give you any assistance that may be necessary in preparing and filing such papers, and will help to arrange for prompt payment of the claim.

### *Analyzing or checking your insurance program.*

Your Metropolitan Agent will co-operate with you in seeing that your insurance fulfills the purpose for which you bought it. If there have been any changes in your economic status, or in your family obligations, your Agent will help you work out a plan to make your insurance program cover them.

### *Explaining Retroactive Benefits on Liberalized Policies.*

Metropolitan, in common with other companies, has made liberalizing improvements through the years, particularly in Industrial policies. Each improvement has been of advantage to the policyholder. Wherever possible, these additional benefits have been made retroactive, so that if you own an old policy, you may be entitled to certain benefits which this old policy does not contain in writing.

If you have an old policy on which you no longer pay premiums, you may wonder if it has any value. Such old policies often do have value. And, through voluntary action by the Company, many Weekly Premium policies have become eligible for cash surrender value if premiums on them were paid for at least three years, even though the policy terms require a longer premium-paying period.

Of course, nothing in this advertisement is intended to suggest that either you or your bene-

ficiaries should refrain from consulting a trusted family advisor, or a competent and reputable attorney-at-law in case you, or your beneficiaries, feel the need of doing so.

**One thing more.** Even though you may have read your life insurance policy thoroughly, do so again... at once. Read it from beginning to end. Be certain that both you and your beneficiaries are familiar with its provisions. If there is anything that you, or they, do not understand, your Company's agent will be glad to explain—or, if you prefer, communicate with the Home office.

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## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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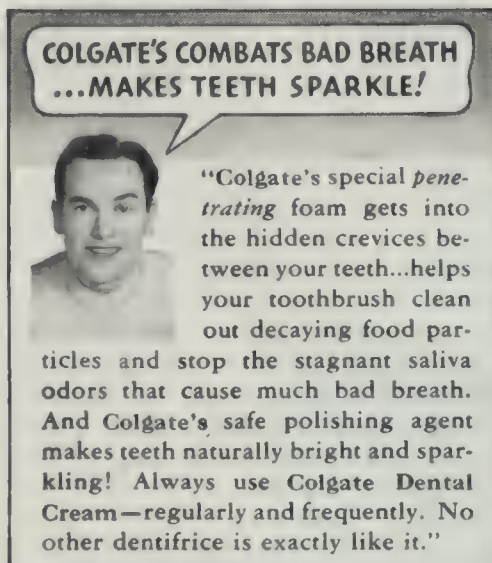
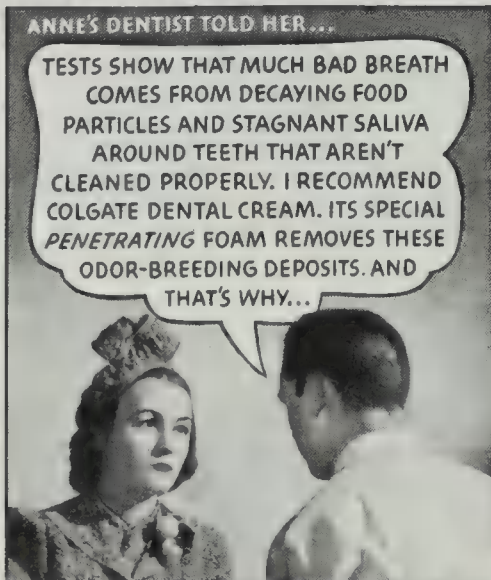
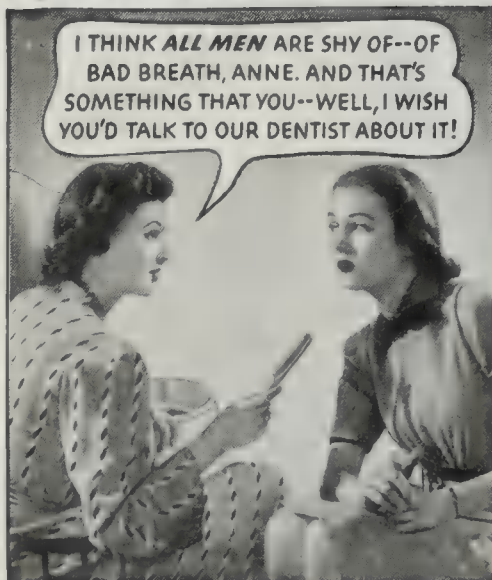
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the New York World's Fair and at the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.



# Just an inch and a half from a kiss!



don. There was only one Hercule Poirot.

"Rinse, please," said Mr. Morley.

"It's the answer, you know, to Hitler and his gang," went on Mr. Morley as he proceeded to tooth number two. "That's the way we do things in this country. No fuss. No bulletproof glass and secret police and storm troopers. I've no doubt the Germans are fundamentally a decent lot. They've got into the hands of a gang. Blood and thunder instead of peaceful democratic methods. Even our king and queen are democratic. Of course a Frenchman like you, accustomed to the Republican idea—" "I—ah nah, a Frahh—I ah—ha a Benyon."

"Tchut—tchut—" said Mr. Morley sadly. "We must have the cavity completely dry." He puffed hot air relentlessly on it.

THEN he went on:

"I didn't realize you were a Belgian. Very interesting. Very fine people, the Belgians, so I've always heard. I'm a great believer in the tradition of royalty myself. The training is good, you know. Look at the remarkable way they remember names and faces. All the result of training—though of course some people have a natural aptitude for that sort of thing. I, myself, for instance. I don't remember names, but it's remarkable the way I never forget a face. One of my patients the other day, for instance—I've seen that patient before. The name meant nothing to me—but I said to myself at once, 'Now where have I met you before?' I've not remembered yet—but it will come back to me—I'm sure of it. Just another rinse, please."

The rinse accomplished, Mr. Morley peered critically into his patient's mouth.

"Well, I think that seems all right. Just close—very gently. . . . Quite comfortable? You don't feel the filling at all? Open again, please. No, that seems quite all right."

The table swung back, the chair swung around.

Hercule Poirot descended, a free man.

"Well, goodbye, M. Poirot. Not detected any criminals in my house, I hope?"

Poirot said with a smile:

"Before I came up, everyone looked to me like a criminal! Now, perhaps, it will be different!"

"Ah, yes, a great deal of difference between before and after! All the same, we dentists aren't such devils now as we used to be! Shall I ring for the lift for you?"

"No, no, I shall walk down."

"As you like—the lift is just by the stairs."

Poirot went out. He heard the taps start to run as he closed the door behind him.

He walked down the two flights of stairs. As he came to the last bend, he saw the Anglo-Indian colonel being shown out. Not at all a bad-looking man, Poirot reflected mellowly. Probably a fine shot who had killed many a tiger. A useful man—a regular outpost of Empire.

He went into the waiting room to fetch his hat and stick which he had left there. The restless young man was still there, somewhat to Poirot's surprise. Another patient, a man, was reading Field.

Poirot studied the young man in his newborn spirit of kindness. He still looked very fierce—and as though he wanted to do a murder—but not really a murderer—thought Poirot kindly. Doubtless, presently, this young man would come tripping down the stairs, his ordeal over, happy and smiling and wishing no ill to anyone.

The page boy entered and said firmly and distinctly:

"Mr. Blunt."

The man at the table laid down the

magazine and got up. A man height, of middle age, neither fat nor thin. Well-dressed, quiet.

He went out after the boy.

One of the richest and most powerful men in England—but he still went to the dentist just like anybody else and no doubt felt just the same body else about it!

These reflections passing through his mind, Hercule Poirot picked up his hat and stick and went to the door, glanced back as he did so, and startled thought went through his mind that that young man must have a bad toothache indeed.

In the hall Poirot paused before the mirror there to adjust his ruffled hair slightly disarranged as the result of Morley's ministrations.

He had just completed its adjustment to his satisfaction when the door came down again and the young man emerged from the back of the building, looking disconcerted. He broke off abruptly at the sight of Poirot and to open the front door for him.

A taxi had just drawn up before the house and a foot was protruding from Poirot surveyed the foot with great interest.

A neat ankle, quite a good one, wearing a stocking. Not a bad foot. But like the shoe. A brand-new leather shoe with a large buckle. He shook his head.

Not chic—very provincial!

The lady got out of the taxi, doing so she caught her other foot in the door and the buckle was wrung off. It fell tinkling onto the pavement. Poirot sprang forward and picked it up, restoring it with a bow.

Alas! Nearer fifty than forty Poirot was. Untidy yellow-gray hair, coming clothes—those depressing greens! She thanked him, dropping her pince-nez, then her handbag.

Poirot, polite if no longer surprised, picked them up for her, and he went up the steps of 58, Queen Charlotte Street.

IT WAS a quarter to three when the telephone rang.

Hercule Poirot was sitting in his chair happily digesting an excellent lunch.

He did not move when the door opened but waited for the faithful George to come and take the call.

"Eh bien?" he said, as George lowered the receiver.

"It's Chief Inspector Japp, sir."

"Aha?"

Poirot lifted the receiver to his ear.

"How goes it?" he said.

"That you, Poirot?"

"Naturally."

"I hear you went to the dentist this morning? Is that so?"

Poirot murmured:

"Scotland Yard knows everything."

"Man of the name of Morley, Queen Charlotte Street."

"Yes." Poirot's voice had a note of surprise.

"Why?"

"It was a genuine visit, was it? You didn't go to put the wind up anything of the sort?"

"Certainly not. I had the filling filled, if you want to know."

"What did he seem like to you, Morley?"

"I should say so, yes. Why?"

Japp's voice was rigidly unemotional. "Because not so very much like a murderer, did he?"

"What?"

Japp said sharply,

"That surprises you?"

"Frankly, it does."

Japp said:

"I'm not too happy about it myself. I'd like to have a talk with you to pose you wouldn't like to come."



"Where are you?"  
 "On Charlotte Street."  
 "What said?"  
 "I'll join you immediately."

"Was a police constable who opened  
 the door of 58. He said respectfully:  
 'Poirot?'"

"I, myself."  
 "The chief inspector is upstairs. Sec-  
 for—you know it?"

"Poirot said:  
 'Is there this morning.'  
 'There were three men in the room.  
 'I looked up as Poirot entered.  
 'He said:

"I'd like to see you, Poirot. We're just  
 going to move him. Like to see him  
 now?"

"A man with a camera who had been  
 standing near the body got up.  
 'He came forward. The body was  
 near the fireplace.

"Death Mr. Morley looked very  
 pale as he had looked in life. There  
 was a little blackened hole just below  
 his temple. A small pistol lay on  
 the floor near his outflung right hand.

"Poirot shook his head gently.  
 'He said: "All right, you can move  
 now."  
 'He took Mr. Morley away. Japp  
 and Poirot were left alone.

"Japp said:  
 'We're through all the routine.  
 'Fingerprints, etc."  
 'Poirot sat down. He said:

"I'm me."  
 'He pursed up his lips. He said:  
 'He could have shot himself. He  
 only did shoot himself. There are  
 his fingerprints on the gun—but  
 I'm quite satisfied."

"What are your objections?"  
 "Well, to begin with, there doesn't  
 seem to be any reason why he should  
 shoot himself. . . . He was in good health,  
 was making money, he hadn't any  
 reason that anyone knew of. He wasn't  
 in love with a woman—at least," Japp  
 pressed himself cautiously, "as far as  
 I know he wasn't. He hasn't been  
 depressed or unlike himself.

That's partly why I was anxious to hear  
 what you said. You saw him this morn-  
 ing, and I wondered if you'd noticed  
 anything."

Poirot shook his head.

"Nothing at all. He was—what shall I  
 say—normality itself. When did the  
 tragedy occur?"

"Can't say exactly. Nobody seems  
 to have heard the shot. But I don't think  
 they would. There are two doors be-  
 tween here and the passage and they  
 have baize fitted round the edges—to  
 deaden the noise from the victims of  
 the dental chair, I imagine."

"Very probably. Patients under gas  
 sometimes make a lot of noise."

"Quite. And outside, in the street,  
 there's plenty of traffic, so you wouldn't  
 be likely to hear it out there."

"When was it discovered?"

"Round about one-thirty—by the  
 page boy, Alfred Biggs. Not a very  
 bright specimen, by all accounts. It  
 seems that Morley's 12:30 patient kicked  
 up a bit of a row at being kept waiting.  
 About 1:10 the boy came up and  
 knocked. There was no answer and ap-  
 parently he didn't dare come in. He'd  
 got in a few rows already from Morley  
 and he was nervous of doing the wrong  
 thing. He went down again and the  
 patient walked out in a huff at 1:15. I  
 don't blame her. She'd been kept wait-  
 ing three quarters of an hour and she  
 wanted her lunch."

"Who was she?"

JAPP grinned.

"According to the boy she was Miss  
 Shirty—but from the appointment book  
 her name was Kirby."

"What system was there for showing  
 up patients?"

"When Morley was ready for his next  
 patient he pressed that buzzer over there  
 and the boy then showed the patient  
 up."

"And Morley pressed the buzzer  
 last?"

"At five minutes past twelve, and the  
 boy showed up the patient who was  
 waiting. Mr. Amberiotis, Savoy Hotel,

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Barbara: Who are you to say I haven't any pep appeal!

Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.



Auntie: Good morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking  
 how delicious a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's  
 rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!



Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—  
 without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra  
 rich in two of the most important ones—vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D.

Bob: Saay! This PEP tastes swell!



Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me  
 become your "pep appeal" girl.

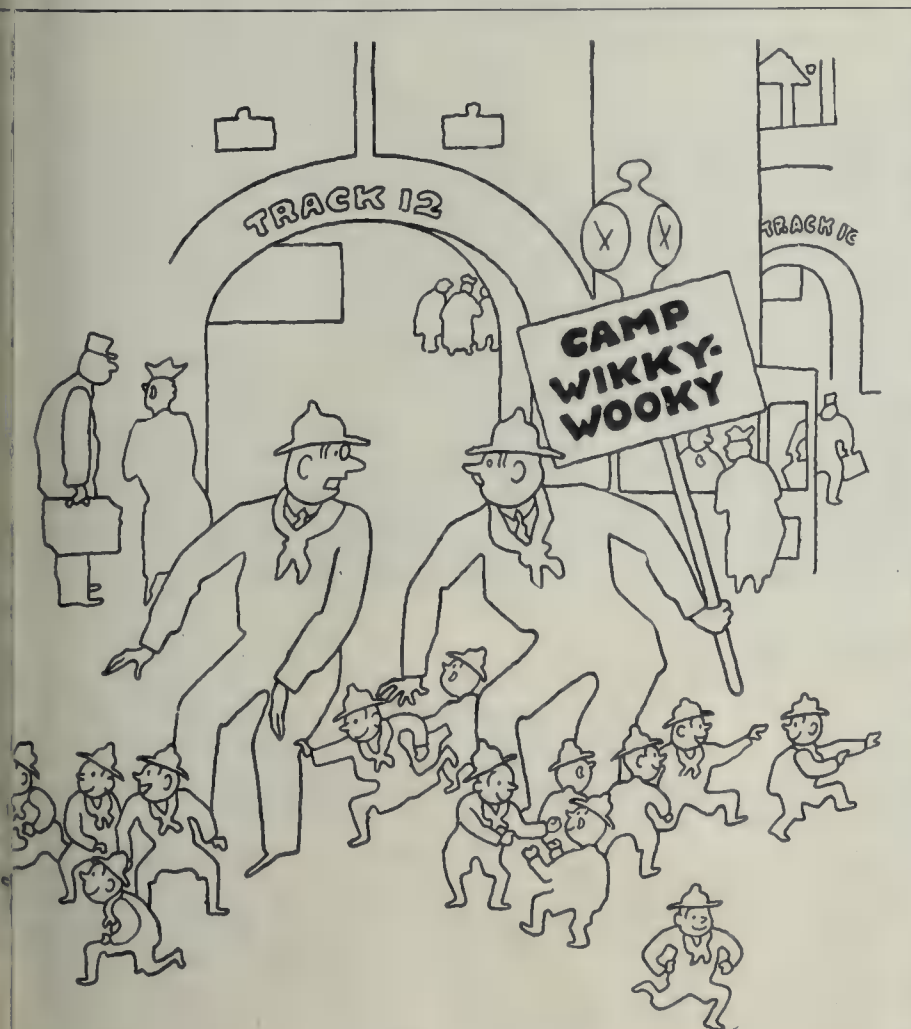
Bob: Seems to me you have already!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to  
 age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"I'll get the tickets and take care of  
 the luggage—you keep counting them!"

GARDNER REA



according to the appointment book."  
"At what time did this Mr. Amberiotis leave?"

"The boy didn't show him out, so he doesn't know. . . . A good many patients just go down the stairs without ringing for the lift and let themselves out."

Poirot nodded.

Japp went on:

"But I rang up the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Amberiotis was quite precise. He said he looked at his watch as he closed the front door and it was then twenty-five minutes past twelve."

"He could tell you nothing of importance?"

"No, all he could say was that the dentist had seemed perfectly normal and calm in his manner."

"Eh bien," said Poirot. "Then that seems quite clear. Between twenty-five past twelve and half-past one something happened—and presumably nearer the former time."

"Quite. Because otherwise—"

"Otherwise he would have pressed the buzzer for the next patient."

"Exactly. The medical evidence agrees with that for what it's worth. The divisional surgeon examined the body—at twenty past two. He wouldn't commit himself—they never do nowadays—too many individual idiosyncrasies, they say. But Morley couldn't have been shot later than one o'clock, he says—probably considerably earlier—but he wouldn't be definite."

Poirot said thoughtfully:

"Then at twenty-five minutes past twelve our dentist is a normal dentist, cheerful, urbane, competent. And after that? Despair—misery—what you will—and he shoots himself."

"It's funny," said Japp. "You've got to admit, it's funny."

"Funny," said Poirot, "is not the word."

"I know it isn't really—but it's the sort of thing one says. It's odd, then, if you like that better."

"Was it his own pistol?"

"No, it wasn't. He didn't have a pistol. Never had had one. According to his sister there wasn't such a thing in the house. There isn't in most houses. Of course he *might* have bought it if he'd made up his mind to do away with himself. If so, we'll soon know about it."

Poirot asked:

"Is there anything else that worries you?"

JAPP rubbed his nose.

"Well, there was the way he was lying. I wouldn't say a man *couldn't* fall like that—but it wasn't quite *right* somehow! And there was just a trace or two on the carpet—as though something had been dragged along it."

"That, then, is decidedly suggestive."

"Yes, unless it was that dratted boy. I've a feeling that he may have tried to move Morley when he found him. He denies it, of course, but then he was scared. He's that kind of young ass. The kind that's always putting their foot in it and getting cursed, and so they come to lie about things almost automatically."

Poirot looked thoughtfully around the room.

At the washbasin on the wall behind the door, at the tall filing cabinet on the other side of the door. At the dental chair and surrounding apparatus near the window, then along to the fireplace and back to where the body lay; there was a second door in the wall near the fireplace.

Japp had followed his glance.

"Just a small office through there." He flung open the door.

It was, as he had said, a small room, with a desk, a table with a spirit lamp and tea apparatus and some chairs. There was no other door.

"This is where his secretary worked,"

explained Japp. "Miss Neville. It seems she's away today."

His eyes met Poirot's. The latter said:

"He told me, I remember. That again—might be a point against suicide?"

"You mean she was *got* out of the way?"

Japp paused. He said:

"If it *wasn't* suicide, he was murdered. But why? That solution seems almost as unlikely as the other. He seems to have been a quiet, inoffensive sort of chap. Who would want to murder him?"

POIROT said:

"Who *could* have murdered him?"

Japp said, "The answer to that is—almost anybody! His sister could have come down from their flat above and shot him, one of the servants could have come in and shot him. His partner, Reilly, could have shot him. The boy Alfred could have shot him. One of the patients could have shot him." He paused and said, "And Amberiotis could have shot him—easiest of the lot."

Poirot nodded.

"But in that case—we have to find out why?"

"Exactly. You've come around again



to the original problem. Why? Amberiotis is staying at the Savoy. Why does a rich Greek want to come and shoot an inoffensive dentist?"

"That's really going to be our stumbling block. *Motive!* I think the first thing is to have another talk with Miss Morley. I've only had a word or two. It was a shock to her, of course, but she's the kind that doesn't break down. We'll go and see her now."

Tall and grim, Georgina Morley listened to what the two men had to say and answered their questions. She said with emphasis:

"It's incredible to me—quite incredible—that my brother should have committed suicide!"

Poirot said: "You realize the alternative, Mademoiselle?"

"You mean—murder." She paused. Then she said slowly: "It is true—that alternative seems nearly as impossible as the other."

"But not quite as impossible?"

"No—because—oh, in the first case, you see, I am speaking of something I know—that is: my brother's state of mind. I *know* he had nothing on his mind—I *know* that there was no reason—no reason *at all* why he should take his own life!"

"You saw him this morning—before he started work?"

"At breakfast—yes."

"And he was quite as usual—not upset in any way?"

"He was upset—but not in the way you mean. He was just annoyed!"

"Why was that?"

"He had a busy morning in front of him, and his secretary and assistant had been called away."

"That is Miss Neville?"

"Yes."

"What used she to do for him?"

"She did all his correspondence, of course, and kept the appointment book, and filed all the charts. She also saw to the sterilizing of the instruments and ground up his fillings and handed them to him when he was working."

"Had she been with him long?"

"Three years. She is a very reliable girl and we are—were both very fond of her."

Poirot said: "She was called away owing to the illness of a relative, so your brother told me."

"Yes, she got a telegram to say her aunt had had a stroke. She went off to Somerset by an early train."

"And that was what annoyed your brother so much?"

"Ye-es." There was a faint hesitation in Miss Morley's answer. She went on rather hurriedly. "You—you mustn't think my brother unfeeling. It was

Henry advised the girl against you, Carter, certainly; but she didn't take his advice—she is foolishly devoted to Frank."

"Is there anyone else you can think of who had a grudge against your brother?"

Miss Morley shook her head.

"Did he get on well with his partner, Mr. Reilly?"

Miss Morley replied acidly:

"As well as you can ever hope to get on with an Irishman!"

"What do you mean by that, Miss Morley?"

"WELL, Irishmen have hot tempers and they thoroughly enjoy a row of any kind. Mr. Reilly liked arguing about politics."

"That was all?"

"That was all. Mr. Reilly is unsentimental in many ways, but he was skilled in his profession—or so my brother said."

Japp persisted: "How is he unsentimental?"

Miss Morley hesitated, then said acidly: "He drinks too much—please don't let that go any further."

"Was there any trouble between him and your brother on that subject?"

"Henry gave him one or two lessons in dentistry," continued Miss Morley didactically, "a steady hand is needed."

Japp bowed his head in agreement. Then he said: "Can you tell us anything of your brother's financial position?"

"Henry was making a good income and he had a certain amount put away. We each had a small private income of our own left to us by our father."

Japp murmured with a slight smile: "You don't know, I suppose, if your brother left a will?"

"He did—and I can tell you its contents. He left a hundred pounds. Gladys Nevill, otherwise every cent comes to me."

"I see. Now—"

There was a fierce thump on the door. Alfred's face then appeared around the door. His goggling eyes took in each of the two visitors as he ejaculated:

"It's Miss Nevill. She wants to see if she may come in."

Japp nodded and Miss Morley said: "Tell her to come here, Alfred."

GLADYS NEVILL was a tall, somewhat anemic girl of twenty-eight. Though obviously upset, she at once showed that she was capable and intelligent.

Under the pretext of looking through Mr. Morley's papers, Poirot and Japp got her away from Miss Morley to the little office next door to the surgery.

She repeated more than once:

"I simply cannot believe it! It is quite incredible that Mr. Morley should do such a thing!"

She was emphatic that he had seemed troubled or worried in any way.

Then Japp began: "You were away today, Miss Nevill—"

She interrupted him.

"Yes, and the whole thing is a wicked practical joke! I do think it awful of people to do things like that really do."

"What do you mean, Miss Nevill?"

"Why, there wasn't anything the matter with Aunt at all. She'd been better. She couldn't understand when I suddenly turned up. Of course I was ever so glad—but it did make me mad. Sending a telegram like that upsetting me and everything."

"Have you got that telegram, Miss Nevill?"

"I threw it away, I think, at the time. It just said: *Your aunt had last night stop Please come at once* (To be continued next week)





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## From Barn to Boudoir, or the Rise of Elsie the Cow

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, was toying with a hairbrush in her wonderful new boudoir at the *New York World's Fair*.

She was terribly excited about the room, but trying hard to look nonchalant.

Elmer, the Bull, cleared his throat and said, "Some place, eh? Even better than we had last year."

"Why shouldn't it be?" Elsie replied. "I was the hit of the Fair last year. I expect a couple of million more



people will want to shake hoofs with me this summer. To think that I owe all this to my milk!"

"And to The Borden Company," Elmer grunted. "After all, Elsie, they really brought you here just to give visitors a fancy-dress version of how well you live back home."

"Also to show how many important products are made from my milk," Elsie added. "Like ice cream."

"I've never tasted ice cream," murmured Elmer. "Is it as good as clover?"



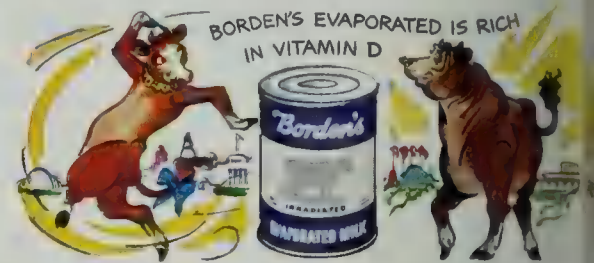
"Better!" exclaimed Elsie. "Borden's Ice Cream is about a million times better... rich... smooth... unbelievably pure. Ask the young veterinarian who checks my health. Ask the scientists in the lab. Ask all those other folks who account for Borden's 'Quality Control'.



They know that Borden's Ice Cream and the other Borden products are as good and pure as can be made."

"What are the other products, Elsie? The last you told me, I was reading the funnies."

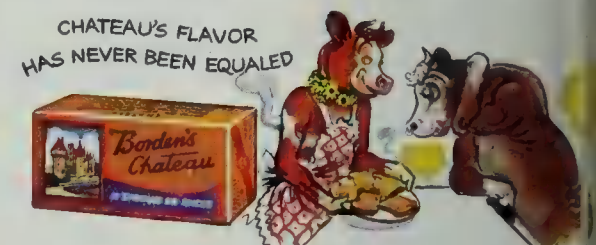
"Well," said Elsie, "for one thing, there's Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Cooks and bakers use it for cake frostings and cookies and candies that would make even the Trylon's mouth water."



"And," she went on excitedly, "there's Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk, too. It's used by housewives in mashed potatoes and casserole dishes. Doctors also approve it for babies. It's rich in the sunshine vitamin, Vitamin D."

"Come down off the soap box, Elsie," smiled Elmer. "You'll get so excited you'll curdle your milk."

"Humph," declared Elsie, "some of my milk has been liberally curdled by experts... that's what happens to all milk that is made into cheese. One of the



delicious cheese foods is Borden's Chateau, made from an old Canadian recipe that lots of people have tried to imitate, but can't. Mmmm, but it's good!"

"Gee, Elsie," said Elmer, "there is a lot more to milk than I thought. I can see why Borden's show you off in their boudoir. But, even if you are a big shot, how about a tour of the Fair this noon?"



"Gladly," Elsie smiled. "But you'll have to promise to buy me a glass of Borden's Malted Milk. Now, I'm a celebrity, I have to watch my school-girl image. So I've taken up the habit of the Hollywood stars. I drink Borden's Malted Milk daily as the mainstay of my light lunch... it's so nourishing and satisfying. What's more, it's the malted milk the Quints drink."

"I'll have one, too," Elmer said, "provided it's good." "Good?" exclaimed Elsie. "If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

Be sure to see Elsie in her Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Fair.





## Continued from page 18

There was no sound outside of any arriving. She rubbed her hand over the wall. One of Blaerchen's, at least, was clear! Here was a place where people might hear Carola could be a gracious where people could talk trust- and be overheard.

It nauseated. No matter what she might do, she would not con- work for him!

Some fifteen minutes later. There was nothing relaxed or genial in his now. "You look upset, Carola," he coldly. "What's the matter?"

She might not yet have received any about Maria and the microphone. She just left here. She had news that her husband was killed at the front.

"It's too bad!" He might have been shocked to the news of the death of a family dog.

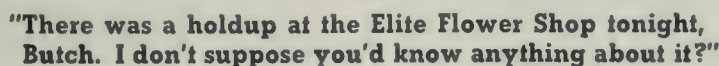
"I felt particularly upset," Carola replied, "because you had promised that Fritz would not be sent to the front."

"Do you think I have nothing more to look out for the whereabouts of my husband? She should be proud of me. Other women have lost hus-

I sent him home partly because I was upset by the call. After all, I had no proof that it was genuine. If it had

his suspicions. It was still a game in

"I am conceited enough to think that



LAURENCE REYNOLDS

no proof that it was genuine. If it had

his suspicions. It was still a game in





## "Perspiration Odor is a Handicap to any man's success!"

"And the tragedy is that a man may offend and never know it. I take no chances—and always use Mum!" says Mr. John David Sweeney, Jr., a crack salesman for Stewart-Warner Refrigerators.

"WITH business hard to get... with competition keen and active... no man can afford to offend! For perspiration odor is one fault that no one ever forgives—or forgets! That's why I always play safe... with Mum!"

Why ever take this risk yourself? Why let perspiration odor handicap your business success, your social popularity? It is so easy to be safe... if only you use Mum every single day!

### How Mum Acts to "Kill" Underarm Odor

Right after every shower, dab a little Mum under each arm. It takes but 30 seconds... yet you definitely end perspira-

tion odor all day long. Remember—a shower merely cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum vetoes risk of underarm odor to come.

Mum is a pleasant, bland cream deodorant, easy to use, effective in results. It won't irritate your skin. It can't harm your shirts. And Mum does not stop perspiration.

Ask the ladies, they know! Your wife, sister or mother uses a deodorant—probably Mum. But shy away from daily arguments and don't try to "borrow" theirs. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. And whether you are starting a business day, or a social evening, make sure you will never offend... with MUM!

# MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

**Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!**



Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration, but Mum prevents underarm odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.



The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.



"Well, if it's going to take us two years to prepare, I don't see what we have to worry about now"

you will be, some day." Pointedly he added: "If I weren't, I shouldn't believe a word of your explanation about Froschetti last night."

It was not comforting to think what he might do if ever he found out that he was mistaken.

"I must go now," he said as if he regretted it. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. By the way, I'm going to find a new apartment."

"What's the matter with this?" Blaerchen looked surprised.

"I don't like the furnishings," Carola said pointedly.

He laughed. "Let me know your new address at once."

When he was gone Carola could scarcely wait to get to the telephone. She was trembling and she had to hold the receiver tightly as if it were a means of escape.

"Herr Wagner is not in," a voice answered her. "He will be in his office tomorrow morning."

She sank in an armchair, exhausted.

SHE was alone now, as she had been alone in her decision to leave Blaerchen's employ. That loneliness was intolerable now, colored by the deepening fear that she had acted unwisely. To send a telegram to Karl asking him to meet her would take several hours. She considered going to him without any announcement; that could be dangerous and Karl had warned against it. Still, she could be very careful. It was unbearable to sit here, asking herself for advice and getting only familiar answers. After this Froschetti incident she could never be sure that her house was not watched, that every step she took was not reported. No one must know that she was trying to see Karl.

She left the house and moved along leisurely as if out for a walk. As far as she could tell no one followed her. At Kurfürstendamm she boarded a bus, rode a short distance, then got off and strolled around the block. No one followed her, on foot or by car.

Then she took a bus to Alexanderplatz and walked to Karl's apartment.

Its dinginess made no impression. She saw it only as a place where she could find help and advice. She had no

certainly that Karl would be at home but at least she would feel better trying to see him. She knocked.

Karl opened the door. When Carola his face showed surprise rather than pleasure. In the room behind stood a large, red-faced man, and before Karl could say anything the man grinned and called out, "Come in, Liebchen, come in."

Karl looked embarrassed. "Herr Kreitz, the house warden."

"I didn't know you expected a visitor," Kreitz said pleasantly. He was obviously drunk. "We were just weren't we, Herr Dietrich? What I saying? Oh, yes; here am I, a Nazi, a member of the party since 1933 with a lower party number than most men in Berlin, and what do I do for a job as house warden, and no money enough to buy cigarettes, no money enough to buy a drink once in a while."

Carola was sorry she had come because Karl looked embarrassed and concerned.

Kreitz continued: "Six years ago leaders told us they were going to nationalize all the stores and all the factories, *nicht wahr? Ja wohl, store!* I thought I might at least be manager of a store. I didn't know Wertheims, I just wanted a little Did I get it? *Nein!* Here I am in an old apartment house and no money paid. *Mein Herr*, you will be sure how miserable!"

"I'm sorry to hear it."

Something in Karl's voice brought Kreitz's voice up sharply. He was genial; now he was suspicious. Carola standing uncertain what to do and Karl uncertain what to say seemed to remember his official position. "Who is this woman?"

Karl had to say something jumped at an explanation that least arouse Kreitz. "This is Friedrich Schmidt," he said, winking at Carola. "She is just a little *Maedchen*. I opened to meet her on Friedrich Street. She said she was lonely and cheering up."

"Ho! Ho! We'll cheer her up if she came closer to Carola. 'You married, with a husband off front?'"

"No," Carola said quietly.



tz came closer to Carola and  
d at her. He saw Carola step  
"See here, Dietrich, she doesn't  
ke a street woman to me. Let me  
our identification papers, Fräu-  
hmidt."

haven't them with me," Carola  
quickly.  
a serious offense to be out with-  
em. How do I know you are  
in Schmidt?" He looked more  
ous than ever. "Which Fräulein  
it?"

ola was watching him closely, ap-  
g more and more uneasy. She  
relessly, "Why should you bother  
papers at this time of the night,  
Kreitz? Come on, let's all go to  
pe and get a drink."

e." Krietz grinned. Then he  
at Carola again and frowned.  
go in a minute. I'm an expert on  
women, and this one looks differ-  
he has no papers. I'm going to  
e police!"

it a minute," Karl said desper-  
"Why should you be so worried  
her if she's what you say she is?"  
tz staggered to the door. "I'm go-  
telephone the police." He started  
he stairs.

ouldn't have come, Karl, I know  
Carola began, "but I had to."  
m glad you did." They could  
reitz banging on the staircase one  
a time.

at shall we do?"  
it! There is no way out except  
staircase."

ere is the telephone?"  
on't know. It might be on the  
oor and they can stop us if we  
go out."

banging on the stairway below  
ess loud. Kreitz had only one  
ight to go to the bottom.

"I'll wait a minute," Karl said go-  
the door, "then make a dash for  
we are separated and I get into  
e, remember this telephone num-  
He gave her Klauss' number.  
o the person who answers, 'Cou-  
rl is not well.'" He walked to the  
nd listened. "Maybe we can make  
k for it now. I'll tell the police  
ow that you were frightened and  
ay. They won't be able to prove  
ng."

opened the door. Far below he  
steps again, of a man mounting  
airs.

ten," Carola said tensely, "he's  
back!"

two people fright-frozen, Karl  
Carola waited motionless in the  
oom, while the noise on the stairs  
ouder. Karl held tightly to her.  
n't worry," he whispered.

tz came in without knocking.  
here," he said, panting for breath,  
thinking—"There was clumsy  
ng in his smile. "Maybe she is  
in Schmidt! Maybe not! Why  
I worry? Will the police give me  
ink of schnapps for all my trou-  
Vein! Got any money?"

looked relieved. He smiled at  
to reassure her.

me fifty marks and she can be

the Kaiserin for all I care!" Kreitz  
laughed.

"I only have ten marks."

"Give it to me." He took it and  
laughed louder. The money went into  
a coat pocket. "That's better! No trou-  
ble for anybody, *nicht wahr*? If she is  
a street woman, the police would raise  
the devil for getting them out on such  
a cold night."

Noisier than ever, he went down the  
stairs.

"We'll wait a minute," Karl said  
tensely. Carola's face was pale and her  
weight was heavily against him. "Are  
you all right?"

"I'm all right," she said weakly.

"We'll get out of here at once."

Fifteen minutes later they entered a  
little barroom in the basement of an  
old building off Alexanderplatz. They  
sat silently at a rear table, as if nothing  
could be said until the memory of re-  
cent terrifying shock was less vivid.

"I'm sorry I was impulsive tonight,"  
Carola said slowly, "but I had to see  
you."

"It's enough to know that you felt  
that." He reached for Carola's hand.  
There was tangible proof that they were  
together, for these few minutes at least.

**T**HEN Carola told why she had come  
and Karl's hand tightened on her own  
while she talked of Blaerchen's call. "I  
shall get in touch with Franz Wagner in  
the morning," she said firmly. Then,  
after a pause: "I don't understand why  
Blaerchen was so willing to have me re-  
turn to singing."

Karl frowned. "He's probably caught  
between wanting you and mistrusting  
you. Of course he'll let you do what  
you want—he's in love with you. Let-  
ting you do as you wish may give him a  
chance to see if his suspicions have any  
foundation." He felt her shiver and not  
because the barroom was unheated.

"Why do you tremble?"

"At the words 'love' and 'Blaerchen.'"  
Then she smiled as if no shadow threat-  
ened them. "We'll not talk about it.  
Are we safe here?"

"As safe as we can be anywhere."

She moved a little closer. Her soft  
hair was near his cheek, its perfume  
fresh and sweet. "When we were in  
your room, waiting for Kreitz to return,  
I felt as if we were the only two people  
in the world." Happy that she could feel  
so deeply, she said, "I wish we were."

"So do I." Karl saw a new warmth  
in her face. Here was Carola close to  
him at last, needing him. He wanted to  
tell her a hundred things, to say, "I love  
you, Carola," to stand between her and  
any worry forever after.

"If we were the only two people in the  
world—" Carola continued.

Up front a middle-aged barmaid was  
listening to a radio that blared soldier's  
songs. Even in a little barroom they  
were very much in a world that was  
crowded and hostile.

"What are you thinking?" Carola  
asked expectantly.

"That we aren't the only two people  
in the world."

She nodded. "Blaerchen."

She did know and there was no need

## Cars, too, Sunburn



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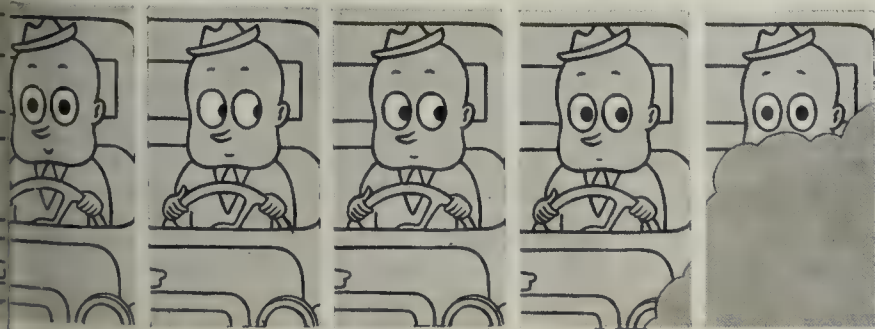


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Dirt Road

CROCKETT JOHNSON



to say anything more. Each of the knew that even a casual mention of that name lit like a flare the empty space that separated them, never to be crossed, never, so long as Blaerchen was in power.

In the front of the room the radio was now blurring news of the triumphs of Nazi troops. . . .

The barmaid, stout and fifty, came up to them. "I must close, *Meine Dame*, *Mein Herr*! It's too cold to stand around or sit around any longer, *nicht wahr*? *Ach*, why can't our scientists discover ersatz heat?" She laughed. "Home, *meine Kinder*, home! It's warmer in bed!"

Karl smiled at the woman's misinterpretation.

"We have had so little time together," Carola said as they left. "I don't want a day to pass, Karl, without our meeting, even if only for a moment. We can't have much but we must have that."

"But at my apartment, at yours—!"

"I know, those places are impossible. If I can just see you, talk with you, where no one pays attention to us!"

"If we meet in Wagner's office, even legitimately, people might be suspicious."

"That wouldn't be the same, anyway," she smiled. "But somewhere else—!"

Her insistence thrilled him. "Can't we meet each evening at seven at the Potsdamerplatz subway station? We shan't attract attention." That was a meager substitute for what they could have had in a blander world.

She said gladly, "I shall wait each day for seven o'clock!"

He took her home. On the way she asked, "Who is the man Klauss to whom you told me to telephone in trouble?"

"An old and wise friend of mine," he said. The thought of Underground work was one final reminder, if one was needed, for submerging the swelling desire to speak of love and marriage.

He went back to his room, too tired to sort out his mixed emotions. But the darkness and the cold did seem less unfriendly.

**WHEN** Karl walked to Wagner's office the next morning there was snow on the city streets. Yet the cold of the streets was better than the still cold of indoors. These were bad mornings; men ate in overcoats, worked in overcoats, slept in overcoats. They got little solid rest. Any casual passer-by was liable to be querulous and quarrelsome. This morning Karl paid little attention to anyone, remembering every word Carola had said the night before, recalling every gesture, every look.

He was pasting clippings in a huge scrapbook when the telephone in Wagner's inner office rang. In a few minutes Wagner burst out. "She's going to sing for me!" he shouted, laughing and trying to talk at the same time. "Carola Dirling's coming back!" Here was one happy man in Berlin! "I'm going to put her in the Sans Souci at the opening!" In his enthusiasm he began to make plans. "Order billboard ads at once! Get a costumer! Get an accompanist! Hurry!"

He went on, about new drapes, new lights, new decorating. Then he sat down, exhausted, but smiling happily.

"What shall I do first?" Karl asked. He could be happy, too; indirectly, he was working for Carola.

"I'll decide in a moment," Wagner was suddenly serious. "Why should she change her mind so abruptly? I don't understand that! It doesn't matter!" He stood up and took Karl by the arm. "Come into my office. We'll start detailed plans. We have little more than two weeks!"

Because of his experience at the Krokodil, Karl suddenly became important. He ran no more errands, delivered no more handbills, pasted no more clippings. Wagner consulted with him and went over every detail of Carola's opening. He thought of having her do something new, then decided against it. "Berlin is hungry for the good old days," he said emphatically.

"When were they?"

"Any day sufficiently remote from the present," Wagner answered. "And you can coach her in doing everything just as she used to do it."

Karl did not answer.

"What's the matter? Every time I mention Carola's name the strangest look goes over your face."

Karl did not want to reveal anything to him. "I think that as an ex-political

"Do wait a minute. I have some news about Blaerchen."

Karl waited.

"There has been much gossip in the Foreign Office about him and Praut, another of Ribbentrop's favorites. They had a terrible fight."

Carola had mentioned Praut and Karl recognized the name. "What did they fight about?"

"No one knows for a fact," the little man said meticulously, "but people assume it was about money. That's what the men in the Ribbentrop Bureau always fight about! Of course, it may be over Praut's getting a job that Blaerchen wanted." Even more confidentially he added: "There have been so many scandals! You should have heard about the rows among those worthies over the distribution of Polish, Czech, and Aus-

around his face, approached, asking to speak to him. For a second he wanted to run. Then he recognized the man. It was Klauss.

"Herr Dietrich!"

Klauss looked much older than Karl had seen him before, old by sleeplessness.

"I'm glad to see you," Klauss said. "My son-in-law couldn't come. Let's walk for a short distance."

They went to the street. Klauss to his arm.

Then Klauss asked abruptly, "my son-in-law been around you?"

"No," Karl said, sensing the in the man's question.

"He's been so restless and of wanting to talk with you. I understand the need for going in anti-Nazi work. He won't understand that violence and terror do no good. Underground must gain strength—our enemies are still too strong."

"I haven't seen him." He felt that anything should trouble a Klauss.

**I** HAVE known him since he was a small boy. He married my daughter who died a year ago. He is like a man who has been through hell. Then, almost pleadingly: "If you try to make him see the necessity of being rash. You've had of concentration camp. He has."

There was something else that he said, did not mention. He moved by Ranke and the police descend on every friend that he had, and destroy all the work Klauss had done.

"If I see him I'll do what I can," said as they separated.

He went along the street wondering to be free of worry until he crossed the damerstrasse and came to the square. All around were men hurrying, wives, their homes, to some life of intimate comfort, but small it might be. But none of them a lovelier waiting smile than on the face of Carola.

Arm in arm, together for a little while they walked away.

This, then, was their love-making week of secret meetings in subway stations, on busses, on streetcars, everywhere that the meeting of a man and woman would not attract untoward attention. Each meeting was as strained as a happy, and each word between them was spoken to an obligato of worry, punctured by furtive glances behind, to see that no one had noticed that no one was watching, listening unduly interested in them. In the bars and little bars on back streets they could talk freely of the present, of songs Carola would sing, of the opening. Karl never mentioned his Underground work and Carola asked if he was worried about anything and keeping something from her. He turned the question with a smile.

They could talk of their past days when Karl rehearsed to the farces each week for the Krokodil, the song Carola sang one night was a song of the city the next day.

When they tried to speak of their own tomorrow and the day after that, they had to leave the subject. They had to speak for them, speak loudly to them what they both knew: as long as they stayed in Germany, as Blaerchen was in power, they had hope for nothing more than to put hopes into words waiting but too painful, so they sat on the side, in a dark corner of a badly lit cellar room, glad to be together for a little while, saying nothing, preferring to let silence speak for them.

(To be continued next week)



"Senator or no senator—we've got to run this railroad on time!"

THURSTON GENTRY

prisoner, I had better stay far away from having anything to do with the cabaret. Carola can do well without me."

"As you wish," Wagner said carelessly. "Now, about painting the Sans Souci—!"

**IN THE** late afternoon Karl got away to his biweekly appointment with Schebeler. He went without any particular nervousness, his mind set rather on the thought of seven o'clock.

"Did you have any trouble last time?" Karl asked, remembering Schebeler's fight.

The little man shook his head. "No, *Gott sei dank*! No one bothered me!" He lowered his voice. "I have a small packet of news for you. It concerns some conversations held with certain Swedes."

"They may be useful." Karl took the envelope and wanted to leave at once.

"Don't go yet!" Schebeler looked like a little round-shouldered mouse, pleased at being out of his hole for a few minutes. "Have a glass of beer!"

"I really—!"

trian estates! Each Nazi was sure some rival had gotten a better one. But none of them ever do as well as their boss! Ribbentrop got the best of all—an Austrian estate that used to belong to Fritz Thyssen's son-in-law. And they're all jealous of what Goering's men got."

Karl nodded absently. That threw little light on Blaerchen. As soon as he could he left, to deliver the envelope to Ranke. Then, in an hour, he would be with Carola.

He was at the accustomed place at the Friedrichstrasse station on time but Ranke did not appear. Even as slight a hitch as five minutes lateness might be a sign of something wrong. When fifteen minutes passed Karl was desperately anxious. All around people were hurrying to trains, paying no attention to him as he pretended to read a newspaper. Yet, if anything had happened to Ranke, someone among these passers-by might be watching. Nervously, he put his hand in his pocket and felt the envelope.

An old man, his coat collar close





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FIRST POLICY ISSUED



FEBRUARY 1, 1843



## He Serves Up America

Continued from page 22



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Lorentz, who knew nothing and cared less about pictures, listened to Cohen and Watts and he, too, began to realize the importance of pictures. Hollywood was still wearing its intellectual swaddling clothes but directors like Murnau and Lubitsch in Europe were doing amazing things, and actors like Jannings were giving startling performances.

Lorentz took his job seriously. He was allowed considerable editorial latitude so he began a one-man campaign against Hollywood, the burden of his prayer being, "Why not make pictures about America?" If you will recall the 1920's you'll remember that gangster pictures and elaborate costume pictures and ducky little numbers like *The Sheik* were all the vogue. Sex, sin and six-shooters were the dishes served to the picture public. In no way were they a reflection of America on the problems of America.

#### The President Approves

The better Hollywood directors read the Lorentz criticisms and when they'd come to New York they'd look him up. Vidor, Milestone, John Ford—they, too, believed that pictures could be more than fantastic make-believe.

Lorentz moved to the late Vanity Fair to do film criticism but he didn't last long. He panned *Little Women* unmercifully, and the owners of Vanity Fair noticed that *Little Women* was breaking house records all over the country. Obviously Lorentz was a bad critic. So he was fired from the job.

He worked for Mr. Hearst for a while, first as movie critic (he panned the wrong picture and was shifted) and then as Washington correspondent. In Washington he came into contact with Henry A. Wallace, and when he wrote a eulogistic column about the Secretary of Agriculture he was fired again. Mr. Hearst at the moment didn't like Wallace.

"I've been fired from more damn jobs," Lorentz says thoughtfully.

About this time Rex Tugwell organized the Resettlement Administration. In a desultory way government departments had been making educational pictures that had about as much animation as a still-life picture of a dead cow. The drought had settled in the Southwest by now and the land was dying. But nobody cared much. Dust storms and droughts were only nice newsreel shots to people in the large cities. The plight of the farmers had to be brought home to the rest of the country—but how?

Lorentz suggested a picture. Tugwell thought it a good idea but they didn't have a writer available to do a story. Lorentz did the story.

Tugwell was delighted with it. But he had no director to handle it. He elected Lorentz. Lorentz protested in vain that he had never been to Hollywood, didn't know how to direct, but Tugwell brushed this aside. So Lorentz again was elected. He was given a camera crew and \$10,000. Which brings us to where we started. He learned about making pictures by making them. When he finished *The Plow That Broke the Plains* he had to cut the film himself, a highly technical, specialized job. Then there was the problem of music. This he knew something about. He managed to get a fine composer, Virgil Thompson, to help him.

"The music will be a collaboration," Lorentz explained. "Not a background. Some places the music will dominate; other places the film itself will tell the story. But we need a good orchestra."

He got one. Lorentz communicated his enthusiasm to Alex Smallens, conductor of the New York Philharmonic. Smallens thought it all "an exciting idea." And finally the picture was finished.

Even Lorentz didn't know whether or not it was good. Oh, it was honest and sincere and it showed the dust and the drought strangling the good dark earth of the plains but how would outsiders react to it. Lorentz thought he'd start at the top. He'd show it to the President. A date was arranged and Lorentz sat miserably uncomfortable in the White House projection room alongside the silent President, who never made a comment, but just smoked one cigarette after another.

Then, "That's a fine picture, Lorentz," the Head Man said when it was over. "Very interesting your idea of letting the music take the play away from the action." He even suggested that it was good enough to be commercial, i.e., to put into chain theaters as part of a general program.

Lorentz had another idea. He wanted to sell his picture to Hollywood. He took it out and invited every director and producer in town to see it. Most of them balked. They still didn't like Mr. R. and they figured that any picture produced by the government must be a politically inspired film. But Lorentz, with the help of his friends Milestone, Ford and Vidor, persuaded them to take a look. They took a look, blinked a bit and said, "Terrific." There was no propaganda in it. It was just an honest picture.

After that Lorentz made *The River*, the story of the Mississippi. That was another struggle but the picture got accolades from critics all over the country. It was a chunk of America most people didn't know about except those who lived and died near the banks of *The River* and whose lives were ruled by *The River*.

#### As Honest as Life Itself

A Dutchman named Paul de Kruif saw the picture. De Kruif is an exciting man. Sinclair Lewis wrote *Arrowsmith*, the *Microbe Hunters*, *Yellow Jack* and *The Fight For Life* in collaboration with him. De Kruif is volatile, effervescent. He loved the picture and, hurrying to a telegraph office, wired Lorentz, whom he had never met, "You and I are going to do a picture. Where can I meet you?"

They met weeks later in New York. De Kruif had a great idea for Lorentz. "Make a picture about death and how we can help prevent death. You can do a lot of good. Take my book *Fight for Life*. Do what you want with it."

The result was *The Fight for Life*. In many ways it is the most remarkable

picture ever made. Superficially is the story of a young doctor who loses a patient in the first five minutes of the picture. Realizing his incompetence, goes to the Chicago Maternity Center the slums to learn his trade. The picture shows his progress and his triumph; his skill and experience come to death. It is as exciting as *Scarface* as honest as life itself. Only eight professional actors were used by Lorentz. The cast is composed chiefly of who came to the Maternity Center for treatment.

#### Matching the Doctor's Mood

No one has ever married music on the screen as Lorentz has done. Gruenberg did the music except for a sequence. After the young doctor, his patient, he walks disconsolately along the streets of Chicago, thinking of what happened; questioning whether the woman's death was inevitable, part of a plan; questioning whether or not his own lack of skill contributed toward the death. On a rainy night. He walks along and he is concerned that a woman has died.

He walks through the street lined with cabarets. Here Lorentz uses real low-down music of the type called "blues"; mad, primitive, vaudeville music. Gruenberg told him that Negroes improvising could produce a kind of music.

A place called Café Society had a group of fine Negro musicians who would hold jam sessions. Lorentz got one of them one night, set up his solo paratus and said, "Give out." They sweated happily for an hour. For then another would grab the saxophone. A sax would wail to a background of brass and winds. Then a trumpet would get an idea. He'd go to town and the others would ad lib. along with him. It was music that couldn't be written more than the diversified sound of a busy street can be captured on a picture. Gruenberg and Lorentz loved it. It was the mood of the young doctor.

To Lorentz the business of making pictures is the most serious business in the world. It is so serious that it demands the best writing, the best acting and the best technical equipment available. But above all it demands serious purpose.

"Men like John Renoir in Hollywood make great pictures," Lorentz says, "because they aren't satisfied with mediocrity and they don't have the financial pressure on them that Hollywood has. Their pictures cost comparatively little. They don't have to gross millions of dollars to break even. *The Illusion*, I think, is the greatest picture I ever saw, but it cost about what a short would cost in Hollywood. Marcel Pagnol, who made *The Wife*. He and his family live in a studio where they make pictures. All work together twenty-four hours a day living the picture they are making. They don't have producers to answer to. They don't have to submit rushes night to executives. The picture is Pagnol's from beginning to end. It is a job made by a large group of specialists each working independently."

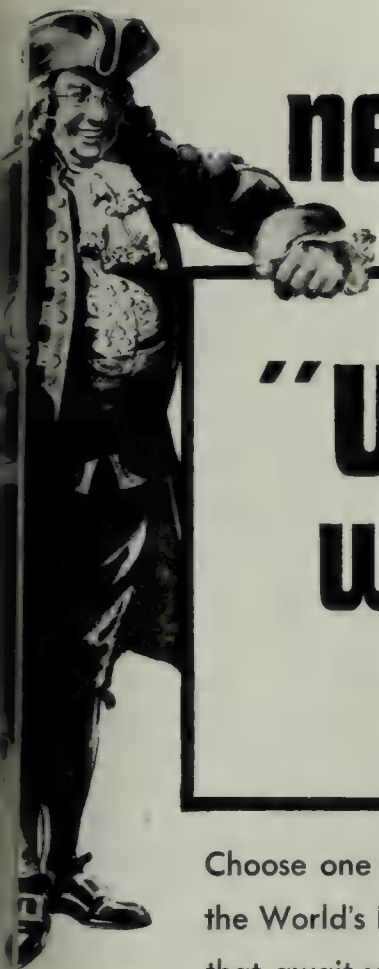
Now Lorentz is working on a picture about one unemployed man. But he reveals the general story of seven men by telling the specific story of one man.

"It ought to be interesting," Lorentz says thoughtfully.

It ought to be indeed.







# NEW YORK STATE

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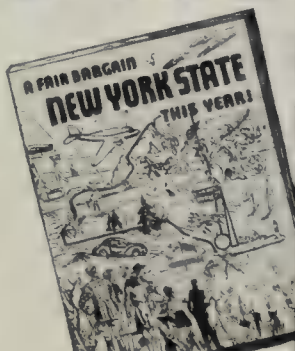
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## A Man Takes His Vacation

Continued from page 15



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thing. These were not the kind of people he was used to, and his gray suit was dusty, unpressed, and badly stained. He thought nostalgically of the comfortable office back in Salt Lake City: the familiar, friendly faces, the pleasant routine. . . .

Presently he heard a horse whinny, and there came the voices of cowboys, swearing. He got up and looked out the window. There were two cowboys and a large gray horse in a near-by corral. The cowboys had ropes and a saddle and were trying to corner the horse. Hubert stepped outside to watch.

"I see they're saddling your horse." Hubert looked around. There stood a beautiful girl. She was smiling at Hubert and she had white teeth. She was dressed in blue slacks, such as the cowboys wore, and a flannel shirt. And she was—well, beautiful.

HUBERT took a deep breath. "I guess they are," he said huskily.

The girl stood beside him. "Mr. Winslow," she said in a low voice, "they're going to job you. That's a bad horse. They think it was just an accident that you won the contest, they wanted one of the guests here to win it, so on the pack trip they're going to—have some fun with you."

"I see," Hubert said miserably. He passed a hand across his forehead. "I didn't want to come in the first place. I wanted to go home. But Slim made me come up. He said I'd be insulting the governor if I didn't." He looked at her. "I wouldn't want to do that."

"Of course not." Hubert closed his eyes. "I hate horses," he said feelingly.

"So do I." The girl glanced down at the thick-soled shoes she was wearing. "That's why I'd rather hike. Not," she added quickly, "that I could ride with the others even if I wanted to. You see, I'm not a guest here. I'm one of the waitresses."

"Where do you hike?" "Back here in the hills; any place I feel like."

"Are you going now?"

"Yes." She placed a hand on his arm. "Listen, Mr. Winslow, if we took a hike, they'd be gone when we got back. After all, if you'd rather hike, I should think it would be all right. You won the prize."

Hubert hesitated. The horse in the corral reared and snorted as one of the cowboys roped him. Hubert looked at the girl. "You're right," he said firmly. "I rode the bucking horse. I think I've done—enough."

They turned from the ranch and took a trail that led back into the hills. Eleanor Temple, she said her name was. Hubert said his first name was Hubert. As they left the ranch behind, climbing slowly, following twisting game trails in the woods and crossing open parks, Hubert's spirits rose.

After they had walked for an hour or more they sat down on a fallen tree trunk and looked back over the valley. Hubert took a deep breath. "Eleanor," he said, "I think this is the happiest—" He was interrupted by a sharp peal of thunder. He looked around at the clear sky. "What was that?" he asked, puzzled.

"A storm is forming back in the mountains," Eleanor said. "They come down awfully fast when they get started. I think we ought to start back."

"Damn it!" Hubert grumbled. Eleanor laughed. "They'll be gone," she said.

"But we were having such a nice walk Eleanor."

"I know." They got up and she took his arm and they started back in the gen-

eral direction from which they had come. Rain began to fall, gently at first, then in a steady downpour. They took refuge beneath a large pine.

When the rain seemed to let up a bit they stepped out from beneath the tree. Eleanor started toward her left. "Wait a minute," Hubert said. "We didn't come that way."

"I think we did," she said uncertainly.

They stood there and looked around. Mist had descended on the woods around them. The whole world was a uniform gray.

"But this way is downhill," Eleanor said. "We've got to keep going downhill." Reluctantly Hubert followed her.

Rain began to fall again. They stopped.

"We're going wrong," Hubert said. "It seems to be more downhill over to our left farther." They moved in that direction, threading their way among huge boulders. Presently Hubert saw an overhanging ledge of rock, beneath which there was a cavelike depression. He steered Eleanor toward it. "Let's get out of the rain for a minute," he said.

It was dry beneath the ledge, and there was a dry boulder to sit upon. "I think the best thing to do," Hubert said, "is to sit here a few minutes and you can see if you can get your bearings. Do you recognize this canyon?"

Eleanor looked at him appealingly, and her lips trembled. "Hubert, I'll have to tell you, I guess. I've never been back here in the hills before."

Hubert looked at her incredulously. "But your hikes—"

"I made that part of it up."

Hubert frowned. "But I don't understand why—"

"Please let me tell you how it happened, Hubert. When I was waiting on table last night I heard them talking about you, and laughing about giving you this mean horse to ride. Then you came up today, and you looked—nice. So we arranged for me to—do what I did. I'm going home tomorrow anyway, so they can't fire me. I'm so sorry—"

"You mean you don't live here?"

"No." Eleanor hesitated. "I live in Salt Lake City, too, Hubert. I'm on my vacation, the same as you are. I always wanted at least to see a dude ranch, a nice one, and the only way I could afford

it was to get a job at one. I wrote for a job waiting on table for a while, and they gave it to me."

Hubert seemed to have forgotten the cold and the rain. "Who are you down there?" he asked eagerly. "Salt Lake, I mean."

"The Kellier Paper Company, secretary to Mr. Bronson, the auditor."

"Well I'll be damned," Hubert said slowly. "And I'm with Bartlett in the filing department." He laughed. "Eleanor, I call up your account department often. I bet I've even talked to you on the phone." He looked into the rain. "All I've got to say is certainly a mighty small world."

"I wish it were a little smaller," Hubert said, "right now."

Hubert stood up. "That's right, got to do something." He stepped out of their shelter and looked around thoughtfully. "It's beginning to get dark," he said. He came over to the side and looked at his watch. "Six. Now, Eleanor, there's only one thing to be done. Make a fire and stay here all night."

"Oh, dear!" Eleanor seemed to cry.

"PLEASE don't worry," Hubert said. "I'll handle everything." He stepped out into the rain and disappeared. A few minutes he returned, his coat dripping with bits of tree branches and a partly decayed stump. He threw down breathlessly. "There'll be no fire in this pine," he said. He tore splinters from the inside of the stump and broke up some of the branches and placed the splinters against a rock and lit them. "Put the branches on as it gets going," he said, and went into the rain again.

It was dark when Hubert was bringing in wood for the fire and lighting it in the protection of the cave. The fire was burning brightly, filling the cave with heat and occasional swirls of smoke. He sat down beside Eleanor and pulled his coat out near the fire. "He's dry," he said, "you can put your shoulders. Then when you



"Fast? He just won this race and now he's watching the battle for second place!"



Eleanor, just lean against me."

Hubert. Daylight!"

Hubert lifted his heavy head, forced open. At first he saw only coals of the fire, a fire that replenished many times during the night but looking beyond he saw a silver.

"I think so too," Eleanor said. "I'll have to go."

Eleanor did not reply. They walked toward the ranch.

"I'm sorry our little plan didn't work."

Hubert said. "I'm terribly sorry, Eleanor. It would have been—perfect."

"I think so too."

They came to the first of the buildings. Eleanor paused. "I don't want to go over there with you, where they all are," she said. "I'll go right to my room. It's over this way."

Hubert stood there, looking at her. "Goodbye," she said. "Maybe I'll see you in Salt Lake, Hubert."

"Of course," Hubert said mechanically. She turned away and walked toward the lodge. "Eleanor!" he called. She stopped and looked back. "I'll—"

Hubert hesitated. "I'll see you in Salt Lake, then."

"Some day," Eleanor said. She went on.

Hubert walked toward the corral, where the riders were. He saw Mr. Van Orton and the tall dude he had seen in the bar, with the two girls he had seen there with him, standing near some saddled horses. He walked up to them. "Good morning, Mr. Van Orton," he said.

They looked at him.

"Well," he said, "we got back all right."

Mr. Van Orton looked puzzled. "Have you been away?" he asked.

"Yes. Eleanor and I. She's one of the waitresses. We went for a walk yesterday and got lost. Didn't you miss us?"

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Van Orton said. The others laughed.

"Anyway," Hubert said, "we got lost and had to stay out all night. I took charge of things and pulled us through all right. And now, Mr. Van Orton, I think I'll just take charge of things again. I rode the horse for Slim because he wanted me to, but that's all I'm going to do. I'm not going on any pack trip. I'm not afraid of the horse you picked out for me"—he glanced at the big dude—"because I can ride any horse you've got, with one hand tied behind me. I can ride any horse in Wyoming, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not going just because I don't want to."

"But, Mr. Winslow, the governor—"

"The hell with the governor. Tell him I got to get back to the office." Hubert hesitated. "Another thing, I got a date. Tell the governor I got a date with the most beautiful girl he ever saw in his life. I got a date to marry her. She doesn't know it yet, but she will in a minute."

Hubert bowed to Mr. Van Orton and walked away, in the direction Eleanor had taken.

Hubert stopped suddenly. "Oh," he said. She was looking at the which now was just ahead of Hubert looked too. There, near the rear of the lodge, were people on horses, their colored neckerchiefs, their big hats, lit by the early sun. Some were moving pack horses into

Hubert said miserably. "I didn't go yesterday," Eleanor

they stood there, a cowboy de-

himself from the group and rode

them.

looking all over for you," he

en he came up. He grinned.

ust've got up early to take a

Hubert said.

"Couldn't even find you around yesterday," the cowboy said, "to tell you the start was put off till this morning on account of the storm. I got your horse saddled for you, and soon's the governor finishes his breakfast we're all set to go. I'll tell Mr. Van Orton you're here." He wheeled and rode back.

Hubert looked at Eleanor tragically. "I'll have to go."

Eleanor did not reply. They walked toward the ranch.

"I'm sorry our little plan didn't work."

Hubert said. "I'm terribly sorry, Eleanor. It would have been—perfect."

"I think so too."

They came to the first of the buildings. Eleanor paused. "I don't want to go over there with you, where they all are," she said. "I'll go right to my room. It's over this way."

Hubert stood there, looking at her. "Goodbye," she said. "Maybe I'll see you in Salt Lake, Hubert."

"Of course," Hubert said mechanically. She turned away and walked toward the lodge. "Eleanor!" he called. She stopped and looked back. "I'll—"

Hubert hesitated. "I'll see you in Salt Lake, then."

"Some day," Eleanor said. She went on.

Hubert walked toward the corral, where the riders were. He saw Mr. Van Orton and the tall dude he had seen in the bar, with the two girls he had seen there with him, standing near some saddled horses. He walked up to them. "Good morning, Mr. Van Orton," he said.

They looked at him.

"Well," he said, "we got back all right."

Mr. Van Orton looked puzzled. "Have you been away?" he asked.

"Yes. Eleanor and I. She's one of the waitresses. We went for a walk yesterday and got lost. Didn't you miss us?"

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Van Orton said. The others laughed.

"Anyway," Hubert said, "we got lost and had to stay out all night. I took charge of things and pulled us through all right. And now, Mr. Van Orton, I think I'll just take charge of things again. I rode the horse for Slim because he wanted me to, but that's all I'm going to do. I'm not going on any pack trip. I'm not afraid of the horse you picked out for me"—he glanced at the big dude—"because I can ride any horse you've got, with one hand tied behind me. I can ride any horse in Wyoming, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not going just because I don't want to."

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Hubert said.

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THE  
3-FLAVOR  
DOG FOOD  
FEED IN  
ROTATION



# White Dawn in Oregon

Continued from page 17

the Tonquin's deck a bloody butcher pen from stern to stern.

Below, in the canoes the Nootka women waited; probably the twelve who had special cause to remember Captain Ayres' clever trick were there. Above, in the Tonquin's rigging, five seamen, sent aloft just before the blow fell, looked down upon the shambles. The deck was a swirling, milling bedlam over which the war clubs tossed and waved.

They saw an Indian drive a knife into James Lewis, saw McKay felled with a war club and pitched overboard. Captain Thorn, horrible with blood, was fighting his way toward the cabin where there were muskets, but he did not reach that haven; a war club smashed in his head. Only one man escaped death—a Chehalis Indian taken on board at Gray Harbor as an interpreter. He rushed to the rail, shouted to a woman in one of the canoes that he surrendered himself her slave, jumped overboard and was pulled into the canoe by his new owner.

The five seamen aloft in the rigging had been thinking fast. There was one chance and one only. They came down the ratlines like monkeys and had nearly reached the deck before they were seen. One was killed; the others plunged into the steerage hatchway, passed below deck to the cabin and from that stronghold opened fire with muskets. In a few minutes the canoes were racing back toward the shore.

## Captain Ayres' Vengeance

But four men couldn't hold the Tonquin long or take her out against the headwind to the open sea. Early next morning the Indians, watching the ship, saw the four survivors lower a boat and pull away toward the ocean in a desperate attempt to reach Astoria, 300 miles down the coast. Canoes were sent in pursuit. Other canoes paddled out toward the Tonquin.

Silent and empty and helpless she lay, while men and women in scores and hundreds clambered over her bulwarks. Still a tiny sound in the very bowels of her was unheard; the almost inaudible hissing and spitting of a long, slim thing like a snake with a fiery head creeping onward through the darkness under the deck. Inching along through the darkness under that crowded deck, the bright head of it was now within a foot of the ship's magazine.

It didn't stop there. It was a slow train of gunpowder laid during the night by the four survivors of the Tonquin's crew and lighted just before they left the ship.

Five hundred men, women and probably children were massed on the Tonquin's deck and in the sea canoes against her sides. In an instant the air was full of the fragments of them, the water strewn with their burned and broken bodies. Two hundred were killed; how many were maimed and blinded for life no one knows. For days the sea cast up the ghastly remnants of what had once been human beings. For many nights the death fires blazed along the shore. For weeks the great cedar houses of the stricken Nootka folk were pitiful with wailing.

It all links up—all the drama and the pathos and triumph of this tale of the Four Horsemen which, you might say, is really the tale of Oregon itself. We haven't come to the Four Horsemen yet; but the clever Captain Ayres is part of their story, and from Captain Ayres and the trick he played on the twelve Indian hunters comes the thunderous tragedy of the Tonquin. The Tonquin, too, is

a link in the continuing chain. Looking back at this dramatic sequence, one has an impression of a sardonic fate seated, cloud-wrapped, on one of the Pacific peaks, pointing his finger now here, now there; and wherever the finger points a drama is enacted, a drama which is another link in the chain.

So now the finger points to Astoria, the little fort at the mouth of the Columbia River which the Tonquin had established before her fatal cruise northward to Nootka Sound. And the next link in the chain is a small glass bottle on a table in Duncan McDougall's office at Fort Astoria.

Astoria boasts today of being the oldest city west of the Rocky Mountains. Then it was only a few months old and death, sudden and violent, stared it in the face. Duncan McDougall, in command of the little log post, kept a stiff upper lip but was badly worried. More vehemently than ever he wished that he had made swifter progress with Comcomly's dreamy-eyed daughter.



"But how could we meet you at the station?  
You took the car with you this morning!"

Comcomly held Astoria in the hollow of his hand; and the hand was about to close. He was head chief of the Chinook tribe which controlled the lower Columbia region and he was so great a man that 300 slaves preceded him to spread his path with otter-skin rugs when he walked abroad. Among his daughters was one who seemed to Duncan McDougall the most alluring woman he had ever seen. Most of his life McDougall had lived in the woods; to him, as to many voyageurs, a slim daughter of the forest need be no less enchanting than a pale charmer of the cities. He was mad about this tawny princess who dwelt in barbaric affluence in her father's great cedar lodge, waited on by his slaves.

But McDougall hadn't won the girl yet; and now, he reflected grimly, he would never win her because it was unlikely that he would live another day.

For twenty-four hours McDougall had been painfully aware of what was brewing. Comcomly had said nothing, but one of his underlings had betrayed what was in the old chief's mind. Comcomly, until now a friend of the white men who for thirty years had been coming in their ships to the Oregon coast to trade for furs, had had enough of white

men at last. They had brought with them many evils—diseases never known among the Indians before and, worst of all, the smallpox which a few years previously had wrought such fearful havoc that the red men dreaded it more than God or devil.

And now, in the neighboring country of the Nootkas, had occurred this mystifying Tonquin disaster in which two hundred Indians who had dared to avenge their wrongs had been blown incomprehensively to fragments by the white man's evil magic.

## McDougall's Inspiration

Yes, it was time to kill the white monster that threatened to swallow them all—to kill it now when the killing would be easy. Comcomly rather regretted this necessity, for he was not a bloodthirsty man and he had conceived a strong liking for McDougall. But the mysterious Tonquin catastrophe, as sinister as the smallpox and more sudden,

ade gate was opened and Francis, another woodsman walked, across the clearing and into the forest. Presently they returned. The Comcomly to come that afternoon his warriors to hear a talk McDougall chief would make in the enclosure of the fort. Comcomly had accepted the invitation.

The afternoon came; and one moment that afternoon McDougall's heart stood still.

He was sitting alone, cross-legged on the ground in the center of the enclosure. Facing him sat Comcomly and these two the whole space of the stockade was packed with Chinook warriors. There was no doubt about their purpose. They had come with faces painted, wearing their warlets of hard elk hide and each with his great *pautumaugan* war bludgeon, half saber. For ten minutes of solemn silence McDougall had comcomly had smoked; and now McDougall knew, and the other white men from the log house knew, that the killing was nearly over and the moment that would bring them life was at hand.

McDougall sprang to his feet, flung his right hand above his head, and he held the small glass bottle that had taken from the table in his hand.

"Look!" he cried. "Look at this in my hand—this bottle. It is a little thing. But death is in it for you all. Even if you kill me, I will kill you with this bottle, as surely as I have killed the dead white men on the Tonquin. 200 of the Nootka tribe."

## Powerful Peacemaker

He stopped to let that sink in, his blazing, head thrown back, his square broad shoulders, the hand in which he held the corked bottle quivering with what might be pent-up rage, he was a magnificent figure.

"Listen!" he shouted. "You know how it is with your people by the hundreds, how they could not escape from me no matter where they hid. I am the smallpox chief! I have it here shut in this bottle. All I need do is open it and send the smallpox out among you and you are dead. That I will do I swear that you will live at peace with me now and forever."

A half-hour later Duncan McDougall was in the little room that he used as an office, filled a tall tumbler with the best rum that he could find and added a dash of it to the dregs. And still later, on a sunny July day of the year 1811, he married his tawny princess and became a happy son-in-law of Chief Comcomly.

First Captain Ayres, then McDougall, then Duncan McDougall, each is a link in the chain. Now we come to the Four Horsemen, the most important link of all.

The four were warriors of the Percé nation, which inhabited mountain-walled valleys of Idaho. Some lone trapper, coming through their forests, told them one of the white man's God and the white man's heaven and a wonderful story would show them the trail to the white man's land. They began to think about the white man's land.

They were a strange people, the Percés. Physically and mentally the best of their race, through the story a vein of mysticism and yearning runs. There was something

had decided him. He had 800 warriors ready. When he gave the word, the handful of white men in Fort Astoria wouldn't last half an hour.

Haggard and drawn, yet a gay figure in his fantastic voyageur costume, McDougall turned slowly away from his window. On a homemade table against the wall stood a row of glass bottles of various shapes and sizes—the fort's supply of medicines. McDougall had seen them there a hundred times. Yet, as his eyes fell on them now, his head jerked suddenly upward.

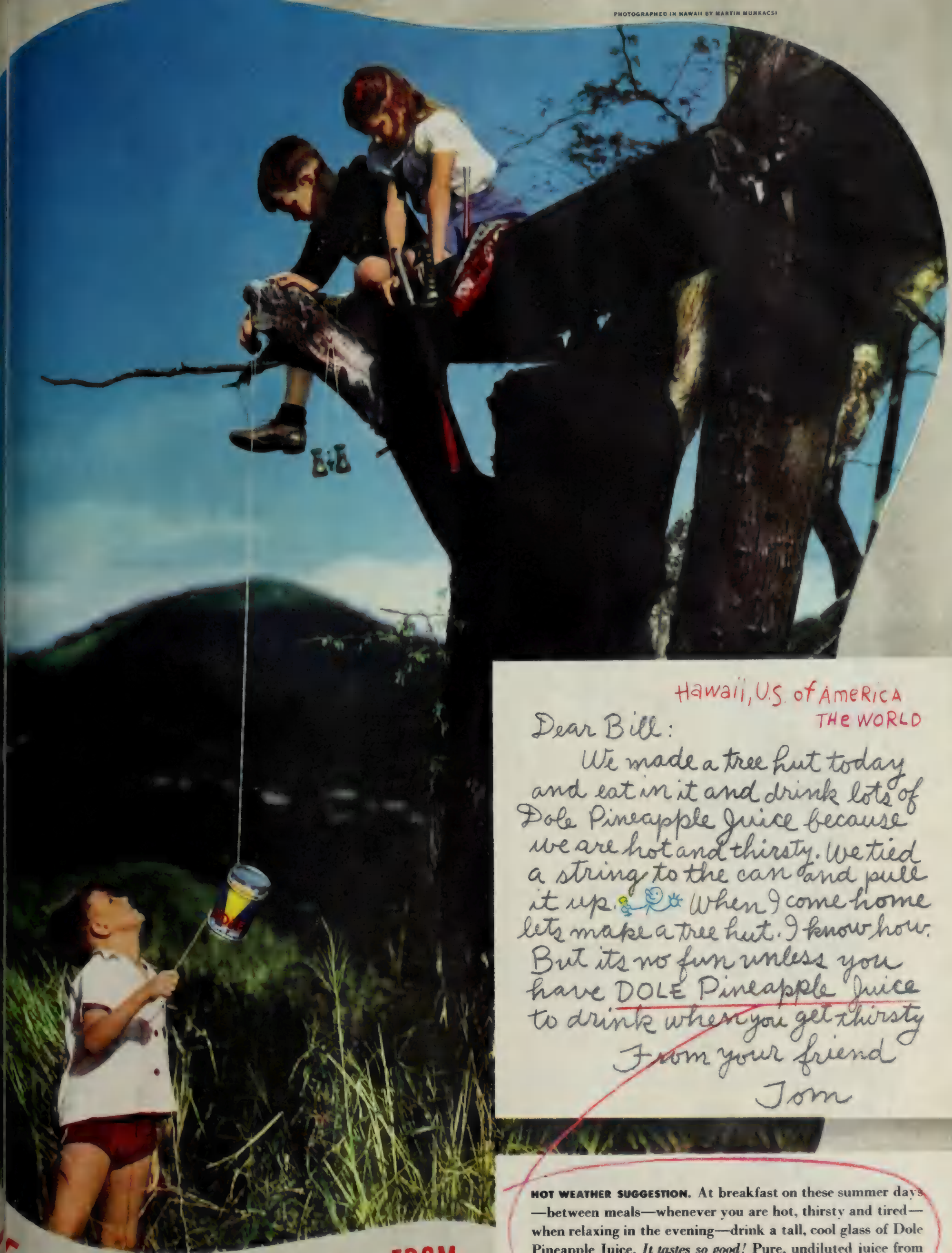
Crossing the room with quick steps, he picked up one of the smallest bottles, drew the cork, poured the colorless liquid on the floor and put the cork back in place. Then, with the empty bottle in his hands, he ran to the door.

"Stuart! . . . Franchere!" . . . he called excitedly.

When he told them his plan, they thought him crazy. It would be madness, they all said, to let the Indians into the stockade. McDougall admitted this cheerfully and pointed out what every man of them already knew—that if the attack came, they couldn't keep the Indians out. Would they try his plan?

He had his way in the end. The stock-





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Dole Pineapple Juice because  
we are hot and thirsty. We tied  
a string to the can and pull  
it up. When I come home  
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have DOLE Pineapple Juice  
to drink when you get thirsty

From your friend  
Tom

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them, it seems, forever groping toward the light—some vague discontent with their own gods that made them eager to know more of the God in whom the white man believed. The thought of "the Book" possessed them. The trapper had told them of St. Louis on the distant Missouri, the great village where six thousand white men lived. It would be a journey such as none of them had ever attempted or dreamed of, a journey dark with peril. But at St. Louis surely the Book could be found.

So they chose four of their number to go to St. Louis and bring back the Book; and these are the Four Horsemen of this narration, surely the strangest horsemen that ever rode in the West.

They reached St. Louis after many adventures. But they found there no book that they could take back with them—there was no translation of the Bible in the Indian tongue. General Clark, in charge of Indian affairs, received them kindly but could not, or did not, help them; and sadly, in a speech of remarkable eloquence and pathos, their spokesman told Clark that they must now return and report the failure of their quest. Before they could start, two of the four fell ill and died, while a third perished on the homeward journey. Only one lived to return to his people in the far-off Oregon mountains and tell them that the Book could not be found.

### Oregon's First Martyr

Yet, unknown to them or to anyone, Fate had been riding with them—the destiny of Oregon and all the Great Northwest. From St. Louis word of their extraordinary mission found its way to the cities of the East and the heart of Christian America was touched. For the first time the American Christian churches looked toward the almost unknown region beyond the Rockies. Soon the first missionaries were on their way across the plains, and, following them, the great American emigration to Oregon began. But for the journey of those four Indian horsemen, Oregon would have remained years longer a wild, unsettled region claimed by both America and England; and but for the American influx which they started, most of our Pacific slope today might be under the British flag.

But the chain? The chain of tragic incident and resultant drama which began with Captain Ayres and his cruel trick and led on through the massacre of the Tonquin and her awful vengeance and through Duncan McDougall and his smallpox bottle? What have the Four Horsemen to do with the chain?

Greatest of all the missionaries who answered the call of the Nez Percés for

light was Marcus Whitman. He is honored and cherished in the West today and many believe that he guided the first great wagon train of 900 emigrants across the Rockies more than any other white man in Oregon for the Union. Be that as it may, he labored nobly for years as a missionary among the Indians—Nez Percés, as it happened, neighboring Cayuse country and the Columbia.

Then one day disease appeared among the Cayuse tribe. Whether it was a virulent form of measles or a fearful swift death with fearful swiftness. While his helpers did what they could, in most cases their efforts were in vain. Having but slight resistance to the germs brought into the country by the white settlers, the Indians died in tens and scores.

Fate, sitting cloud-wrapped on the Oregon peak, smiles grimly at the germs again. It points to the death of Tilokait, the Cayuse chief.

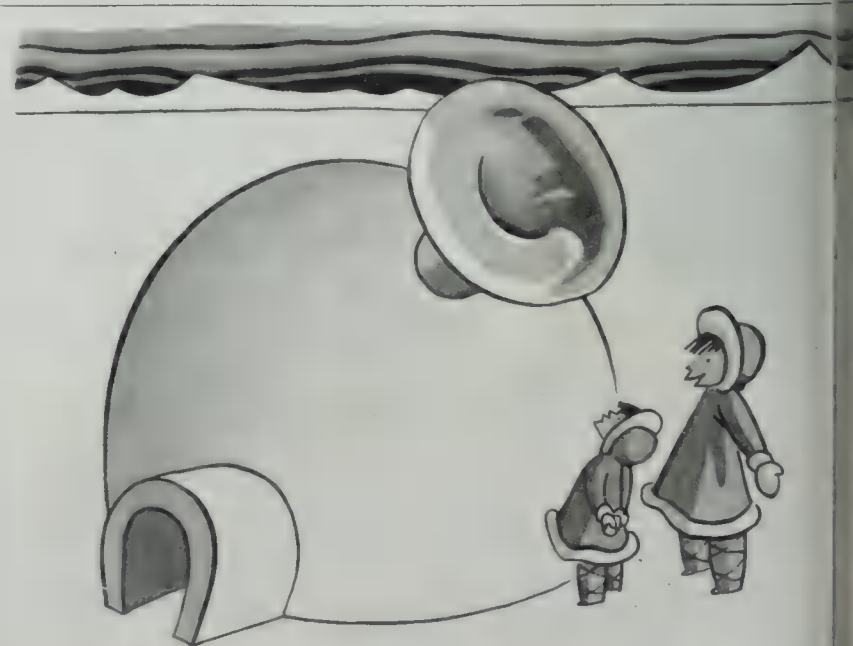
All round him Tilokait saw death. He saw them struck down by the disease, seemed an invisible poison, dying so fast that in many places the dead lay side by side with the living.

Whitman, Tilokait was persuaded, had done what he had threatened—he had uncovered the disease bottle. Pretending to help with his medicine, he was poisoning the air that the red men breathed, killing them—men, women and children—so that the white man he had brought with him from the East might possess the Indians' land.

Tilokait secretly gathered his warriors, those that were left. He wanted to save his stricken people. They looked to him and he failed them. He must strike before the disease bottle could be uncovered.

The white men hanged Tilokait. Four of his principal warriors were killed on June 3, 1850, for the murder of Marcus Whitman, his wife and others at the Whitman Mission. The Cayuse made war on the white men, drove them from their lands. They had virtually destroyed the Cayuse with rum and disease, the people of the Cayuse. Comcomly, who had let McDougall kill him when he could have killed the white men at a blow. Before the war took also the lands of the Nez Percés who had sent the Four Horsemen on their long journey to find the Book and bring the Book to Oregon.

So the chain ended—the chain of drama was over. The red man was killed and the white man possessed the land. Fate, on his mountain, looked down at his hands and grinned.



"Now you can practice your tuba in the house and we won't hear it!"



## The Irish Can't Believe It

Continued from page 11

the thought of invasion the  
does not. In many ways the ter-  
reland will be an ally if the  
comes. There are only two real  
Ireland. It is true that the  
feath and Kildare and of Tip-  
ould provide ideal landing  
enemy planes, but it is equally  
these meadows and moors are  
surrounded by high hills.  
e coast is rocky, but there are  
ide benches not unlike the  
h which the parachutists and  
ying planes landed in Hol-  
re is Portmarnock, near Dub-  
gleams whitely with what looks  
hard sand. Kingsford-Smith  
off from here on a flight to  
So did Jim Mollison. But  
authorities who, incidentally,  
quoted by name, say that the  
ft in spots and that even the  
Reed's Nautical Almanac can-  
how high the unpredictable  
come and how much sand will  
any given date. Incidentally,  
is have been taken to protect  
land's beaches.

has a few potential naval  
worth the attention of any  
Any belligerent country would  
ld Cobh and Berehaven on the  
est; Lough Swilly on the north-  
out and Killybegs, which is  
y. Also Bantry Bay in Cork  
laoghaire in County Dublin.  
ld give her a Gibraltar to keep  
ed England in order.

't until the third week in July  
ports were mined against in-  
hen Sean Lemass, minister of  
speaking for the government,  
the coast was being mined and  
government was gravely con-  
out the possibility of invasion.  
ly yawned.

### Compact Army Units

except military authorities,  
t tell, know just how large the  
ay is. A month ago it was  
20,000 men. Today, augmented  
al defense force, it probably  
80,000 men, but the latter are  
ed soldiers. Under the com-  
Major General McKenna, it is  
d to fight the kind of defensive  
may develop. Colonel Cos-  
Major General Hugo McNeill,  
ned his soldiering at the mili-  
pool at Fort Leavenworth, have  
d the army into brigades, not  
A brigade—perhaps a thou-  
n—will have everything that a  
has except man strength. It  
light artillery, heavy artillery  
here is of it—tanks—what there  
em—and, of course, infantry. It  
compact, fast-moving unit which  
ell the terrain where it is sta-

brigades are strategically  
ach one being responsible for a  
amount of territory. If any bel-  
forces land, the brigades will  
ally be on the spot within a  
rt space of time. The important  
ave been mined and there is no  
at the Irish army will put up a  
and wholehearted defense.  
y come by air, using planes as  
attacking unit, the brigades  
t be quite so effective. But  
strategists still insist that no  
n win a war from the air. They  
rmany conquer France through  
es, which were undoubtedly the  
g factor, but they still don't be-  
Military experts still insist that  
e won by infantry, ignoring the

evidence that might be given by Po-  
land, Norway, Holland, Belgium and  
France.

Once a group of bombers and dive  
bombers thoroughly strafe a section of  
country there is little opposition left.  
Then the parachutists by the hundred  
can descend in peace and quiet. This  
is not a military theory out of an anti-  
quated army textbook, this is something  
I have seen happen myself. This is war-  
fare of 1940.

If Germany decides to invade Ireland,  
she will probably do it by air. First her  
attacking planes would clear the ground;  
then a thousand parachutists would  
land; then the troop planes, each carry-  
ing forty men, would come down. Within  
an hour Germany could land three thou-  
sand well-equipped soldiers on any Irish  
airport. She will drop baby tanks from  
planes as the Russians did when they  
went into Rumania not long ago.

### Locale of Hostilities and Defense

There are six small counties in the  
northeast of Ireland. This is the part  
of Ireland that still serves and belongs  
to England. There are English troops  
in Ulster. If the Germans strike and the  
Irish fight back, which, of course, they  
will, these English troops will auto-  
matically become allies of Eire. Ire-  
land, without losing face and without  
taking one step backward from her an-  
nounced policy of neutrality, will then  
allow England to come in to help repel  
the invaders. These are good soldiers,  
many of them veterans of Dunkerque.  
They are well-equipped with light tanks  
and armored trucks which could bring  
them along Ireland's fine roads to Dub-  
lin within two hours. They have planes  
there to protect the roads against the  
dive bombers and there are other planes  
waiting at Liverpool, only eighteen  
minutes away by air from Dublin. If  
Dev, as all of Ireland calls the unassum-  
ing, troubled prime minister, in the  
name of the people gives them the word,  
they won't linger. And it is possible that  
one of the major engagements of the war  
will then be fought on Irish soil.

The man in the pub doesn't see the  
picture that way at all. Neither does  
the man at the races or the squire get-  
ting ready for the next horse show. The  
1940 war is very far away to him.  
Rather would he talk of the time in 1014  
when the Dalcassians of County Clare  
drove the Danes out of Ireland. Rather  
would he talk of Michael Collins and of  
how back in 1920 when there was a price  
of 40,000 pounds on his head he would  
walk gaily along O'Connell Street every  
day, rubbing elbows with the Black and  
Tans.

These things are real to him.

To understand the Irish one must  
study them at long range. You cannot  
get to know them by living with them.  
You will get to know that they are lov-  
able and honest and gay and very brave,  
but this is not understanding. They  
profess no love for the English but the  
huge, gilded statue of Queen Victoria,  
which is in front of Parliament, is still  
one of the show sights of Dublin. Eire  
is almost wholly Catholic, but today  
Douglas Hyde, the president of Ireland,  
is a Protestant. Ireland is intensely  
democratic but is very proud of its fine  
Royal Hibernian Hotel in Dublin. Ire-  
land says, "We want nothing to do with  
England," and yet 95 per cent of her ex-  
ports go to England. Ask an Irishman as  
I did to explain these paradoxes and  
he'll shake his head and smile. "Don't  
try to understand us," he'll say. "Hell,  
we don't even understand ourselves."



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breath offenders

Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"  
**KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT**

**P**lates and bridges soak up  
odors and impurities like a  
sponge! A hard, dark film collects on  
them. This film holds germs and de-  
cay bacteria. It is so tough that ordi-  
nary brushing seldom removes it.  
And it gets into every tiny crevice  
where brushing can't even reach.

Almost always the result is "den-  
ture breath"—one of the most offen-  
sive of all breath odors. You won't  
know if you have it—but others will.

Yet there's a perfect way to clean  
and purify false teeth without  
brushing, acid or danger. It is Poli-

dent, a powder that dissolves away  
all film, stains, tarnish and odor.  
Makes breath sweeter—and plates  
or bridges look better and feel better.

### GRATEFUL USERS PRAISE IT

Tens of thousands call Polident a  
blessing for convenience and hy-  
giene. Long-lasting can costs only  
30¢ at any drug store, and *your  
money back if not delighted*. Ap-  
proved by Good Housekeeping  
Bureau and thousands of leading  
dentists everywhere. Hudson Prod-  
ucts Inc., New York, N. Y.

### Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a  
glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for  
10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

# POLIDENT



## Independence

**T**O DIG down in your purse and pull  
out a roll of bills—that's Independ-  
ence! And that's what just about  
every woman of today wants. Money for  
trips, and the movies, and pretty clothes.  
Money to spend that doesn't have to come  
out of your budget. Just—pin money!

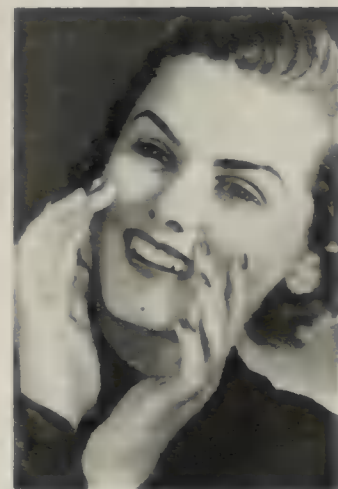
"The Club has helped me to keep my  
independence," writes a California mem-  
ber. "As I pocket each dollar I earn in the  
Club a new light enters my eyes—shoulders  
straighten and I could hug the world. It's  
a wonderful feeling and I hope the Club  
will always be there to help someone who  
needs it."

A New York member also wrote this  
pleasant letter:

"I never dreamed I could make so much  
money. Each day since I joined the Club  
I am happier. In such a little while I  
earned \$13.70 and it helped so much."

### "A Boon to Mothers"

"When mother's job reaches out beyond  
her home to keep pace with education for  
her children then what a boon to her is the  
P. M. C. She can be her own timekeeper.  
She sets her goal according to her require-  
ments. With taxes and life insurance both  
due you can imagine how little there would



be for extras without the Club's aid,"  
writes a Utah Club member.

**Y**OUR place is here in the Pin Money  
Club, and you'll enjoy claiming mem-  
bership—also pocketing the extra dollars  
that will be yours for giving just a portion  
of your spare time to our pleasant and  
easy work.

Send for our free booklet, "An Adven-  
ture in Dollars and Cents." Don't delay.  
Write a letter or send a card today to

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary, Pin Money Club  
Collier's, The National Weekly  
Department 116  
250 Park Avenue New York City



## The Girl Talks

Continued from page 13

"Exactly. And the fingerman may very well be Sammin," I declared. "He's a well-known frequenter of night clubs and cafés. He's been suspected more than once of receiving stolen jewelry, and it's a short step from that to an alliance with those who steal it."

"You're good."

"You think I'm right, don't you?"

"No; I think you ain't."

Next day I read that Sammin was being held by the police for questioning. The newspapers did not accuse him or Mrs. Jernel of having engineered the murder, but the implication was plain.

"Well, O'Malley," I said when I met him again, "what have you found?"

He appeared discouraged. "Not a thing," he admitted. "It looks like we can't find who those stick-up guys are unless I can trace the taxicab, and I can't trace the cab. Jernel and Mrs. Jernel was both well known in night clubs and nobody took particular notice when they was in one. Sammin the same. Them night cafés are this way: A guy at one table is a millionaire and at the next table there is a mobster and the mobster's money is just as good. Or a guy with a lady gets talking to some stranger at the bar and takes him back to his table with him, and the guy's a jewel thief. Too many things can happen in them places, and I keep coming out the same hole where I went in."

HE HAD a map on which he had marked the location of the different holdups and the direction in which the taxicab had gone in escaping.

"We got witnesses that seen the cab after several of these stick-ups," he explained. "Whatever way the cab escaped to, it probably turned west. I figure that means the mob has a hideaway on the West Side. When it gets where it's going, the cab license gets changed; then we don't recognize it. We got other witnesses that seen these stick-ups. If they pick out some guy from a picture we show 'em, it turns out he can't be one of 'em; and if we show 'em pictures of crooks with a gold tooth they say he ain't the right one."

"Your trouble," I insisted, "is that you refuse to recognize that the fingering was done by Sammin."

I didn't see O'Malley for several days. Then I met him hurrying to headquarters. He appeared excited.

"You've got something?" I asked.

"I got a line on a guy that might be one of 'em. I phoned Miss Rynd. She's coming to look at his picture."

We met Miss Rynd. I waited with her in a small room at headquarters until O'Malley brought in several photographs. She looked at them but didn't recognize any of them.

"No soap," O'Malley said, disappointed. "Well, I got to make out my report."

He sat down and wrote out his report, didn't like it, crumpled it up and threw it in the wastebasket. The girl and I watched him while he rewrote it. We left her there while I went with him to turn in the report, and we didn't go back to her, but went to the detectives' room. We didn't do anything; we just sat and talked. I thought I'd leave; then I thought I wouldn't. We'd been there, doing nothing, for a couple of hours. Then a cop came in.

"You're wanted—quick," he told O'Malley.

We ran out and got in a police car. A couple of plain-clothes cops were already in it. We drove north on the

West Side and O'Malley went into a drugstore and telephoned headquarters, and we drove some more. We stopped several times while he telephoned. Then we came to a fine apartment building where an owner-driven cab was standing, but it didn't have the right license number. We passed by and parked around the corner, and police cars were arriving and parking near us, and a plain-clothes cop came out of a building on the corner.

"What apartment?" O'Malley asked him.

"We don't know that."

"You got the phone number?"

"We might have."

"Well, phone it, then."

We went into the building where the cab was parked, and plain-clothes cops came in at intervals, one or two at a time, and stood in the halls with their guns in their hands, and they brought the building superintendent. In one of the apartments a phone rang and cops gathered outside in the hallway and they made the superintendent knock on the

at the station house, "is to confront these fellows with Sammin."

"Why him? He didn't have nothing to do with it."

"Nor Mrs. Jernel?" I asked.

"No, nor her. But we got a lady coming here."

THEN a couple of cops brought in Miss Rynd, and a tall man was with her, who turned out to be her father. So many cops were around the place it looked like a roll call, and questioning was going on in several rooms. I got hold of O'Malley.

"We're getting it," he said. "She's talking and it works out this way: Miss Rynd's a swell-looking kid and men liked to go out with her, and she got to going to cafés and night clubs with 'em a lot. A few months ago, in one of them night clubs, somebody introduced her to Arenton. He's a handsome guy and she began going around with him. She didn't know nothing about what his business was. He told her he was a bond salesman. Of course she was going with

About then Jernel called her split with his wife and was and he remembered Miss Rynd and her went around together girl got in love with him. So told her, if she didn't quit go Jernel, he'd knock her off."

"But he didn't," I said.

"No; he killed Jernel. That makes it look like Arenton was with the girl. Miss Rynd had that night club to him some time and he knew, when him and went in there, that Jernel and there. He knocked off Jernel to be a lesson to her."

"Did you suspect her?" I asked.

"Why, finally. Of course, right start cops checked up on her been in the places that got her always with reputable guys, and a student and we had nothing. When I couldn't find nobody come to me to find out who she was in places that hadn't been. So I took a picture of her around some places they recognized she'd been with Arenton."

"We couldn't find out nothing him; it turns out he come here Coast and has no New York record could look for the guy and maybe body that had been held up would nize him—maybe not; the holdup that might have been him had tooth and Arenton didn't have it if you can't find out nothing about guy that itself is suspicious. We wouldn't get anything out of him by questioning her."

"SO WHAT?"

"You seen it. I got her to look at pictures and in front of her I wrote a phony report and chucked it in the wastebasket. I said in the report her pegged as boss of the mob, picked out the places and engineered holdups. I and you left her alone and went and turned in my report because I knew she would grab it. I had wrote out of the wastebasket she was guilty, I figured she would get in touch with some of them to tell 'em the trouble she was in and had to do something. She did. Cops followed her. Arenton had the hotel and they hadn't never seen where the mob hide-out was. I knew where to find the taxi driver. I went to a stand and took a picture of a driven cab and the cab took her home."

"It wasn't the right license," I objected.

"What of it? These guys took stolen licenses and cut 'em up and had the pieces welded together. Cops followed the cab after it left the house. First the driver stopped at a cigar store and phoned, and I watched through the phone booth what numbers he dialed and wrote 'em down. Then the cab went to the hotel. On the way, cops that were following it kept phoning headquarters. We could follow it too, and when there a cop called the number in the cigar store, so the phone would tell us what apartment it was. What will they do to the girl?" I asked anxiously.

"You worrying? She'll have evidence against these guys, and I idea they'll let her pa take her home."

"It was swell police work," I declared.

"It won't get me nothing. I'm funny about Miss Rynd. She wants to study drama. Do you figure she think now she's had enough of



"And the fingers are anti-aircraft guns"

door and say who he was, but the door didn't open.

"We got to do it the hard way," O'Malley announced. "They're onto us."

There wasn't much shooting. The cops fired a few times and somebody inside fired a few shots and nobody was hit. Then the door opened. Four men were inside. One was a taxi driver; the three others were young and good-looking, the kind of men that you might meet anywhere.

"Where's the man who shot Jernel, O'Malley?" I demanded. "None of these fellows has a gold tooth."

"We'll find him."

We were putting them in a car to take them to the station house when O'Malley turned back suddenly.

"Wait a minute," he said. "One of these guys dropped something."

He picked up something out of the gutter. It was a thin gold shell shaped like a tooth. O'Malley slipped it onto one of his teeth and grinned at me. The taxi driver was named Gennie, and two others were named Veroni and Sabbatio, and the man who had dropped the fake tooth was named Arenton.

"The next thing," I said to O'Malley

other fellows too. After she'd been out in the evening with some guy, Arenton would get her to describe to him some place where they'd been. He'd make a little picture of it and mark all the doors. He made it seem like kind of a game they was playing just for fun, and at first Miss Rynd didn't guess different. She didn't notice, after she'd described one of them places to him, it got held up."

"She was 'casing' the places for him!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. But she didn't know it. I guess she liked Arenton pretty well. Then she begin to suspect something, and she decided to break with him."

"If she could," I remarked.

"You said something! Once you get in with one of them mobs you can't get out. Arenton come out in the open with her. It looks like, while he was using the girl, he'd got in love with her. He told her she was in on them holdups as much as him. If she told anybody or went to the police, he couldn't keep some of his mob from knocking her off. She was afraid of him, and of his mob, and afraid she'd get killed."

"She was in a spot."

"Yeah, and she got in a worse one."





**"But surely a tire isn't  
any better, Mr. Goodrich,  
just because it's  
advertised?"**

*MRS. EDWARD WHITE of New Haven, Conn., asks this question of MR. DAVID GOODRICH, Chairman of The B. F. Goodrich Company, because, like many consumers all over the country she is interested in advertising, and eager for facts instead of hearsay. The following interview took place in the Goodrich Building at the World's Fair, in front of the tire-testing "guillotine."*

**Goodrich:** "Let's get at that question this Mrs. White; do you remember how many tires are in your town?"

**White:** "Why, let me see . . . two or three. But . . ."

**Goodrich:** "Well, let's pretend you own one hotel and let's say things are going along nicely, and only one of your competitors completely redecorates his hotel. Redecorates it from lobby to lobby, comfortable new beds and furnishings, hot and cold minute baths. Tells everybody about it. Gets the crowds. Now what do you do?"

**White:** "I certainly wouldn't be redecorating. I'd go him one better."

**Goodrich:** "Yes, and pretty soon the third hotel would have to spruce up, too. So the whole town would be raised, wouldn't it, Mrs. White? Most of every hotel in town would get more money. Now, that's my point exactly. Competition makes products better. And it doesn't make any difference whether you're in the hotel business or the bread business or the tire business

. . . you've got the same rivalry, the same healthy determination to go the other fellow one better in quality and value."

**Mrs. White:** "But just where does advertising come in?"

**Mr. Goodrich:** "Why, advertising is the main-spring of it all. When we advertise, we turn the spotlight on Goodrich tires . . . we invite comparison with other brands. And two things happen. The first is that we work like nailers to have constant improvement to report. The second is that when we do announce the results of our research we stimulate the entire industry. Advertising, you see, makes competition keener—and progress swifter."

**Mrs. White:** "Can you give me a specific example?"

**Mr. Goodrich:** "Well, years ago, when automobile tires were made of solid rubber, Goodrich developed the pneumatic tire. And we advertised it. You can imagine what news that was . . . and how quickly all tires became pneumatic. Same thing when we advertised the first cord tire, and later

the first real non-skid tread. Recently, our Golden Ply and Life Saver Tread started something, too."

**Mrs. White:** "So, in that sense, advertising really does make tires better . . ."

**Mr. Goodrich:** "To say nothing of its power to save human lives. When we . . . or any other tire company . . . develop a safer tire, isn't it vital for the whole nation to know about it at once? And isn't it a good thing if tire advertising can make people think about skids and blow-outs . . . and get them to replace their worn-out, unsafe tires? I think it is. If advertising can prevent one accident, save one life in this age of speed, it is performing an invaluable public service."

To give you the truth about advertising and its influence on the welfare and prosperity of the American people, we have gone to those who are in the best position to know the facts. Interviews with these business leaders, about advertising's social and economic benefits to you, are appearing in Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine — published by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company.



## CLOWN SAYS, "Fingernail Test no joke!"



IT'S S'POSED TO BE FUNNY when a girl jilts a clown for a lion tamer. But my pal the Strong Man don't laugh. "It ain't love," he claims, "it's that loose dandruff!" I tried the Fingernail Test. My scalp was gummy as circus mud!



HE HANDS ME A BOTTLE of Wildroot-with-Oil. "The old Wildroot formula," he says, "that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure vegetable oil that grooms hair without greasing the scalp. Try it. It feels swell!"



WHAT DO YOU KNOW! This Wildroot-with-Oil is the goods! Its safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms. Keeps my hair neatly dressed, and so clean Estelle can run her fingers through it an-y time she wants to!



IMPORTANT — Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also on sale everywhere! Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont., Canada.

road." He began a zigzag trot, with his hands held out before him to steer an imaginary bicycle.

Vespers chimes had begun, a soft, deep sound that spread across the shallow valley. Uncle Rob followed the boy in silence, listening to the nostalgic sound that brought unrest instead of peace to his heart. The last chime was struck and there was an aftertoll, a hesitant overtone of sound that died unfinished into silence. Uncle Rob cocked his head on one side.

"Somebody's going to die," he said. "Yes, sir, Shad, when you hear the aftertoll of a church bell you know somebody's going to get out of his back yard for good and all."

He nodded his head thoughtfully and his brittle fingers tightened on the handle of the shovel as he walked more briskly toward the town. They passed a few scattered cottages and then turned onto a dirt road that led to the first paved street of the town. The Wilkins house faced on the paved street and sided on the dirt road. The back yard was enclosed by a high picket fence, and behind the barn was a large lot in which the two milch cows were kept.

As they turned through a gate in the picket fence Shad saw Mr. Wilkins standing on the back porch, and instinctively he slipped behind Uncle Rob. Mr. Wilkins came down the steps, calling, "Rob, I've been looking for you."

He was a terrifying figure to Shad, a man with a large torso and short legs, with a bristly black mustache through which his voice rumbled like a strong wind in a thicket. He hardly ever noticed Shad. Now he stared at the shovel. "Been digging again Rob? That's a fool waste of time. But I suppose if you want to do it . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, and his voice crisped. "Look here, Rob, we went for a drive and had a flat. I want to have it fixed when you get the time."

Uncle Rob nodded and started toward the barn, with the shovel slanting over his shoulder. Mr. Wilkins turned back into the house, and Shad waited a few moments before he followed him up the steps and went into the kitchen, where his mother was cooking dinner.

"You, Shadrach!" Ina said sharply. "What's dat on yo' overalls?"

Shad looked down at his knees. "Dirt, Maw. I went diggin' wif Uncle Rob, Maw."

Ina's ample body came to rest. She gazed out the window toward the barn. "Po' ole man, I hope he fine dat gol' some day. I sho do." She turned to the stove and said over her shoulder, "Year foller year he been diggin'. I remember when he come here an' it wa'n't no time befo' he out yonder wif his shovel."

"MAW," Shad said. "Ain't Uncle Rob allus been here?"

"No, sonny," Ina smiled. "He come here befo' you's born. I spec about fifteen year. He Miz Wilkums' uncle and a long time ago when she jus' a lil girl back in Tennesee Uncle Rob done save her life." She straightened up and looked at Shad. "You know how come? Dey was a shotgun lean up agin de wall on de front porch an' Miz Wilkums she drap a pencil down de mouf er dat gun an' she try to git him out. Uncle Rob see what she do an' he snatch dat gun away an' off she go—boom—an' blow his lef' arm off. Dat's how come he jus' got him one arm, Shadrach."

"Naw," Shad said.

"Dat's de truf. An' Miz Wilkums she allus feel beholden, so when she got married to Mr. Wilkums she brung

## The Devil Beats His Wife

Continued from page 23

Uncle Rob down here. I remember de time when he come. He sho did feel hisself po' relation. He didn't want to be a burden to nobody and when he got hisself settled in his lil room up in de attic he done tole me he keep it clean hisself, an' dat's what he done. I ain't never been up in his room, an' I don't b'lieve anybody else been in it but Uncle Rob hisself."

"I been in it," Shad said.

"You is?" Ina frowned. "Shadrach, you got no business in de house. You got no business past de kitchen."

"Uncle Rob done tuk me up," Shad said. "He show me his guns. He got a big fo'ty-five an' a shotgun, Maw, an' he got a sword wif a lot of goldy braid on him."

"Has he now?" Ina said. "Was he in de wah?"

"I reckon he was," Shad nodded decisively. "I reckon he was a gen'l."

"Well, he ain't never been but a privut 'roun' here," Ina said. "It's allus, take a look at de furnace, Rob, er fix up de sewin' machine, Rob, er ain't de cows been milked yet, Rob? But I guess he jus' ast fo' it."

"What he ast fo', Maw?"

"Well, Shad, he start right out to make hisself useful. He didn't do nuffin' but wuk, and now he jus' de same as a hired man."

Uncle Rob had always taken his meals with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, but he usually sat silent, never speaking unless he was spoken to. But after he had vulcanized a patch on the inner tube and pumped up the tire with the hand pump, after he had milked the cows and placed the pails of milk on the back porch for Ina to skim, he went in to dinner and almost immediately opened a conversation.

"Thomas," he said. "I heard the after-

toll of the church bell this evn'g means somebody is going to die."

"Superstitions!" Mr. Wilkins said. Ina lingered as she served the tress. Mrs. Wilkins was a poor woman, with a sad face and no wish to be more obtrusive home than a magnolia blossom tree outside. Only on rare occasions she interpose a word counter to the band.

Tonight she said, "Uncle Rob, you feel well?"

"JUST low in spirit," Uncle Rob said. "I feel low in spirit, Bey," he looked at her so eagerly that she turned her eyes aside. "I've been thinking that I'd like to take a trip back to Tennessee. I got some kinfolks I like to see once more. I want to see old farmstead before that beln' man for me."

"Back to Tennessee?" Mr. Wilkins said. "Rob, what's this?"

"Just for a visit," Uncle Rob explained. "Maybe a week."

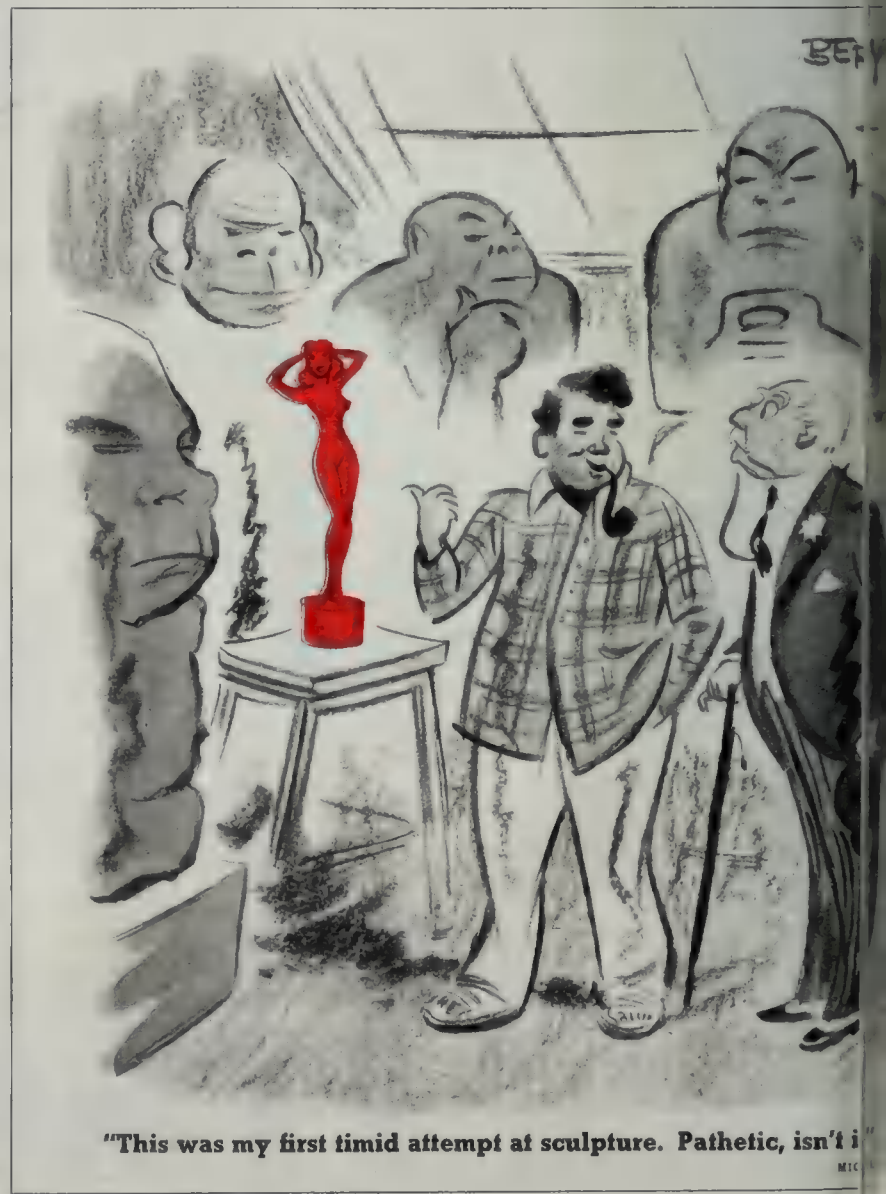
"I think it would do Uncle Rob good," Mrs. Wilkins said, in a tone of approval.

"So," her husband said. "Well . . . we'll see about it, Fanny. I'll talk it over some other time."

For three days Uncle Rob had been digging. When he was not digging around the house he sat in his rocking chair on the back porch, looking at the piece of patchwork quilt. On the day he left the house in the morning while Shad was taking a nap, he was bitterly disappointed to find that Mrs. Wilkins had awakened and Ina told him that Uncle Rob had gone off without him.

"Next time maybe he take you," Ina said.

But Shad had a feeling that



"This was my first timid attempt at sculpture. Pathetic, isn't it?"



ing with Uncle Rob again.  
oo good to be true, and  
ure that he would never  
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Uncle Rob, is you crazy?"  
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said. "It makes me happy  
him."

dugum up," Shad shouted.  
p, Maw. Here de hammer,  
You gwan open her up?"  
up and down. "Come on,  
you open her up."

boards of the crate came  
wonderful cracking sound  
w slender spokes, painted  
Uncle Rob lifted the bicycle  
te. "Well, Shad, there she  
you ride her."

b, you is plain crazy," Ina  
grin as ecstatic as Shad's.  
you ride a bike?" Uncle

uddenly frozen. Slowly he  
ad.

"It's easy," Uncle Bob said. "Now  
don't be scared. Come get on her, Shad.  
Put your hand up there. That's right.  
Take hold of the handle bar and put your  
foot on the pedal. That's it. Now swing  
aboard her."

Shad found himself on the seat of the  
bicycle, and he seemed to be a mile  
above the grass. His hands were numb  
on the handle bars and his legs felt as  
if they had no strength to push the  
pedals.

"Here we go," Uncle Rob said, and he  
gave the bicycle a push.

SHAD yelled. The handle bars wobbled  
and shook, and then the grass came  
up to meet him and he fell on his side  
and saw the red wheels spinning.

"There," said Uncle Rob. "It didn't  
hurt, did it?"

"Naw," Shad cried, jumping to his  
feet. "She didn't hurt. Let's try her  
agin, Uncle Rob."

Shad tried it again, and again. On  
the third attempt he got the pedals  
working and kept in balance for twenty  
feet. The next time he was going fine  
until he jammed on the brakes by mis-  
take and took a header over the handle  
bars. By dusk he had the confidence to  
take the bicycle out to the street. He  
pedaled along the dirt road with a tre-  
mendous sense of achievement and was  
considering with some uneasiness the  
imminent problem of turning onto the  
paved street when a terrible voice called  
his name. He fell off into the dirt.

"Boy," the voice said, "where did you  
get that wheel?"

Shad slowly raised his eyes and saw  
Mr. Wilkins standing on the front porch.  
His deep, whistling voice said, "Come  
here, boy."

Shad picked up the bicycle and  
wheeled it across the lawn to the porch.  
He stared at the blunt toes of Mr. Wil-  
kins' shoes; he could not raise his eyes  
to the judgment-day face of the man.

"Did you steal that wheel, boy?"

"Nossuh, Mr. Wilkums, I didn't steal  
him." Shad swallowed, and explained  
to the blunt-toed shoes, "Uncle Rob  
givum to me."

"Uncle Rob!" The words rumbled.

"He dugum up," Shad explained.

"What did you say?" The shoes came  
down the steps and Mr. Wilkins caught  
Shad's arm. "Did you say he dug it up?"

Shad nodded. There was a moment  
of silence.

"Listen," Mr. Wilkins said in a lower  
tone, "you went up there with Uncle  
Rob, didn't you? Did you ever find any-  
thing when you were up there digging?"

"Nossuh, we never fine nuffin'."

Mr. Wilkins put his face close to  
Shad's; the bristles of his mustache  
were like a porcupine's quills. "When  
did you go digging last, boy?"

"Sunday. Uncle Rob he po'ly an' he  
ain' dug since den, cep'n today."

Wilkins released Shad's arm. "Get  
that bike off the lawn and don't ever let  
me catch you riding it on the grass."

"Yassuh." Shad caught the bicycle  
by the seat and the handle bars and ran  
with it around the side of the house. He  
was so scared that as soon as he was  
in the back yard he dropped the bicycle  
and ran on to the servants' house. He  
threw himself down on his cot by the  
window and shut his eyes hard.

Shad did not go to the kitchen at sup-  
per time, and it was long after dark  
when his mother went to look for him.  
"Shad, what's de matter wif you? You  
done lef' yo' new bike out in de ya'd.  
You want he git all rusty?"

"No, Maw," Shad whispered.

"Den what's de matter wif you?" She  
came nearer him, and put one hand on  
his forehead. "You ain't feberish. I de-  
clare, it's jus' too much goin's-on. Yo'  
haid jus' spinnin' wif it, lak dem bike  
wheels. Dat's de trouble." She bent  
over him. "Shad, I got some news fo'



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you. You know what? Uncle Rob he gwan away."

"Gwan away?" Shad sat upright.

"He gwan back to Tennessee," Ina said. "I hear 'em talk at supper an' Mr. Wilkums say if Uncle Rob honin' to go to Tennessee to visit wif his kin-folks he kin go. He say he put Uncle Rob on de train in de mawnin'. Now what you say to dat?"

Shad clutched his mother's hand. "Maw, he wouldn't take de bike wif him? Uncle Rob he wouldn't do dat?"

"Cose not, Shad. He done made you a present er dat bike. Now you rest easy son. I bring you some vittles an' I gwan put yo' bike away."

The next day Uncle Rob went to the back yard to say goodbye to Shad. "Boy," he said. "You take good care of your bike, and I want to see you ride her like a champ when I come back next week."

"I sho try, Uncle Rob," Shad said.

"Sure you will," the old man said.

"And look here, Shad, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go up to my room every now and then and dust it off for me. Will you do that?"

"I sho will, Uncle Rob," Shad said. "I gwan up dere ever' fi' minutes. Ever' speck er dust come in de winder I gwan meet him wif a mop and shoo him out."

Mr. Wilkins called impatiently to Uncle Rob then. He was at the side gate with the car and the old man's luggage was in the back seat. Uncle Rob reached out and patted the top of Shad's head, then he walked over to the gate and got in the car. He waved to Shad as they drove away.

Shad started in right away to learn to ride his bicycle like a champion.

AT THE other end of the attic a small room had been partitioned off with unpainted boards.

As Shad went toward it he heard a sound inside the room.

For a moment Shad started to run away, but he felt a sort of responsibility about Uncle Rob's room, and he had promised to keep it clean. He crept nearer the partition wall and peered through a crack in the boards.

It was Mr. Wilkins inside. Shad's breath came fast. It was Mr. Wilkins, bending over an old steamer trunk, running his hands through the clothing in it, opening the drawers of the chipped pine dresser, poking around. Poking in the trunk, poking in the dresser, poking under the bed, just poking around.

Shad's heart hammered and his hands felt cold. He turned and went on tiptoes back to the staircase. His bare feet made no sound.

Uncle Rob was gone for a month, and several days passed before Shad had the courage to return to the garret room. But every day after that he climbed to the attic and once he took a pail and mop and scrubbed the floor and the walls.

Then Uncle Rob came back. Mr. Wilkins met him at the station in the car and brought him home just before noon, and Shad waited in the kitchen while the family was having lunch. He had the bicycle ready in the back yard to show Uncle Rob that he had learned to ride without holding to the handle bars.

In the afternoon Uncle Rob came out to watch Shad ride the bicycle. His face seemed thinner and the lines were deeper around his eyes. But they were smiling lines, and his eyes were bright.

Shad rode his bicycle in and out of the back yard, doing tricks, and after a while he climbed the steps to the back porch and asked, "Uncle Rob, you gwan dig in de mawnin'?"

"No, Shad." The old man looked off to the distant hill. "I'm through digging."

The boy looked at Uncle Rob's hand, resting on the arm of the rocking chair.

The skin was like paper with thick lines drawn on it by blue crayon. He was disturbed and said, "Uncle Rob, you po'ly?"

"I'm fine, Shad," Uncle Rob said, smiling. "I'm just fine. Don't you fret about me." He closed his eyes and the smile lingered on his face.

But Shad knew that something was wrong. For a week Uncle Rob sat the whole day through on the back porch, and he was very slow about doing his chores. On his way to the barn one night he stumbled once and Ina said to Shad, "Dat ole man, he jus' too ole to wuk. He done lef' his witals back in Tennessee."

And after that Ina watched over Uncle Rob as carefully as she watched over Shad. She served him hot tea on the porch in the afternoon, she sent Shad to help him carry in the buckets of milk at night. And even Shad could see that peace had settled on the old man's face like dust in a corner of the attic.

TOWARD the end of the week Ina called Shad into the kitchen. From the way she told him to sit down and listen Shad knew that it was important.

"Shad, Uncle Rob all de time talk about gwan away," Ina said. "He done went away now."

"Naw," Shad said. "Wifout he eben say goodbye?"

"Wifout he say goodbye," Ina said. "Jus' quiet-lak, in de nighttime."

"Say now," Shad said. "I sho thought he say goodbye."

"Son," Ina said solemnly. "He daid." "Daid?" Shad's lips trembled with the word.

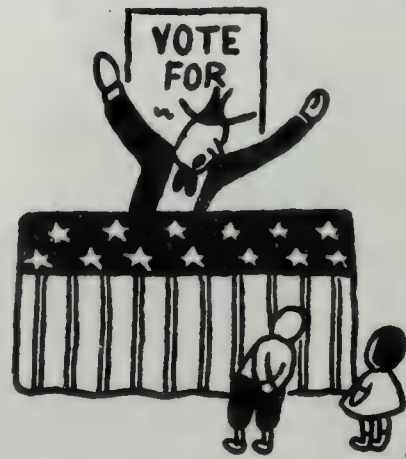
"Daid—gone away. It ain't no dif-funce," Ina said. "He honin' to go an' now he gone. De undertaker man done come and went."

"Maw, I won't see Uncle Rob no mo'," Shad said. "Won't I see him no mo', Maw?"

He looked at his mother's face, and then he slipped off the chair and went out into the yard. He sat under the chinaberry tree and looked up at Uncle Rob's tiny attic window, from which the old man had often called down to him. He remembered how Uncle Rob had always said he wanted to go away, he wanted to go off where there were no back yards, just a great big front lawn and somebody else to mow it. He remembered when Uncle Rob went away to Tennessee and called to him and said, "Shad, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to go up to my room every now and then and dust it off for me."

Shad gazed at the attic window, and suddenly he got up and went into the house. He tiptoed through the dining room and up the stairs. The door leading to the attic stairs was ajar. Shad pulled it fully open and climbed the steps. Sunlight came through a window and dust particles stretched across the attic like bars of gold.

The boy went toward Uncle Rob's room, and just before he reached it he heard Mr. Wilkins' deep, whistling voice. He caught his breath and pressed flat against the partition wall. There was a crack right where his eye was.



He was not too scared.

Mrs. Wilkins was in Uncle Rob's room, too. They were both poking around. They were both poking around. Mrs. Wilkins was going through the drawers of the dresser drawer under the bed. He was swearing in an undertone.

Shad blew out his breath. He was just tearing Uncle Rob's room apart, just tearing it up. He heard Mrs. Wilkins' faded voice say, "Hush, Thomas."

She held up a tin strongbox, eight inches square. He snatched it and opened it. He found money here, all right. Yes, he found money here. He put the box down on the floor. Shad saw a roll of bills in his hand. He began to count the money, his voice had a strange, quality. "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred, ten hundred, eleven hundred, twelve hundred, thirteen hundred, fourteen hundred, fifteen hundred, sixteen hundred, seventeen hundred, eighteen hundred, nineteen hundred, twenty hundred, twenty-one hundred, twenty-two hundred, twenty-three hundred, twenty-four hundred, twenty-five hundred, twenty-six hundred, twenty-seven hundred, twenty-eight hundred, twenty-nine hundred, thirty hundred, thirty-one hundred, thirty-two hundred, thirty-three hundred, thirty-four hundred, thirty-five hundred, thirty-six hundred, thirty-seven hundred, thirty-eight hundred, thirty-nine hundred, forty hundred, forty-one hundred, forty-two hundred, forty-three hundred, forty-four hundred, forty-five hundred, forty-six hundred, forty-seven hundred, forty-eight hundred, forty-nine hundred, fifty hundred, fifty-one hundred, fifty-two hundred, fifty-three hundred, fifty-four hundred, 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## Fog on the Bay

Continued from page 21

try any funny stuff. We can't more than they got us for now." killed a man," Joe thought. killed a man last night at the

bell headed for the creek. He watched Gerry put his gun Al point his gun toward his. He held the gun in his right hand. His left pulled the coat and he up off his right wrist. "Only," Gerry said, and pushed a hypodermic into Al's wrist. "You're dead the rest before we get out

shed, a string of saliva looped from his dropped lower hand, holding the automatic, cruelly poised hammer cocked, ringing. Joe began to cry. "Well," Al said. "The Lone started to weep. You never over no radio, sonny? You heard of no Lone Scout crying. He laughed and was pleased. "Let's see what they got at," Al went on. He started. Joe looked back and saw that they were on in his home. His had probably heard them. The he him calm again. She would strain Mattingly in the police them.

me close to Foley Abell at the. Al climbed forward over the. "You go straight down," Gerry said. "You can put us on those Virginia necks or maybe, to, take us outside and down a coast."

back. "Some boat," he said. "No stove, no nothing. What are these things?" He kicked tongs.

for tonging oysters," Foley

we ain't going to tong no Al said. He seemed in high d laughed as he threw about ars worth of tongs and nippers. "They'll only be in the way into action," Al said.

vent pale. He hadn't made ars profit all last month.

a dirty man, mister," Joe to Al.

p, Joe," Foley Abell said. For me, he was angry.

at them lights," Al said. turned and told Joe to put the. No one spoke for a while at dropped down-river.

ere almost into a flock of ducks e birds got up, winging off with rustle of their wings for sound. "Al said. "Maybe we could e and eat them if we're gonna n this thing for a while."

Gerry said, "we're gonna pick n the air with a gat."

he they got a gun on the boat," "All these guys shoot ducks all nd."

's no shotgun here," Foley said. swered kind of quick," Al said "I better look." He began to e boat.

be foolish," Gerry said. "We nt to do any shooting. Inside he dicks will be out with these that run the patrol boats. We nt any shooting. Not with no "You can hear them things two the river."

oot if I want to," Al said. "I oot."

you're gonna start that stuff Gerry said. "Maybe you'd like ashore when they come after us. m so good."

Al didn't answer. Joe, taking advantage of the others' preoccupation with each other, moved nearer his father. "What do you think, pa?"

Foley Abell shook his head. "Which-ever way the luck runs. Say your prayers, boy."

"What you two whispering about?" Al said.

"We was just wondering where we was on the river," Foley said. He thought, *This feller can't swim.*

"You mean you don't know where you are?"

"Not in this fog."

Al cursed. Gerry said: "Where do you think we are, Abell?"

"Somewhere in the steamer lane, about mid-river."

"Head for the Virginia shore best you can," Gerry said. "And don't try anything fancy."

Foley didn't speak. Near him, Joe shivered and it bothered the father. If only Joe wasn't such a kid, he thought. It was bad for a kid to go through this.

Al and Gerry were in the stern talking in low tones. The fog was all around the boat, now, seeming almost to press in on it. Foghorns rasped dully from the Virginia shore. Gerry's voice rose momentarily loud enough for Joe and his father to hear.

"... wanta know what we're gonna get by knocking them off..."

FOLEY went cold. Joe whispered: "Shall we try to jump them, pa?"

"Hush, boy."

Al's voice: "... it'll be just two more witnesses against us ... and they got us for plenty now..."

"The kid..." Gerry said. The rest of his words went away.

To stall for time, Foley thought. If the tide changed he could go upriver instead of down; the others would think he was going down. But the tide wouldn't change for two or three hours. He had been gradually edging toward the Virginia shore but now he straightened the boat out down-river again. The longer we can keep off shore, he thought.

Gerry approached Foley, gun in hand. "We ought to be pretty near Virginia now," he said.

"There's towns near the shore here in northern neck Virginia," Foley said. "Thought you might want to go ashore on one of the lower necks, below the Yeocomico River." Gerry hesitated. *They don't know nothing*, Foley thought, *nothing about the river.*

"Go away, kid," Gerry said to Joe. "Go up front." Joe went forward. "I'll tell you something, Abell," Gerry said. "Al wants to kill you and the boy. I don't want to. If you set us ashore safe, I'll see to it that you and the boy live. If you try anything funny, I'll kill you myself. Me and Al got nothing to lose."

"I'll do what you say," Foley said.

"Okay."

Foley didn't hear him say the last word. In the fog, Foley had heard the throb of a motor. A few seconds later, reading the sound, he knew it was the police boat, Captain Mattingly's, not Captain Cheseldine's on the lower river. It was early for the police boat to be on the river and that meant only one thing, that Mattingly knew about what had happened and was out looking for them.

Now the others heard the motor, seconds later than Foley heard it. Suddenly they were close to him at the wheel. "Whose boat?" Al said.

"I wouldn't know," Foley told him.

"What's the best thing to do?" Gerry said.

Foley didn't speak. A gun jammed

## Bill Yesterday



Bill never gave much of a hoot about what brand of whiskey was served him ... never asked for any by name ... he liked 'em all pretty well. But—

## Bill Today



Bill was at a party today ... had a Paul Jones highball. "This," said Bill, "is swell! It's dry—not sweet—nice and zesty ... in fact, it's the best highball I ever had!" So—

## Bill Tomorrow



Tomorrow Bill's going to buy some Paul Jones. And will he be surprised! He thinks Paul Jones is expensive! But—in spite of its "expensive" dry tang and rich bouquet, in spite of the fact that it's *all* whiskey, in spite of the fact that the *same* Paul Jones used to cost *lots more*—Bill will find that Paul Jones is now so inexpensive that he'll buy it every time!

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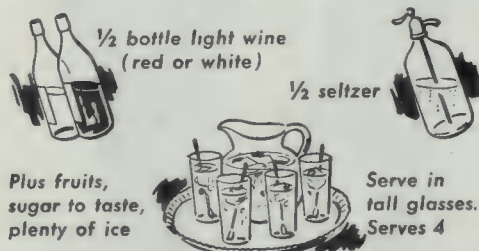
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into his ribs hard enough to hurt. "Talk," Al said.

"Cut the motor," Foley said. "Drift with the current." He cut the motor but it was too late.

"What boat's that?" Captain Mattingly called through the fog.

"Keep quiet or you'll get it," Al said to Foley.

The four of them stood, tense and listening. Joe wanted to yell but locked his jaw tight. Gerry held his gun on Joe, Al his on Foley. There was no sound but the throb of the police boat. It was coming near but not at them; it was dropping down the river, parallel to them.

"If that's your boat, Foley Abell, yell out," Captain Mattingly called. "Where be you?" His voice was so close it startled them although they couldn't see the police boat. The muscles on Foley's jaw quivered. Al had started to shake. "Might be they've killed Foley and the boy," they heard the Captain say in a conversational tone.

"Those two would," a strange voice said. "Hail them again."

"What boat goes there?" Captain Mattingly called. By the sound the police boat was even with them now.

"Gerry, gimme that last shot," Al said in a whisper.

"Shut up!"

Al's face contorted.

The strange voice on the police boat said: "Have your mate fire a burst."

"Might hurt Foley and the boy," Captain Mattingly said, "if they're alive."

"Fire it high."

Al yelled. The tension changed him briefly to an animal. He pointed the automatic into the fog toward the police boat and fired three times.

"Give it to them, East!" they heard Captain Mattingly yell to his mate. "They've probably killed Foley."

"Down!" Foley said, instinctively. "They got a machine gun."

The four men in the boat tried to drop behind the gunwale. Al and Joe got down easily, but Foley and Gerry were between the motor housing and the side. They had to turn to stoop. The first burst went astern of the boat, swung toward it, the bullets flickered briefly across it, then swung back astern again... and Gerry lay across the housing, the thick red oozing from one temple, and Foley Abell thrashed on the deck, clutching his right shoulder.

Al had regained a curious, deadly composure. He held the gun on Joe and spoke to Foley Abell: "You keep quiet or I'll kill the kid."

**T**HE chatter of the gun stopped, leaving an almost tangible silence on the river. Fog seemed the body of the silence... Then their ears, briefly deafened by the sound of the firing, picked up the throb of the police boat, already below them and going down-river, perhaps to circle. Al half-crouched, listening. Joe knelt by his father. "You hurt bad, Pa?"

"The shoulder... hurts." Foley closed his eyes, the first pain gone. Al was looking at Gerry. Gerry was dead. "Leave your old man alone," Al said. "Pick that up and throw it over." He jerked the gun at Gerry.

"Maybe he ain't dead, mister," Joe said.

"Do what you're told, kid, or you'll be dead, and your old man with you."

Trembling so that he could hardly manage the stocky body, Joe pulled the shoulders over the gunwale and then began to cry. "I can't do it, mister."

"All right, punk." Still holding the gun toward Joe, Al quickly raised Gerry's feet with one arm and flipped them overboard. The body swirled once, the face turned up into the fog, then was gone.

"Now head for the nearest place in

Virginia that ain't got no towns," Al said.

"If you leave my father alone, I will," Joe said.

"And supposing I don't?"

Joe swallowed. "We need him any-ways. I can run the boat, but he got to tell us where to go."

"All right, get going," Al said. The throb of the police boat had died down toward the Chesapeake. Al made Joe help his father to a sitting position on the engine housing after they had started the engine.

"Turn her around, Joe," Foley said. He sat there, white and drawn, but his mind was clear.

**"W**HAT do you mean, turn her around?" Al said. "We're supposed to be going with the current."

"Tide's changed," Foley lied. "Coming up from the Chesapeake now."

Al looked at them. His features seemed even more crowded together. "If I thought you was kidding me—" he said.

"All right," Foley said, "you tell us what to do."

"Don't be a wise guy, now," Al said. He stood watching them, then said: "All right, punk, do what your old man says."

Joe felt almost happy. They had fooled Al once. He didn't know just what his father planned, but he knew they were going to try for the Maryland shore.

Probably he'll kill us, Foley thought. It seemed to him that his head had never been more clear. There was one chance. "You know where Blackistone's Island is?" Foley asked Al. "Some calls it St. Clement's Island like it was in the old days."

With a little shock, Joe realized his father was talking to him, was talking to him under the talk to Al.

"I don't want to get on no island," Al said.

"I'm not going to put you on one," Foley said. He sat there, his left hand holding his shoulder. "I only asked if you knew where it was."

"No, I don't."

"Well, right across a little channel from it the Virginia shore is pretty wild. No one around. A right deep channel runs between the island and the mainland... I could put you ashore there."

Me, Joe thought, he's talking at me.

"All right," Al said, "but make it quick."

Blackistone's Island, Joe knew, was off the Maryland shore, up in the Seventh District, not off the Virginia shore. Pretty soon, Joe thought, I'll get what pa's driving at. He thought he knew. Probably his father wanted to leave Al off on the island and then come back later and capture him. Al couldn't swim, and there was probably a reward for him. Probably Al wouldn't kill them; he'd be too glad to get set ashore. Joe's boy's mind tried desperately to see the best side of things.

"Get over to the right, you," Al said to Joe. "Don't try to fool me. I know Virginia's on the right."

Going down-river it was, but they were going upriver... Joe at times was close enough to get misty, fleeting glimpses of the shore, so brief and tenuous that only one who knew the land and the river would know that he had seen the shore. Joe felt keen and adventurous; they were running things now, he told himself.

Suddenly Al yelled wordlessly, and began to look frantically around the boat.

"What's the matter?" Joe said, unthinkingly.

"Mind your business or you'll get this!" Al jerked the gun up. His face seemed to be in pain. The pushed-together features were twitching.

He's looking, Joe thought, he's looking for that needle that was in the other

feller's pocket. Al was shaking. "Come on, hurry it up!" he said. "The boat can go faster."

He wanted, Foley Abell thought, to use that needle for to get up no guts to kill us. I'll kill him, though. Sitting, wounded, on the motor house. Foley Abell had decided to kill the Al...

"We must be right near there," Foley said in a level voice.

A shore showed dimly in front of him and when he saw the great store of glimmering once in the fog, Joe was Blackistone's Island. "Go to the island, Joe," Foley said, "a can come into the channel and get Al ashore."

Joe swung around the island. Coming back into the channel the boat began to move faster with the current, tide still racing out. A little past the island stood out in front of the rest of the island in the fog. "The mainland, mister," Foley said, pointing the point. He was very white.

Al didn't speak. He still had his slouch hat on. He picked the bag with one hand, and with the automatic the other climbed onto the bow. He the others and was trembling. Looking at his face, even Joe knew what was going to happen. As soon as the boat touched the shore, Al was going to get them.

The boat swung down on the shore at an angle. The water ran deep and right next to the shore. Joe heard his father's voice, sly and full of malice. "Don't hit the shore too hard, Joe, wouldn't want to upset Mr. Al—"

That was it! Joe thought, then he it! He opened the throttle as if it would go, threw the wheel overboard. Al seemed bewildered, turned his head to look at the shore. "Watch it, punk! You're going to get Al began.

**T**HE boat struck at an angle, the force of motor, current and fog behind it. Al screamed once, groined, fell. In the heavy, racing flow of water there was hardly a splash. The gun and bag went into the air, the gunwale and falling into the water. Foley had been knocked off the boat and was rolling in pain on the shore. Joe stood up, not feeling the shock of the boat as the current tried to carry away from the shore. Al stood again above the deep, swift water, then he was gone in the fog. The tide raced, ten feet deep to the shore.

"Pa, he's in!" Joe yelled. "Get him?"

His father didn't answer at first. He turned to him. Foley lay, exhausted from pain, on the deck. He was conscious, though. "Pa," Joe said, "in. We had to do it, didn't we, Pa? Answer me, Pa. We had to do it, wouldn't we? He wanted to do at first was put him on the island so we could get him later a reward. Didn't you, Pa?"

Foley closed his eyes before he assented. Let Joe think that, Foley thought. Later he'll know what it maybe, to have your tools took by someone like that for no good. I hope not, though.

So Foley Abell nodded to his first closed his eyes and said a prayer for the dead.

"Look, Pa, the bag fell in the water. Look, Pa, look at the dough. They to give us some reward, huh."

get new tongs, maybe a new motor.

Foley nodded again from where the boy had raised him. He heard the throb of the police boat coming nearer in the fog.

He had heard it following the last twenty minutes. He was sure if he had a penance to do.



## All Ready to Eat

Continued from page 12

half teaspoon of powdered black pepper and a half tablespoons of A-1 sauce, a tablespoon of highly reduced meat stock and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Stir well and serve hot or cold, but never boil—don't put it in the icebox."

Magarrell has given a lot of thought to the right dishes to complete a good steak, and he's narrowed it down to one and only one item, a salad, which is, he says, such a fresh vegetable as lettuce, chicory, water cress, green beans, tomatoes. That goes in a picnic anywhere, and the way to make a salad crisp and fresh is to wash greens with water, mix them in a bowl at home, cover with a cloth, then drain off the water just before you serve it and pour on a French dressing. If you want a dressing that's light, mix the mustard, paprika, pepper and salt while still hot, add the Worcestershire and finally the vinegar and beat with whip.

### Magarrell Looks for Ideas

Magarrell has been picking up ideas ever since he left Council Bluffs, as a kid to enter Cornell's hotel administration. That was in 1925, and you can see that he's a comparatively young fellow looking for ideas. He was on a golf club during his first year of college. The accident that led to his so-called bank account and his leaving school. Tackling one manager after another for a job, he landed as an elevator boy in Council Bluffs, soon rose to the rank of chef's assistant.

That the more hotels he worked at the more ideas he might pick up was a circuit covering most of the U.S.A. Back in New York connected with a firm of hotel consultants. His specialty was diagnosing hotel rooms, and by 1936, when the Lines sent for him to solve the problem of serving hot meals on planes, he had worked for over three years in clubs, hotels, restaurants, hospitals and steamship lines. That United Air Lines was paying \$150,000 a year for give-away meals recommended that the system be run out of its own kitchens along the line.

The head of the company asked him to recommend a maître d'hôtel, he said it was a job Don Magarrell ought to have.

Further ado, he found himself going out not only what foods to cook and how to prepare them, but also, in a galley three feet square and five feet high, meals for as many as five hungry passengers, along with dishes and utensils, in such a way that the stewardess could serve a hot meal to everybody in a matter of minutes, or about half an hour. It was what led to the pre-cooked dishes that Mr. Magarrell contributed the answer not only for air travel but for outdoor meals anywhere. Mainliner chicken potpie, for instance, outranks them all in popularity with air travelers. Mr. Magarrell says everybody likes chicken, but chicken is better than any other meat, and it doesn't discolor. The trick is to cook the chicken and the vegetables separately. First he cooks gently a five-ounce chicken with two or three stalks of celery, two medium-sized onions, and a few bay leaves. Meantime, the

carrots, onions, peas and potato balls are parboiled and the mushrooms are being fried in butter.

Half an hour before plane departure, the chicken is boned and cut into walnut-size pieces, put into individual casseroles along with the vegetables. Over them goes a fricassee sauce simmered from the chicken stock, flour, butter and chicken fat, and a sprig of parsley. The casserole is topped with a piecrust, brushed over with milk, pierced twice with a fork, and baked at 375 degrees until the crust is golden brown. In a thermal jug or, heavily wrapped with paper, the casseroles hold heat for hours, and there's a neat answer, says Mr. Magarrell, to the hot picnic-dinner problem.

Or there's beef tenderloin sauté, which Mr. Magarrell makes by cutting tenderloin ends into thin slices about the size of half dollars, frying them with beef fat over a brisk fire, seasoning with paprika, salt and pepper. When they're browned, he sprinkles the mixture with flour, browns it some more, adds a glass of claret. The sauce is made with sliced mushrooms, chopped onions and diced green peppers braised in butter, then cooked with stewed tomatoes, with brown sauce added at the boiling point. This, in the casseroles with the tenderloin tips, says Mr. Magarrell, gives you something to picnic about.

His navarin of spring lamb, another casserole dish, is something else again. Dice your lamb (from a leg or a shoulder) and brown in a braising pot, add salt, sprinkle with flour and brown, then put in a bay leaf, two cloves, a pinch of whole-grain pepper, some tomato purée. Cover with water, and cook it in the oven. When the meat is cooked, place in casseroles with pre-cooked carrots, peas, string beans, potatoes and small onions, and bake.

You may say these dishes are a bit on the fancy side for picnics. You may have to work up to them gradually, in which case Mr. Magarrell is ready for you with Hamburger on Toasted Bun with Savory Sauce. Of course, he couldn't offer it to air-line travelers, who are a spoiled lot. Like the smarty, for instance, on a plane we once boarded who said to the stewardess, "Sister, this is my birthday, and I hope you didn't forget to bake me a cake."

"I didn't, sir," she said.

### Dishes Aloft Are Fancy

She spoke to the pilot who radioed ahead to the next stop, where they smuggled a cake aboard, with candles and "Happy Birthday to Hank" written in frosting. When the dinner was served, she tipped off the other passengers and, as she came down the aisle with the cake, candles burning, everyone sang, to a blushing passenger named Hank Somebody, "Happy Birthday, Dear Hank, Happy Birthday to You!"

In case you want to try Hamburger on Toasted Bun with Savory Sauce, a Magarrell special, here's how to cook it.

To a pound of freshly ground round steak add one egg, a slice of bread (soaked in water and squeezed), salt and pepper, a tablespoon of finely chopped onion sautéed slightly to remove the raw taste. Mix well, make patties, grill until browned, and serve open-faced on toasted bun doused with savory onion sauce. The sauce? Sauté your chopped onions until brown, dust with flour, brown some more, add chicken broth, a dash of maggi sauce, a little tomato juice, stir until it boils.

A plebeian picnic dish, but one fit for a movie star!

## CALOX MOVIE QUIZ . . No. 9

Famous for his  
sparkling  
CALOX SMILE

WHO  
IS HE?

Star of  
"MY FAVORITE WIFE"  
an R. K. O. Picture



### CLUES

by Harriet Parsons,  
Famous Hollywood  
Columnist

1. Who is one of the most popular Hollywood bachelors?
2. Who starred in "Gunga Din" with Victor McLaglen?
3. Like many other stars, he uses Calox to help keep that "Hollywood Sparkle." Who is he?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)

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—PROVE CALOX  
POLISHES  
SAFELY



Make this easy test: pour a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer, then rub your finger nails vigorously. Now look at them! See their high polish—proof that Calox contains no harsh abrasives—cannot harm the softest tooth enamel!

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the mouth, sweetens the breath.

Helps your "Teeth shine like  
the stars" by bringing  
out natural lustre

### Dot wins romance and a "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!



- 1 Jim: "What's this I hear about one of you girls being promoted up front next week?"  
Dot: "Not me. With dull, dingy teeth like mine I haven't a chance."



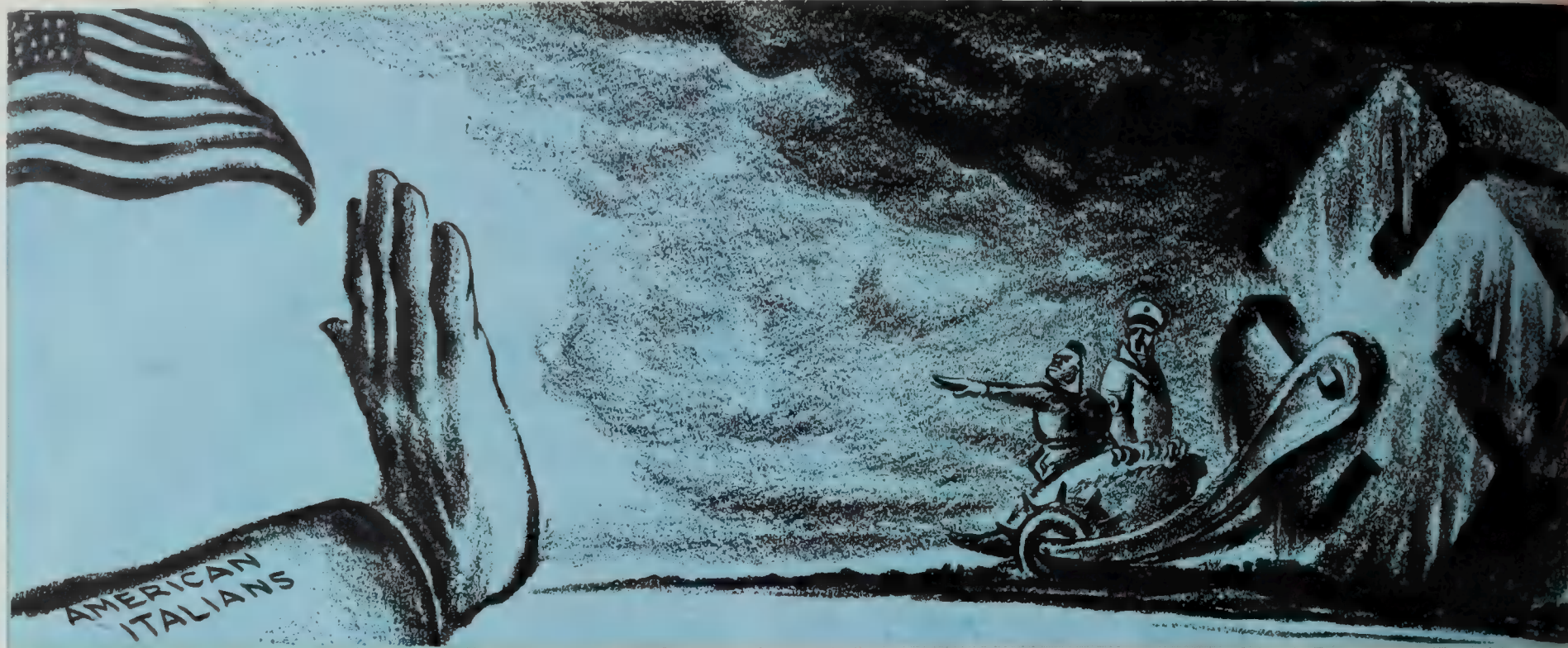
- 2 Jim: "Be smart, Dot. Try Calox Tooth Powder! Its 5 Cleansing Agents do a swell job on surface stains. You can actually see Calox help you win that 'Hollywood Sparkle'!"



- 3 Bud: "Say! The boss' new secretary has a smile that knocks 'em dead! Wonder if she's dated up tonight?"  
Jim: "Don't wonder any more, my boy. She is. With me!"







## Lay Off the Italians

**E**VER since the President accused Mussolini of having stabbed France in the back, feeling has been rising in this country against our approximately 2,000,000 Italian-born people and the larger number of citizens whose parents or grandparents came over here from Italy. You would think from some of the talk in circulation that our Italians were getting ready to carve up our government and hand it to Mussolini on a spaghetti-with-meatballs platter.

The thing is unfortunate and unjustified.

In the first place, with all due respect to the

President and all due abhorrence for Mussolini's jackal act as France began to stagger, Mussolini didn't betray anybody. Italy was openly and avowedly allied with Germany for several years preceding this war.

In the second place, it is notorious that Italians in this country are mainly apathetic toward Mussolini or violently opposed to him and the Statist idea which he, Hitler and Stalin represent. Our Italians don't flock home to help Mussolini fight his wars. The Fascist branch organizations that he set up here and elsewhere with so much fanfare soon after his

March on Rome rapidly withered to skeleton outfits—even as the German-American Bund began to do after numerous German-Americans' first flush of enthusiasm for Hitler gave way to some sober thinking about Hitler's way of doing things.

The long and short of it is that Italian-Americans by and large are as good citizens as other racial group by and large, and better some. We move that public uneasiness about them now be turned off. If our Italian population were the only menace we had to worry about, we could all live lives 99% free of

## What Broke France?

**W**E SUGGEST, in all earnestness, that Congress appoint a commission to study the causes of the downfall of the French third republic. This commission should be composed of historians and professional fact-finders, should contain no politicians or ax-grinders, and should report findings within a reasonable time to the American people.

The main reason why we make this suggestion is that the historic tragedy of France—a tragedy whose repercussions all of us now alive will be witnessing for the rest of our lives—is being used just now by politicians and special pleaders in a manner that strikes us as bordering on the scandalous.

Conservatives of various types are trying to tell us that France fell before Hitler's blitz-kriegers and panzer divisions because French working people basely desired shorter work weeks and higher pay, and got both under

the Popular Front government of Leon Blum.

Radicals tell us just the opposite—that France didn't go far enough with its New Deal. Both of these groups are trying to prove their own cases in this country by what happened to France, whereas it may easily be that no true economic parallels between the two countries can be traced.

Believers in mechanical warfare, with the human factor largely ignored, keep telling us that the French overthrow means we must shift our factories practically 100% into production of war machines, and waste no worry about where we're to get the men to run the machines. Who really knows how right these people are, or how wrong?

Those who think J. Edgar Hoover and his FBI should be turned into an outfit combining the deadliest features of the OGPU and the Gestapo are telling us that treachery—fifth-

column monkey business—was mainly to blame for the Belgians' crackup, the rout through on the Meuse near Sedan, the withdrawal of Allied troops from strongly fortified positions to the open massacre of Flanders.

All this is doing us no good. If we could only find out what really cracked France—the various factors in the smashup and the relative importance of those factors—we might pick up some valuable lessons.

We need to know the whole answer. We need all the pointers we can collect on how a democratic nation can survive in the present day world. A fact-finding commission composed of disinterested, not harried or hurried, but at least silence a lot of nitwits and special pleaders now bedeviling our defense program. It might very easily make heavy contributions of common sense and illumination to the program.

## T.B. is on the Run, but-

**H**AILED as "the major medical achievement of our generation" is the fact that in the last 20 years the United States tuberculosis death rate has gone down 60 per cent—or, stating it in another way, that T.B. in these 20 years has declined from top place to eighth place in diseases causing death in this country.

The thing has been done by remorseless medical crusading against the disease and its contributing causes, by public education, by

generous public expenditures for hospitals, sanatoriums, clinics. However, there are a few remaining soft spots. Largest of these is our colored population of about 14,000,000, among whom for some reason T.B. is still between three and four times as prevalent as among whites. T.B. is likewise an occupational disease in certain hazardous jobs; and the disease has a way of hitting far too many young women of child-bearing age.

We want to urge, along with the National

Tuberculosis Association, that the government's public health service be given ample funds to carry on the nation-wide campaign against T.B., to the end that the successes of the last 20 years may be maintained and their logical and entirely possible conclusion reached.

That conclusion is expressed in the Tuberculosis Association's slogan: "No tuberculosis (in the U. S.) by 1960." If anybody knows a better national goal to shoot at, we'd like to hear of it.



# COLLIER'S

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

August 10, 1940

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**General de Gaulle—THE**  
**WHO DIDN'T QUIT** By **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**

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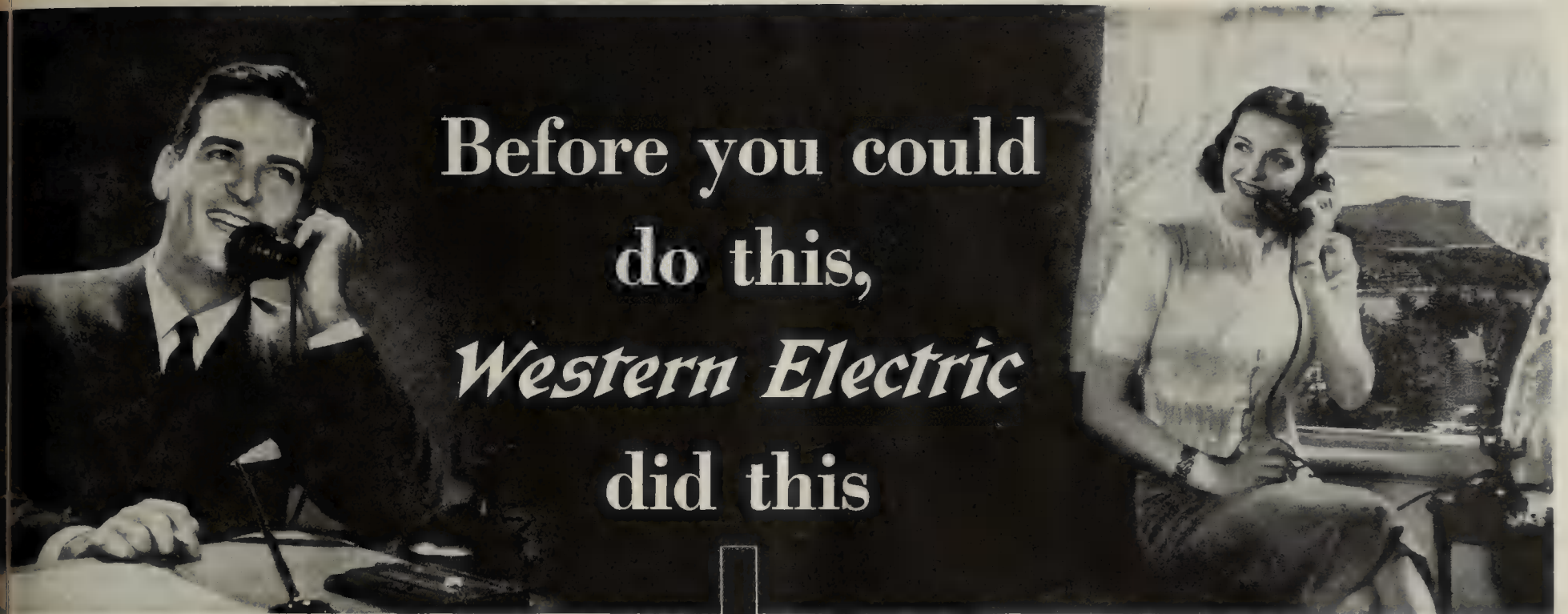
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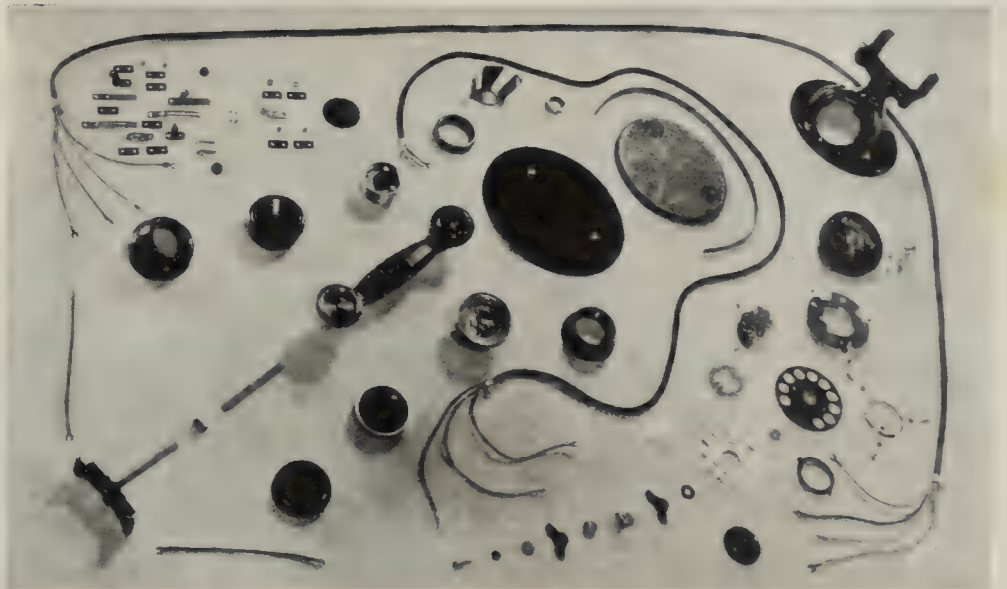




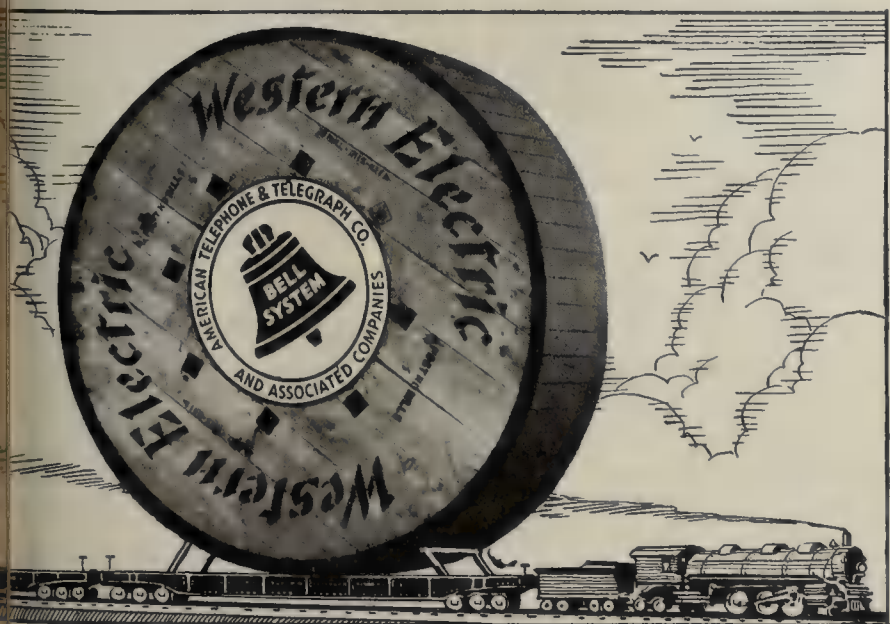
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AUGUST 10, 1940

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**Keep Up with the World.** Page 5

### EDITORIALS

#### Our Head-Start on Hitler.

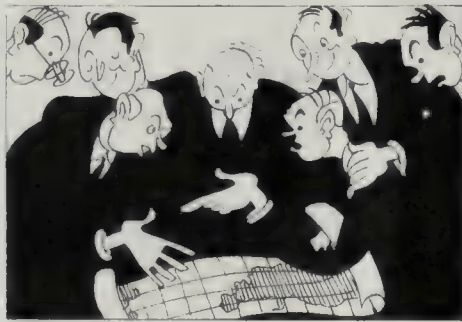
**Let the Children In.** Success Story. Page 54

### COVER

RONALD McLEOD

## ANY WEEK

AFTER we're armed within an inch of our life and have found a suitable enemy to try out on, we shall invite the General Staff of the United States Army to spend a morning in these offices. And if they wish to go to war fully equipped with the enemy's secrets, soundly grounded in modern tactics and in complete knowledge of what to do next, they'll accept. As far as we know, no other office in America is so crowded daily with fence-rail field marshals, cigar-store generals and barroom brigadiers. We've just got rid of a mob which included two Germans (one pro- and the other anti-Nazi), an antiappeasement Britisher, a progingo Mexican, a Daladier-hating Frenchman and an assortment of Americans who run all the way up and down from superisolationists to Roosevelt interventionists. They disposed of every major economic political and military problem with finger-snapping ease. However, they dispersed somewhat too rapidly for dignity when we read them a letter we'd just received from a young Negro.



THE letter was inspired by W. B. Courtney's article, "We're Losing No Time Here," explaining the United States Army's air-training program. "I am twenty years old," he writes. "I have completed two years of college work. But I am not allowed to take advantage of this training course because I am a Negro. Negroes may not enlist as flying cadets because one of the requirements is that one must agree to serve three years with an Air Corps unit upon completion of training. As there is no unit in the Air Corps with Negroes in it, Negroes are unable to fulfill this requirement and hence are not accepted. Probably there is nothing you can do about this, but I think it is a problem that deserves some attention. Please do not think me a 'professional' Negro raising the race question. All I ask is that I have the same choice in serving my country as other young Americans have."

WHILE the War Department worries out an answer to that we assume full responsibility for a satisfactory solution of another military problem. Mr. Joseph O. Duncan of Charleston, West Virginia, reports that he will enlist in the United States Army but not in Charleston. He tried there and asked ■ recruiting officer whether it was true

that beer-drinking was contrary to Army regulations. Mr. Duncan is fond of beer. The officer told him that he, Mr. Duncan, would be far too busy with patriotic tasks to find time to drink beer. So what to do? It's very simple. Any soldier who can't find beer and the time to drink it has no business being a soldier. We remember— But never mind.

WE HAVE a letter from an American gentleman who, when the Nazis took over Paris, fled to London via Bordeaux. And just in time, too, he says, to save him from "dying of shame for the land of my birth." But alas, his head is hanging low again with mortification. "When I think," writes Mr. William Charles Wagergarth, born forty-eight years ago in Baltimore, Maryland, but a resident in France since 1920, "that the United States, my native land, permitted the country of Lafayette and Rochambeau to fall before the Nazi hordes without raising a finger, I can look no longer in the faces of Frenchmen. And now I find myself unable to look fine Englishmen in the eyes. What am I to tell them as they ask me, 'Where are your fellow Americans? Why are your troops not here fighting for the mother country?'"

FRANKLY, we think Mr. Wagergarth should come home. There are quite a number of things here worth a good head-hanging. For example, we've heard a bit belatedly of the lady who wired Mr. John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, during the recent Republican convention, that every child in her young son's class in school considered "Mr. Hoover to be the hope of the country and the unanimous choice of the rising generation." An hour later Mr. Hamilton received a second telegram. "Pay no attention earlier wire," it read. "Ashamed to say children refer to J. Edgar Hoover."

BY THIS time, we trust, our ubiquitous Mr. Courtney is plunging through the jungles of the upper Amazon or striding across the pampas, the llanos and the selvas of South America. Or maybe he's scaling the Andes. We wouldn't be surprised. Closely following him, we hope, somewhat like a thin, mistrustful Sancho Panza will be his interpreter and photographer, George DeZayas. It is the purpose of these two footsore representatives of this energetic magazine to search out the truth about our Latin-American relations. They are departing with letters of introduction, medical certificates, personal police records and bales of documents which, as we understand it, are letters of marque and reprisal. Anyway, we suggest that you be patient. It will be worth it. This is the first time that Mr. DeZayas has been off city pavements except the time he "went to Mexico City to get born."

AND Mr. Rud Rennie of City reports that a friend of to fly from Miami to New York at the wrong airport—the instead of the commercial Corps sergeant saw Mr. Rennie strolling across a runway and him off. "Hey, you," yelled the giant, "what's the idea? What are you doing here? Who are you?" Rennie's friend, sweating and in no humor to be yelled: "Me, I'm an intern and want to be left alone." The giant halted, saluted and "Sorry, sir. I thought you civilian."



WE'VE just managed to get through this column after Mr. Wendell Lewis Willkie quarters. In our casual way, we merely to drop in, shake hands with the Republican nominee and exchange a few light phrases with him. We dropped in. As we were it was something like dropping meat chopper. Apparently thousands of others had had the idea. We shall now retire for hours to have our coat made back rubbed with arnica and collect our thoughts. The parade of greeters, requesters, aides, autograph collectors, writers, biographers, women's committees, photographers, makers and vigorous voters everybody but Mr. Willkie as the poor fellow tried to get beaten back at the door. delegation of Willkie Demos we got as far as the information where we were embraced by a lady who asked us to remember "God has always sent us an hour in times of crisis." he named them for us—Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge, Hoover. She was that she didn't seem to notice her hat was gone. Or maybe it was just that kind of

WHILE we're recovering we forward to a large envelope Ed Wipe of Indianapolis. Says Mr. Wipe: "I'm about a short story for you and from the way I feel now it be a dinger. All set?"

WE'RE prostrate. . . .





## UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

country, there are at least pure-bred dogs priced approximately fifteen between \$5,000 and \$10,000 eight valued from \$10,000.

machine which manufactures paper boxes for the of such articles as razor and chewing gum, turns outainers—folded, glued and at the rate of thirty a second. Gertrude C. Hobart, New Hampshire.

and no stage play may be until its dialogue has and approved by the lumberlain and no public may be made by the King is been read and approved British Home Office.

th there are fewer lunar or eclipses, more people served the former, for an the sun lasts only a few and is visible from only a th on the earth's surface. of the moon is longer in and may be observed from n half the world.—By Coles, New York, New

artificial-limb manufacturing in Minneapolis, all of employees, salesmen as well workers, are physically and wear one or more's artificial appliances.

type of compressed-air sprays molten metal in varying from one ounce to a minute, is used to fill old up dented automobile coat various objects to re, corrosion or contamination, through the use of stenect" signs and decorations. for Birnbaum, Rouses New York.

ate best suited for the of a certain flower is not al- best for the growing of its example, the finest sweet produced in England while sweet-pea seeds are produced in the United States.

To secure new patrons, some American banks now have departments that teach cookery, find jobs for the unemployed, help churches raise money with movie shows and lend bulls to farmers for breeding purposes.

Hit-and-run drivers leave on our streets and highways an average of 386 victims a day.

A method of measurement has been developed that is capable of detecting one atom of the metal cesium in a cubic meter of space—which is comparable to detecting a housefly in a glass bowl the size of the earth.

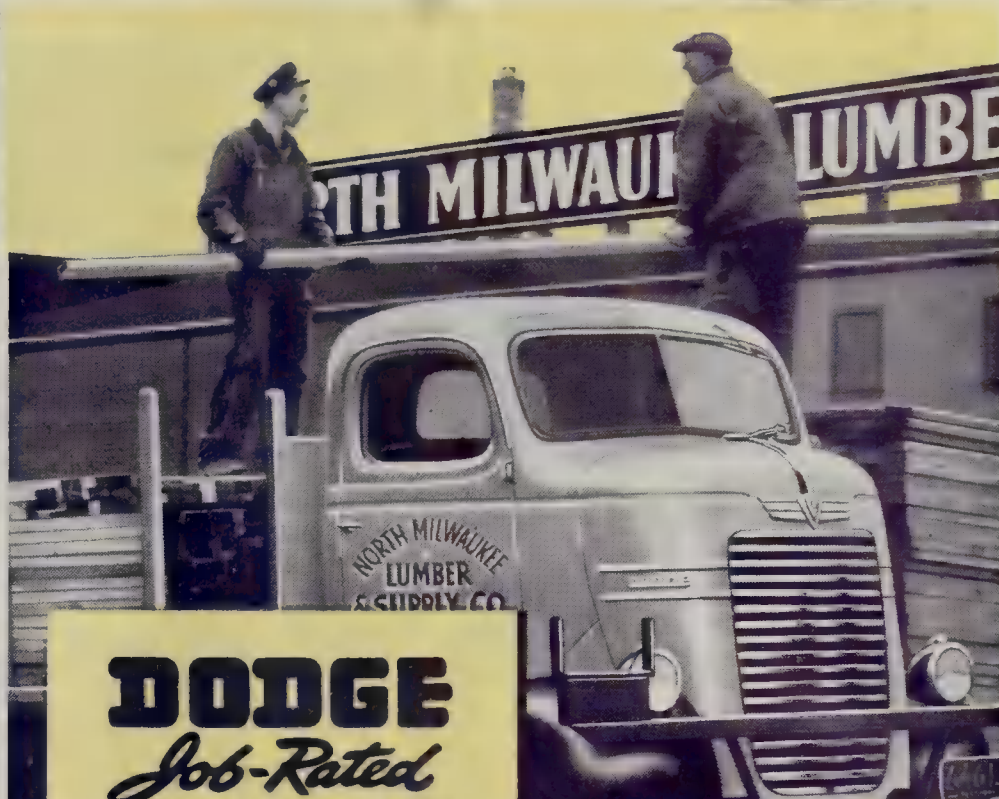
A certain species of frog, after a heavy meal of fireflies, may be seen in the dark by the light of these insects shining through the walls of its stomach.

Anyone who dies on duty in U. S. military or naval service or has been honorably discharged may be buried free at Arlington.—By Joseph W. Middleton, Muncie, Indiana.

More than 250 public buildings in California are equipped with "earthquake valves" which, installed on the gas mains leading into the structures, automatically shut off the gas at the first tremor of an earthquake to prevent explosion and fire.—By Mary S. Roberts, Encinitas, California.

Custom officers on the American-Canadian border insist upon cattle staying on their own side of the frontier, even when their owner's pasture lies in both countries. When cattle are suspected of having strayed into the "foreign" part of the farm, their tails are doused in a solution of washing soda. If they are Canadian animals, the tails, having been treated with a chemical, turn a bright red.—By Robert B. Rigg, Chicago, Illinois.

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BECAUSE HIGH-QUALITY Dodge Job-Rated trucks are priced with the lowest, your investment is low. And, because Dodge Job-Rated trucks are built to fit the job—to save on gas, oil, tires and upkeep—your overhead is low. Study the chart below for the reason why Dodge Job-Rated trucks fit the job better. Note that Dodge uses six different truck engines for different size trucks. And you can get the right truck for your job from a total of 106 standard chassis and body models. Your Dodge dealer will show you the truck that will fit your job and save you money. Ask him about easy budget terms, too.

DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

### LOOK! COMPARE DODGE WITH THESE "OTHER TWO" LOW-PRICED TRUCKS. DODGE OFFERS FAR WIDER SELECTION

COMPARISON	DODGE TRUCKS	"OTHER TWO" TRUCKS	
		TRUCK "A"	TRUCK "B"
Number of ENGINES	6	1	3
Number of WHEELBASES	17	9	6
Number of GEAR RATIOS	16	6	9
Number of CAPACITIES	6	3	4
	1/2 to 3-Ton	1/2 to 1 1/2-Ton	1/2 to 1 1/2-Ton
Number of STD. CHASSIS and BODY MODELS	106	58	42
PRICES begin at	\$468	\$452	\$475 <sup>88</sup>

Prices shown are for 1/2-ton chassis with flat face cowl delivered at Main Factory, federal taxes included—state and local taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Figures used in the above chart are based on published data.

Tune in Major Bowes,  
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3-2-1 1/2-1-1/2-TON CAPACITIES...106 STANDARD CHASSIS AND BODY MODELS ON 17 WHEELBASES

\*Job-Rated MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB





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## THE BAND CONCERT

*An Old American Institution*

**R**EMEMBER . . . the band concert of a summer's evening in your home town?

You knew the men of the band. They were farmers, carpenters, tradesmen, the newspaper editor, the doctor's son. You knew their "pieces", too. The repertory ran to marches—brisk, loud and stirring. Sousa's Washington Post . . . Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay, heavy with cymbals . . . a Strauss waltz now and then . . . Swanee River . . . In The Sweet Bye and Bye.

NIGHT noises filled the breaks in the music . . . crickets and tree toads like fiddles, far away, the soft cello coo of sleepy doves, and every once in a while a bullfrogs chiming in like a big bassoon. Presently a single star showed up alongside the spire of the Congregational Church.

WHILE radio and automobile have thinned band concert crowds, in many a town the bandstand still remains in the Square, its slender carved pillars and fretwork gray against the evening sky. Birds have nests under the pagoda-like eaves. Children, using the stand as "home" for run sheep run, clatter up the circling stairs. Yet throughout the nation, old-fashioned band concerts still play a part in the lives of kindly towns where folks believe that nothing graces a summer evening quite so well.

GOOD wholesome things, whether they be food or custom, have a way of becoming a permanent part of American life. Long before most of you were born, Heinz foods were lending their goodness to family get-togethers after the band concert. And though Heinz methods and facilities have im-

proved from year to year to keep pace with times and changing habits, Heinz continues faithful to old-fashioned recipes, careful of tradition and well-remembered tastes and flavors.

GENERATIONS of American families recognize the House of Heinz as a fine old American institution—just as they remember the band concert as a "forum", the voices of old America.

MEMORIES of friendly gatherings, snuggles, activities and good food go to make up the pattern of American living—a pattern in which the H. J. Heinz Company has had a part for the past seventy years.

**H. J. Heinz Company**  
*An Old American Institution*



# My Friend, Kerry Boyne

Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

the town his strongest al-  
were a girl, a dog, and a  
They can be formidable

WHEN the knock came on the front door, the  
puppy yipped, and my uncle said, "Hell," for  
he thought it meant that a car was off the track,  
yardmaster he'd have to go out and put it

it was Kerry Boyne, and his voice was too  
quiet. "Hogan," he said, "can you get  
couple of wire-passes tonight?"

ought: He's killed somebody with his fists  
Bidy Burg did, and has to get out of town.

uncle's voice stumbled a bit in surprise. "I  
maybe," he said. "Where to?"

ago."

u said a couple?"

e for my wife."

me in from the kitchen. "Wife?" I said. "You  
t a wife."

ry stood outside, in the light from the door.

on a high, stiff collar that made him look ele-

at his hat was cocked the way he wore it when

walking in the middle of the street. "I will

when I get on that train tonight, Bum," he said.

speaking to both of us.

uncle said, "Would that be . . . ?" and I said,

Penberthy!"

ry nodded.

l ol' Cap be mad!" I said. Kidlike, I saw only

y over her father.

my uncle saw more than that. "An' who'll you

carry you without Cap Penberthy says so?"

will, with my five fingers on his neck," Kerry

She'd be in the hammock  
with the puppy. Kerry  
would lift his hat, and  
bow, and she'd look at  
him, and we'd walk on







I almost went off the roof, and I almost lost the shotgun. But I blew an awful hole in all that noise

said, "and he'll come along to the Reverend Brown's, an' be a witness."

"Will you want me or any of the boys?" my uncle asked.

"No," Kerry said. "She'll be scared enough anyway."

It was the last time—though I didn't know it then—that I was to walk up the street with my friend, Kerry Boyne.

**I** MET Kerry Boyne in the storage yards—where I had no right to be, as my uncle kept telling me.

A mine-run crew was switching out loads on the lead track, and I was trying to make the couplings of the cars they kicked down Number One track. It would have kept my uncle himself busy to make them all. "But I did the best I could."

The new automatic "jenny" coupler was easy; all I had to do was open the knuckles and let the cars come together. But the link-and-pin was different. Because of my size I had to go between the moving cars, guide the link into the slot of the drawbar on the head car, and get out before the cars came together. It wasn't very smart. The link-and-pin was called the killer for good reason.

The man at the switch hollered at me, but I was too busy to pay any attention. I didn't see him running.

A car was lumbering down like some big red animal, and I met it in the middle of the track. Running backward, I shoved the link in the slotted arm, and dropped the pin through to hold it.

And then a tie hooked the heel of the unaccustomed shoes I had to wear climbing cars, and jerked my feet out from under me. I grabbed at the link with one hand, and scrambled at the drawbar with the other, dragging.

I couldn't get any control over my feet. The ties kept kicking them under and

up against the axle, and then they'd drop down to be kicked up again. I was afraid they were going under the wheels. I knew I should drop and lie flat between the rails, but I couldn't make my hands let go. Probably because I was afraid that I'd bounce or roll under the wheels, and I'd seen men who had gone under.

I knew, too, that I should shift my grip because when the cars came together my right hand on the link was going to be sheared off. Here's where I get it, I thought. My uncle was right. I'll never be a switchman with only one hand.

In my head I wasn't scared; but my feet were crazy, the way they were kicking.

Then it was that I felt him grab me back of the shoulders, twisting my shirt and overalls, and haul and swing me up on the car, and pull me over to the grab-irons on the side.

I glommed onto safety with everything but my eyelids, and shut my teeth and my eyes against the sickness that emptied me like bleeding.

I used to come full awake at night, sometimes, with the thought of that—and the memory—and every time, kicking my way up out of darkness, it seemed I got the same comforting odor as I did when Kerry held me on the side of the car, pressing me against the rungs, one sweaty leather mitt on the grab-iron before my face, and the feel of him all around me, and the scent of tobacco and soap and sweat and strength. Just before the cars bumped together, his forearms pressed against my sides, as thick and as hard as the side-arms of an engine. . . .

It was the next day that he saw Evangeline Penberthy; and I was with him. At quitting time, I met him coming out of the switch shanty. He said,

"Hiya, Bum?" and I tried to pretend I

didn't realize that he'd asked someone my name.

He looked at my bare feet, and then turned me around by the shoulders to see if I had mitts in my overall pocket. "Hot day," he said then. "I'll buy ice cream."

I sat on a cane chair in front of White's Hotel where all the railroad men stayed, while Kerry changed his clothes, and then we headed for Main Street and the candy store.

We were in front of Walter's saloon when someone up at the top of the street hollered. It was a wild, high yell, scared and warning. Then more shouts, all close together.

### "A RUNAWAY!"

The iron-ore street was wide and, at supertime, almost empty. We saw a team of blacks coming almost from the top of the hill. And were they coming! Behind the light buggy, the ore-red dust rose so it looked as though they were running out of a wall.

Once every block, somebody'd get out in front of them, waving his arms and shouting, and then he'd made a wild jump out of the road again. Because those horses never slowed or swerved. They were Cap Penberthy's horses, and he always had crazy ones.

Just before they got to the railroad track that ran across Main Street, a little guy waved, and made a grab at their bridles as they ran him down. We learned later it was Mickey Feller, who was kind of a drunk around town. Nobody thought he had it in him, but he got three ribs broke.

If he hadn't slowed them, the bounce over the track would have thrown that buggy higher than Miller's store.

As it was, I thought it was going to jump right over the team. I hollered.

There was a fluttering flash of white the buggy, and Kerry said, "A waaan"

The blacks gave an extra jump and jerked the rig out behind them, and then they came on, their heads stretched out, sweat shining on their big chests, and their polished hooves flying and their polished hooves pounding up and down.

Kerry said, "No use wavin' at those babies!" and then he was down on the sidewalk onto the road.

The first two jumps he got buttoned, and then he tucked his head down and began to run. He thought he was scared to death those blacks came pounding down the center of the road, crazy-mad. Kerry hadn't gone fifty yards when they were right behind him. He never around. He let out another note, swear that for a minute he was with them even.

Then he went into the air like a doubled-up monkey. He hit the horse right in the middle and staggered him against his mate. Kerry hit him while the buggy slewed and and kicked up so much dust I couldn't see anything.

Down through the red cloud the people came, and first of all was the driver in his buggy.

When I got there, Kerry was of the horses, holding their heads.

The doctor climbed into the buggy with Cap Penberthy's daughter. Her hair was all down and her fancy over one eye. I almost laughed. I have, too, if I hadn't been close to see how scared her eyes were. I thought how the day before I had too scared even to hold mine open.

I waited on the sidewalk while he shook Kerry's hand and told him a good thing he had done. V

(Continued on page 50)



the night before Christmas, 1938, that my professional death was announced without warning. The Chicago Cubs released me outright to Milwaukee after seven years in the major leagues. At thirty-two, I was a broken-arm, broken-arm pitcher going to the minors on a one-way contract.

Twelve months later I pitched a no-hit, no-run game against the Cincinnati Reds. In '38, the Cincinnati Reds had licked me seven times in a row. Not only did they beat me, but they beat out my brains. On April 30, 1940, I pitched the same team, now the champions of the National League, and I wasn't even close to a hit off me in nine innings. To me, it was no fluke, I gave the Bees, Reds and Cubs the total of one run in twenty-eight consecutive innings in the early part of this season.

It had happened between Christmas Eve, 1938, and Christmas Eve, 1940? Surely not a miracle. There are no miracles in baseball for a gaffer approaching thirty-four, who has a sore arm four times in his career and who never was a great pitcher.

I was good and lucky—in equal proportion, I hope. But, the important thing was I was a healthy pitcher. And above all, I was a guy whose pride had been outraged.

Newspaper boys have tried to steam up a feud between me and Gabby Hartnett, who gave me my walking papers. I like to be helpful, but I simply cannot co-operate with him. If I blast Gabby, I must condemn the other major-league clubs that passed waivers on me at the time, then did not consider me worth the gamble of the draft price, last winter.

Gabby, perhaps, had every reason for wanting to see me go and stay there. The last time he had put me in as a relief pitcher was a pretty feeble imitation of a major-league pitcher. In the fourth game of the 1938 world series with the Yankees, I had done a very thorough job of messing up their strategy.

The Yankees were leading 4-3 in the eighth inning, when I came out as a relief pitcher. I was a relief only to the Yankees. I unveiled two wild pitches, walked two and gave a double to Myril Hoag. When they finally dragged me out of there, I knew my number was up in Chicago.

Right, I was lousy. Judged by that terrible exhibition, I didn't deserve a job in the majors. But every baseball man knew I had been pitching all season with a sore arm. Other men before me had recovered during the winter. The Cubs might have taken me to training camp in 1939 on a one-year contract before determining my status. The last thing they could have done was to send me to Milwaukee on option, retaining chattel rights to me in case I did come back.

#### Things That Baseball Bosses Forget

What burned me especially was the fact that with experienced pitchers so scarce every major-league club gave me a chance. It would have been different if I had not demonstrated my ability to win in the majors, but after my first year with the Cardinals in 1932 I had a winning record for six straight seasons in the National League. At that time I played on three championship teams. When clubs ignored six years of good work and remembered only ten minutes of one game.

That's my complaint against baseball. The big brains in long-range planning forget too often that ballplayers are people—proud people who cannot be kicked around callously. In the final analysis, a ballplayer has to peddle but his health and his pride. And of the two, I say pride is the more important commodity.

It starts out believing he is the best kid in his neighborhood. Then, on a grubby minor-league team, he is convinced he is the best prospect on the club. If he has that deep pride of personal achievement he'll be left crushed permanently. When he gets to the majors, he feels he is as good as the rest of the mob making a living from the game. And finally when the physical act of pitching every day becomes a tormenting, exhausting—professional pride alone impels a man to punish himself to the breaking point.

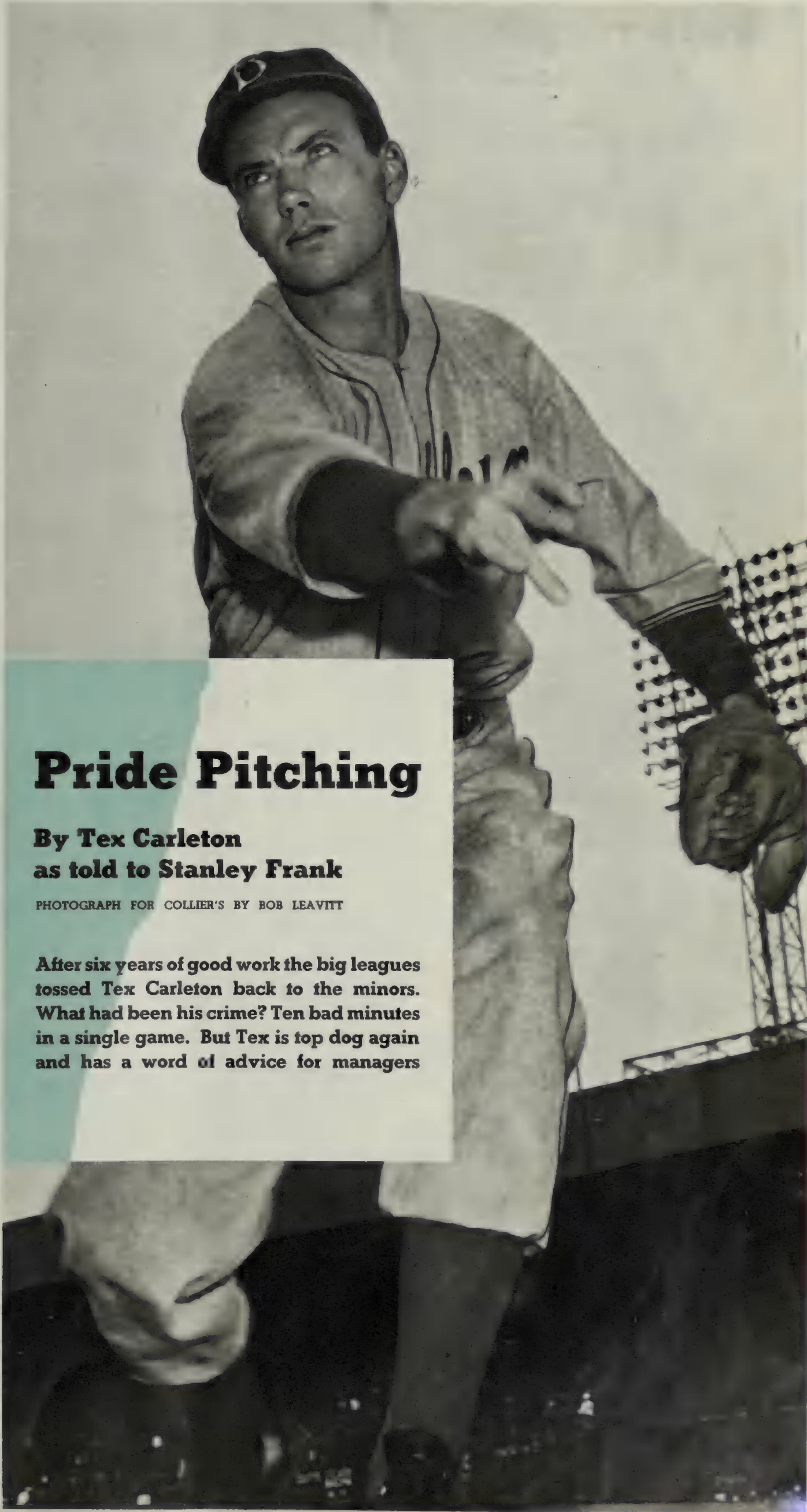
Do you think the desire for more money made Ty Cobb a tremendous player at forty-two? Would you say Cobb was concerned with maintaining his prestige or his bank account when, toward the end, he played on? Is baseball fun for a man once he's passed his early thirties? I don't have to look beyond the Brooklyn club for a good example of what pride can mean to a man and his manager. Freddy Fitzsimmons thought his world had collapsed three years ago when the Giants, the only major-league club he'd ever played with, traded him to the Yankees. Fitz then was thirty-six and was recuperating from an elbow operation. He was a good guy while he had it. The Giants overlooked one important factor—Fitz's pride. For the last few years Freddy has been living and pitching with one all-enveloping ambition in view: To win games in the majors. And so fat Freddy, at thirty-six, is a valuable pitcher. That's what pride does for a pitcher. Without it, I never would have pitched my no-hitter against the Reds. I wouldn't (Continued on page 24)

## Pride Pitching

By Tex Carleton  
as told to Stanley Frank

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

After six years of good work the big leagues tossed Tex Carleton back to the minors. What had been his crime? Ten bad minutes in a single game. But Tex is top dog again and has a word of advice for managers





# Autograph

By Ethel Loban

Facts and figures on the care and feeding of the most glamorous husband that Hollywood has seen

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

SHE was going out to lunch. Her gown was by Adrian, her hat by Bendel, her hair, eyes and mouth by Max Factor. Her soul was her own. Not that she would have admitted it. She would have told you if you caught her in a bitter mood that she had no soul; that in its place was a box office. She would have said that she had no emotions save make-believe ones and that make-believe was the only truth she knew. She would have lied.

Hastily now she signed a sheaf of photographs, a small mountain of bills: Trilby Jamison—Trilby Jamison—how many times had she signed that name, how many thousands of times! It had become a reflex; put a pen in her hand, you got an angular scrawl—Trilby Jamison. A controlled reflex, for the pen stopped at the last bill. That slip of engraved paper she folded and put into her bag. Her secretary did not notice; she had been trained not to notice; she swept everything into a neat pile and went about her business.

The door of Trilby Jamison's study opened, shut, opened again. She looked up from the desk and said, "Yes, Alfredo?"

"Good morning, my love." He kissed her ear where it showed beneath her hat and as always her heart contracted sharply. He stood over her, his eyes laughing, his dark cheeks darkly flushed, his black hair curling crisply around his temples as he smiled at her in mock dismay. "You are going out? Even

that Shylock studio gives my Trilby an occasional stingy day but you . . . you are not so merciful."

She said, "I'm sorry, darling. A luncheon, a very dismal one, I fear." She hesitated. "Will you come too?"

"Ah, no, no!" He laughed and she knew that he was not thinking of the bill folded in her bag. "The last lunch you dragged me to. Business . . . business . . . business! No. But when you come home, my sweet, maybe you'll rest a little then?"

"When I grow old I'll be a pussycat and lie in the sun all day."

"Don't grow old." He touched her cheek, his fingers tracing only the clean line of the lower jaw, but the light caress registered in every sensitive nerve center. "Stay as you are. Life holds so much that could amuse you. Cars, for instance. I have been looking at cars."

"Alfredo! Another?"

"But such a little fellow, this one. Yellow. So ridiculous and so cheap." Even through her gown his hand was warm on her shoulder and his laugh was rich and warm and deep. "Could you give me your autograph for that little car, my love?"

Trilby Jamison stood up. She said quickly, "This afternoon, perhaps, Alfredo. It's almost one, now. I mustn't be late for lunch."

He helped her into her silver-fox jacket and fastened the catch at her neck. He said, "Be careful of my Trilby, my busy, small Trilby." He

kissed her. Holding her close, "I'll have them send the car and know it will amuse you."

"I'm sure it will." His shoulder broad; his tweeds smelled of turpentine and tobacco. She forced herself from his arms. Breathlessly she said, "I'll sign the check when I come home, Alfredo."

At one o'clock the glittering limousine slid gently to the curb; the door opened and Trilby stepped out. Hardly had her shoe touched the pavement when she confronted a phenomenon. A handful of school children, a lounge lizard, a suddenly converged upon her came a circle, each with a smile and an uncapped fountain pen toward her.

The chauffeur made a gesture to protect her but she said, "It's all right, Joseph, I'd like to, really."

Accepting the nearest pen, she scrawled a huge "Trilby Jamison" on a white page, said gravely, "Imagine why you want it. It's worth the price of old paper in years."

Some one said, "G'wan, you're wowing 'em fifty years from now, Trilby."

Her smile was a familiar, dimple; her voice was sweet as persimmon juice: "I hope you're a dependable prophet."

She faced the restaurant entrance. (Continued on page 40)

Trilby Jamison—how many times had she signed that name, how many thousands of times! It had become







General Charles de Gaulle (center), who is carrying on the war for France from London

# The Man Who Didn't Quit

By Quentin Reynolds

"Fall in line with the Bordeaux government and your pensions will be safe." That sensational promise has kept thousands of French officers from joining General Charles de Gaulle and continuing the fight

THE man who didn't quit has a closely cropped mustache and he is tall and straight. When he speaks the words come out sharply and when he talks of the betrayal of his country the words are bits of rounded hail dropping on a tin roof. General Charles de Gaulle, today the mouthpiece and leader of all free Frenchmen, is a very tough citizen indeed.

"France lost the war," he says with the confidence of a man who knows war tactics backwards, "for very definite reasons. These were: First of all, our military system did not bother to develop any mechanized strength in the air and on the ground; second, the panic which gripped our civilian population at the advance of the German mechanized units; third, the tangible effect the fifth column had on the minds of many of our leaders, and fourth, lack of co-ordination between us and our Allies."

In those few sentences de Gaulle told why a great nation was strangled to death in a few weeks. Behind each of his reasons lies one fundamental fault common to all—the horrible inefficiency of the general staff, which still thought of this war in terms of the last war. The general staff was proud of its Maginot Line. Its complacency communicated itself to the civilian population and finally to the Army.

France looked upon the Maginot Line as Americans still mistakenly look upon the Atlantic Ocean. It was a bulwark against invasion. France thought only in terms of defense. France believed that the war would be a war of position as was the last, not a war of movement, of quick, smashing forays by large armies of tanks and motorcycles.

Only de Gaulle saw the handwriting on the military wall. As late as last January he sent a long memorandum to General Gamelin, who was then trying to win the war on blueprints. De Gaulle condemned the policy of passive defense and foretold the disaster it brought about. He pleaded for more, bigger, faster and better-armored tanks; he got nothing but a rebuke for this impertinence.

## Unconscious Aid to the Enemy

"Germany can still be beaten, even now," de Gaulle says. "But we must make use of the same weapons which she has used so successfully. Germany won with six thousand tanks and five thousand planes. She must be beaten by twenty thousand tanks and twenty thousand planes."

By a strange paradox the military theories of de Gaulle helped to defeat the French Army in 1934. He published a book on mechanized warfare. De Gaulle was an obscure captain then known only for his personal bravery during the last war, when he was wounded three times. The General Staff frowned on the advanced theories he pronounced in his book. The book itself, *Vers l'Armee de Métier*, received scant attention except from a few of his colleagues who thought as he did.

But one German read it, the astute General Hauss Guderian, who was just beginning to organize the mechanized forces of the Reich. Guderian made it his bible and when he swept through northern France with his army of twelve tank divisions, he used the paralyzing tactics advocated by de Gaulle.

De Gaulle himself, during May, held command of the French tank army but he had only one division. His tanks performed brilliantly at Abbeville but he was only staving off the inevitable. He himself rode and issued commands by radio from one of the tanks.

He didn't have the enormous sixty-ton tanks used by the German Army. So

(Continued on page 44)



Below: Living room, taken from fireplace. Oak-plywood walls, pine-block floor. Long mahogany table can be made into five. Right: Boy's room. Built-in bunks, portholes, linoleum-topped desk

Below: Girl's room with dressing-table end of desk open. Washable gray wall covering absorbs glare; matches carpet, making room seem larger

Above: Master room. Dressing table looks built-in, is actually three separate pieces. Notice reflected in mirror; heading into corner they conserve floor space, make room more usable. Above: Natural cocoa matting on stairs, grass cloth on wall. Redwood poles hung with

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S  
BY SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO



# Furnish Home

Ruth Carson

House of Ideas. Most of the furnishings are designed for double duty and the space thereby saved is yours to enjoy

THIS is the furniture for Collier's House of Ideas. It has been especially designed to be as full of ideas for space-saving, for easy upkeep, for beauty. It is called modern furniture for lack of a better tag; it is actually simple furniture that makes the most of the space and the requirements of this house.

It is so much a part of the house that the architect, Edward Stone, planned the house with furniture locations in mind. The decorator and designer of the interiors, Dan Cooper, consulted with Mr. Stone in turn about woods and wall finishes, and even the plan. Collier's, in the role of client, and M. Bartos, builder of the furniture, who contributed to his own sense of simple design and fine work, joined in the collaboration. For such co-ordination of house and furnishings is the way to achieve a comfortable and workable place in which to live. You don't build a series of boxes, with holes punched for doors and windows, and then move in an assortment of chests, tables, beds and chairs that may be left over. You plan your space for furniture—to be bought ready-made, or built as this was, or already on hand.

Idea Number One for any house building and furnishing. That is Idea Number Two, to Mr. Cooper's mind, is an interior that is simple and casual, rather than studied and carefully matched. He'll mix woods in a room when they look well together—oak, walnut, pine and mahogany in Collier's living room, for instance, proving

to you the monotony of only one wood when there is much of it in a room. Or given a curtain material that suits the house, he may use it all through, with a dash of rayon, which he designed himself as he did most of the fabrics in Collier's House. It is dyed different colors for some rooms; left natural and woven with a design for the playroom, appliquéd with a design for the boy's room. Same weave, but raw silk for the master room.

Such relaxed decorating, which suits the house completely, strikes the visitors to Collier's House. They don't go in and say, "Oh, look, it's modern." They say how cool and fresh it is, how comfortable and pleasant a place to live. This effect has been accomplished in other ways besides. By the use of natural materials: Wood, wax-finished to retain its natural beauty; leather, used for the seat of a chair, or laced to make back and seat; copper, to give warmth even to metal accessories; the fresh green of plants in every room; grass cloth on a wall, cocoa matting on the stairs; simple rugs, some of them hand-kindled a warm glow in you. See in the color pictures the mixture of rich wood tones, cool greens and gray, coppery red and yellow and brown and white through the house. There are lighthearted designs: Stubby, yellow animals on the playroom curtains, elephants with waggable tails and ears, appliquéd on those in the boy's room. Butterflies for the

girl. Two childish footprints woven into the fireplace rug to beguile you. The plan of Collier's House worked into the other living-room rug, to start the conversation going. Unconventional, intriguing ideas like these to make you wonder why no one ever thought of that before.

But the house owes its fresh appeal to more than color and simple designs and materials. It has a cool, restful, uncluttered look because it actually has very little in it: None of the bedroom suites, the living-room sets, the sideboards and serving tables and cupboards and chests that take up floor space in so many houses.

This is possible because of the furniture itself, and because of the walls. You read in the first article on Collier's House about the wall in the many-purpose room. It's a plywood honeycomb of cupboards that does the storage job of a sideboard and several chests, taking care of all the dining-play- and guest-room supplies for this multiple room. The partition between this room and the kitchen is made up of counter and rolling panel above, the counter making a serving table; and a bar and breakfast ing is a table and some chairs. The table, a solid piece of walnut backed with plywood to match the wall paneling, lets down from the wall when you want it. Makes the room easy to clear for action. Upstairs the walls are storage space, too—closets fitted for hanging space, hat and shoe storage and drawers, eliminating the need for chests in the rooms.

(Continued on page 45)



Left, above: Collier's House of Ideas, Rockefeller Center, New York City. Above: Dining end of many-purpose room, looking into kitchen across service counter. Grass matting on floor. Table folds into window area. Metal-alloy tableware won't scratch or tarnish





# BALLY BOY

By J. Bryan III

**Hurry, hurry, hurry! Step right up, folks, and hearken to the magic words of Don James, Professor of Ballyhoo**

**D**ON JAMES is a talker for the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey side show. You may call him a "spieler" if you like, but not a "barker." This is an outsiders' term; professionals never use it. The talker's job is important because the gate depends almost entirely on his persuasiveness. A good talker can triple a poor talker's gate.

Don James is a good talker. He is only twenty-four, and this is only his second season with Ringling, but he has been a side-show man for six years. When he was talking for Hennies Brothers Carnival in 1938, he grossed \$17,000 in Detroit in sixteen days and \$10,000 in Dallas in twelve days. Tickets were a

quarter, so he was bringing in close to 4,000 people a day. Any showman will tell you this is pretty near a record.

Old-school talkers resent James' success because his technique is so different from theirs. Where they are raucous, he is sedate, almost prim. They run to flashy suits, awning-striped shirts, violent sleeve-garters. James' clothes might have come from an outfitter to the clergy. His voice is soft, his face ascetic. He is like a young apostle, hushedly, even fearfully, describing a miracle that has been vouchsafed him.

This priestliness is, in his own words, "strictly con—a fakeroo," but James cultivates it because it is excellent box office. It is not so conspicuously flagrant in front of the Ringling side show, which is too inoffensive to be a proper contrast, but in his carnival days pious James unmercifully attracted coins from the best-insulated wallets. The most timid elderly maiden was reassured when he lifted his hand as much in benediction as for silence, and began his bally for the

Spieler James introduces Mr. and Mrs. Fish. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the tallest married couple in the world. Both are over eight feet tall, and their combined weight is 840 pounds."

Guillotine by asking the men to remove their heads while he offered a prayer for the girl's soul.

Scriptural references studded the bally itself. The bally for the Floating Girl was virtually a petition for her canonization: "Our Saviour, the Carpenter of Nazareth, performed miracles on this earth. He changed water into wine, raised Lazarus from the dead. But this girl, a miracle girl, not with the aid of divine power, but with the aid of science—"

The science was a steel harness attached to a broomstick that supported her.

The fountain of James' devoutness is a huge and overflowing that his slight frame seems a frail vessel to contain it. The crowd pours in eager to join him in a good cry as it is to be amazed. When he was ballying Bertha Hildegard, the headless German girl, only the strength that comes from tenderness sustained him to the end: "Five years ago she gave birth from the right side of her body to a splendid baby boy. But the brutal German government was not satisfied. It wanted to find out what caused these freaks of nature, and enticed Bertha now unhappily widowed, into another marriage. (His voice begins to throb with sympathy.) "Through torture and pain, through a Caesarean operation," he bows his head) "—you mothers will—understand— (he shakes off the agonizing memory and hails a sweet mystery) "she again gave birth—this time from the left side—to a splendid little baby girl!"

Bertha Hildegard was two girls in a chair so contrived that only one body showed.

## Serenades for the Heartstrings

The bally for Odette, the Headless Girl, is James' masterpiece, his Hamlet, his Symphonie Pathétique. After sketching in the wreck of the Parisian life in which Odette was decapitated, and Dr. LeBaron's brilliant operation, which succeeded in keeping her body "breathing and functioning," James forces himself to raise the question of whether she is still alive: "Sometimes when you look upon her body, you will quiver and quake as if in pain" (a hand brushes across his eyes). "That famous surgeon will tell you" (an almost inaudible whisper) "that he does—know—"

Odette is a mirror illusion.

James has found that these Serenades for the Heartstrings are particularly effective at the Ringling side show, because Ringling's reputation for volensomeness attracts a large proportion of women. He always finishes a Ringling bally with "Bring them ladies! God bless the ladies! The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!" The rowdier carnivalesque shows appeal chiefly to men. James is sedate, almost priestly, no matter what the crowd, but if few women are present, he becomes the Militant Missionary instead of the Tender Shepherd, and so checks his sensitiveness to the more vigorous—and more suggestive—form of a shocked distaste.

Ballying the Headless Girl to a masculine crowd at a carnival, he used a passage that he never used with Ringling: "And now I must tell you why she has no clothes upon her body. One night at the Illinois State Fair, people sitting in the grandstand were so far away from her that they thought she was a model, made up for the occasion. Therefore, they came to remove her clothing so that they could see her living flesh." (His distaste begins.) "We even asked them to walk down and feel her pulse" (it has been acute) "and count her heartbeats one by one." (In a righteous warning) "But if you come in to get a cheap thrill, remember that we don't cater to you."

"We present her in this tent but once each week. On account of the air condition of our tent we show her more often. Her body must be kept at the same temperature at all times. The doctor is standing ready to move her now. It will be less than five minutes until she is presented again. At this point, liquid nourishment will be pumped into her body. Every three hours she must be fed. Yield it to yourself, your family, to see her before you leave your city. And there is no charge to see her. It is one of forty attractions.

"And now, gentlemen, if you will do me a favor, I will do you a favor in return. Turn to the woman on your side and ask her if she would like to see the Headless Girl. Maybe she would, maybe she wouldn't, but anyway. And in return for (Continued on p. 15)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



# Friends Needed

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**The love affair of a young man who knew everybody in Washington except the President. But give him time. This boy's going places**

SMITH strode down the upper way of the Washington, D. C., apartment house, his blue eyes shining with anticipation.

He was going to meet Dot Mivvle's father, and Dot wouldn't be ashamed of him. He looked pretty smooth. He had been invited to dinner out and a premiere, and he was dressed in a tuxedo. He popped his opera hat and was hoping Dot would open the door.

Dot did; and caught at her father's admiration. She stepped out, and he hugged him. "Oh, Jack! That's a field coat? And tails!"

"Four dollars complete in Levy's," Jack complacently. "I had to buy a shirt and collar I got at an old-laundry store on 9th Street;

"I'll notice," Dot cut in, in case he was going to go into the matter more. "Come in . . . Oh, Jack!"

AUBREY MIVVLE, a gaunt and haggard man with flopping gray hair, was in the living room, sitting erect so as not to buckle his front. He felt low; he didn't want to miss the evening's program, and he couldn't afford it.

Superior in the department had given him four compliments—the world premiere of a new play. Mr. Mivvle was sorry now he had ever accepted them.

"We must dress," decreed Mrs. Mivvle. "Everybody there will be dressed. So we might as well go out to dinner. Dot, ask that Jack Smith that's always calling you up. And where ought we to go to eat, Dot?"

"The Shoreward Park Hotel; cocktails first on the President Roof," said Dot, who knew her smart Washington.

Mr. Mivvle was somewhat cheered when Jack, after being introduced, removed his dress overcoat, showed his tails and shut his hat; he was evidently a nice class of boy, and the evening wasn't sheer waste.

Mrs. Mivvle—short, stout, amiably and aimlessly energetic—also approved of Jack when she came from the elders' bedroom. She gave her husband a bright and secret glance, which approved of Jack and approved too of Mrs. Mivvle's judgment in taking an expensive apartment. She had said to Mr. Mivvle, eight months before, "Aub, Dot is going on eighteen; and I was married at eighteen. I think I'll look around at some nice elevator apartments; a nice class of boy won't walk up four flights."

"Are you in the Government, Mr.

Smith?" asked Mr. Mivvle curiously.

"Oh, Papa's such a cross-examiner!" smiled Dot, nervously.

"Yes, I often say Mr. Mivvle ought've been a lawyer," said Mrs. Mivvle, who was herself curious about the guest. Dot had been vague.

"I'm in General Intelligence, Mr. Mivvle!"

"Secret Service, Mr. Smith? Is it the FBI or—"

"Not exactly, Mr. Mivvle," said Jack rapidly, "though we do work for them too in the way of keeping them informed of what's going on. For instance, Mr. Hoover came up to me on the street last week, and I gave him a lot of stuff he didn't know. Now, this morning Vice-President Garner spoke to me—"

"My! You know those men to talk to, Jack?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mivvle," said Jack modestly. "I don't mean we're personal friends; just business. My work is like a messenger, except that I meet big people personally. Oh, yes, I know senators and judges—"

"How marvelous! At your age. Are you listening, Aub? How did you get

such a wonderful situation, Jack? Papa, listen."

"Why, it was more of an accident, Mrs. Mivvle. I really came to Washington last fall for a post as messenger. Congressman Stumbel from out home promised me the post and I came on, but he got in wrong in some way and only skinned in himself and he didn't have much influence, but he got me on with General Intelligence. It's not so much, Mrs. Mivvle!"

"Oh, I think—" began Mrs. Mivvle. "I think, Mamma," interposed Dot, "that we'd better be going."

THEY went down to the Mivvles' car, which was parked in the street day and night. As they neared it, Dot cried out in alarm.

"Oh, Papa, we got a ticket! Didn't you see the sign 'No Parking Between 5 and 7 P.M.'?"

"I thought," said Mr. Mivvle, more depressed, "that it said 'No Parking Except Between 5 and 7.'"

"No, Papa, that was last week on this street." Dot pulled the ticket from under the windshield wiper. "Papa, you should always read the signs. Oh, darn it, stuck for three dollars again."

"They'll cancel it, Dot," Jack comforted her, handing Mrs. Mivvle into the back seat. "Your father must know lots of people."

"That's it, Jack! Papa doesn't."

"Then the police won't cancel it," Jack (Continued on page 42)



Jack led Mr. Mivvle to the senator's table. "Senator, I guess you know me," he said. "Could I introduce a friend of mine?"



# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer at a Berlin night club, marries Paul Lesser who, with Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, owns the club. A short time later, her young husband (whom she idolizes) is killed in a mysterious accident.

Heartbroken, and strongly suspecting that the "accident" had been planned by Blaerchen, Carola leaves Berlin. Three years later she is in Rome, when she receives orders from Blaerchen (now a power in the German Foreign Office) to report to him in Berlin. Not daring to resist, she goes back to the German capital, where Blaerchen—giving her an apartment, with a maid (Maria Kunkle, who, in Blaerchen's pay, keeps a sharp eye on her)—sets her to work as a spy.

She has just one friend whom she can trust: Karl Dietrich. Dietrich, once a comedian, has spent three years in a concentration camp. He loathes the Nazis. With a number of fellow conspirators—Hans Klaus, Franz Ranke, one Schebeler (who has a job at the Foreign Office) and others—he is organizing an anti-Hitler group. Because Blaerchen hates him, his meetings with Carola must be surreptitious.

A series of ugly experiences soon convinces Carola that Blaerchen (whose ardent advances she must frequently repel) is a conscienceless scoundrel. In her apartment, Senta Mainescu—once engaged to Blaerchen, and employed by him—makes some indiscreet remarks. A short time later, she is arrested, charged with treason—and executed! Warned by that experience, Carola is not surprised when Blaerchen uses her—a beautiful woman—as bait, in an attempt to blackmail Signor Froschetti, a young member of the Italian embassy. The attempt

fails, because Carola, suspecting what is going on, refuses to obey orders.

Nor is Carola surprised when Maria Kunkle—who had been assured by Blaerchen that her soldier-husband would never be sent to the front—tearfully informs her that her husband has been killed at the front! She is astounded, however, when the maid, in a fury, informs her that there is a microphone in the apartment; and that, as she shouts her hatred of Blaerchen, a Nazi agent is listening.

Frightfully shocked, Carola tells Blaerchen that she will work for him no longer. To her amazement, he seems to be rather pleased when she tells him that she will accept the offer of an old friend—Franz Wagner, who is opening a new night club—and go to work for him, as a singer. . . . Meeting Dietrich, she is nervously happy. For she and Karl Dietrich are now well aware that they are in love—and in peril.

## VI

IT WAS a bitter thing to be in love, to know it surely and as surely to know it was hopeless, yet through these days Carola was happy. To be free of the fear of some new assignment from Blaerchen was happiness enough; to be closer to Karl, even though she never quite dared ask herself what she could hope for, was happiness added. And there was the world of the cabaret and she was stepping back into it.

She found a new apartment at once, to the north of the Tiergarten. Here she had long practice hours, discussions with accompanists, appointments with a dressmaker and, at least twice a day, a long conversation with Wagner. She would not go to the office and Wagner came to her, his excitement never lessening. He insisted on supervising every detail, from the choice of the exact shade of gray for her dress to the placement of songs on her program. And he repeated again and again, "It will be a sensational opening. Help people forget the war for a little while! They'll appreciate that."

On one visit, as he was thumbing through a pile of Carola's music he asked, "Do you see Karl?"

Carola turned around quickly. "Why should you ask?"

Wagner smiled lazily. "I asked him to help you rehearse and he preferred not to. Strange!"

"I'm doing well by myself, don't you think?"

"Beautifully!"

Carola worried about Wagner's question and even about Wagner. One never knew in Berlin! Karl reassured her. "It

was just natural curiosity," he said. On this night the cold had let up and they walked the streets where Carola hummed her songs. "Remember your gesture there—the smile! Then he laughed happily. "Even in this miserable cold it's lovely to have you sing!"

Her days were busy and Karl was waiting each evening. At times there were interruptions. Once Froschetti phoned from the Italian Embassy, "I'm glad you're going back to work." He emphasized the word "work."

"So am I!" Her voice was clear. Any telephone might be tapped.

One afternoon she received a message saying, "Please be at the Café Froschetti at five o'clock today if possible. It is signed by von Maurer. Carola kept the appointment."

He said formally, "I owe you a debt of gratitude for connecting you in any way with Senta's death."

"I never believed you did," he waited for what he would say next.

He said very little and then he was vague. "I have learned much about Senta that I did not know, about her friends and her past activities. I know who is responsible for her death."

Carola could not hold back a cry. "Who?"

"Herself!" Quickly he added, "I can scarcely believe what I have found out. I am still investigating—!"

Obviously, he did not want to say of things that, from his point of view, did not concern an outside woman.

EVERY day, as patiently she waited for him, as oncoming lava, Praut waited for him. He made a game now of her. He would see him, saying, "I'm sure you will have time to see me today!"

"I'm sorry!" That was her only reply but it had a genuine tone. "I'm busy with rehearsals."

"I can't tell you how much I look forward to your opening night," Praut said pleasantly.

Each day Blaerchen telephoned her. One day he invited her to lunch. He seemed concerned with something. After questioning her about her work, he said, "Sometimes it would be better to be out of politics and back in the simpler business of entertainment."

Later, after a pause, he said, "I heard that Karl is working for Wagner. Have you seen much of him?"

She was a good enough actress to conceal her reaction. "I don't go to his office and he does not come to mine. Souci for rehearsals." She asked more questions but he seemed evasive. Then she changed the subject. Praut calls every day as usual.

"And never insists on seeing me?"

"Never!"

Blaerchen frowned. "I should not of a colleague of mine that he is a scoundrel but—!"

He telephoned two days later. (Continued on page 15)

His arm went around her. "I have waited long enough," he said. "I want you, Carola. I can't resist you when I haven't wanted you."







"You may be right," Mason admitted. He took von Lehtoner's glasses, focused, tried to pick up the spot where he had seen movement

## Sharp Traders

By Louis C. Goldsmith

Austrian had a bluff, tactless  
er. He was positive in every-  
he said and he had a genius for  
enjoying, as have so many liver-  
gentlemen in China.

lost the war," he stated, "on  
when the German officers were  
from China."

Japanese bombers were dwin-  
ward the eastern horizon. They  
dropped most of their bombs, and  
American accountant—John Mason  
it should be safe to return  
the city. He was sorry he had  
von Lehtoner's offer of a ride  
the bomb-threatened city. He  
py for it now by listening to this  
had earned the right to be  
China because he had made a  
ere.

have pursuit planes concealed  
pce," von Lehtoner grumbled.  
Japanese bombus, unmolested."  
were swarming over the air-  
bow. Some of them worked  
the bomb craters; others were  
quirt in woven baskets, to fill the  
er the harvest was gleaned.  
were a hundred of them at least,  
them belonging to the same fam-  
according to that story the American  
eal.

the military deserted this ex-  
fid Wai Wong had leased it for  
allum. Wai Wong was head of  
any, which included cousins five  
oved.

made a good living, collecting  
from Japanese bombs. They had  
killful in removing detonators

from unexploded bombs. These duds, with their charges of explosive, brought a handsome price from the Chinese military . . . twenty-five Hong Kong dollars. This was clear profit inasmuch as the bamboo and cotton cloth with which Wai Wong's sons, with the manual ingenuity possessed by all Chinese, duplicated the old World War trick of rigging plane silhouettes to deceive a high-flying enemy, cost nothing.

Von Lehtoner pointed to the slender, drab-colored destroyers anchored in the river below. "The Chinese scuttled some old junks to block the channel. But with those cleaned out the Japanese will land marines right on the Bund." He seemed to be enjoying the thought.

"In some ways," he went on, "the Chinese are much like you Americans."

Mason heard the thin, distant crack of a rifle. His eyes searched the willow growth on the other side of the river.

"In the main they are honest," von Lehtoner conceded, "though close, sharp traders. . . ."

ONE of the Japanese destroyers had swung its turret. The explosion came in a heavy roll of sound, immediately punctuated by the shell's detonation.

"Five-inch gun," the Austrian pronounced authoritatively. He focused handsome binoculars on the opposite shore.

From their elevated position on the hill they could see down into the thick stand of willows. Again Mason's ears caught the brittle snap of a rifle.

"I wonder how much those five-inch

shells cost?" he asked, to make conversation.

"Two hundred dollars," the Austrian hazarded. "I think not so much as that. The men and women who make those shells receive less for a year's work than your people get for a week's. They work for the glory of their country. They understand, almost as well as the Germans, that the state is everything, the individual nothing."

Again the heavy thunder of the five-inch gun rolled up to them.

But von Lehtoner was intent on his subject. "Statism against individualism," he mused. "The Chinese are clever, just as you Americans are clever. But it is to make things, always producing, always grubbing for wealth. You are individualists, each man a kingdom of himself. You fail to understand the beauty of state. So they and you and your foolish democracies are doomed."

Mason, listening to the Austrian's words, thought he saw a small movement in the willows. Another rifle shot and the whine of its bullet ricocheting off the turret of the destroyer.

"You may be right," Mason admitted. He took von Lehtoner's glasses, focused, tried to pick up the spot where he had seen movement. "But a nation made up of individuals free to think and express their thoughts, to work and play and worship as they see fit—they should be happier, it seems to me."

Another five-inch shell exploded before he found the place. He could see a coolie boy, lying on muddy ground, yards from the shell crater just made.

The Austrian was hungry for argument. "Happiness, contentment—bah! What did such things bring the Poles, the Finns, the Danes?"

The glasses were remarkably good. Mason could even see a grin on the coolie's face as he slipped another cartridge into his old rifle.

"That may be true," he admitted. "But what happens to people who eat hate and dream it, who think only what and when they are told?"

THE coolie boy had fired. He wriggled up the mud bank, into the shell crater just blasted out. "Good!" Mason spoke, involuntarily. "He understands that heavy guns bracket their targets. Always safe in the last shell hole."

"What do you say? What is it you see over there?" the Austrian demanded.

"Nothing much," Mason told him. "Let's get back to the city."

He saw the tiny figures of Wai Wong's family, working in the happy, haphazard fashion of their kind. They were gathering their harvest of scrap-iron fragments, the rich find of a dud bomb now and then.

The Austrian continued with his triumphant argument. But Mason wasn't listening. He was thinking of that coolie boy on the opposite bank of the river. There was nobody else there. It must be his own idea and he was as happy over it as a kid in a shooting gallery.

Mason smiled. Just a coolie boy with an old rifle, trading three-penny rifle bullets for five-inch shells of the Imperial Navy.



# The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

GLADYS NEVILL informs Henry Morley—a London dentist whose secretary she is—that her aunt, who lives in Somerset, has had a stroke, and that she must go to her at once. She departs, and Morley (suspecting that she is meeting her boy friend, Frank Carter, for a day's outing) goes to his office.

Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, keeps a dental appointment with Morley. Morley checks on his teeth, and, in the course of a rambling conversation, remarks that one of his patients is Mr. Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm.

Poirot leaves the office. As he reaches the street, a woman—a "Miss Kirby" it is learned later—drops a shoe buckle, while stepping out of a taxicab. Poirot, always gallant, retrieves the buckle, hands it to the woman with a bow. Whereupon, the owner freezes him, and strides into Morley's office.

A short time later, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones Poirot and gives him some surprising news: Morley has committed suicide, in his office! Losing no time, Poirot joins the inspector, who shows him the body, which, pistol beside it, has not been disturbed.

But why—and the question puzzles both Japp and Poirot—should Henry Morley, with good health, a lucrative practice and no enemies, have killed himself? And when it is learned that Morley had never owned a pistol, Poirot feels sure that he has encountered another murder case.

Suspects? Well, possibly a Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who it would seem was the dentist's last patient. Or a young fellow who had been restlessly awaiting his ordeal, when Poirot had gone to the chair. Determined to check up on everyone who may know anything about Morley, Poirot and Japp start with Georgina, the dentist's sister, with whom he had lived for years. While they are questioning Georgina, Gladys Nevill arrives.

Japp takes the young woman into a near-by room, closes the door. And presently he is listening to an interesting story: In answer to an urgent telegram, Gladys had rushed to her aunt. She had found the lady in excellent health! Japp wants to see the telegram. Gladys says that she had thrown it away. "It just said," she adds, "Your aunt had stroke last night. Stop. Please come at once."

## II

YOU are quite sure—well"—Japp coughed delicately—"that it wasn't your friend, Mr. Carter, who sent that telegram?"

"Frank?" Miss Nevill said. "Whatever for? Oh! I see, you mean—a put-up job between us? No, indeed, Inspector—neither of us would do such a thing."

Her indignation seemed genuine enough and Japp had a little trouble in soothing her down. But a question as to the patients on this particular morning restored her to her competent self.

"They are all here in the book. I dare say you have seen it already. I know about most of them. Ten o'clock, Mrs. Soames—that was about her new plate—10:30, Lady Grant—she's an elderly lady—lives in Lowndes Square. Eleven o'clock, M. Hercule Poirot, he comes regularly—oh, of course, this is him—sorry, M. Poirot, but I really am so upset! Eleven-thirty, Mr. Alistair Blunt—that's the banker, you know—a short appointment, because Mr. Morley had prepared the filling last time. Then Miss Sainsbury Seale—she rang up specially—had a toothache and so Mr. Morley fitted her in. A terrible talker she is, never stops—the fussy kind, too. Then 12 o'clock, Mr. Amberiotis—he was a new patient—made an appointment from the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Morley gets quite a lot of foreigners and Americans. Then 12:30, Miss Kirby. She comes up from Worthing."

Poirot said, "There was here, when I arrived, a tall, military gentleman. Who would he be?"

"One of Mr. Reilly's patients, I expect. I'll just get his list for you, shall I?"

"Thank you, Miss Nevill."

She was absent only a few minutes. She returned with a book similar to that of Mr. Morley.

She read out: "Ten o'clock, Betty Heath (that's a little girl of nine). Eleven o'clock, Colonel Abercrombie."

"Abercrombie!" murmured Poirot.

"Eleven-thirty, Mr. Howard Raikes. Twelve o'clock, Mr. Barnes. That was all the patients this morning. Mr. Reilly isn't so booked up as Mr. Morley, of course."

"Can you tell us anything about any of these patients of Mr. Reilly's?"

"Colonel Abercrombie has been a patient for a long time, and all Mrs. Heath's children come to Mr. Reilly. I can't tell you anything about Mr. Raikes or Mr. Barnes, though I fancy I have heard their names. I take all the telephone calls, you see—"

Japp said, "We can ask Mr. Reilly ourselves. I should like to see him as soon as possible."

Miss Nevill went out. Japp said to Poirot, "All old patients of Mr. Morley except Amberiotis. I'm going to have an interesting talk with Mr. Amberiotis presently. He's the last person, as it stands, to see Morley alive, and we've got to make quite sure that when he last saw him Morley was alive."

Poirot said slowly, shaking his head, "You have still to prove motive."

"I know. That's what is going to be the teaser. But we may have something about Amberiotis at the Yard." He added sharply: "You're very thoughtful, Poirot!"

"I was wondering about something."

"What was it?"

Poirot said with a faint smile, "Why Chief Inspector Japp?"

"Eh?"

"I said, 'Why Chief Inspector Japp?' An officer of your eminence—is he usually called in to a case of suicide?"

"As a matter of fact, I happened to be near by at the time. At Lavenham's—in Wigmore Street. Rather an ingenious system of frauds they've had there. They telephoned me there to come on here."

"But why did they telephone you?"

"Oh, that—that's simple enough. Alistair Blunt. As soon as the divisional inspector heard he'd been here this morning, he got on to the Yard. Mr. Blunt is the kind of person we take care of in this country."

"You mean that there are people who would like him—out of the way?"

"You bet there are. The Germans, for one. It's Blunt and his group who are standing solid behind the present government. Good sound, conservative finance. That's why, if there were the least chance that there was any funny stuff intended against him this morning, they wanted a thorough investigation."

POIROT nodded.

"That is what I more or less guessed. And that is the feeling I have"—he waved his hands expressively—"that there was, perhaps, a hitch of some kind. The proper victim was—should have been—Alistair Blunt. Or is this only a beginning—the beginning of a campaign of some kind? I smell—I smell"—he sniffed the air—"big money in this business!"

Japp said, "You're assuming a lot, you know."

"I am suggesting that Morley was only a pawn in the game. Perhaps he knew something—perhaps he told Blunt something—or they feared he would tell Blunt something—"

He stopped as Gladys Nevill re-entered the room. "Mr. Reilly is busy on an extraction case," she said. "He will be free in about ten minutes if that will be all right."

Japp said that it would. In the meantime, he said, he would have another talk with the boy Alfred.

Alfred was divided between nervousness, enjoyment and a morbid fear of being







blamed for everything that had occurred. He had only been a fortnight in Mr. Morley's employment, and during that fortnight he had consistently and unvaryingly done everything wrong. Persistent blame had sapped his self-confidence.

"He was a bit rattier than usual, perhaps," said Alfred in answer to a question, "nothing else as I can remember. I'd never have thought he was going to do himself in."

Poirot interposed.

"You must tell us," he said, "everything that you can remember about this morning. You are a very important witness, and your recollections may be of immense service to us."

Alfred's face was suffused by vivid crimson and his chest swelled. He had already given Japp a brief account of the morning's happenings. He proposed now to spread himself. A comforting sense of importance oozed into him.

"I can tell you orl right," he said. "Just you ask me."

"To begin with, did anything out of the way happen this morning?"

ALFRED reflected a minute and then said rather sadly, "Can't say as it did. It was orl just as usual."

"Did any strangers come to the house?"

"No, sir."

"Not even among the patients?"

"I didn't know as you meant the patients. Nobody come what hadn't got an appointment, if that's what you mean. They were all down in the book."

Japp nodded. Poirot asked, "Could anybody have walked in from outside?"

"No, they couldn't. They'd have to have a key, see?"

"But it was quite easy for anyone to leave the house?"

"Oh, yes, just turn the handle and go out and pull the door to after you. As I was saying, most of 'em do. They often come down the stairs while I'm taking up the next party in the lift, see?"

"I see. Now just tell us who came first this morning and so on. Describe them if you can't remember the names."

Alfred reflected a minute. Then he said, "Lady with a little girl, that was for Mr. Reilly and a Mrs. Soap or some such name for Mr. Morley."

Poirot said, "Quite right. Go on."

"Then another elderly lady—bit of a toff she was. As she went out a tall military gent come in, and just after him, you came." He nodded to Poirot.

"Right."

"Then the American gent came—"

Japp said sharply, "American!"

"Yes, sir. Young fellow. He was American, all right—you could tell by his voice. Come early, he did. His appointment wasn't till 11:30—and what's more he didn't keep it—neither."

Japp said sharply, "What's that?"

"Not him. Come in for him when Mr. Reilly's buzzer went at eleven-thirty—a bit later it was, as a matter of fact, might have been twenty to twelve—and he wasn't there. Must have funk'd it and gone away." He added with a knowledgeable air: "They do sometimes."

Poirot said, "Then he must have gone out soon after me."

"That's right, sir. You went out after I'd taken up a toff what come in a big car. Ooo—it was a lovely car. Mr. Blunt—11:30. Then I come down and let you out, and a lady in. Miss Some Berry Seale, or something like that—and then, I—well, as a matter of fact, I just nipped down to the kitchen to get my elevenses, and when I was down there the buzzer went—Mr. Reilly's buzzer—so I come up and, as I say, the American gentleman had hooked it. I went and told Mr. Reilly

"They are all here in the book," she said. "I dare say you have seen it. I know about most of them"

about it and he swore a bit, as is his way."

Poirot said, "Continue."

"Lemme see, what happened next? Oh, yes, Mr. Morley's buzzer went for that Miss Seale, and the toff came down and went out as I took Miss Whatsername up in the lift. Then I come down again and two gentlemen came—one a little man with a funny, squeaky voice—I can't remember his name. For Mr. Reilly, he was. And a fat, foreign gentleman for Mr. Morley."

"Miss Seale wasn't very long—not above a quarter of an hour. I let her out and then I took up the foreign gentleman. I'd already taken the other gent in to Mr. Reilly right away as soon as he came."

Japp said, "And you didn't see Mr. Amberiotis, the foreign gentleman, leave?"

"No, sir, I can't say as I did. He must have let himself out. I didn't see either of those two gentlemen go."

"Where were you from twelve o'clock onwards?"

"I always sits in the lift, sir, waiting until the front doorbell or one of the buzzers goes."

Poirot said, "And you were perhaps reading?"

Alfred blushed again.

"There ain't no harm in that, sir. It's not as though I could be doing anything else."

"Quite so. What were you reading?"

"Death at 11:45, sir. It's an American detective story. It's a corker, sir, it really is! All about gunmen."

Poirot smiled faintly. He said, "Would you hear the front door close from where you were?"

"You mean anyone going out? I don't think I should, sir. What I mean is I shouldn't notice it! You see, the lift is right at the back of the hall and a little round the corner. The bell rings just behind it, and the buzzers too. You can't miss them."

Poirot nodded and Japp asked, "What happened next?"

Alfred frowned in a supreme effort of memory.

"Only the last lady, Miss Shirty. I waited for Mr. Morley's Buzzer to go, but nothing happened and at one o'clock, the lady who was waiting, she got rather ratty."

"It did not occur to you to go up before and see if Mr. Morley was ready?"

Alfred shook his head very positively.

"Not me, sir. I wouldn't have dreamed of it. For all I knew the last gentleman was still up there. I'd got to wait for the buzzer. Of course, if I'd knowed as Mr. Morley had done himself in—"

Alfred shook his head with morbid relish.

Poirot asked, "Did the buzzer usually go before the patient came down, or the other way about?"

"DEPENDS. Usually the patient would come down the stairs and then the buzzer would go. If they rang for the lift, that buzzer would go perhaps as I was bringing them down. But it wasn't fixed in any way. Sometimes Mr. Morley would be a few minutes before he rang for the next patient. If he was in a hurry, he'd ring as soon as they were out of the room."

"I see"—Poirot paused and then went on—"Were you surprised at Mr. Morley's suicide, Alfred?"

"Knocked all of a heap, I was. He hadn't no call to go doing himself in as far as I can see—oh!" Alfred's eyes grew large and round. "Oo—er—he wasn't murdered, was he?"

Poirot cut in before Japp could speak.

"Supposing he were, would it surprise you less?"

"Well, I don't know, sir, I'm sure. I can't see who'd want to murder Mr. Morley. He was—well, he was a very ordinary gentleman, sir. Was he really murdered, sir?"

Poirot said gravely, "We have to take every possibility into account. That is why I told you you would be a very important witness and that you must try and recollect everything that happened this morning."

He stressed the words and Alfred frowned with a prodigious effort of memory.

"I can't think of anything else, sir. I can't indeed."

(Continued on page 34)



# One Thunderous Night

By Sidney Herschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**Death rolling out of a water-front fog hides its clues, except from a man who'd not judge hastily**

WHAT Sergeant Lane dismissed as thick weather seemed to Ralph McMasters, the police boat's new engineer, close to storm. The J. A. Barnes, berthed at Sixty-A, lunged uneasily to the increasing thrust of the swells.

"She'll rain," the sergeant said. "The gulls're flyin' down. So it'll blow." He stretched out his legs comfortably, and Ralph knew what was coming; and dark nights such as this, and water-front trouble, and tough beats on the Coast forty years ago, were all involved as the old man's tale meandered along. McMasters appeared to be giving close and dutiful attention. The cabin was warm, the pilothouse brasses shone, and so did Mac's engines, aft.

The sergeant stopped, and it came to Mac that the policeman's water-front years, ending as a sort of instructor in this comfortable cabin, gave him a sense which the statics and kinetics of the atmosphere couldn't teach a man. The silence held; then, without warning, lightning zigzagged through the fog with thunder crackling and braying almost at the same time. The wind slashed rain against the pilothouse windows.

Lightning sizzled again and again, each time leaving bay, fog, wharf, and shore the blacker; wind snarled. In McMasters' head were the things he'd been

learning: tides, currents, sirens, diphones, limits of the naval, explosives, and forbidden anchorages, bridge eddies, ferry courses, routes of inbound freighters and outbound liners. As engineer, he was in charge of the Barnes, although actual police work was handled by men detailed from the Harbor station.

The noise softened and blurred finally as the storm moved out to sea, with fog settling tightly down; Lane said, instead of going on with his yarning, "It takes time for reports to come in. I'd like to see ye go out for the first time when it's clear. Experience should come slowly. A black mark, early on a man's record, is not good. I remember—"

The radio said, roughly, "PBP. PBP. Barnes. Ferry Golden West reports sighting body on ferry lane, westbound trip, six minutes half speed from slip. On course. Await detail from Harbor station. PBP. Barnes. Repeating. Ferry Golden West reports sighting body . . ."

McMasters' heart began to pound. When he glanced at the sergeant, already in slicker, his excitement was added to by the older man's somber face; murder, at least, must've happened on the bay, unsolvable for the present.

THINGS went swiftly. Running feet followed the sound of the police car's siren, and, as the ropes were cast off when two detectives jumped aboard, McMasters fought to turn black bay, fog, into something recognizable. The sergeant stood close as the screw churned; spray dashed high over the pilothouse. Whitecapped quartering seas flung the boat nastily shoreward as McMasters cleared the wharves.

The Barnes rolled horribly. McMasters, with Lane and the detectives staring out into what seemed plastic rubber, sent the boat along what should be the north boundary of the ferry lane; the tide was running out, and a body would drift.

"The ferry captain's report," he heard one of the detectives say, "was that the face was bloody, Sergeant."

"Face?" Lane said. "If he saw the face, the body floated face upward, and it'll be a woman's. As to blood, the sea would wash that off." The sergeant began swinging the searchlight back and forth. "When a person is drowned," the old man said, "the cheeks can be red as my geraniums. At first."

Northward, McMasters heard the dismal *brooommm-ahr* of Alcatraz's siren.

"You're positive it'll be a woman's body, Sarge?" the other detective asked. "I never heard that one. Are you working out on us?"

"I was drinkin' steam beer when you was suckin' your thumb, Harper." McMasters had never heard the old sergeant speak so sharply; but, then, he'd never heard him doubted before. Lane was leaning far out of the window, brushing rain from his eyes; the men in the pilothouse heard him say, "There it is," and McMasters immediately swung the Barnes. He, like the others, saw the body floating in the water, although whether it was face up, or down, he couldn't tell.

The Barnes danced about as McMasters stopped her. As they stepped on deck, Mac reached for the boat hook. Mac's one glance was enough to tell him that it was a man—big, middle-aged,

rosy-cheeked—and that, from appearance of the clothing, there had been a terrific struggle before death; clothes were ripped to pieces.

Murder was what he thought; was what he heard behind him waited the order to send the boat to Sixty-A. Out of the excitement, Lane's quick order: "Engineer, get the yacht harbor as fast as ye da"

THE boat took a big sea before the windows could be closed, and cascaded in; the order, McMasters told him he wasn't to head shore and follow the line of wharves but cut diagonally north and west across the bay. The Barnes, right now, was north of the ferry lane, about five minutes ferry half-speed from the North Point Light, flashing white behind; a siren on the transponder Alcatraz always north. His course

Lane was beside him again. "Keep us off Alcatraz, boy. I've got to be laughed at again. In the pocket," the sergeant said, "was from young Marsh Henderson, name ye'll have read in the paper with his big cruiser and his getting tried soon, and the rest of his Henderson wrote he'd pay not more, so there was blackmail, the man was murdered. Maybe the cruiser. 'Tis open and shut. If ye busy," Lane went on, as both detectives returned to the pilothouse, "ye'd have seen he was dead before he hit the water, since there was a weed clutched in his hands, and there was plenty of it, and kelp in the water."

Mac's one glance was enough to tell him that it was a man—big, middle-aged, rosy-cheeked







"Okay, take it easy," Harper said, and McMasters disliked his smartness. "You're under arrest"

What another one like men floating upward, Sergeant?" demanded Harper, "or are you looking for a hidden treasure?"

"I was women who float in that manner," Lane retorted. "Now we'll stop. The engineer's got work."

McMasters had, and it wasn't easy. In Henderson's eye, hard to put aside, was the battle fought on the bay, in storm and with the thunder crashing. It must have taken place at a moment of high tension. Henderson hadn't even stopped to search the dead man's pockets. Then he turned to the sergeant and said, in his ear, "Mallock is a good lad, but the other one's too smart. He'll wisecrack when the newsboys arrive. Keep your mouth shut. You're an engineer. If . . . Port!"

Harper was ahead; the Barnes hesitated in obeying, but McMasters managed to keep the boat from crashing into the last of the barges, although not enough to prevent grazing.

"We're not trying to catch a train," Harper suggested.

The sergeant snapped, "I ordered full speed. And ye might keep this little boat to yourself. . . . Of course, I'll have to report it."

There was a silence. Then the detectives held a conference, in half-whispers;

McMasters couldn't concentrate entirely on the gray wall ahead of him. The detectives believed that the dead man, Dole, had met Henderson, and gone out on the cruiser with him. There the argument, the fight, had taken place; whether Dole was alive or dead on hitting the water was unimportant; autopsy would determine that. The murder had taken place very recently, which was why the Barnes was heading for the yacht harbor where cruisers berthed; it was quite possible that the police boat might arrive before the cruiser.

WESTWARD, as the Barnes' speed increased with the outbound tide and river currents lifting her along, was the booming of the Gate bridge's two-toned horn; McMasters, the Barnes' siren louder nearer the shore, edged the boat closer and closer to the invisible land. When he heard Harper protesting at the boat's speed, something made him raise it a notch, and he heard the sergeant's grunt of approval; then the breakwater lights were like two bits of white fuzz due ahead, and Mac sent the Barnes slicing through the opening between them. "Smart aleck" were the words he heard behind him, and Harper had said that. "I'm an idiot," thought Mac, "but I don't like him. The other's a swell guy." Then,

engine beat stilled, he slid the Barnes up to the landing stage without a jar.

Only one cruiser, on this sort of night, showed lights. "Come along," Lane said, as McMasters made the boat fast. "The Barnes won't run away; and ye might as well see how things are done, boy. Ye'll remember to keep your words and ideas to yourself." Mac thought, as he walked beside the sergeant along the float, that the old man muttered something about practicing what he preached. "It is their job," Lane said, "but ye'll observe that contrary to general orders a call has not been sent the department. That will be Harper. He wants to make his pinch first, and be the big cheese."

The cruiser had already docked. The portholes of the Amarylla were round globes of yellow light; then all four men were in the cabin, and young Marsh Henderson was leaping from his folding chair so that it clattered down. A table was set there, and a Chinese servant stood with napkin-covered cocktail shaker. At the table, leaning away from it, and with wide and frightened eyes, McMasters saw a girl; and she, of course, would be the one Henderson was to marry. She was the sort of girl any fellow would want to marry. A big white coat was behind her, something that must have been kept on the cruiser, be-

cause she herself was in orange-brown tweed. McMasters caught the glint of an engagement ring. Green. At first it, and her hand, were motionless; then both trembled against her mouth.

IN THAT first moment there was complete silence, as if breaths had stopped; then, before either of the detectives could speak, Henderson said, "He didn't have nerve enough to come with you, did he? Well, it's the same now as it was before. You can all go to hell. So can Dole."

"Okay—take it easy," Harper said, and McMasters disliked his smartness. "You are under arrest for the murder of Ernest Dole—"

It was Mallock who added, "And whatever you say may be used against you."

McMasters thought that the girl was biting at the back of her hand; the only way he could explain this callous preparation for cocktails, dinner, was that the pair hadn't supposed Dole's body would be recovered for days, or weeks, or might be swept out through the Gate and never found, which happened often.

Henderson's hand was shaking as he reached down to the table for a cigarette. "I'm perfectly willing to admit," he said, "that Dole was on the boat. I

(Continued on page 37)



# Tropic Killer

By J. D. Ratcliff

War brings not only the menace of death bombs. It also threatens to cut off the supply of quinine—used for the cure and relief of malaria—from our only source, Java in the Netherlands Indies. Here's what's being done about it

A GRIM little drama is being enacted in the marshes around Russia's Black Sea, in river eddies in South China and in the bayous of Louisiana. It has nothing to do with war or international complications, but it spells death for 3½ million human beings in the next twelve months.

In all these places summer has warmed stagnant waters. Minute wrigglers dart to the surface. Soon these wrigglers will become mosquitoes. They will bite men with malaria, absorb the malarial parasite and pass the disease along to others whose blood was previously clean.

Malaria is Killer No. 1 that silently stalks the warm, damp places of the earth. Microbes of this kind sease are responsible for a third of all sickness in the tropics. This year they will kill over a million human beings in India. They will account for thousands of lives in Ceylon, and in our own South the death toll will be about 3,000, and malaria will debilitate people so that they are easy prey for other diseases. It will make the muscles of four million people sag; and generally usurp the subtle parasite time of the Deep South. As a nation we will pay about \$500,000,000 tribute to the subtle parasite which produces this great weariness.

Medicine has one principal buttress against this slaughter. It is the miracle drug with a romantic history: quinine. Millions know that their lives depend on it. The unimaginative simply swallow a daily pill to prevent malaria; or gulp great dizzying doses to cure it. Others take it in the form of "gin and tonic water"—seltzer fortified with quinine.

When the poor Southern white notes that his fingernails are turning blue and that he has a teeth-chattering chill, he sends a young one chasing to the store for a bottle of fever medicine—medicine whose efficacy depends on the quinine it contains. All these deaths, all this needless suffering and lost labor, understand, take place when quinine is readily available. Anyone can make a guess as to what would happen if the supply were suddenly cut off. The distinct possibility of this happening is causing a fine case of jitters in the health ministries of most of the world's major countries.

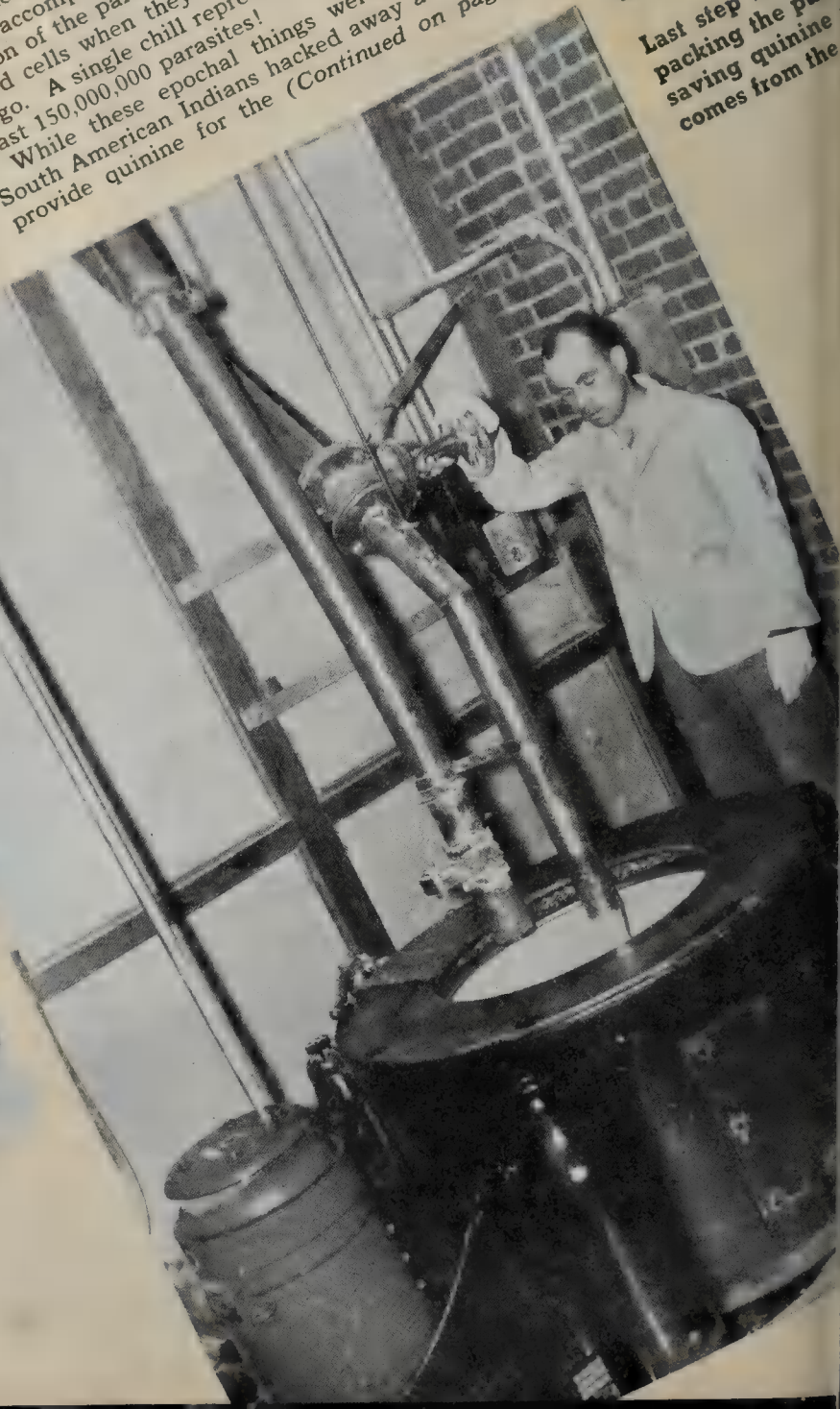
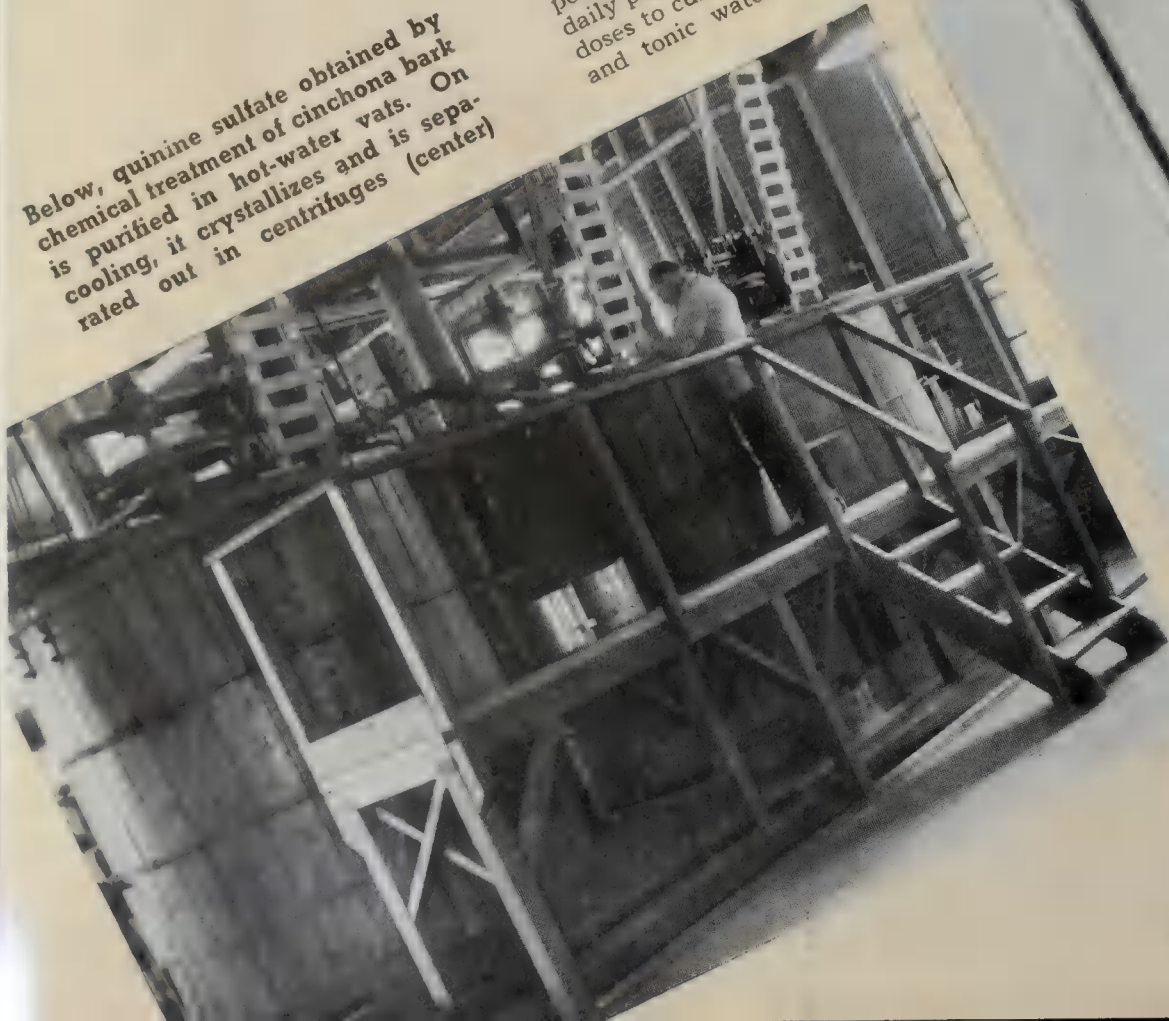
Nearly every ounce of quinine in world-export trade originates at Java in the Netherlands Indies. Hostile submarines could snip this supply line with a few well-placed torpedoes. In terms of human lives the result of such action would be far more devastating than anything Hitler has been able to accomplish with his complete war.

Quinine is derived from the bark of the cinchona—pronounced sin-kó-nah—tree, a native of South America. Long before the white man arrived, Peruvian Indians knew that a bitter tea brewed from this bark would cure malaria. They demonstrated by saving the life of the Countess of Chinchon, wife of the Spanish governor. This word got back to Europe in the 17th century. Not until 1820 did French chemists discover quinine, the life-saving secret held by the bark; and not until 1898 did Sir Ronald Ross peddle the disease as the sinister night rider that Anopheles mosquito as the sinister night rider that

chancas of the spread. They found how a lady feasts on a person sick with malaria. Then went on to discover how the parasites worm their way through the walls of the mosquito stomach, get into the salivary glands, and are spat into the next generation of the parasites through the periodic chills blood cells when they can no longer contain their cargo. A single chill represents the liberation of at least 150,000,000 parasites!

While these epochal things were taking place, South American Indians hacked away at forests to provide quinine for the (Continued on page 32)

Below, quinine sulfate obtained by chemical treatment of cinchona bark is purified in hot-water vats. On cooling, it crystallizes and is separated out in centrifuges (center)



COURTESY MERCK AND CO.

Last step in manufacturing pure quinine comes from the



**SIMILE: SMOOTH AS A PALL MALL**



**SOURCE:** *Good old-fashioned Bulking*

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The source of that unusual smoothness is a painstaking, old-fashioned method of working fine tobaccos, revived by Pall Mall, and known as . . . BULKING.

In BULKING, the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are mingled together and allowed to rest in great, fragrant heaps. Unhurried, (the careful, old-fashioned, conscientious ways of working take time), they create their own gentle heat, in which they bask. Subtle changes slowly take place — harsh qualities grow mild; delicate aromas and flavors intermarry and permeate every shred of tobacco. The result is a bland, mellow smoke, a definitely smoother cigarette.

And — a significant fact — with Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

Another advantage—the additional length of Pall Mall travels the smoke further, gives you a cooler cigarette.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



## Pride Pitching

Continued from page 9

even be in baseball today, for my first impulse that Christmas Eve was to chuck the whole business. I had a good offer from KGKO, an up-and-coming radio station in Fort Worth, to broadcast baseball, football and special events. I had done the work, liked it and could make as much, at least, as the salary I would get from Milwaukee.

But I couldn't get the idea out of my head that I was a better pitcher than a third of the fellows still drawing major-league salaries. That conviction grew so strong that I finally reported for spring training a few days before Milwaukee broke camp. At that, I went only after Henry Bendinger, Milwaukee owner and a swell guy, promised to make every effort to sell me to a big-league team. When I was passed up in the draft last winter, I could see myself keeping steady company with a microphone. Bendinger kept his promise, though, and persuaded Larry MacPhail to buy me for \$10,000 on a conditional basis. If the Dodgers kept me after the opening of the season, Milwaukee was to get the ten grand. If I failed to show Leo Durocher anything, Milwaukee and Carleton wouldn't get a dime.

I should be the last guy in the world to kick. I'm the luckiest stiff in history, not only because I pitched a no-hit, no-run game, but because I had been given another chance to play in the majors. But I'm popping off because I'm thinking of a thousand other discarded ballplayers who weren't as fortunate as I, who didn't have the glamor of a Dizzy Dean to draw \$42,500 for winning thirteen games in two years, who were not carried on full salary for a year, as Carl Hubbell was, while they recuperated from sore arms.

I have in mind the great majority of journeyman ballplayers—call them mugs, if you must—who are always in danger of being released and never missed. Don't think of the great stars when you think of baseball; they're the prize exhibits in the window-dressing of the business. Think of the small army of just-good-enough players; they're the backbone of organized baseball.

Now I don't say that a team should carry indefinitely a ballplayer who is unable to help the club. I do feel, though, that a team for its own protection should stick with a temporarily disabled player, particularly a pitcher with a sore arm, until it is definitely established that his meal ticket is gone. I admit it is difficult under the present rules, but the solution is simple.

Legalize again the sixty-day clause in the voluntary retired list; that will do it. Until two years ago, it was possible for a club to declare an injured player inactive but still on the pay roll for sixty days. In the meantime, he is replaced on the roster with an able-bodied man. When the rosters were raised from twenty-three to twenty-five players in 1938, however, the sixty-day clause was eliminated. The purpose of that was to protect the weak clubs that could not draw upon extensive farm systems for replacements in emergencies, but it has worked the other way around, to the detriment of the ballplayers. Rather than take the risk of carrying an incapacitated man for a couple of months, on full salary, a team in tough financial shape will release the injured fellow and sign a cheaper player.

Bring back the sixty-day clause and you'll see comebacks made by any number of good players. And it can be done at no added expense to the club. This may be in direct contradiction to everything you've ever heard about ballplay-

ers, but I know every man forced to go on the voluntary retired list would be willing to have his salary slashed in half just for the chance to remain in the big leagues.

Any ballplayer worth his salt dreads the thought of stepping down to the minors as intensely as you dread the prospect of going on the WPA. The minors are a vital necessity as the source of players which keep the major-league teams young and vibrant; without the minors, the National and American leagues would wither and die in a few years. The minors are fine when you're on the way up, but they're no place for a man going down.

A man won't starve on the \$2,500 or \$3,500 he gets in the minors, and he'll provide a decent home for his family. But a former major-leaguer will be penniless if he plays until he's a baseball bum in the lower leagues. A fellow who's been getting pretty good money in the big show for six or seven years probably has saved \$15,000. That little nest egg will be dissipated entirely if he tries to hang on the outer fringe of baseball. It would be far better if he made a clean break with the game, once he's had his chance and went to work for a living—as all of us must, sooner or later.

The point is that under the present setup a ballplayer—remember, he still has his pride—refuses to admit he has had that chance. Right or wrong, hot or cold, that's how he feels. Bring back the sixty-day clause and he'll be satisfied that the major-league team tried to give him a fair shake.

You'll also bring back enough sore arms to stock a pennant-winning team. Under the show-or-scam policy now in vogue, the ordinary pitcher is afraid to tell his manager he has a bad flipper. He fears that pink slip like the plague, so he keeps on pitching, ruining his record and aggravating his misery. If he could lay off for two months with the assurance his job would be held open, you'd see miraculous cures effected. After all, a tenor doesn't perform with a bad case of laryngitis, a tap dancer doesn't fill his engagements when he has a bad ankle sprain and a business executive isn't chained to his desk when he has a terrible headache or hang-over.

Arms do come back with rest. That fact was first impressed upon me way back in 1922, when I was a freshman in short pants at North Side High in Fort Worth. Perhaps you remember the strange experience of Jack Scott, a fine National League pitcher for many years. Scott's arm went dead and he was given his unconditional release by the Reds after pitching one game. Scott was not particularly worried, however, and went back to his prosperous tobacco and cantaloupe farm in North Carolina.

A short while after he returned, his tobacco barn burned to the ground with the year's crop. A tough break—he carried no insurance—but he had a large shipment of cantaloupes, to pull him out of the hole. Scott sent his melons to New York, where they were dumped into the harbor during a price war among the commission dealers. A check for \$30 was sent to Scott, the only ready money he could expect to see for a year.

Scott went to New York with his shopworn arm, walked into the Polo Grounds and asked John McGraw for a chance. McGraw was in the thick of a fight for the pennant and took a flier on Scott. He joined the Giants in August, won eight games in ten and climaxed his recovery by shutting out the Yankees with four hits in the world series.

Cynics will say Scott had to pitch or

starve. I say Scott was able to come back because he didn't worry about his arm for a couple of months. In effect, he was on the voluntary retired list.

There have been any number of instances in which rest completely cured a sore arm. Gabby Hartnett himself, who owned the best throwing arm ever hung on a catcher, was on the shelf for one full year, in 1929, with a bad whip. He did nothing but pinch-hit all that season—and came back with a rifle better than ever. Wes Ferrell, after winning more than twenty games in each of his first four seasons in the American League, was grounded by a sore arm. It was so bad that he tried to play the outfield to stick in the big leagues. That interlude did the trick. Ferrell bounced back with forty-five victories in the next two seasons. Look at Lefty Grove, Carl Hubbell, Bill Lee, Curt Davis, Johnny Allen and Ted Lyons, to mention only a few of the men who have regained the use of ailing arms.

I had two sore arms while I was with the Cubs. In an exhibition at Phoenix, Arizona, in the spring of 1937, something popped in my elbow when I threw a 3-and-2 ball to Luke Sewell with three on base. That put me out for eight weeks, just enough time to recuperate to the extent of winning sixteen games and losing eight for the Cubs.

The funny part of the whole thing is that the very players who need protection are needed by the major leagues. During the last six weeks of the season, when pennant pressure begins to bear down on the contenders, there is frantic scurrying for pitchers who can help the teams shooting for the world-series money. The minor leagues abound with kids who can throw through a brick wall, but who do the embattled teams take? The old wise guys who know the business. They'll do it every time.

"I trust old pitchers," Bill McKechnie says, and that terse sentence sums up everything that can be said. A manager pulling wires for a pitcher who may save a crucial game doesn't ask how many victories the man has scored. He asks one question: Does this guy know how to pitch?

Youth has a definite and important place in baseball—but that place is not in a spot where one bad pitch or a silly mistake can mean the pennant. In a showdown, the manager wants an old, experienced hand in there who has learned the racket the hard way.

The Reds last year were loaded with strong-arm kids like Johnny Vander Meer, Junior Thompson and Whitey Moore. But in the clutch, when McKechnie was trying to stave off the Cardinals' challenge, he bought old Johnny Niggeling, who had been knocking around the American Association for years and years. He picked up Henry Johnson, who was with the Yankees as far back as 1927. He signed Milburn Shoffner and Al Simmons, who were regarded as museum pieces. And he won the pennant.

This may impose a severe strain on the credulity of the customers, but it is quite possible for a man to be a better pitcher in the major leagues than in the minors. The science of pitching goes for Sweeney in some minor-league parks, where you can fool a batter and still see him pump the ball off his fist over ridiculously short fences. My no-hitter against the Reds, pitched in identical fashion in Milwaukee, would have given me nothing more than a 3-3 tie.

In the fourth inning, with Frank McCormick on base through an error, Harry Craft unloaded a long fly which

Joe Vosmik caught against the fence. In Milwaukee, where the field wall is only 262 feet from the pitcher's box, Craft's ball would have been a homer.

And in the sixth, Roy Cullen made a swell catch of Lonny Frisbie's foot drive near the screen in right field. One also would've been a count over the 260-foot wall at Milwaukee.

I don't know how many times I made a perfect pitch in the minors. I got the batter to hit the exact spot needed for a double play. "That's dead ducks," I've said to myself. The ball left the bat, then turned around and see a shortstop playing the ball out of position that he didn't even see for the ball.

Hitters in the big leagues are more careful than they are in the minors, where there is a constant turnover in personnel. Up here, you know what a batter will miss; in the minors, what he will miss; in the minors, "book" on a batter is so sketchy. Pitching is largely a matter of guesswork.

A pitcher who has seen the major-league hitters a few times must learn in self-defense to batting strengths and weaknesses. He knows that he can throw a ball over a particular hitter's alley in Boston, Philadelphia or Philadelphia and get a long, loud out, but the identical pitch may be suicide in New York, Chicago or Brooklyn. He begins to observe some hitters never change their stance, whereas cuties like Billy Herman, Dan Danning and Frank McCormick are constantly shifting their feet with every pitch.

The value of experience is emphasized in my no-hitter. The first time Ernie Lombardi went to bat, he hit a terrific "foul" homer over the outfield wall. That pitch was so far inside the ball would have hit Lombardi hadn't hit it. The blast was no more a strike, of course, but Herman's my catcher and a fine young fellow rushed out to the mound hoping for excitement.

"Gee, better not to give this guy another one inside," Franks gasped. "How he teed off on that one."

"Sure, it's the only thing he could do," I answered. "That ball was so high he had to pull it foul behind him. If he had hit it, he would have got all the way around on the left side of the infield. Wait and see."

Lombardi, not expecting me to throw with the same pitch, hit the next ball down to Pee-wee Reese for three easy hops. Another pitcher didn't know big Lombardi as well as I would have been alarmed by screaming foul and probably would have decided a close pitch was a good groove. In that case, he might have ten too much of the plate with the ball—and then Lombardi reached first base. He showed him how to belt a ball over the fence.

I'm not kidding myself. I'll be back to get through another season with the Dodgers. That microphone at KGKO will be paging me this time around. But in the meantime...

Twenty years ago Waite Hoyter's clubhouse serenade, the pun which went, "It's great to be a Yankee." Sure, it's great to I'd give a season's pay, with series share thrown in, to recall stuff I had ten years ago. In the meantime, it's great to be a leaguer. Even on a reprieve.





**HURRY UP, DAD—MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE!"**

"The boys will be here in a minute, and I'd die if they see you in that funny shirt!"

"Honestly, it's so shrunk-up it makes you look positively pop-eyed!"

"Now listen, girls—"

"Why don't you get your shirts pre-shrunk?"

"No, Anne—you can't depend on that kind. You have shirts that say *Sanforized-Shrunk*."

"Just a minute, now—"

"What was I reading yesterday about Sanforizing? I read the shrinkage out of a fabric down to 1%, or less, by special tests. They say a *Sanforized-Shrunk* shirt never goes out of size!"

"Girls, will you hush—"

"Why don't you pay a little more, Dad, and get some-

thing that looks decent?"

**JEAN:** Funny thing is, you don't *have* to pay more! You can get Sanforized shirts all over town now—all prices, any style you like. Dad's just old-fashioned.

**DAD:** (Desperately) QUIET BOTH OF YOU! *Who's responsible for these gosh-awful shirts I wear? Answer me that!*

**GIRLS:** Why, Daddy!

**DAD:** *Every birthday and Christmas, you girls and your mother keep loading me up with these shrinking shirts that aren't Sanforized!*

**ANNE:** But we didn't know about Sanforizing then!

**DAD:** *Well, I did—but nobody ever listened to me. Now—either you girls get me some decent Sanforized-Shrunk shirts tomorrow—or I'm going to sit here in no shirt next time your company comes!*



**"SO THE GIRLS  
KICKED YOU OUT, EH?"**



**MOTHER:** You might just as well get comfortable and read in bed.

**FATHER:** Dang it all, I'm *never* comfortable! How can I be, with such strangely shirts, midget-sized shorts, and shrunk-up pajamas?



**FATHER:** Hey, what's happened? These feel wonderful!

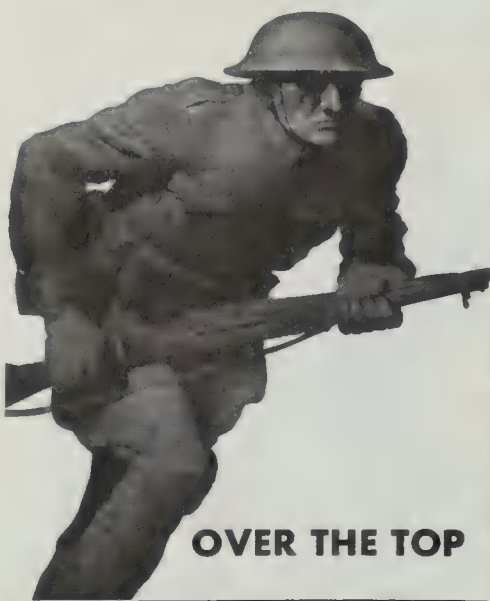
**MOTHER:** Everything's wonderful! I discovered I could buy Sanforized-Shrunk shirts and shorts and pajamas for you at the same price I've been paying. Now they'll all fit!



**MOTHER:** I found this out, too! Sanforizing will end shrinking troubles in women's wash dresses, children's clothes, uniforms, slacks and work clothes, even slip covers and drapery material. Just look for the label and you're safe!

**PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE WORDS... SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**





OVER THE TOP

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passed by your house last night and called but you were not at home."

"At what time?" She kept her voice from wavering.

"At seven."

"I just ran out for a bite to eat," she said hurriedly.

"I hoped we might dine together—I had a free evening."

She was more than ever careful the next night as she started to her meeting with Karl. When she changed busses she was certain that no one followed her.

CAROLA rehearsed the next afternoon at the Sans Souci. Painters and decorators were still at work and Wagner jumped from giving orders to Carola's accompanist to fighting with a workman over a shade of paint.

In the late afternoon Karl came in, bringing filters for the spotlights. He seemed surprised to see Carola.

She managed to whisper, "You weren't sorry to come?"

Karl grinned. "Please go on singing. Sing The Fisherman's Wife."

"Just for you, Karl."

He sat a few feet off, his eyes on her lovely face. She began to sing and her voice did not waver. She sang a song of despair, of North Sea fog and the white chill of spray-lashed faces. The song rose slowly, mournfully, a half note at a time, as slowly but as surely as grief rises; then, with the appearance of a familiar sail on the horizon, a sudden transition to the major, a soft, thankful chord, and silence.

She had sung as magnificently as ever, and just for him.

Then Karl heard a voice. "Very lovely indeed, Fräulein!"

There was Blaerchen. He was not smiling.

Karl stammered something.

"Hello, Karl," Blaerchen said quietly, then ignored him. "It's delightful to hear you sing, Carola. I didn't realize how much we had missed it." Then, casually, "Have you forgotten the engagement you and I had this afternoon?"

Her face showed that she knew of no engagement but the implication was obvious. "You'll excuse us, Karl?"

Karl nodded. He wanted to go up and hit Blaerchen but that would be childish. Blaerchen was the stronger here.

"I have my car and chauffeur," Blaerchen said, icy cold. "Can we drop you somewhere, Karl?"

"No, thank you."

He watched Blaerchen help Carola into her coat. He held her arm firmly as they went toward the door, as if leading her to a certain destination which she was loath to reach.

THE uniformed chauffeur sat rigid at the wheel and turned the car out toward the suburbs. In the rear of the car Carola reminded herself to try and keep calm, to wait and let Blaerchen do the talking. After all, this might concern Karl even more than herself.

"Well?" Blaerchen asked carelessly.

"Well?"

"Don't you think you owe me some explanation?"

"About what?"

"For a long time I've wondered about you, Carola. You've acted strangely. You've not always told me the truth."

"I am sorry you think that." She would not let his self-assurance get her down. Outside, the sunset in the west was losing its crimson to gray. Here in this car she was in a little, remote, darkening world.

Blaerchen was in no hurry to continue, not because he was uncertain

about what to say, but because he wanted to choose his words carefully.

"There have been so many things in your behavior that could appear suspicious, from the time you made the decision to return from Rome—the way you acted about the Mainescu girl, about Maria, about Froscetti, about being, shall I say, friendly but not too friendly with me."

She did not answer.

"I am sorry you are friendly with Karl after I advised you against it."

"I have loyalties," Carola said sharply. "He was down and out and needed a friend."

"How did you find him?"

Here she would have to shirk the truth. "I met him by chance in Wagner's office. I was glad to meet him."

"Why do you lie, Carola?" Blaerchen asked wearily. "We have an information system in this country that can tell almost everything about anyone at any time." Then he added sternly: "You've made your position here extremely difficult."

"Difficult?" For the first time her courage drooped.

The car was in the country now and the sky was dark.

"Yes, difficult," Blaerchen repeated.

"There are people who suspect your motives, Carola, and those people do not stand for any fooling. This is not a schoolroom where games are played."

She was glad that it was so dark, that Blaerchen could not see how she bit her lip. "Then I have only one choice," she said. "I shall leave Berlin."

"That, I am sorry, cannot be arranged." He had every answer ready. "Passports are not given out like newspapers." He continued: "I heard rumors

about you and I would not believe it. I did not think you would deceive me. The Froscetti affair might have been less trusting man suspicious. I came today to discuss those rumors—and Karl with you."

"Helping me rehearse!"

"You could have asked me for I was at the Krokodil, too. I know word of your songs, every gesture made, every look on your face—"

That tone in his voice frightened more than his threats.

THE car turned a curve slowly. "Where are we going?"

"I thought you might like to come my house for a drink."

Carola did not answer. The car stopped at the entrance and Blaerchen helped her up the stairs. A servant took her coat and Blaerchen led her to study off the living room, paneled leather and decorated with some paintings, most of them pictures of meaty Nordic nudes. A servant brought a tray with bottles of liqueur and coffee.

"What will you drink?" Blaerchen asked.

"Coffee, thank you." She felt in this room, cut off from a world outside. She wondered what Karl had done and where he had gone when the car was rated.

The servant gave her coffee and poured a glass of brandy for Blaerchen. Then he withdrew, closing the door.

Blaerchen settled back in a large leather armchair and sighed. "It's good to be in one's home," he said. "Every time I go to my office I find new worries waiting for me. It is as if musing: 'I was glad for you



"It's a neighborhood project; designed to meet the menace of parachute troops, you know"



n, Carola, to go back to your old and take up singing again." "Why?" She wanted an answer to and she leaned forward eagerly. "I'll be happier," he said as if he it sincerely. "You'll be a tremendous success." Then as casually and nonchalantly as if he were discussing for a new vegetable garden, he said, "And I shall be proud to have the popular entertainer in Berlin for me."

pite of Maria's warning, Carola nodded. She felt her throat suddenly dry. Then, like a flash, she was aware that he had said it casually so that she might not see the effect on her. As coolly as possible she said, "Really!" She had always hoped for that, Carola.

he would marry someone whom, he said, the Foreign Office suspected! He made a sudden guess that his talk of the Foreign Office suspicion, his own plans, were only steps in frightening her into a trap.

"Is this rather abrupt?" she asked. Assurance was more obvious than the blunt word from her now would be. It was a hurt there, in the most delicate part of his make-up, would be dangerous.

He looked forward to marrying Carola," he was saying. Then he turned to her. "I shouldn't say the idea of you look radiantly happy. Why not?"

"Your death—" she began. "I had no patience with that. 'Be careful, Carola. You have a whole life ahead of you.'"

He was the man responsible for her death now proposing marriage to her. All he had done in the past were to make these recent years sterile and now threatened any hope for the future.

"I've given you plenty of time," he said bluntly. "Now I offer marriage, for your own good." "For my own good?" This was conceited and overblown.

"We are in a difficult position here," he said, slipping into his paternal manner. "Your value to the Foreign Office, the Froscetti affair, was zero. If you go against you increases, there is nothing you can do but await a decision to punish you."

He was startled. "Weren't you my employer at the Foreign Office?"

"Your sponsor," Blaerchen said. "There is a difference."

He asked scornfully, "As your wife I am freed from suspicion?"

"My wife, you would be freed from suspicion. No one could touch you."

"I'd like as possible she said, 'I can't touch you.'"

His face darkened. "Why not?" "Because I don't love you." She could not laugh. "There is a difference between a proposal of marriage and a marriage."

"Words!" He frowned. "There is no other, I'm sure. There is Karl." "I could confess and stop Blaerchen completely but such a confession would concentrate all his vengeance on me."

"You're very beautiful," Blaerchen said suddenly. "You're beautiful when you're happy. You're even more beautiful when you're worried." He stood up and looked at her. Then he sat beside her and put his arm around her. She was away before he could know how she felt.

"Please, please, don't!" "The house was still."

He was after her and his arm went around her again. "I have waited long for you, my dear."

"Please!" "I can't remember you, Carola. I can't remember when I haven't wanted you."

He held her tighter. "All my life, when I have wanted something I have got it."

She was desperate now. It would not help to remind him how he had got some of the things he wanted. Yet there was one way to stop him now, to stop him so that he would fall back, his face redder, his lips even more a knifelike line.

"Carola!" His self-control was going now.

One way to stop him but the consequences would be terrible!

He had almost pushed her off balance.

No matter what the consequences, she had to stop him. Violently she fired a question, "Is this why you killed Paul?"

THE question did stop him. His hold on her relaxed. His self-control was not sufficient to mask a first instinctive reaction and that told her something that she had come to Berlin to find out. No matter what he said, she knew, even though she might never have any further proof.

He stepped back. "What do you mean?"

"Your face shows that you know what I mean!"

Savagely he asked, "What makes you think such a thing?"

"I don't think, I know it. I had a letter from Paul before his death! He suspected you, too."

"Believing that, you came to Berlin?" He began to pace up and down. "You thought that, every time we were together? You are a very skillful actress!"

Carola watched him closely. He was trying to decide what to do. It was too late to take back what had been said. He might consider her too dangerous to him and have her jailed. Yet he made no move and his face gave no sign of any decision. His hesitation could only have one meaning; he was weighing the value of arresting her against the hope of using her.

She expected threats and he made no threats. His silence was more frightening than any threats he could have made.

He turned to the door. "I'll call the car and you can go back to the city."

She followed him, telling herself that she had passed a point where fear would be of any use.

On the porch, he said, "I may have another assignment for you shortly."

That was proof that he had decided to use her somehow, that she need not wait arrest. She would not acknowledge fearing any threat. "I shall do nothing more for you."

"Possibly not! Auf Wiedersehen!" He added craftily: "Remember me to Karl when next you see him!"

She rode back to the city tight-lipped and tense. She had found out what she had wanted to know for three years. It was dreadful knowledge; from the consequences of knowing it there would be no escape.

She looked for Karl at the subway station but he was not there. He had never been late before. Twenty minutes passed, then forty, then an hour while she waited grimly. Trains passed and people streamed by but she did not see them. She waited for one person and he did not come. It was almost as terrifying to think of going to his room, to run into Kreitz or into some other trap. Going to his room might reveal what had happened to him and uncertainty now was worse than any other fear. She left the subway station and ran to a bus.

A knock at Karl's door brought no answer. She knocked again and jumped nervously at a sound. A neighbor's door opened just a little, then quietly and as silently closed. Again she knocked, again the neighboring door opened.

A man looked out. "Who do you

## "Picture me playing Cupid!"

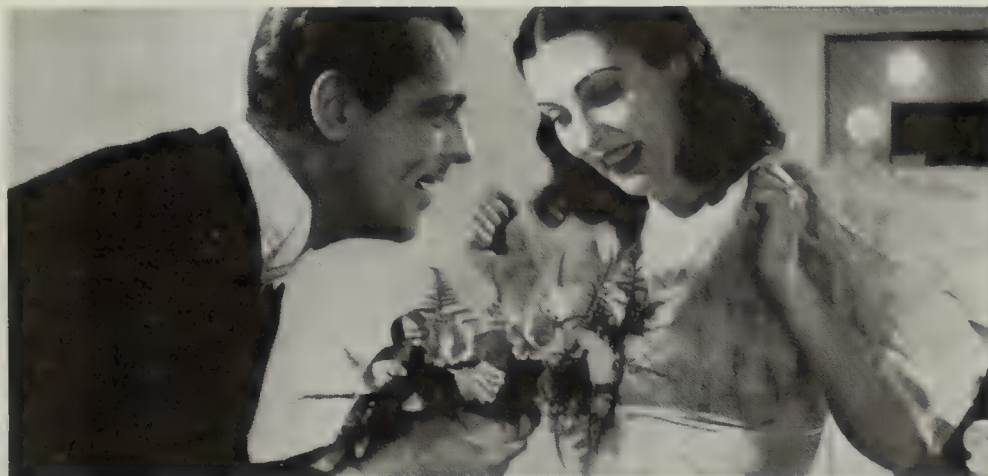


1. FOR ONE OF MY AGE, and a wardrobe mistress, it just doesn't happen. But there she was, our beautiful Tanya, not only in tears but wanting to tell me all about it. How she'd lost the one and only Prince Charming because she'd been so terribly rude.



2. THEN—WHAT DO YOU THINK? She breaks down in my arms and says she's been out of sorts for days—dosed up with all sorts of pills and purgatives. If only she knew how to feel better! Well, right then I get an idea.

3. NEXT MORNING, I call by her rooms before she's up and bring her a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. "Miss Tanya," I say, "why don't you try preventing your trouble instead of attempting to 'cure' it after it happens? What you probably need is a little more of a special kind of food called 'bulk.' If so, just eat ALL-BRAN for breakfast every day and drink plenty of water."



4. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED? Well, she had ALL-BRAN every single breakfast. Loved its crunchy taste, too! Before long she was cheerful as a cricket. And—bless me! Yes—Prince Charming came back with his arms full of orchids.

## Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN



# "Sure the

# water's fine

## How

## ... in



*The tip that followed the dip:*



1. "Lead me to it, friend! If there's that comes in handy on a hot summer long, cool drink of beer. But how can I know so much about the difference



4. "After your dip, there's nothing like beer or ale! And with these Cap-cans you can drink right out of the can, from a protected surface. No returns or de-

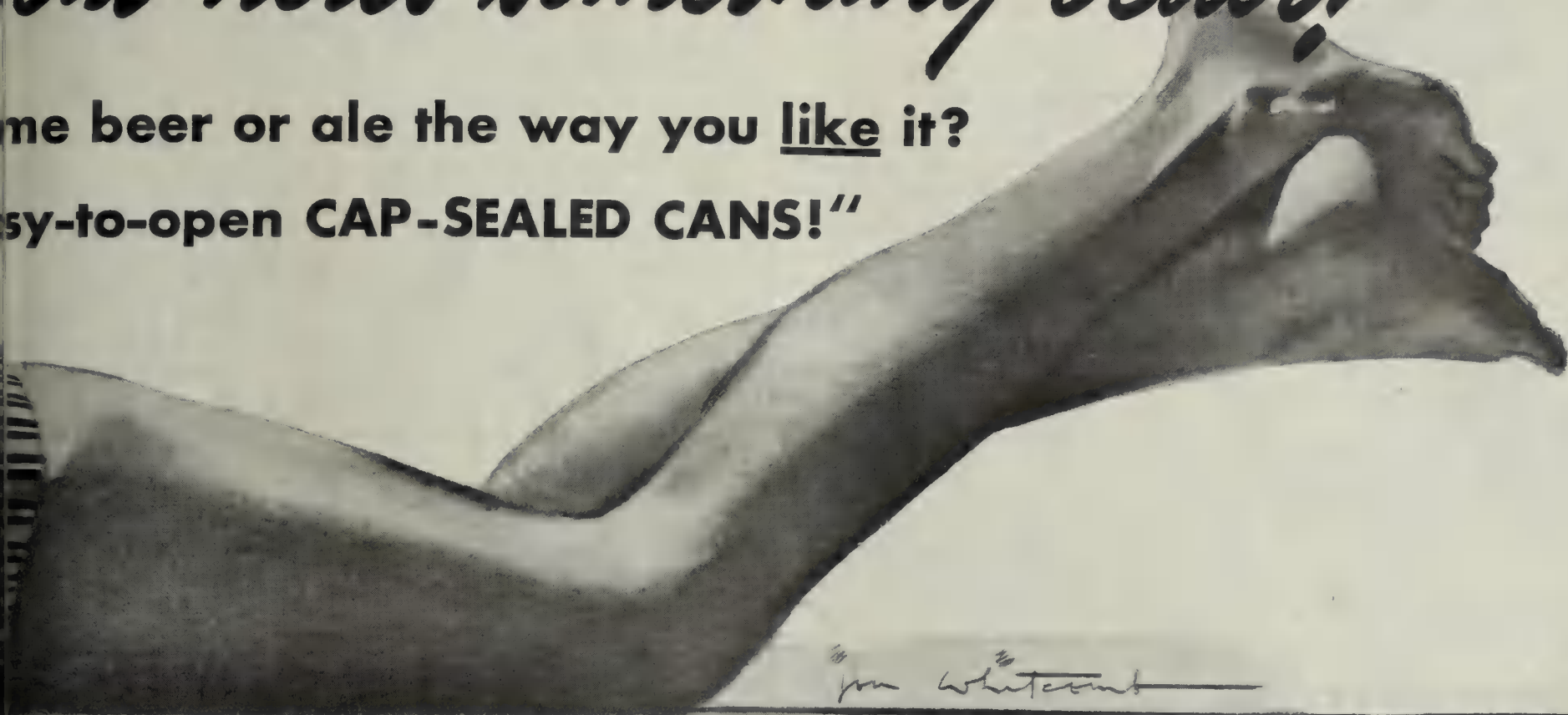
**CONTINUE**



# but here's something better!

me beer or ale the way you like it?

sy-to-open **CAP-SEALED CANS!**"



When you want a swim, you just dive in, don't you? Well, that's the beauty of these Cap-Sealed cans. You can dive right in! No need to wait around for a special opener."



3. "Dad brought along a case. These 12-can cartons are a cinch to stow in the car; half the space and half the weight. Let's put some of them in the water now; they'll chill in a jiffy."

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Planning to do something this week-end? A picnic, or a trip to the beach? A party at your home? Then try this simple formula for greater week-end pleasure:

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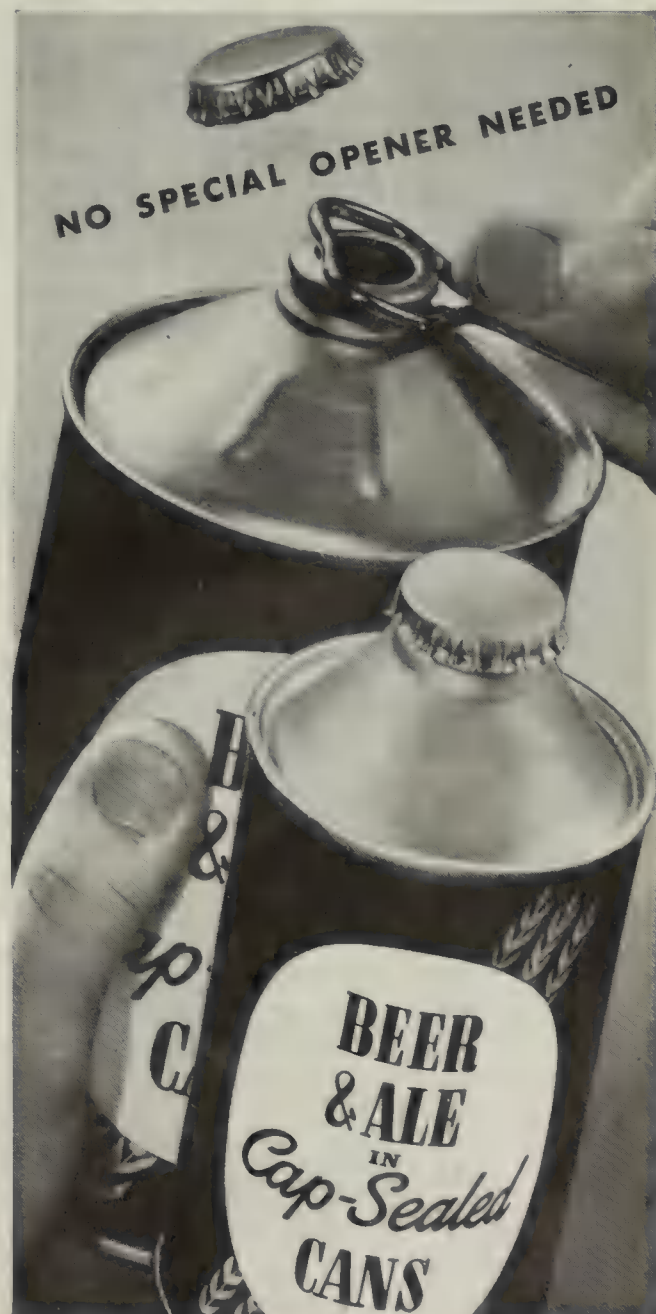
**Step 2.** Serve beer in cans—chills faster, takes less space, no deposits and no returns.

**Step 3.** Serve beer in CAP-SEALED cans—for that's the can that requires no special opener, and you can drink right out of the can if you wish, from a clean, cap-protected surface.

*Cap-Sealed*  
TRADE MARK REG



Die in, folks! Here's to the Cap-Sealed can!" Because every feature is designed to guard the taste of beer, you get that true brewery flavor also the big, economical quart-size can.)



TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.).

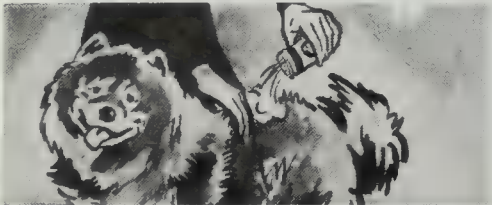
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**BETWEEN YOU AND ME—  
FLEAS AREN'T CHOOSY!**



They came early this year. One flea led to another, and they were everywhere. I was Home, Sweet Home for the fleas! Then they spread to my bed, the rugs, and finally the Mistress started scratching. Things began to happen. We got after them with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER!



First we got mine. As SKIP-FLEA went on, the fleas gave up. It sure kills 'em! Then the rugs and my bed got Sergeant's Pine Oil Disinfectant—more fleas quit! Get SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at drug and pet stores—and the free Sergeant's DOG BOOK. (Or mail coupon below.)

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want?" He sounded frightened, as if he had expected to see something hideous.

"Herr Dietrich."

"He isn't there."

"How do you know?"

In a hushed voice the man said, "The police came a few hours ago and took him away!"

SHE walked toward the stairs like a person dazed by a blow. "The police came and took Karl away!" To break now and let out her feelings in a turmoil of hysteria would not help. To go to a police station, to anyone at random, and ask for Karl would be impossible. The officials would laugh. No one would tell her where he had been taken, why he had been arrested, what was to happen to him. They always chose to keep those things secret, to increase the misery of the prisoner's friends.

Then she remembered that Karl had told her, "In time of trouble, call this telephone number."

She called it, from a booth near Alexanderplatz. A man answered. As she had been told to say, she said, "Cousin Karl is sick."

The man asked, "Can you be at the newsstand downstairs in the Friedrich-strasse station in twenty minutes?"

"Yes." The thought of any sort of help cheered her.

Twenty minutes later two men approached the newsstand. After a moment's hesitation they came up to Carola, the only woman standing there. The younger man spoke to her: "You are from Cousin Karl?" He introduced himself as Dr. Ranke. "This is Herr Klauss."

Then the three walked away, toward Charlottenstrasse.

When Carola had told them what happened, Klauss did not answer. Ranke said, "The police fight us and we do nothing." Klauss did not answer him.

His silence worried Carola but it was encouraging to know that she was with Karl's friends, whoever they might be.

Ranke continued: "Perhaps he will not talk. I'm sure the police will learn nothing about the Underground from him."

Carola could feel Klauss turn to Ranke in the darkness. "Be careful what you say."

Carola showed no surprise at the word "Underground." At times she had been sure that Karl was carrying some sort of secret. Perhaps Blaerchen had not ordered this arrest! If so, Karl's position might be worse. Were Blaerchen responsible, he might somehow be persuaded to relent. If Karl had been arrested for Underground activities, then there was no hope, not even in an appeal to Blaerchen. It was a bitter paradox to have to hope that Blaerchen was responsible.

She asked quietly, "Is that why Karl has been arrested?"

"Is there some reason you know of?" Klauss asked gently.

"Possibly his arrest might be a personal matter, between Karl and Herr Blaerchen of the Foreign Office."

Klauss said, "I don't quite understand—!"

"I saw Blaerchen this afternoon and refused to marry him," Carola explained quickly. "This may be his revenge for my refusal. The arrest comes too soon to be a coincidence." Then, almost crying, "I can't go on, knowing that Karl has been jailed because of me. He's had three years in prison. They'll never let him go this time."

"Cry, my dear," Klauss said. "It may do you good."

Then, as if she had seen something in the darkness, Carola stopped crying.

"What's the matter?" Klauss was concerned.

"Nothing, nothing!" Blaerchen had spoken of a new assignment and she had scorned it. But he could force her to



"Do paper hangers drink lemonade?"

PERRY BARN

keep any assignment he wished. Any assignment! Either she did what he wished or Karl stayed in jail. And if Karl were free, then any time that Blaerchen wanted to use Carola, he need only arrest him! "He can make me do anything he wants," Carola said, in slow cadence to her steps. "Anything!"

"Who, my dear, who?"

"Blaerchen!" She knew it made no sense to Klauss. "I must get to a telephone. I must call him."

"Blaerchen?" Klauss asked as if he understood.

"I must call him. No, let me go alone. Thank you both very much!" Half stumbling, half running, she went down the street, bumping several times into pedestrians, wondering frantically where she could find a telephone.

In the lobby of a cheap hotel she awakened the night clerk from an early evening nap. "May I use your telephone?"

"Certainly."

The clerk stood by, pretending not to pay any attention while she called Blaerchen. In a few minutes he answered, "An unexpected pleasure! I thought I should never again have the privilege—!"

Carola cut him off. "Karl was arrested this evening!"

"I'm sorry to hear it." He sounded as if it were news to him.

"Were you responsible?"

"Who knows what a man is arrested for?" Blaerchen was amused. "It might be for any one of a hundred reasons: for listening to a foreign radio station, for hoarding soap—!"

"I'm not joking."

"Neither am I."

Carola had to be as unemotional as possible. Coldly she said, "I can't pretend that my feelings have changed toward you since this afternoon—I am not that much of an actress."

Blaerchen laughed at that. "You

underestimate your ability, my dear. You asked me about some assignment," she continued. She hesitated sure that she knew now what the assignment was. By force of will she drove away the memory of his face as he pressed close to her a few hours ago. "You will free Karl at once, I shall do what you wish."

His hesitation, then his pleased utterance made her surer that she knew what he would ask.

But he said, "You must care very much for him."

She would not discuss that. "Karl has suffered enough."

BLAERCHEN hesitated again, making up his mind. "Herr Dietrich has called you frequently, hasn't he?"

"Yes." Her voice faltered.

"You will please accept any invitation he may offer."

"Praft?" That was horrible thought you hated him."

"Not at all. On the contrary, I am very good friends."

That made no sense!

"What invitation will he offer?" Carola asked dully, knowing she had no choice here.

"I'm not at all sure," Blaerchen said pleasantly. "He may take a trip to the land and he might like you to accompany him. Possibly it may just be an invitation to tea."

Carola did not hesitate. "Very well, I shall accept if Karl is freed at once." Blaerchen chuckled. "He will be in the morning."

She leaned against the wall of the little lobby, her knees unable to support her. She shivered and not because the lobby was cold.

"Are you all right?" the clerk asked anxiously.

She nodded. Before her, coming toward her, she could see the face of Praut, and ruttish. She closed her eyes and opened them. The face would be



came closer, expectantly, re, not many miles away, was distant as if it were a mile. Never moving from the armchair living room, Carola tried to imagine where he was. The very attempt up with it the knowledge that imagination could she reach Blaerchen kept his word and then any assignment, even Praut, did not matter. Not fall asleep until the dirty, light of a gray dawn showed down. Then she slept, ex- be awakened by the tele- was Karl and she almost telephone in excitement. re you?" ephone booth near Alexan- all right? Come here at e all right for him to come. would do nothing now, hav- an assignment.

arl came she ran to him and him. "I love you so, Karl," olding tightly to him, not o believe that he was there. ou, Carola." ment they were silent and aerchen, assignment and ot exist. Then Carola asked, hey do to you?" "Karl said cheerfully. He a particularly upset. "I sup- est had no particular mean- are the police pick up all es of concentration camps, ad them to be careful. This ey freed me and said, 'Let arning to you!' That's all!" en laugh cheerfully. "Where en take you—what did he w the hesitation on Carola's s the matter? What hap- ant to talk about it now. I'm e're here. I thought I should ou again." She held fast to on the telephone was like and Carola looked nerv- al. e Dirling?" It was a man's vy, greasy voice. "This is e are you, my dear?" ould not answer. o busy these days? I hope ening—!" ould not look at Karl. Here

was a decision, neatly offered to her. She could not say "No" curtly. To re- fuse bluntly meant that the police would take Karl again, and not for a few hours.

"I am really very busy—my opening, you know! Rehearsals and appoint- ments!" She put words together at ran- dom, hoping they made sense.

"Of course, I understand." Praut was eager to be pleasant. "But I should like a definite engagement."

"Oh, yes, yes, certainly." She had to say that.

"I'd like to arrange a little party at the Esplanade after the affair at the Sans Souci. There will be just a few of us." He became confidential. "You'll find that by myself I'll be a better audi- ence for you than the whole crowd at the cabaret. May I expect you?"

At least that put it off for a few days. She had to accept.

"I'll be very glad to come, Herr Praut," she said, hoping that she sounded sincere.

Carola looked at Karl as she hung up. "What did Praut want?" Karl stepped forward as if taking over this situation.

Carola tried to restrain herself, but couldn't. "He has invited me to a party after the Sans Souci opening. He prom- ises me his company all to myself."

Karl's face flushed. "You should have shouted, 'No!'"

For a moment Carola was on the verge of tears, then she ran to Karl. In a flood the whole Blaerchen business came out.

"You will have nothing to do with Praut," Karl said firmly.

"What choice have we?"

"Choice? I shall go back to jail, gladly." Karl sounded determined. "I won't have you think of anything else."

"And with you in jail, what shall I do?"

They stood looking at each other, not knowing what to say. Then Karl said, slowly, "There is one thing we can do. You must get out of Germany."

"That's impossible."

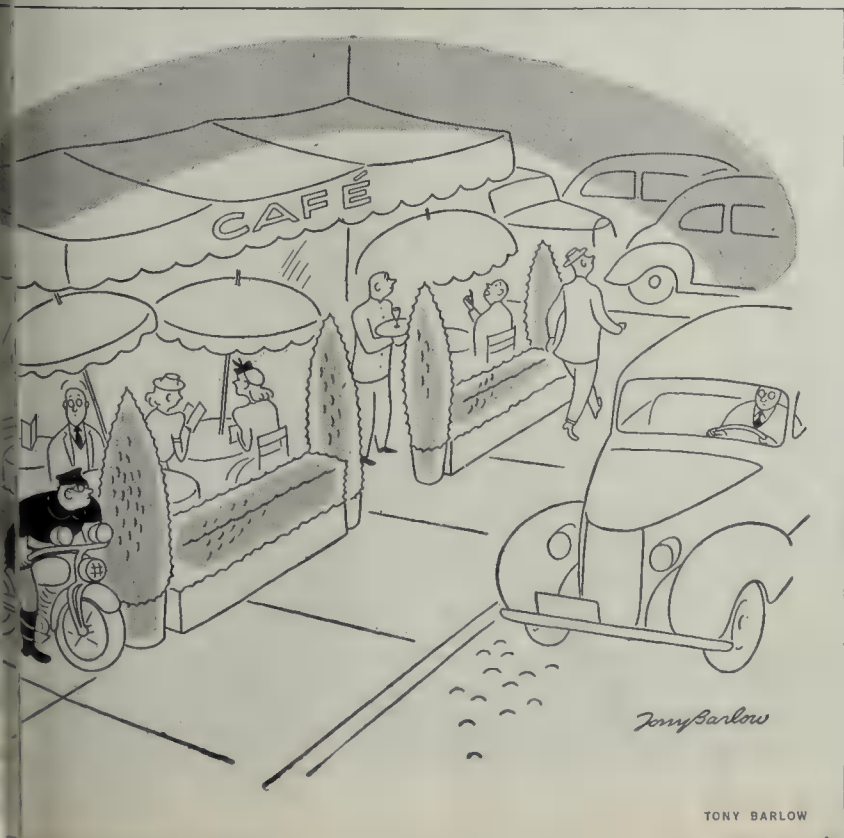
"It might be possible to arrange it somehow."

"I wouldn't go without you. I won't leave you here, Karl. Oh, Karl, I love you so!"

"Dearest." He looked perplexed. "But to stay here in the present situa- tion is impossible. We must get out, somehow."

She gestured her helplessness. "If you think we can get out, no matter how dangerous, I'll go anywhere with you, Karl!"

(To be continued next week)



TONY BARLOW

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In bowl, crush fresh mint covered with powdered sugar and just enough water to melt it. Half-fill glass with shaved ice. Add mint; then fill with ice. Pour Cream of Kentucky to top. Stir till frosted. Garnish with mint, sprinkle with sugar... Serve!





## Tropic Killer

Continued from page 22

several hundred million people needing it. When it became apparent that the natural supply of cinchona was about to be exhausted, the Dutch sent out an expedition to collect nursery stock. This was in 1854. In 1865 they made a fortunate purchase of cinchona seeds collected by a Britisher living in Puno, Peru. Seeds and nursery stock went to Java, and the Dutch strangle hold on the quinine market became a reality.

With the exception of a small amount of cinchona grown in India and consumed locally, the Dutch have absolute control of the world supply. They strip about 23,000,000 pounds of bark annually from trees grown on 42,000 acres of plantation.

Trees are ready for harvest after ten years' growth. Javanese laborers dig them up and strip bark from trunk, limbs and roots with curved bone knives. Bark is dried, pulverized and mixed with lime and caustic soda. Mineral oil extracts the quinine from this pasty mixture; and acid in turn extracts the drug from the oil. After several more complicated steps pure white crystals of life-saving quinine sulfate result.

The Kina Bureau of Amsterdam, organized in 1913, determines the amount of quinine that will enter world commerce; and allows release of only an amount that will keep world prices stable at around 60 cents per ounce. Export of trees, seeds or nursery stock is absolutely prohibited.

It's a \$15,000,000 industry.

### If the Supply Fails—

What would happen to Southern cotton farmers if quinine were suddenly cut off? No one can say positively, but a reasonable guess gives this picture: with nothing to stop their depredations malaria parasites would work their way through the blood stream, destroying enough red cells to produce anemia. Many people would die of complete exhaustion. The bodies of others would be too tired to fight off secondary infections. They would perish of such diseases as pneumonia, tuberculosis, dysentery.

Visions of such a series of events have prompted nearly every country in the world which has pretensions to empire to make an effort to crack the Dutch monopoly. Russia has tried to grow cinchona. The French have tried it in Madagascar, the Japanese in Formosa, the British in the Cameroons and the Germans in Tanganyika. Difficulty in procuring hardy root stock and high-yield grafts to apply on them, as well as difficulty in finding the exact climatic conditions required, have combined to thwart these efforts. So far no one has been able to put an appreciable dent in the Dutch monopoly. Whether the German occupation of Holland will affect the world's supply of quinine is, of course, a matter of conjecture.

The situation has become particularly pressing since the start of the war because malaria can be as terrible as any enemy weapon. During the last World War malaria put 70,000 British soldiers out of the fighting at Salonika; struck down 30,000 in one year in Macedonia, and was similarly devastating in East Africa and Mesopotamia. At one point the situation became particularly difficult. The Dutch threatened to cease co-operating with the Allies. The British rose to the occasion. Either we get quinine, they said in effect, or our navy will see that no one gets it. The Dutch became more tractable.

Malaria is by no means the problem

in the United States that it was 50 years ago, when the disease was prevalent in every state east of the Rockies except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Few states had laws requiring doctors to report cases and this allowed statisticians a macabre joke. Year after year they noted that there were more deaths from malaria than cases reported!

Good screening, good drainage and quick isolation of cases—so mosquitoes could not get at them, become infected and pass the disease along—chased the disease south of the Ohio River. But the cotton belt still has an estimated 4,000,000 cases per year. One recent survey, covering 129,000 school children, showed parasites in the blood of nearly 6 per cent of them.

Realizing how absolutely essential quinine is to a large part of the United States, federal agencies have been making every possible effort to prepare for a stoppage of supplies. The Health Service recently dispatched a man to South America to check on productive capacity of natural forests. The word he brought back was none too reassuring. Bolivia

malan climate. A great deal of preliminary work with nursery stock has already been done, and plantings on good-sized plots are beginning. As a good-neighbor gesture the federal government has also shipped nursery stock to Brazil.

The United States Department of Agriculture has been working along these same lines in Puerto Rico. Activity centers at the federal experiment station at Mayaguez. Cinchona seedlings grown in Washington are shipped in pots to the Mayaguez station. As many as 3,500 potted seedlings have gone down in one shipment.

### A Good Emergency Reserve

After growing for a year or so at the station, they are ready for transplanting. Lacking exact knowledge about the demands of the trees—they seem to like high altitude, tropical sun, and ample rainfall—plantings have been made at various elevations: 1,000, 2,500 and 3,000 feet.

Particular emphasis has been placed

sive. Somewhere within this giant molecule, they felt, was hidden the principle—the malaria-killing principle. Their efforts have been directed to finding this magic.

French chemists tried the same. After synthesizing over 700 new substances—any one of which would be the quinine molecule—they gave up. The Germans had more luck. They produced two antimalarial drugs, mochin and atebrin. These drugs are effective and tremendously valuable but they have two big drawbacks. They are expensive and they require much supervision. These two things put them out of the reach of a large proportion of the millions who have malaria, who primarily a poor man's disease.

There are many reasons for this frenzied activity, apart from the fact that 14,000,000 people in the eastern United States live constantly with malaria at their doorsteps. It is quite possible for the disease to spread into regions where it has been barred for decades. Malaria mosquitoes are prevalent in most states. At a person sick with the disease the chain goes. Sporadic outbreaks occasionally occur in the North but are quickly squelched with the aid of quinine. The one a few years ago at Camden, New Jersey, will illustrate.

Cases began to occur in a most unlikely place: in a suburb recently for well-to-do people. A shrewd epidemiologist quickly put his finger on the cause. Mosquitoes by the millions breeding in decorative ponds and All they needed to touch off an epidemic was a source of blood parasites. They were finally furnished by a malaria carrier, a visitor from Costa Rica.

### Prevention Comes First

Another factor worrying the Service is the fact that strains of violent malaria are loose within a large range of the United States. Brazil, such a killer, spread by the *Anopheles gambiae*. This mosquito was brought across the South Atlantic by plane from Africa. This insect has already killed ten per cent of the people in some districts and a heroic effort is under way to exterminate it—history's first example of such a gigantic undertaking.

A similar malaria is rampant on the Burma road which the Chinese constructed as a supply route to the world. Several times this epidemic malaria stopped road construction as the flies fled in terror from "black fever"—the violent malaria in which the microbes explode blood cells.

The U. S. Public Health Service had a three-man commission working on this new international highway—trying the disease and taking preliminary measures to see that it does not board a ship at Rangoon and sail across the Pacific to this country.

Meanwhile, preventive work is proceeding in the southern United States. WPA projects have drained nearly a million acres of swamp and applied a million gallons of spray. Housewives of thousands have been shown how to protect their families. The work has helped the situation but by no means eliminated the No. 1 of the tropics. As long as there are men with malaria to furnish blood to mosquitoes, the disease will be with us. There remains but one tested means of controlling the situation, and that means is quinine going to be difficult to break the monopolistic hold which the Dutch have on this drug. But we are trying



"My daughter's supposed to help me—  
but she hired the girl to do her share"

ADOLPH SCHUS

and Peru produced a minute amount of quinine, he found, but most of their small production was bought up by the Dutch to strengthen their monopoly.

Word of this situation prompted the Munitions Board to place quinine on its list of strategic materials not available in this country. It earmarked \$400,000 for the purchase of 700,000 ounces of quinine sulfate which is safely stowed away in government warehouses. Impressive though this amount appears to be, it represents only a four months' supply! And at best such storage activities represent only temporary solution of the problem.

Efforts leading toward a permanent solution are taking place along several lines. In Guatemala several planters, aided by the United States government and one large manufacturing chemist, have spent several years experimenting with the culture of cinchona. There are 40-odd species of this tree and their barks will yield from 1 per cent to 15 per cent quinine. So the problem has been to find the best producers, and the ones which are best adapted to the Guate-

on culture in the Maricao Insular Forest. While the Department of Agriculture hopes that local capital will become interested in large-scale plantation culture, they don't want to bank too heavily on this. Hence the forest plantings. A good stand of trees growing under natural conditions would represent an excellent reserve of vital quinine, which could be drawn upon in times of national emergency.

Research men in Washington are likewise making an effort to save the situation. By a curious coincidence six chemists working for the National Institute of Health, research division of the United States Public Health Service, began looking for new quinine substitutes the day war began.

At the start they realized that it would be virtually impossible to make quinine synthetically. The molecule is large and incredibly complex. To reconstruct it, borrowing atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen from readily available chemicals might be possible; but the steps required would almost surely make the process prohibitively expen-



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# COWS and LOVERS

by Will Shakespeare, Jr.



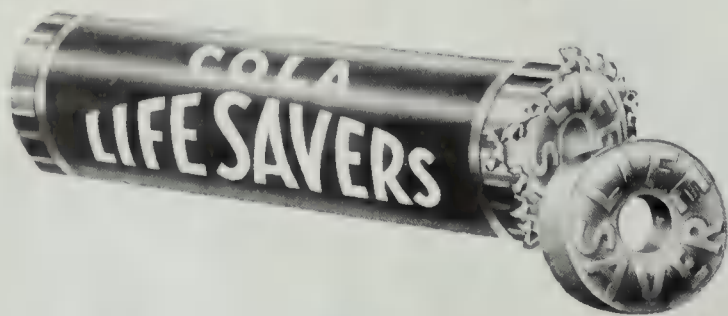
Ye breath of cows, 'tis said, is pure and sweet  
And cows, you may observe, rub noses when they meet.



Yet breath of man and maid is oftentimes bad  
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## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 19

Alfred's tone was rueful.

"Very good, Alfred. And you are quite sure no one except patients came to the house this morning?"

"No stranger did, sir. That Miss Nevill's young man came round—and in a rare taking not to find her here."

Japp said sharply, "When was that?"

"Some time after twelve it was. When I told him Miss Nevill was away for the day, he seemed very put out and he said he'd wait and see Mr. Morley. I told him Mr. Morley was busy right up to lunchtime, but he said: Never mind, he'd wait."

Poirot asked, "And did he wait?"

A startled look came into Alfred's eyes. He said, "Cor—I never thought of that! He went into the waiting room, but he wasn't there later. He must have got tired of waiting, and thought he'd come back another time."

WHEN Alfred had gone out of the room, Japp said sharply, "D'you think it was wise to suggest murder to that lad?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I think so—yes. Anything suggestive that he may have seen or heard will come back to him under the stimulus, and he will be keenly alert to everything that goes on here."

"All the same, we don't want it to get about too soon."

"Mon cher, it will not. Alfred reads detective stories—Alfred is enamored of crime. Whatever Alfred lets slip will be put down to Alfred's morbid criminal imagination."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Poirot. Now we've got to hear what Reilly has to say."

Mr. Reilly's surgery and office were on the first floor. They were as spacious as the ones above but had less light in them, and were not quite so richly appointed.

Mr. Morley's partner was a tall, dark young man, with a plume of hair that fell untidily over his forehead. He had an attractive voice and a shrewd eye.

"We're hoping, Mr. Reilly," said Japp, after introducing himself, "that you can throw some light on this matter."

"You're wrong then, because I can't," replied the other. "I'd say this—that Henry Morley was the last person to go taking his own life. I might have done it—but he wouldn't."

"Why might you have done it?" asked Poirot.

"Because I've oceans of worries," replied the other. "Money troubles, for one! I've never yet been able to suit my expenditure to my income. But Morley was a careful man. You'll find no debts, nor money troubles, I'm sure of that."

"Love affairs?" suggested Japp.

"Is it Morley you mean? He had no joy of living at all! Right under his sister's thumb he was, poor man."

Japp went on to ask Reilly details about the patients he had seen that morning.

"Oh, I fancy they're all square and aboveboard. Little Betty Heath, she's a nice child—I've had the whole family one after another. Colonel Abercrombie's an old patient, too."

"What about Mr. Howard Raikes?"

Reilly grinned broadly.

"The one who walked out on me? He's never been to me before. I know nothing about him. He rang up and particularly asked for an appointment this morning."

"Where did he ring up from?"

"Holborn Palace Hotel. He's an American, I fancy."

"So Alfred said."

"Alfred should know," said Mr. Reilly. "He's a film fan, our Alfred."

"And your other patient?"

"Barnes? A funny, precise little retired civil servant. Lives out in the country."

Japp paused a minute and then said, "What can you tell us about Miss Nevill?"

Mr. Reilly raised his eyebrows.

"The bee-yewtiful blond secretary. Nothing doing, old boy! Her relations with old Morley were perfectly perfect. I'm sure of it."

"I never suggested they weren't, Japp, reddening slightly."

"My fault," said Reilly. "Excuse my filthy mind, won't you? I thought might be an attempt on your part to *cherchez la femme*."

"Excuse me for speaking your language," he added parenthetically to Poirot. "Beautiful accent, haven't I?"

Japp disapproved of this flippancy. He asked, "Do you know anything about the young man she is engaged to? His name is Carter, I understand. Is it?"

"Morley didn't think much of him," said Reilly. "He tried to get la vieillesse to turn him down."

"That might have annoyed Carter?"

"Probably annoyed him frightfully," agreed Mr. Reilly cheerfully.

He paused and then added: "Excuse me, this is a suicide you are investigating, not a murder?"

Japp said sharply, "If it were a murder, would you have anything to suggest?"

"Not I! I'd like it to be Georgina. One of those grim females with temper on the brain. But I'm afraid Georgina is full of moral rectitude. Of course, she could easily have nipped upstairs and shot the old boy myself, but I didn't. In fact, I can't imagine anyone wanting to kill Morley. But then I can't conceive of his killing himself."

He added—in a different voice: "As a matter of fact, I'm very sorry about it. . . . You mustn't judge by my manner. That's just nervousness, you know. I was fond of old Morley and I shall miss him."

JAPP put down the telephone receiver. His face, as he turned to Poirot, was rather grim.

He said, "Mr. Amberiotis isn't finding very well—would rather not see a doctor this afternoon. He's going to see a friend and he's not going to give me the address either! I've got a man at the Savoy to trail him if he tries to make a getaway."

Poirot said thoughtfully, "You mean Mr. Amberiotis shot Morley?"

"I don't know. But he was the last person to see Morley alive. And he left Morley alive and well at twelve five minutes past twelve. That may be true or it may not. If Morley was alive right then we've got to reconstruct what happened next. There were still five minutes to go before his next appointment."

Did someone come in and see him during that five minutes? Carter, said Reilly? What happened? Depend on it, by half past twelve, or five minutes to one at the latest, Morley was dead—otherwise he'd either have sounded his buzzer or else sent a word to Miss Kirby that he would see her. No, either he was killed, or somebody told him something which set the whole tenor of his mind, and took his own life."

He paused.

"I'm going to have a word with the patient he saw this morning. I



the possibility that he may have something to one of them that will be on the right track."

Alistair Blunt said he could give him minutes at four-fifteen. We'll see first. His house is on Chelsea Embankment. Then we might take the young Seale woman on our way to Poirot. I'd prefer to know all we are tackling our Greek friend. That, I'd like a word or two with the American who, according to you, is like murder."

Poirot shook his head. "Murder—toothache."

The same, we'll see this Mr. Blunt. His conduct was queer to say the least of it. And we'll check up on the vill's telegram and on her aunt's young man. In fact, we'll be on everything and everybody!"

AIR BLUNT had never loomed in the public eye. Possibly because he was himself a very quiet and unassuming man. Possibly because for many years he had functioned as a Prince rather than as a king.

Rebecca Sanseverato, née Arnholt, was a London a disillusioned woman of five. On either side she came of a family of wealth. Her mother was a member of the European family of the Reins. Her father was the head of the great American banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Rebecca Arnholt, owing to the untimely deaths of two brothers, was a rich woman in an air accident, was sole heiress to an immense wealth. She married a young aristocrat with a famous title, Prince Felipe di Sanseverato. A few years later, she obtained a divorce from him. The child of the marriage, a boy, died. She spent two years of wretchedness in a well-bred scoundrel whose conduct was notorious. A few years later she died.

After her sufferings, Rebecca Sanseverato turned her undoubted brains to the business of finance—the aptitude for which she had inherited from her father in banking. Her death she continued to be a prominent figure in the financial world with her immense holdings. She came to be known—and a junior partner of the firm—house was sent to Claridge's to be with various documents. Six years later the world was electrified to learn that Rebecca Sanseverato was married to Alistair Blunt, a man nearly ten years younger than herself.

But she was the usual jeers—and Rebecca, her friends said, was an incurable fool where men were concerned! First Sanseverato—now this Alistair Blunt. Of course he was only married to her for her money. She was in for a disaster! But to everyone's surprise, the marriage was a success. People who prophesied that Alistair Blunt would spend her money on other things were wrong. He remained devoted to his wife. Even after ten years, when as in her vast wealth he might have

been supposed to cut loose, he did not marry again. He lived the same quiet and simple life. His genius for finance had been no less than his wife's. His judgments and dealings were sound—his integrity above question. He dominated the vast Arnholt and Rotherstein interests by his sheer ability.

He went very little into society, had a house in Kent and one in Norfolk where he spent week ends—not with gay parties, but with a few quiet, stodgy friends. He was fond of golf and played moderately well. He was interested in his garden.

This was the man toward whom Chief Inspector Japp and Hercule Poirot were bouncing along in a somewhat elderly taxi.

The Gothic House was a well-known feature on Chelsea Embankment. Inside it was luxurious with an expensive simplicity. It was not very modern but it was eminently comfortable.

Alistair Blunt did not keep them waiting. He came to them almost at once.

"Chief Inspector Japp?"

Japp came forward and introduced Hercule Poirot. Blunt looked at him with interest.

"I know your name, of course, M. Poirot. And surely—somewhere—quite recently—" he paused, frowning.

Poirot said, "This morning, Monsieur, in the waiting room of M. Morley."

Alistair Blunt's brow cleared. He said, "Of course. I knew I had seen you somewhere." He turned to Japp. "What can I do for you? I am extremely sorry to hear about poor Morley."

"You were surprised, Mr. Blunt?"

"Very surprised. Of course I knew very little about him, but I should have thought him a most unlikely person to commit suicide."

"He seemed in good health and spirits, then, this morning?"

"I think so—yes." Alistair Blunt paused, then said with an almost boyish smile: "To tell you the truth I'm a most awful coward about going to the dentist. And I simply hate that beastly drill thing they run into you. That's why I really didn't notice anything much. Not till it was over, you know, and I got up to go. But I must say Morley seemed perfectly natural then. Cheerful and busy."

"You had been to him often?"

"I think this was my third or fourth visit. I've never had much trouble with my teeth until the last year. Breaking up, I suppose."

Hercule Poirot asked, "Who recommended M. Morley to you originally?"

Blunt drew his brows together in an effort of concentration.

"Let me see now—I had a twinge—somebody told me Morley of Queen Charlotte Street was the man to go to—no, I can't for the life of me remember who it was. Sorry."

Poirot said, "If it should come back to you, perhaps you will let one of us know?"

Alistair Blunt looked at him curiously. He said:

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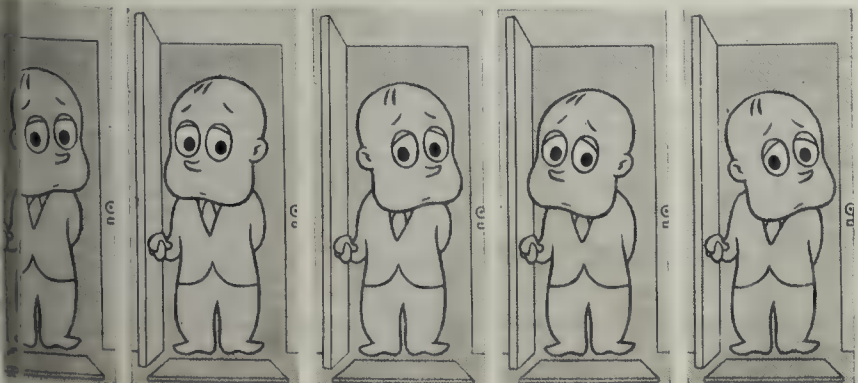


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## COWS and I



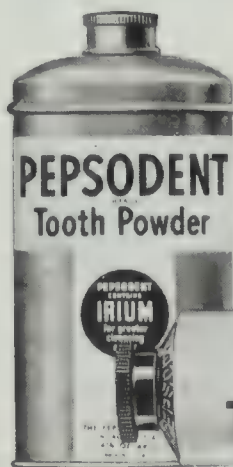
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"I will—certainly. Why? Does it matter?"

"I have an idea," said Poirot, "that it might matter very much."

They were going down the steps of the house when a car drew up in front of it. It was a car of sporting build—one of those cars from which it is necessary to wriggle from under the wheel in sections.

The young woman who did so appeared to consist chiefly of arms and legs. She had finally dislodged herself as the men turned to walk down the street.

The girl stood on the pavement looking after them. Then, suddenly and vigorously, she ejaculated, "Hi!"

Not realizing that the call was addressed to them, neither man turned. The girl repeated: "Hi! Hi! You there!"

They stopped and looked round inquiringly. The girl walked toward them. The impression of arms and legs remained. She was tall, thin, and her face had an intelligence and aliveness that redeemed its lack of actual beauty. She was dark with a deeply tanned skin.

She said, addressing Poirot, "I know who you are—you're the detective man, Hercule Poirot!" Her voice was warm and deep, with a trace of American accent.

Poirot said, "At your service, Mademoiselle."

Her eyes went to his companion.

Poirot said, "Chief Inspector Japp."

Her eyes widened—almost it seemed with alarm. She said, and there was a slight breathlessness in her voice, "What have you been doing here? Nothing—nothing has happened to Uncle Alistair, has it?"

Poirot said quickly, "Why should you think so, Mademoiselle?"

"It hasn't? Good."

Japp took up Poirot's question:

"Why should you think anything had happened to Mr. Blunt, Miss—"

He paused inquiringly.

The girl said mechanically, "Olivera. Jane Olivera." Then she gave a slight and rather unconvincing laugh. "Sleuths on the doorstep rather suggest bombs in the attic, don't they?"

"There's nothing wrong with Mr. Blunt, I'm thankful to say, Miss Olivera."

She looked directly at Poirot.

"Did he call you in about something?"

Japp said, "We called on him, Miss Olivera, to see if he could throw any light on a case of suicide that occurred this morning."

She said sharply, "Suicide? Whose? Where?"

"A Mr. Morley, a dentist, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street."

"Oh!" said Jane Olivera blankly. "Oh!—" She stared ahead of her frowning. Then she said unexpectedly, "Oh, but that's absurd!"

And turning on her heel, she left them abruptly, and without ceremony, running up the steps of the Gothic House and letting herself in with a key.

"Well!" said Japp, staring after her; "that's an extraordinary thing to say."

"Interesting," observed Poirot mildly.

Japp pulled himself together, glanced at his watch and hailed an approaching taxi.

"We'll have time to take the Sainsbury Seale on our way to the Savoy."

MISS SAINSBURY SEALE was in the dimly lit lounge of the Glen-gowrie Court Hotel having tea.

She was flustered by the appearance of a police officer in plain clothes—but her excitement was of a pleasurable nature, he observed. Poirot noticed, with sorrow, that she had not yet sewn the buckle on her shoe.

"Really, Officer," fluted Miss Sainsbury Seale, glancing round, "I really don't know where we could go to be

private. So difficult—just teatime—perhaps you would care for some and—and your friend?"

"Not for me, madam," said Japp.

"This is M. Hercule Poirot."

"Really?" said Miss Sainsbury Seale. "Then perhaps—you're sure—you either of you have tea? No. Well, perhaps we might try the drawing room."

She led the way to the comfortable seclusion of a sofa and two chairs in an alcove. Poirot and Japp followed the former picking up a scarlet handkerchief that Miss Sainsbury Seale had shed en route.

He restored them to her.

"Oh, thank you—so careless of me. Now, please, Inspector—No, Chief Inspector, isn't it?—do ask me what you like. So distressing, the whole business. Poor man—I suppose something on his mind? Such times we live in!"

"Did he seem to you worried, Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"Well—" Miss Sainsbury Seale hesitated, and finally said unwillingly.

"I can't really say, you know. But then perhaps I should not—under the circumstances—afraid I'm rather a coward, you know. Miss Sainsbury Seale giggled and patted her curls.

"Can you tell us who else was in the waiting room while you were there?"

"NOW let me see—there was a young man there when I came. I think he was in pain because he was muttering to himself and looking wild and turning over the leaves of a magazine just anyhow. Then suddenly he jumped up and went out. He had a very acute toothache he must have had."

"You don't know whether he was in the house when he went out of the house?"

"I don't know at all. I imagined just felt he couldn't wait any longer and must see the dentist. But it must have been Mr. Morley he was in because the boy came in and spoke up to Mr. Morley only a few minutes later."

"Did you go into the waiting room again on your way out?"

"No. Because, you see, I'd been put on my hat and straightened myself up in Mr. Morley's room. Some of the people went on Miss Sainsbury Seale, to her subject, "take off the hat downstairs in the waiting room. I never do. A most distressing thing happened to a friend of mine who did. It was a new hat and she put it on carefully on a chair, and when she came down, would you believe it, a cat sat on it and squashed it flat. Absolutely ruined!"

Japp said, "Then this young man with the toothache was the only patient you noticed at 58 Queen Charlotte Street?"

"A gentleman came down to see me and went out just as I went up to see Mr. Morley—oh! and I remember a peculiar-looking foreigner came to the house just as I arrived."

Japp coughed. Poirot said, "That was I, Madame."

"Oh, dear!" Miss Sainsbury Seale peered at him. "So it was! Do you see how short-sighted—and very distressing—isn't it?"

She trailed off into irrelevance. "And really, you know, myself that I have a very good face. But the light here is so bad. Do forgive my mistake!"

They soothed the lady down. Japp asked, "You are quite sure Mr. Morley didn't say anything such as—instance—that he was expecting an interview this morning? Anything of that kind?"

"No, indeed, I'm sure he didn't. He didn't mention a patient by the name of Amberiotis?"

(To be continued next week)



## One Thunderous Night

Continued from page 21

agree to meet him. He made an effort for silence, involving something I did years ago. I told him there was nothing doing. I'll admit I was so glad that I put him in the tender and hoped he'd be swamped. I didn't know that. He's good on the water." "Suppose," Harper said next, "that Chinaman overheard what you said in the boat, and knew Dole rowed

long was at the wheel. I don't know much he saw, or what he heard." "Person said, 'Quong, did you see the boat get into the tender?'"

Chinese said, "Too damn' much me thundeh, too much fog." He held the ice in the shaker. "Dlink no now. I catch new one."

McMasters was puzzled by Henderson because it seemed to the engineer the man's words were honest and actions normal. Harper, of course, was convinced that Henderson was just as was the other detective. Two more added to four. Mac guessed that the presence of a pretty girl had something to do with his own feeling; her eyes left Marsh Henderson's face.

Harper dialed headquarters, and, as reported, McMasters saw, first, a comical disbelief on Henderson's face, and then rising anger. Lastly, McMasters noted that Henderson was truly, deeply frightened. Again, Mac felt that reactions could be those of an innocent man who was telling the truth, or of a man who was lying. He was amazed at an accusation, and gentle enough to understand what it meant.

"He recovered the body," Harper said. "No. Not just a floater. Murder, plain. No question. Blackmail, plain. And we've got the man who did

it." The detective gave names, details. "Thank you, sir," he said, while Lane grumbled with the realization that Harper was taking all credit. "Mighty near didn't. We ran into a barge."

"He would tell it," the sergeant muttered. "Why could not Mallock do the talking? Now, Mac, you've your first black mark, undeserved."

Sara Hallam said fiercely, "I was with Mr. Henderson every moment. I saw Mr. Dole get into the tender. I heard what was said. I—"

"Don't, Sally," said Henderson. "Don't say anything."

The girl was on her feet. McMasters liked the way she paused, lips tight, as if she wanted to obey Henderson's admonition, and yet as if she couldn't obey. How she came to the man's defense, McMasters felt, would determine, for him, Henderson's innocence or guilt. It came to him, watching her, that if she took the blame for what had happened in any way upon herself, Henderson was probably guilty.

WHEN she began to speak, it seemed as if this was what she intended, for she said, "Mr. Henderson wasn't being blackmailed. I was. Mr. Henderson told Dole to go to the devil, and Dole said we weren't dealing with just one man. That's why Marsh said what he did when you came." Her fierceness was gone; she was in deadly earnest. "They had words. Marsh refused to pay. I didn't want him to. Don't you see? Marsh told him to get off the Amarella. That's the last we saw of him. I tell you that Marsh didn't touch him."

"Then how were his clothes ripped off?" Harper asked. "And he didn't punch himself on the nose, did he?"

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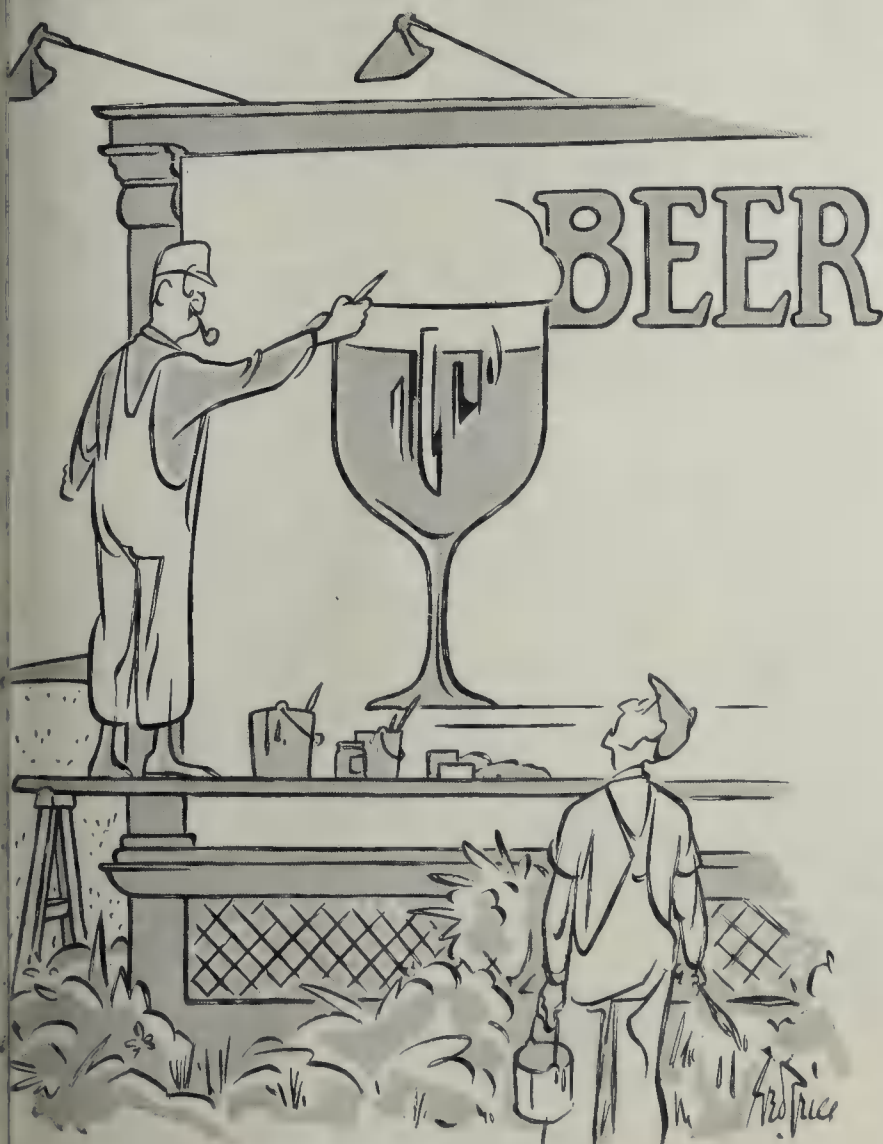
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"I assure you, madam, that isn't necessary!"

"Marsh didn't touch him!" Henderson said he was being blackmailed. You say you were." Harper turned to Mallock. "The old story. Each wants the blame to save the other."

Mallock said, "Mr. Henderson, all we want to do is find out what happened. Can you account for the way Dole seemed to have been in a fight?" McMasters wondered if the detective didn't feel sympathy for the man and girl now standing close together. "It would help us all if you could. You see, we don't think Dole was drowned, although we can't tell until an examination. But he didn't have seaweed in his hands, and his face wasn't placid; but if he just rowed off, and was swamped, he'd have been drowned." Mallock's mild voice cut through Harper's protests at such relating of what the detectives knew: "If you can help us, Mr. Henderson, you'll help yourself and the lady."

"It is the blackmailing that makes it bad, Mr. Henderson," he continued soberly. "Sooner or later, the details will come out. If you wish to tell us, it might help. I mean if it would lead to anything. Or wait, if you wish."

"I wish we'd told you sooner. A week ago. Then this wouldn't have happened." He glanced at the girl, who nodded instantly; and then McMasters heard a story of how Sara Hallam, a year ago, on another boat, had been both silly and indiscreet, and how Dole, who'd also been on the boat, had taken the announced engagement as opportunity for blackmail. "She'd told me about it before," Henderson said. "Today, he gave her an ultimatum. I told her to tell him she was afraid to meet him where anyone'd see, but that she had the key to the Amarylla, and this would be a place to meet secretly. I was here when he came."

"And so you all went out for a ride in a storm," said Harper.

"I don't know why," Henderson said miserably. "I wish we hadn't. There was no reason for doing it." That, McMasters knew, was damaging. Premeditation. Go out on the bay, in fog and storm, get rid of the man by letting his body be washed through the Gate, swept beyond the Heads. But if Henderson was pilot enough to go out, cruise

around, give the wheel to a Chinaman and then return without difficulty to yacht harbor, he'd know enough to take the body from the Amarylla where the current was stronger, the outboard motor flowing more swiftly. "There was a reason," Henderson said. "Perhaps I want," he added slowly, "to thrash him without interruption. I did not, can you don't believe me."

"Hooked," whispered Lane. "The jury'll believe that." He said, "That's no foghorn. It's the woman's siren," and the men from headquarters arrived. McMasters saw the sheen of ery on Sara Hallam's face, the warden's tightened. Harper, quick to take the explanation into his hands, reporting it to the lieutenant. Lane said, "If you're not needing the Barnes, and if you'll have the body recovered, we'll run her back. That is, if she after the bad accident reported by detective Harper, involvin' a squall of paint. It took a detective," the man said sourly, "to know we so nearly grazed a barge."

Harper said, "It wasn't the engine fault, Lieutenant, that he was taking chances. The sergeant was a idiot."

McMasters' mouth was open, but the sergeant said, "Shut up. Nothing you'll want to be a detective, we go, sir?"

"TAKE the boat back, yes." The tenant spoke to two of the men who left to remove the body of Barnes. "Report to headquarters first, engineer. And you made good getting here."

McMasters knew, from the last near-accident was unimportant to the lieutenant, although how it appear on the record might be a matter. He had a final look at the girl; the former's face was the girl's defiant from fear. Because what had happened? Or because would happen to Henderson? It might be either. Mac didn't know.

All he had to do, after sending the police boat out of the yacht harbor edge along beyond the wharves and his eyes open. It was far simpler cutting diagonally across the bay,



The fog conjured up images to McMasters; he could fairly see the two men standing on the Amarylla, with thunder and lightning crackling, making the deadly struggle a shadow show, white and fierce, now obliterated in darkness. Whether the girl saw the end of the struggle, he couldn't know. The old love in her eyes in the cabin as the police were there; what, then, she have felt on the bay? And why didn't it leave a mark on her? It didn't make sense to McMasters. Had she helped Henderson? Had she taken the beating and smashed Dole, a man who wished to hurt her also? Had the girl? One of the three, unless Henderson's fragile story were true, had she the blackmailer.

SAID suddenly, staring straight ahead, "If Dole's clothes were ripped apart, why weren't Henderson's? Was it a one-sided fight? Or did Henderson just sort of hammer him down, for a time, when Dole wasn't looking, then beat him up? But Dole'd have been in his guard. And—"

Next thing," snorted Lane, "ye'll be a slave. If it were not such an open-cut case, boy, I'd like to fix Harper. Even his mates like him, but it was a risk to be sent out on routine, like being a floater, and come up on the page, picture an' all. Now do you attention and forget the crime. I'm tellin' why you're to go to headquarters, which is so you'll be able to exactly concernin' Dole's appearance when we picked him up."

"He would be a defense, Lane said, would have Henderson relate a story and fall, in which Dole struck his forehead before reaching the water. Dole, really, would have tried to use a gun: and the Chinese would so testify,

to make it appear self-defense. But it wouldn't serve. "What hurts Henderson, boy," said the sergeant, "is that the blackmailer was dead before hittin' the bay. That's bad."

The old sergeant was talking either because he hoped something would mess up Harper's case, or because he was trying to make the return journey as ordinary as if the weather were clear. The fog wasn't bothering McMasters. What did trouble him was the man and girl's situation, and he had to get over that sort of thing if he were to be a proper member of the department. He wouldn't think any more about it. Then, because all of his training had been as exact as mathematics, and he didn't like having an answer without knowing how it'd been computed, he said, "When a man is first drowned, sir, you said that his face could be red. Dole's was."

"I said . . . well, I said it. Harper'll never let that be forgotten. You see, boy, he was on a case, and in kindness I told him something from my experience. He acted on it. I was wrong. He's never forgiven me, believing it was intentional. Now he will rub this in." Lane shrugged. "Do ye stick to your engines, and some day maybe you'll have charge of the department's mechanical units, which is how a good engineer can be promoted. Leave detectin' alone." He frowned at McMasters, and then he said slowly, "But the man's face was red. It was so, and I saw it." Lane sighed. "So will mine be, when Harper finishes jokin' at my expense."

"I wish we could make a monkey out of him."

"What you've been wishin'," the sergeant said, "is that something could be done to save a man and a girl, and that's a good way for an officer to feel. But do not be figurin' what happened on the



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## GARAGE



"Really, lady, you don't save a bit of gas by removing three spark plugs"

FRANK BEA

cruiser. One of the three slugged him, an' with good reason. If it was the Chinaman, the girl would not be so worried. So it was Henderson. Dole is dead, boy, and he was well beat up."

McMasters said, "It still doesn't add up right, sir. You said Dole's face was red. Is that the way a man appears when he's been beaten?"

"There are things you will learn with experience," Lane said, "and one is that a black eye, a pair of them, do not mean a man has been struck there. It is a sign of violence, of beating. Did Dole have black eyes? He did. But his face . . . was . . . red. You are right. It does not make sense. We will leave it to headquarters. There are but three ways in which a man dies violently, boy. Suicidal death, homicidal death, accidental death. It was not the first. It was the second. So—"

McMasters said, "Or it was the third." The engineer said, "A lot's happened since we took the Barnes out, hasn't it, sir? One minute we were at Sixty-A, and there was thunder and lightning, and the rain came down; and then we got the report over the radio, and . . . and . . ."

"Well? What're you thinking, boy?" McMasters said, "If I tell you, and anyone wants to know if I did, you'll be laughed at pretty badly, sir. But you said this was an open-and-shut case. In that sort, there's not too much checking, is there? So . . . you wait until I come back from headquarters," Mac said, "and then I'll let you laugh at me."

The Barnes was docked, secured; McMasters left the old sergeant making coffee. The others, including the three prisoners, were at headquarters long before him; all were in the lieutenant's office, with newspapermen waiting in the corridor. McMasters was ordered down to a cold tiled room, and, while he needlessly refreshed his memory as to what had been taken from the water, heard that death had resulted from a series of blows, and that Dole had been dead before immersion. Merciless beating, he heard, and compound fracture.

Then, with medical opinions in his ears, he went back to the lieutenant's office, although his heart was beginning to beat quickly. Probably he was wrong. But if being laughed at would be the only penalty, he didn't much care. He

had nothing on which to base his guess save what Lane'd said; but he was right he could prove it, prove nobody would think of. And all because two and two didn't add correctly.

The newspapermen were in the room now, filling it; Harper was talking to them and unfolding the story. McMasters didn't listen. He saw, first, Hallam and Marsh Henderson, the man sitting beside the lieutenant's desk; and if both were white-faced they weren't afraid any more. Their hands were not joined, as if they no longer needed contact to keep them together; McMasters' own were sweating.

He waited a moment, during which he saw the uninterested Chinaman, before speaking to the lieutenant; and the request didn't need to be made. From the desk he saw what'd been taken from Dole's clothing. The letter, smeared out and dried. A few coins. A soldier's wallet, contents beside it. A key ring!

WAS he right? He'd soon know. His disgust at Harper's antics, obviously also displeasing to the lieutenant, his wish to help two trapped prisoners, were only part of the reason for his curiosity. It had risen because there should be anything doubtful in a problem when a man's life was involved in the figuring. It wasn't just a matter of one and two; it was an experiment in which you took everything you knew and proved it, and then you went after the unknown. What'd he have? A red-dead man. A compound fracture. A lack of sympathy. And he'd find out well, what hadn't happened, maybe.

There was a pen, tray, with rings and bands and clips on it. McMasters the lieutenant frowning at him, reached across the desk and took one of the. Then, uncertainty gone, he placed a clip an inch from the key ring. He saw his fingers off the clip; and, clicking the clip was against the key ring.

The lieutenant, only, had seen what McMasters had done. Harper was explaining the open-and-shut nature of the case. But McMasters spoke to the lieutenant and could question him, him to keep his hands off: "Pull that away, sir," Mac said unevenly. His eyes were on man and girl, as if he were



them that their world wasn't as solid as it seemed. "You see?" said McMasters. "I reached over and, as the lieutenant picked up the clip, he held the key ring. I was separated unwillingly. As Mac picked up another clip, and the performance repeated, he said, low, 'The key is magnetized, sir. You've seen. It's magnetized. Maybe that's accidental. Or maybe it was all accidental. I'm sure if a man has been struck by lightning, metal on his person frequently becomes magnetized.'"

The lieutenant's eyes widened. He picked up the key ring and clip again. "I'll be right back," he said, and, glancing to where Harper was holding forth, picked up the telephone. He spoke even lower than McMasters had. "Dr. Thompson," he said. "What happens when a man's struck by lightning? No, I'm serious. I see. Livid face?" He turned toward Harper, making McMasters certain the story on Lane, concerning the shooting, had already been told. "Much to be determined by post-mortem. Wouldn't be discovered that without something else? The cause could have been caused by it? The clothing partially ripped off? How about burns? None? Not a scratch, eh? Well, suppose a metal object were magnetized? Oh. Best of Thanks, Doctor."

McMasters felt hot and cold at once. He heard the lieutenant ask what'd happened to him on this track. "Everybody is satisfied with the answer, sir," Mac said. "I couldn't seem to forget that the fellow was really innocent he'd have as much as Henderson did. I guess I was a bit of a fool for him, sir. For the girl. Are you sure, sir?"

"Enough," the lieutenant said, "to begin a bit of deflation." He listened to Harper's explanation of the way the Hallam woman and Henderson had acted when the police burst was the word he used—into the cruiser's cabin, and the callous way the pair were drinking. Then the lieutenant turned in his chair, and though he didn't raise his voice, Har-

per stopped speaking, and the newspapermen looked toward the desk.

"Mr. Henderson," the lieutenant said, "I would not under any circumstance build up your hopes and then shatter them. I'm very glad to tell you that the worst you have been guilty of was misjudgment in setting Dole afloat in the tender. He never reached shore, but it wasn't your act that prevented it. I am trying to say," the lieutenant went on gently, "that Dole was killed in the tender, and that you are no longer under suspicion. Your story was true."

McMasters saw the girl, so brave before, crack now. Henderson's arm circled her; Henderson's face had come alive. Along with the girl's first sob, McMasters heard, in the breathless office, the booming of a foghorn, and from the tone of it, guessed it was on the Point. There was a shore light there, too, flashing every two seconds, visibility fifteen miles in clear weather; and light, lightning, had flashed when Dole had died, probably lifting him up, hurling him back against the tender.

Harper saw McMasters; he blurted, "What fool tale'd Lane have the engineer bring you, Lieutenant? Why, that doddering old—"

"Jackass?" the lieutenant asked. He leaned back in his chair. "Engineer," he said, "the newspaper boys will want details. By the time you've cleared things up for them, I'll have the report from Dr. Thompson, but there's not any doubt as to what the report will contain. So go ahead, engineer."

McMasters said, "Well," and then he knew Sara Hallam and Marsh Henderson were handclapped, and that both were staring at him. He felt grand. The office was very still; the mooooo-ooooom! that cut through the Point siren must be the transport dock diaphone, and there was strong current there, almost a clockwise eddy. Boy, but he liked his job. He couldn't help grinning. He said again, "Well," and, as he began to speak, he wished the sergeant could've been there, to see Sara Hallam and Henderson smiling, and the way Mallock was smiling, and the way Harper wasn't. The old boy would've enjoyed it.



"Don't you like to think sometimes that we're all of us just moonbeams dancing through life—you and me and everybody except that louse in the shipping department?"

GARDNER REA



### TOO PLUMP TO BE A BEAUTY ON THE BEACH? TRY THIS SIMPLE RY-KRISP REDUCING PLAN

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## Friends Needed

Continued from page 15



spread on bread, hot biscuits and toast . . . and as a tasty seasoning for hot vegetables.

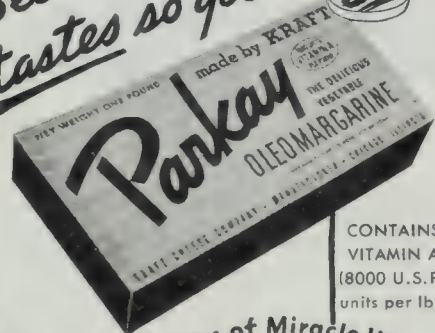


as a "flavor" shortening for making delicious cakes, pies and cookies.



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**GLOVER'S**  
MANGE MEDICINE

sympathized. "The law is the same for everybody if they don't know anybody. I might know somebody, Mr. Mivvle."

"Something ought to be done," said Mrs. Mivvle decidedly. "It's the same with everything. . . Aub, did you speak to the policeman about the chimney over there that smokes into our windows?"

"Now, Angel, that chimney is smoking into everybody's windows, isn't it?" argued Mr. Mivvle, starting the car.

"That's the way with Mr. Mivvle, Jack," said Mrs. Mivvle to the guest beside her. "He is so honorable he gets all the worst of it. It is the same in the office; he knows the department from A to Z, and does twice the work, but he doesn't get ahead because he doesn't know anybody. I often say to him, 'Papa, why don't you do something!'"

"Are you new in Washington, Mrs. Mivvle?"

"New! We are here in the Government since before I had Dot! But Mr. Mivvle comes home from the department and reads the newspaper and plays himself the radio and—Aub, did you do something about the gyp delicatessen that sold me a pound of butter and it was only three quarters?"

"Now, Angel, if he sold it to you he sold it to everybody else, didn't he? As Jack says, the law is the same for everybody. Write Mrs. Roosevelt."

Mr. Mivvle had been twenty years in the Government and had risen to assistant chief of section at thirty-four hundred per annum, and he knew to what he owed his success. To hard work and knowing the job, of course, but also to avoiding responsibility and quarrels in the Government or out.

Take these battles that Mrs. Mivvle was always urging him to start—against rich owners, against public utilities, dairy companies, and the police—how long would he last? Until somebody put in a quiet plug against him. A man in the Government wants to watch his step. It wasn't as if he had big friends; then he would have some fat appointive sinecure such as the chief of section. That post was vacant now too. Bending over his wheel, Mr. Mivvle wondered who would be the new chief of section and draw the nice salary while Mr. Mivvle did the work as usual.

"The President Hotel—quick, Papa, there's a car pulling out!"

MR. MIVVLE grabbed the lucky parking spot; they entered the hotel and rode up to the roof, which was an early evening port of call for many smart and important people.

"Make mine the same," ordered Jack, lying back in his chair.

He sat up, grinning gratefully; he had been recognized at once, to the right and to the left. "Hello, Congressman! Good evening, Judge!"

"Look at Jack—he knows everybody!" said Mrs. Mivvle, her eyes shining. "Jack, tell me—who's that distinguished-looking big man by himself, crossing his legs and a Western hat on the table? He looks awfully familiar—don't he to you, Papa?"

"That's Senator Breathitt, Mrs. Mivvle. . . Hello, Senator!"

"Papa, that's Senator Breathitt from our state! You ought to know him, Papa. Jack, please introduce Mr. Mivvle to Senator Breathitt."

Jack had to try. He led Mr. Mivvle to the senator's table.

"Senator, I guess you know me—Jack Smith? Could I introduce a friend of mine—Mr. Aubrey Mivvle? From your state, Senator."

The senator offered his hand—wondering what particular Jack Smith this was. He knew Jack, but couldn't place him. He knew several Jack Smiths Senior, any one of whom might be this boy's dad.

"Hello, Jack, delighted to see you again. Delighted, Mr. Mivvle—from the old home state, sir? Visiting Washington?"

"Oh, no, Senator, I've been here twenty years. I'm in Mr. Woodhull's department, sir."

"That so? May I call on you when I have business there? You do the same, sir, without hesitation; anything I can possibly do for you. . . Glad to see you again, Jack—Mr. Mivvle!"

There was color in Mr. Mivvle's lank cheeks and a new set to his shoulders as he returned with Jack to the table. . . Breathitt was a big man. Nice man too; right friendly. Good man to know.

"HELLO, Jack Mivvle! How's Jack Mivvle?"

Jack did not recognize the portly gentleman with the gurgling voice who rose in his path, caught his hand and wrung it. It was a Mr. Podhunter, a legislative agent—lobbyist—of the objectionable sort who was stalking the powerful senator and had observed his reception of Jack and Mr. Mivvle. Mr. Podhunter would be a friend of the senator's friends; but he had got the names jumbled.

"I am Mr. Mivvle, sir," said Dot's father.

Mr. Podhunter grasped Mr. Mivvle's hand.

"Podhunter is the name. Fine boy you have here. You can be proud of him, but you never can deny him—he's every inch a Mivvle."

"You got us wrong, sir," said Jack, embarrassed for this kind gentleman. "Mr. Mivvle is not my father. My name is Smith."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Podhunter, carrying it off. "Must have been two other fellows, eh, Jack?" He sat down, disgusted.

"Do you know what I think, Jack?" whispered Mr. Mivvle as they moved on. "He didn't know you from Adam."

It seemed to Mr. Mivvle that Dot's boy friend must be some punkins. Nice boy too, and no coffee-cooler; he had said that his place didn't amount to any more than a messenger.

The Mivvle party had like experiences in the Shoreward Park Hotel, where they went for dinner.

The huge Shoreward Park houses a galaxy of legislators, jurists and bureau chiefs and is a "must" stop for a smart evening.

Jack introduced Mr. Mivvle to several men of mark, selected by Mrs. Mivvle, who wanted her husband to know people. The notable gentlemen were cordial, with a look of secret thought, trying to place Jack.

An exception was Hugh Blackstone, justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. The eminent jurist was sitting against a pillar in a side gallery, leafing through the evening newspaper. At Jack's respectful hail, he glanced, nodded curtly, returned to his reading; but Jack didn't pop into his own file in the jurist's orderly mind. He looked again, remembered, smiled; amused, admiring.

He saw Jack leading toward him an undistinguished gray-mustached gentleman who was ill at ease, awed. Judge Blackstone went grave and attentive at once, rose, was gracious to Mr. Mivvle.

"Ps-st! Ps-st!" signaled Mrs. Mivvle from the background.

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that's safe  
and sound!



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ery Morley Woodhull, Cabinet  
and head of the department  
Mr. Mivvle, had just passed  
Mivvle did not note the Sec-  
urry or his expression of ill-

Ps-st! Ps-st!" she signaled.  
ard. "Oh, good evening, Mr.  
! Might I—"

now, young man," said the  
brushing him off. He halted  
to the doorman, pointed to the  
arty, hurried out.

ed no time, Jack?" asked Mrs.  
coming up. "What a shame.

Mr. Mivvle knows him in a  
not to speak to, like you do.  
al you see him again, Jack?"  
ldn't know, Mrs. Mivvle. It  
months."

ould phone him, or write him  
ack. . . . Dot, stay here with  
n't let him wander. . . . Come  
minute, Jack."

Jack into a writing room.

write Mr. Woodhull a nice let-  
e! I can tell you what to write;  
ceptionist in the department  
et Mr. Mivvle and I know what  
Won't you, please?"

Mivvle dictated and Jack wrote:

Secretary:

ucing Mr. Aubrey Mivvle, as-  
ief of section in the depart-  
a very dear friend of mine.  
ious to be of greater service  
ing you entrust him with will  
ged to utmost satisfaction and  
em it a personal favor.  
going to present Mr. Mivvle  
but I was in conference with  
ackstone.

ing you of my continued es-  
support and with kindest per-  
ards,

"(signed) JACK SMITH."

Mrs. Mivvle—

said Mr. Mivvle, reading the  
er satisfiedly, "is what they  
see he gets it. Thanks, Jack!  
y."

is in haste to get to the world  
but they lost another minute  
porway of the writing room.  
e intercepted by a tall gentle-  
nner dress—a house detective  
oke suavely.

Woodhull was hissed out here  
said the tall gentleman. "As  
is Secretary Woodhull's home,  
ot permit for a moment any  
ations, political or otherwise."

ld hope not!" agreed Jack.

ne theater lights went on again,  
world première was world  
ne Mivvle party went to their

you home, Jack?" offered Mr.

lk from your place, sir! . . .

ing at the Ambassadorial Club

achusetts, Mrs. Mivvle."

in the back with Dot.

Jack, if they ever find out,"

Dot, snuggling.

sweetie, they're bound to.

get sore?"

ub," said Mrs. Mivvle in the

et, "wouldn't it be nice if you

Secretary instead of Mr.

He's not so popular with

he might think: a gentleman

oreward Park was telling me

him. . . . Aub, stop somewhere

butter. If there's anywhere

hour except that gyp place; I

go there again if I never ate

not?" said Mr. Mivvle rug-

Here's the place, Angel, and

in and get a pound of butter

an a pound of butter!"

ted the car, strode into the

nd of butter."

The proprietor, a stout man with a  
cream-cheese complexion and a half-  
round smile, tossed out a package. "And  
now what else?"

"And now," blustered Mr. Mivvle, "a  
quarter pound for nothing that you  
short-weighted me out of last time!"

The delicatessen man's half-round  
smile turned upside down. "Wise guy,  
eh?" he sneered. "Give me that butter  
and take your money."

"This package," proclaimed Mr. Miv-  
vle, "is going down to the Bureau of  
Standards if it is short. I'll make an  
issue out of this! And Judge Black-  
stone is a personal friend of mine, if  
you want to know it."

"You mean," said the proprietor, his  
smile turning up again, "it was some  
mistake? Sam, give this customer a  
pound frankfurters we give a customer  
catches us in a mistake! And a quarter  
pound butter with our compliments."

Mr. Mivvle strode out with his butter  
and his pound of blackmail, which was

was in the kitchen putting on the kettle;  
she heard a spaced plop!—plop! coming  
down the public hall. She hurried to  
the apartment door.

Jack was coming, but not in his topper  
or Levy's Chesterfield and tails. He  
wore an old sweater and shapeless  
pants, and on his head was a high  
stack of morning newspapers; he reached  
up for a newspaper, folded it, tossed it  
—plop!

To kiss a girl ardently while balancing  
fifty morning newspapers on one's head  
takes practice; but Jack had it, and he  
did it. Dot withdrew into the Mivvle  
apartment; Jack went on plopping pa-  
pers.

HAVING completed his route he hur-  
ried to the Ambassadorial Club on  
fashionable Massachusetts Avenue for  
his breakfast.

The Ambassadorial was one of the  
city's biggest and better boarding-  
houses. Jack got two meals and a cot  
in the cellar in return for some dish-  
washing and tending the furnace and  
continuous hot water. His cellar quar-  
ters were short on all modern improve-  
ments but he got square on the delicious  
home-cooked food.

He ate a breakfast in the Ambassa-  
dorial kitchen, did his trick at the sink,  
and took the bus to his newsstand on  
First Street by East Capitol.

Jack's newsstand was not on a busy  
thoroughfare, but the passers-by were  
likely to be important people. Only five  
buildings fronted on that length of First  
Street but they were the Capitol, the  
Library of Congress, the House and  
Senate office buildings and the U. S.  
Supreme Court.

Jack owed his pitch on First Street to  
political influence.

He had not come to Washington to  
distribute General Intelligence; he had  
come on a campaign promise of a Gov-  
ernment job. His patron congressman  
was unable to deliver, being in wrong  
with the Administration; the best he  
could wangle for Jack was leave to use  
the top of a low wall on First Street as  
a newsstand. The wall was Govern-  
ment property, and Jack's legal status  
was that of a tenant on sufferance, li-  
able to be bounced out any time.

Jack put the personal touch into sell-  
ing his papers and magazines. He paced  
the top of the wall, greeting pedestrians,  
soliciting trade.

"Morning, Judge!—Piece about you  
in the World yesterday, sir—saved you  
a copy . . . Morning, Senator! . . . Morn-  
ing, Congressman!"

He had learned when. He waited till  
the prospect gave a glance or smile or  
nod. Perceiving moods is a gift and the  
ungifted are not salesmen. The ruddy,  
smiling youngster on the First Street  
wall had a tiny niche in the memories  
of many prominent Washingtonians.

JACK was on the watch particularly  
this day for the dozen affable gentle-  
men who had shaken his hand the night  
before; he would show them special at-  
tention. Shortly after four in the after-  
noon he saw the very nice stout man  
who had seized his hand out of simple  
kindness and without knowing him from  
Adam.

Legislative agent Podhunter was com-  
ing from the Senate offices. His inter-  
view with some senator had been no  
use; Mr. Podhunter looked ill-humored.

"Hello, Mr. Podhunter! Nice day,  
sir! May I offer you the three-star edi-  
tion with closing Wall Street prices?"

Mr. Podhunter glanced, halted, stared,  
said slowly and sourly, "Well, I'll be—"  
It was the exasperating little squirt  
whose acquaintance he had falsely  
claimed on the President roof. A news-  
boy!

Mr. Podhunter moved on, holding  
Jack transfixed by his stare. He snapped

## How to Build AIRPOWER

**Collier's aviation author-  
ity, returned from study of  
German, British and  
French air forces and or-  
ganizations, tells how our  
air force can be brought  
to full strength and hitting  
power.**

**An article by  
W. B. COURTNEY**

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

duly exclaimed over. He drove back to  
their apartment, found a parking spot  
three blocks from home. A policeman  
appeared, strolling.

"Your name Saunders, officer?" called  
Mr. Mivvle. The name was on his no-  
tice of parking violation. "It is? Then  
you're the man gave me this ticket."

"So what?" said the policeman indif-  
ferently.

"Now, Officer, I didn't mean to violate  
the law, and I did no harm. The sign  
was new and was far from the car—"

"I can't do anything about it,"  
shrugged the policeman.

"Oh, you can't?" Mr. Mivvle's voice  
swelled. "And perhaps you can't do  
anything about that infernal chimney  
up there that's been smoking into ev-  
erybody's windows all winter, all spring!  
Why don't you enforce the law? And if  
I can't get action, maybe my friend Sen-  
ator Breathitt can!"

"You didn't see that sign 'No Park-  
ing?'" said the policeman considerably.  
"Shucks, let me have that ticket and  
forget about it. And I'll give the janitor  
of that big house a summons first thing  
tomorrow."

"What's got into papa?" whispered  
Mrs. Mivvle to Dot, thrilled. "Isn't he  
the lion tonight. . . . Good night, Jack!  
So lovely to have met you!"

At 6:30 the following morning, Dot

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A MONTH\*

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AT MOBILGAS AND MOBILOIL DEALERS



his stare away, strode purposefully down First Street.

"He didn't know me again," murmured Jack regretfully.

A half hour later he received evidence that Mr. Podhunter had known him again. There came the deputy superintendent of the public building on whose grounds Jack was conducting business.

"Jack," said the deputy, "you have to clear out. Somebody's kicked on you. I don't know who, and it doesn't matter, as anybody could. You have to clear out now and not come back."

"Who—what can I do, Mr. Conklin? Who can fix it?"

"Congress," said the deputy. "Get an Act of Congress—though the Supreme Court might declare it unconstitutional. This is government property! . . . Sorry, Son. Get going right away and don't come tomorrow."

**A**T 5:30 P.M. Jack approached the Ambassadorial Club.

In a club window commanding a view of the cellar entrance sat a large-bodied and long-necked lady. She was the proprietress of the Ambassadorial. She raised the window as Jack neared.

"Good evening, Miss Collick!" called Jack, cheery for politeness' sake only; he was feeling glum. "Almost like summer, isn't it?"

"It is almost summer, Smith," said Miss Collick. "We don't need the furnace going any more."

"Shall I let it go out?"

"No, Smith, I'll let it go out. You get your things and go out, too."

"You mean—you're letting me go?"

"I'm letting you go, Smith," said Miss Collick. "Whether them that are waiting for you will let you go I can't answer. Whatever you are up to by night you can't be up to it here. This is a respectable house, Smith, and I don't want any double-lifers in my cellar. I saw you going out yesterday and you didn't look like a furnaceman or newsboy. Go!"

Jack slunk into the Ambassadorial cellar.

The situation was becoming a bit thick. He had blown most of his capital on his evening out; he had lost his place of business; and now he had lost his home. The eighty cents he aver-

aged from his morning delivery route wouldn't keep him in breakfasts.

He had lost all, practically—except Dot. He managed a ghostly smile on that.

He still had Dot. . . . And then, suddenly, he wasn't sure even of Dot. He had rounded the folding screen in the cellar—and there, sitting on Jack's cot, was Mr. Mivvle.

**M**R. MIVVLE raised a hand.

"No explanations are needful, Smith. You deceived me—and not only me but my dear little girl, and not only her but Mrs. Mivvle—and Mr. Woodhull! I have been sitting here in agony of mind.

Are you a Secret Service man that Mr. Hoover goes to for information, as you intimated? No, you are a newsboy. Are you stopping here? No, you tend the furnace. I have had a talk with the lady upstairs, Smith. My poor Dot!"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle, Dot knows all about me!"

"Dot does? You didn't palm yourself off as a rich young clubman? She knows you deliver our newspaper? . . . Then it's not quite so bad—but that's not the half of it, Smith. Did you write to Mr. Woodhull?"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle! Did he get it? Oh, gosh."

"Yes, Smith. Or somebody of his staff

got it, at any rate. And, Smith, here meaning to thank you!"

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle. But—than—" "This morning, Smith, our chief of division sent for me. The secretary had asked him to talk to me and we've known each other for years. He wasn't hopeful at first; he seemed to have had the false impression that I am just a yes-man, no executive personality. I can say I agreeably surprised him as we discussed the work section. And this afternoon, Smith, on order from the Secretary's office, I pointed me acting chief of section for permanent appointment and salary follow if my work justifies."

"Oh, Mr. Mivvle!"

"Smith"—the work-worn old man's voice shook—"it's what I've done for of. I've been doing the work of political appointees for years. I think them the best job was ever done in the department!—if I have a right to place. But have I? Was I appointed under false colors? Does the Secretary think he is obliging some big boy? That's the position you've put me in, Smith, do you think that damage to yours did me any good?"

**"B**UT of course not, Mr. Mivvle. The Secretary knows me from selling papers on First Street. I didn't mean to lieve I was somebody big; I just—oh, what they all say. Maybe he gave him a laugh—or just reminded me of you as the best man—or maybe he saw my letter at all!"

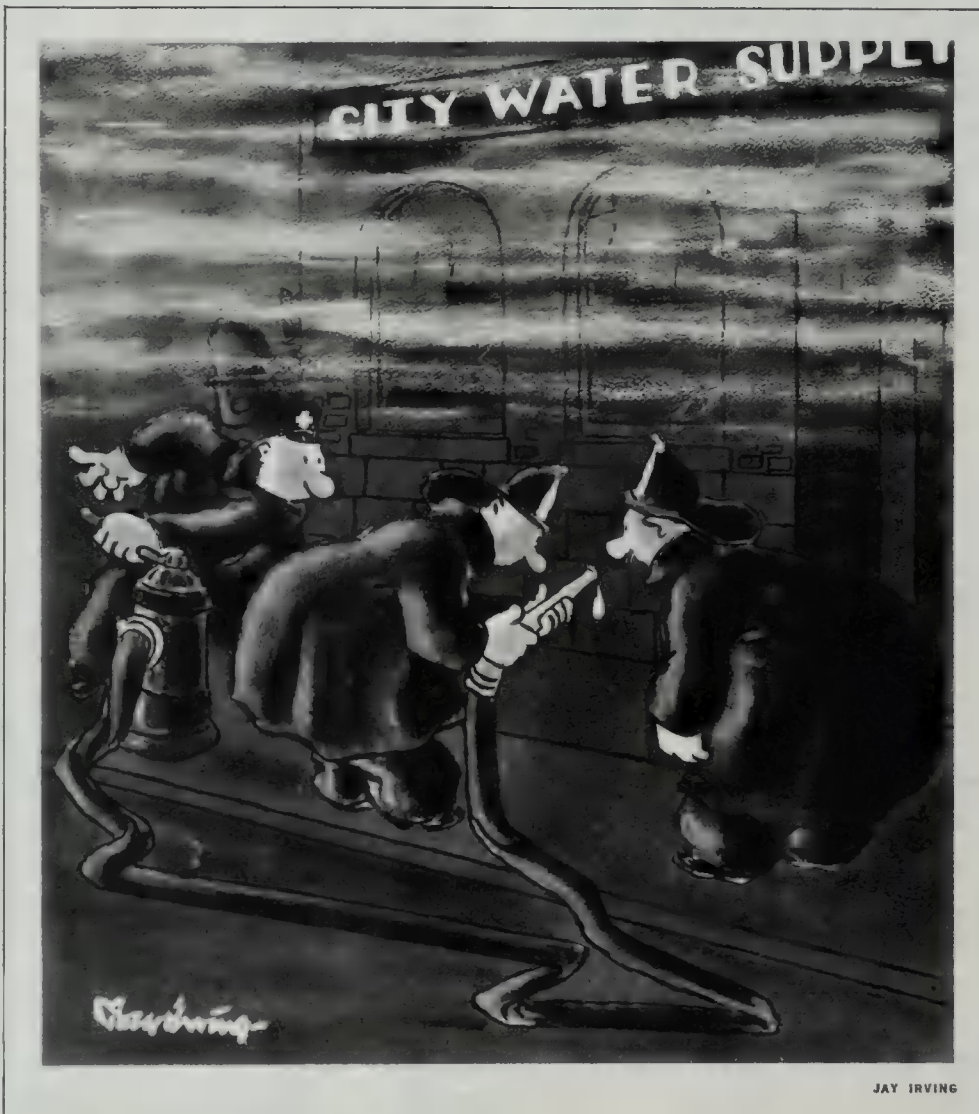
"You think so?" Mr. Mivvle breathed deeply. "Yes, Smith, I say you're right. Better let them rest. You're selling papers on First Street? No? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Suppose you come to the house for dinner," suggested Mr. Mivvle. "I wouldn't say anything to Mrs. Mivvle about selling papers for the present. Jack, as chief of section I have a messenger appointment at fourteen hundred per annum—want it?"

"Oh—Mr. Mivvle!"

"Tut, tut, my boy—thank me for being hard and faithful work! That's the way to succeed in the Government, know by my own experience and let anybody tell you different. Later!"



## The Man Who Didn't Quit

Continued from page 11

confident was Guderian of the success of these tanks that many of them were armored only in front. From the beginning the Germans fought an offensive war with the possibility of retreat ruled out.

Today de Gaulle is the only articulate voice the free Frenchman has. Each day hundreds of weary French who managed, by some miracle, to escape from the cataclysm that engulfed their country go to his dingy suite of offices in St. Stephens house on Victoria embankment, asking to join his forces, pleading for a chance to strike a blow that might by some miracle breathe life into the corpse that is France. Within two months de Gaulle may be a half-forgotten name but if the miracle should happen he will emerge as the greatest and most patriotic of the French generals, the one man who refused to be a stooge for the miserable set of leaders who figured in the betrayal at Bordeaux. If de Gaulle's past is to be believed it is difficult to think that his future will be sterile.

In the beginning his career followed the military pattern. He graduated from St. Cyr as a lieutenant. He fought in the last war under the then Colonel Henri Petain. He was wounded twice

but each time returned to his regiment. Then, during the Verdun battle, he was wounded badly and taken prisoner by a German patrol. He made five abortive efforts to escape and each time had to endure the penalties for such failure.

His military career after the war was active except for a stretch at teaching in the military college at St. Cyr. During recent years his radical military theories received support from only one man in a high place, Paul Reynaud. During the first week of June he was recalled from the front by Reynaud to join the cabinet as Undersecretary of State for War. Reynaud felt that his colleagues were weakening under the pressure of both German military and fifth column strength; he wanted one additional strong voice to overcome the babble of the incompetent and the senile who through no fault of his had been put into the cabinet which he headed.

De Gaulle's tenure as a member of the cabinet was short-lived. When Reynaud was deposed at Bordeaux and Petain put in, de Gaulle knew that it was all over but for the division of spoils. He hurried to London where he sent out an appeal to colonial generals for help.

One inducement was offered to French officers who fell in line with the Bordeaux government. The Germans promised them that their pensions would be safe if they behaved well. They held the safety of their families over their heads as another blackjack. Thousands of French officers made their choice. They picked what they thought would be financial security and continued health for their families. They threw in their lot with the Bordeaux group which, day by day, becomes more of a puppet government.

### Blame the Men on Top

De Gaulle, with the reticence of a professional soldier, refuses to condemn or even comment upon the action of his fellow French officers. He condemns the politicians and the general staff bitterly, but he has not reproached the men who fought so brilliantly with him at Abbeville and at Cambrai during the nightmare of May. De Gaulle would rather discuss the lessons this war has taught the military world today. No country can say that distance protects it from the mechanized forces of another nation. He says,

"To date the war has taught us we must have a real military revolution. I, as an American I would take these lessons to heart. America must be ready at any time with the necessary weapons to meet a modern attack, with means of forces of air, land and sea. If I were an American I would take for my motto 'We should do our utmost to secure safety in this world by all means and at any cost.'"

De Gaulle stood erect and straight, his face showed nothing but confidence. He terminated our talk with a short but a strong handshake.

Outside, in the badly lighted hall and women were waiting to see him. There were two small ante-rooms. One a bespectacled lieutenant named names of the callers, in another Colonel answered a telephone. The shabbiness of the uncarpeted room, the derelict furniture, dimly lit by uncertain bulbs, seemed a poor preparation for bright dreams. But General de Gaulle, the man who didn't come out of the shabbiness of his office building to make the dream of hundreds of thousands of free men come true.



## We Furnish the Home

Continued from page 13

can be few pieces of furniture many of them are built to work. The beds, for instance, made couches in the daytime. You worry about spoiling your bed on it, either, for every mattress house is built with special strips of steel over the inner springs that make for a resilient but firm bed with no danger of springs working through.

Bed-couch in the many-purpose house is a special trick besides. With a special covered mattress and long springs across the back, it's a trim-looking couch in the daytime. It slips part into a pocket in the wall, to leave a comfortable sitting depth; and to get proper pitch to the seat the cushions are longer than the back ones. The mattress is also a little thicker at the front edge. When you want to use it as a bed, pull it out from the wall and flip the mattress over. The springs go back to counteract the weight, giving you a level sleeping

surface. The upstairs rooms are small, Mr. Stone is not furnished them like bedrooms. To that, with beds sticking out from the wall, a chest here and a dresser there, and a chair or two stowed away, what have you? A place to move around, or to sit and read a book or write a letter in the day-

time. The rooms have been designed for quarters by day as well as for quarters at night. Beds, which are like couches as we have seen, against the wall, astonish you for the resulting space.

In a girl's room you see a table-top extending out from the window. At the end away from the window, you can open it up like a book, to find work surface and space for beauty gear. A mirror in the place and there you are—evening, in a room that is not as fresh but still as feminine as you wish with its soft, light colors and furniture.

### Plenty of Versatility

In the master room, the dressing table has the advantages of built-in furniture—saves space by hugging the wall, and the birchwood closet door is a mirror between the windows. The trim, part-of-the-room look of the furniture, too, that gives an impression of uncluttered spaciousness. The furniture is not anchored to the wall. It is two separate cabinets and a table, ready for a different arrangement in another room—an idea you can use in all built-in furniture.

A upholstered chair here has a built-in bench in the dressing corridor—these can be put together in a long line. The back of the chair is so that a man can throw his coat over it, and have them creased in the places in the morning; might as well make use of everything.

How many of the chairs in the house are similar to the dining room chairs. You could bring them all to the playroom for movie-party and you'd have a very harmonious room; yet they are different enough in design and upholstery so that you are reminded of a regiment.

Mr. Cooper has made a special point of the few tables in the house big enough to set things on. Notice the dining table at the head of the beds in the master room, big enough to hold

all the books, magazines, thermos jugs, clocks, jigsaw puzzles, soothing sirups and what not you might require in the course of any night. Notice the oak coffee table in the living room, with man-sized removable metal ash trays sunk in either end; the mahogany tray table in the same room, lacquered in a design of smoking pipes and a sprig of leaves. Lift the tray off by its pigskin-covered handles.

But the prize table is the long, narrow one against the living-room wall, which is actually five tables. Each end is Mr. Cooper's idea of a nest of tables—two sturdy, squarish tables so beveled at the edges that one can stack solidly on top of the other. Lift them easily apart, and you have four extra tables when buffet suppers spread into this room. The center section now left behind is in two parts that can be fitted together side by side instead of end to end, and clamped in place to form the steadiest, handsomest bridge table you have ever seen.

### Comfort Needn't Mean Bulk

The upholstered furniture in Collier's House is another demonstration of Mr. Cooper's practical ideas. Why overstuffed things that are all out of scale with the room? he wants to know. Why overstuffed things, anyway, that are elephants to move around? Why squashy couches that are mussed-looking when you get up from them? He gives you comfort without all this padding in upholstered chairs that are easy to handle; in sofas with removable cushions, like the two-seater at the fireplace. The cushion, which forms seat and back, is easy to flip off to the upholsterer, come re-covering time, and stout enough to look orderly after a sitting session.

We could go on and on like this. There are curtains that draw over onto the wall, blocking no light in the daytime; unlined, for more light and cheer. There is the great beauty of fine cabinet-work. There are pieces of sculpture through the house, and paintings on the walls, reproductions of the work of modern masters from the museum of modern art, of a kind that are fast taking their places in the hearts and homes of America, at a cost within reach of many pocketbooks.

This mixture of common sense and beauty and usefulness didn't just happen. It's not the misguided modernist's idea of sweeping out the past and starting new, with cold, stern lines to show he'll have no fripperies and nonsense. Mr. Cooper has decorated in all styles. He has done great houses in the grand manner, and simple ones like his own Virginia farmhouse. He knows furniture and periods so well that he can forget them, and concentrate on the fundamental reasons why we furnish houses at all—for comfort and use, and beauty, too. He has a sense of the suitable that makes him know what furniture to use and how—and how to eliminate it, also, which is the final essence of good decorating.

In the next article you will read about the lighting of Collier's House, done by experts working with Mr. Stone and Mr. Cooper, to give you more new ideas for making your house a pleasant place in which to live.

A booklet containing many more details about Collier's House of Ideas is now available. To obtain one, send ten cents to Mr. E. K. Simpson, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

# Everybody writes the same P. S.

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## Autograph

Continued from page 10

abruptly her knees felt like water; her courage was so much ooze. She said sharply, "Come with me, Joseph."

Inside it was cool and dark, and for the moment peaceful. She put a hand on his arm. "Please, Joseph, François is coming . . . get between us . . . just a minute . . . until I get my breath." Trilby turned away. Her violet-gloved hands trembled noticeably. She pressed them together, straightened her shoulders, threw back her head, tweaked her huge bunch of purple violets, touched her perky hat, turned back, said, "One hour, Joseph."

Of François, she asked, "Is Miss Littlefield here?"

"Miss Littlefield is waiting, Miss Jamison."

Trilby sighed. Her feet were silent on the soft rugs, her manner subdued. Diners caught sight of her and silence filled the great room, silence drawn suddenly taut. Trilby, her little head held high, followed François.

"Miss Jamison," he said at last, "Miss Littlefield." The silence ran away in a soft susurrus of sound. Trilby's head hurt. She forced her mind to register a window, a table, and in the other chair a pretty girl with a gentle mouth and great brown eyes.

Trilby held out her purple glove. "I hope I haven't made you wait."

"Not at all." The girl's soft hand was limp in Trilby's.

"Pretty," said Trilby.

Miss Littlefield was mute.

"Shall we order? I'm very tired and everyone is curious and, undoubtedly, hopeful."

"Hopeful?" Wide-eyed, the girl glanced about. People were staring. Whispering and staring. She shuddered.

WHEN the waiter was gone, Trilby said, "I asked you to lunch because I'm not working today. But you are wondering why I asked you at all?"

The girl drew one hand through the other. She was nervous but she was no coward. She could not quite control the tremble in her voice. "I imagine you want to talk about Prince di Traggioni."

"Gossip," Trilby counseled, "is still the second commodity of Hollywood. Everyone knows that I'm Alfredo's wife. The newspapers have been advertising that you are his current 'heart.' So smile, please. Don't think that I have any idea of being troublesome. I haven't." She spooned into the bouillon the waiter set before her.

Sheila said, "I'm glad you asked me, Miss Jamison. I—"

"My dear, don't explain. Love is very arbitrary. Without a by-your-leave it moves into our hearts and—" She spread her hands in a Gallic gesture.

"Oh," gratefully, "you are understanding."

"It's a trait one develops living with Alfredo." Trilby salted her soup. "I'm very fond of Alfredo."

A trace of defiance in her soft voice, Sheila said, "I'm fond of him, too."

Trilby thought, "Fond! Alfredo would snap you up whole and spit out your bones."

Sheila proffered the rolls but Trilby shook her head. Two women, passing the window, glanced in; one touched the other's arm and pointed. Instinctively Sheila drew back but Trilby, eating soup, said smoothly, "If you marry Alfredo, you'll get used to a canary-on-a-perch existence."

"It's not because of him! It's because you're Trilby Jamison."

"Maybe." Both women were silent while the waiter removed the soup

plates and brought the main course. Boiled spinach was still boiled spinach for Trilby, even in a covered silver dish; Sheila had a chop and baked potato. "The thing is," Trilby said, "I'm all Alfredo has to look out for him. He's charming, lovable, extremely naïve and quite broke."

Sheila flushed. "We've never discussed money."

"A VULGAR subject," Trilby conceded. "With the habit of the vulgar—it pops up." She worried her spinach with her fork, exploring delicately. "I suppose your intentions are honorable?"

"Honorable!"

"Matters of this sort present twin solutions. If you do not intend to marry Alfredo," she shrugged, "it's simple. Although I think it's only right to say that I will not be saddled with the expenses of an affair—"

"Miss Jamison!"

A shadow fell across the table. "Will you?" a breathless youngster pleaded. "Will you, please?" She extended a book and fountain pen.

Determinedly Trilby bent the cor-

you want it, twelve hundred dollars' worth. Maybe you don't. If you do, very well. If you do not, return it. You will understand, I'm sure, that I don't wish to pay for it."

"But—but Alfredo . . ."

"He selected it. With Alfredo, it's the thought that counts. Not that he expected the bill to come to your attention. He signed for it and Alfredo is convinced that when he signs for anything, the transaction is complete."

Sheila crumbed a roll. In a small, dead voice, she said, "You make him sound very—very helpless and—and irresponsible."

"Not helpless, Miss Littlefield."

After a moment the girl said, "I shall, of course, return the bracelet."

Inexorably Trilby moved on: "Alfredo will want an allowance. But I've found that doesn't work. An understanding with tradespeople that his credit be cut off at a fixed amount is best. However, I have no wish to meddle and you may—"

The girl interrupted: "That lies with my father. I—I am dependent upon him."

"O-oh," Trilby's sudden overwhelm-

insults. Very impersonal insults, big, fine offices. Leeringly, person suits in the cheap ones.

"Now Alfredo costs me twenty sand dollars a year and to me worth it. I don't feel horrid about I think I'm rather fine. After all his wife. And according to the we are proof that marriage in I wood can be successful. But even I'm not going to stand in your way not sue for alienated affections. a divorcee I'll sacrifice a little some Cinderella will lose a bit of her pride and the loss will reflect in the office. But I love Alfredo. So best for him I'll give him to you. don't expect him prepaid!"

"I don't expect him at all," the said. "I comprehend, as you expect to. He is a luxury far beyond You're trying to soften the blow by ing me that he is vicious and low. you are cheap and vulgar. Well, are! I hope that I never see you Or Alfredo either!"

"You mean that?"

"I do. Oh, indeed, I do!"

"Alfredo," Trilby dipped a spoon in her orange ice, "is as God as his mother made him. Maybe I am and vulgar but I don't honestly believe that I am. It's only—with all my grace I still haven't found a soft way to tell hard truths. I'm sorry you like me because I like you." She said, "You have more beauty and brains than the usual run of Alfredo's loves. Can I believe me, I'm not being flippant. I could I be?" She held out her hands.

Sheila smiled, a hard, forced smile and cut into her ice cream.



"It's a whim of mine—I always invite one guest at random from the telephone book"

RICHARD TAYLOR

ners of her lips upward the while she scribbled her name.

"Thank you." The child skipped back to her table, the book, like treasure-trove, hugged to her bosom.

Trilby stared after the small departing back. She wished Alfredo had not sucked her dry of emotion. She wished she wanted to create a scene instead of being so desperately anxious to avoid one. She wished she felt something more than a vague sympathy for the girl across the table. For one dangerous, wistful moment, Trilby dallied with truth. She said, "That means a great deal to me, Miss Littlefield, that child's eagerness, her belief . . . in me . . . in romance . . . in princes on white chargers."

Trilby sighed. "The fact that this is to be—well—kosher—makes what I have to say difficult." She paused; she seemed to gather courage as a concrete substance by a determined physical effort of her expressive hands. Smartly she said, "The expenses of Alfredo's divorce and your courtship should, I think, be borne by you."

The girl said, "Ah!" sharply, like a heart stabbed. Trilby hurried on: "This morning there was a statement from my jeweler. The purchase was described as a diamond-and-emerald bracelet. Maybe

ing emotion was more relief than triumph. "Maybe I should speak—"

"No!"

"You must keep after Alfredo to write to his mother. The old lady gets abusive if she misses his weekly letter. He has three brothers, too, charming boys, all of them. They are at school here and during vacations they move in on you. Of course, you could refuse to accept them, but I wouldn't." Trilby made a slight deprecating gesture. "It isn't that Alfredo's grasping, exactly. He simply lacks a comprehension of finance."

Sheila said, "And people call you romantic!"

"I EARN my living by romance."

Trilby went on doggedly. "If you didn't intend to marry Alfredo, expenses could be kept to a minimum: dinners, theaters, concerts, corsages. Moreover, when an affair wearies one—poof!" Her hands disposed of wearying affairs.

"Oh!" Sheila cried. "You're horrid! You make everything sound beastly!"

"I'm neither horrid nor beastly. I'm trying to help both of you. If I talk about money, it's because I respect it. Every dollar I spend is a dollar I've earned. I know what it is to be hungry. I know what it is to ask for work and get

WHEN they had finished, the waiter brought the check and, smiling in a stale pleasantry, said, "Your autograph, Miss Jamison?" Trilby signed the check, shook hands with Sheila Littlefield, pulled on her purple gloves. Admiring glances followed her from the corner ruefully admiring glances from the columnists at a corner table who suspected that once again Trilby Jamison had robbed them of a story. Outside the Hollywood sidewalk performed the current miracle of yielding autograph hunters from every crack. She scribbled in their books and crept in the car.

"Home," she ordered. She said, "The long way, Joseph."

Joseph drove through the park. The car stopped after a long time. The door opened its door. He said, "Madame."

She wiped her eyes. She twined her hat.

She stepped from the car, straightened her shoulders, tightened her jaw, and went up the shallow steps. The house door swung open. Alfredo had been waiting for her in the hall.

He crooked an arm around her. "Darling, you look tired. Are you a bore?"

She leaned against him, savoring the strength of his well-kept body. Bore. But difficult . . . difficult.

His lips teased hers with a harshness. His voice was gay. "Forget it, my I, Alfredo, command it! Come." He led her to a window. "There it is, the little yellow car."

She laughed. "Alfredo, it's prepaid." And here's the check, darling, held out a slip of crisp paper. "It's out to save you trouble." She capped a fountain pen and scribbled her face up like a little boy's. "Please, Jamison—your autograph."



# Thrilling MYSTERY NOVEL

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**THE BILL COLLECTOR:** Leaves from the diary of a nobody who wants to meet—and tips on how to deal with him if you have to. *Article by John Somers.*

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**CRAZY LIKE A FOX:** Meet Jim Moran, the super-stunt man who actually sold a refrigerator to an Eskimo and found a needle in a haystack, all at a profit. *Article by John D. Greene.*

**REGARDS TO OLD MAN TROUT:** Jonathan was an elderly and respected trout whom no one ever thought of capturing, until the Duke of Kilshire blundered along and took Jonathan—with a worm! Only the love of a beautiful girl saved the Duke from something worse than hanging. *Short story by Edmund Gilligan.*

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Young soldier-Senator Henry Cabot Lodge believes universal military training highly beneficial for young America and vital for national defense. And gives the arguments, not of a politician but of a hard-boiled realist, to prove his point.



## JUDITH wasn't the OUTDOOR TYPE

And when she made a play for the great big out-doors man from Patagonia, Michael knew he would have to spoil her act even though she was the cleverest actress on Broadway. Besides, he loved the girl. A light-hearted romance of a playwright and his star, "Between Acts"—by Josephine Bentham, one of eleven fiction treats this month.





## Bally Boy

Continued from page 14

that favor, I will reduce the price so low that even a tiny little Scotchman could reach into his wee pocket, pull out his tiny pocketbook, and say, 'We can afford to go in!' That price will be children's prices to everyone—PROVIDED you reach the cashier in three minutes time. If you are not in line, the price will automatically go back up."

James has never studied mass psychology. He says he knows nothing about it beyond what he has learned from experience, and then he knows only the facts, not the explanations. For instance, he knows that if his crowd is scattered—his "tip," in show parlance—he can usually collect it by saying, "Step out of the gutter and come up close!" or "Gather down close like a bunch of bananas, because the banana away from the bunch always gets skinned!"

Sometimes he plays a primitive trick—tells them to come up and watch him put a fifty-cent piece into a pop bottle, or burn up a ten-dollar bill—and then, when the tip is gathered, he either seems to forget about the trick or brushes it aside with the remark, "I got into a crap game with the boss last night, and if that's not burning up ten bucks, I don't know what is!"

If they listen to his talk but hesitate to buy tickets, he gives them the Punk Needle. A "punk" is anything young; in this case, it's a small boy. James picks one, invites him to look under the teaser cloth—a canvas screen at the entrance to the side show—and asks him to tell what he has seen.

The small boy always answers, "I see a girl without any head!" and, says James, "the whole tip bangs for the ticket box."

## Head-Office Censorship

A crowd represents to James only so many potential quarters in the damper. In his carnival days, when he was working on percentage, the more quarters the bigger the bonus. Sometimes he made as much as \$500 a week. Ringling pays him a straight salary of \$40 a week and keep, including transportation, but James feels that the prestige makes up the difference. Ringling men command a lot of respect in show business.

Otherwise, the advantage and disadvantages of the job about balance. Talking for the carnival was much more competitive. Rival shows were lined along the midway, and a talker had to gather the tip coming out of the show before his and grind it in before it drifted past him. Ringling has only the one side show. On the other hand, James was a platform talker in carnivals, whereas now he has to work from a ticket box and make change.

Ringling also censors him to a certain extent. He has to keep his talk clean and stick pretty close to the facts. James resents this only when he reflects what a talk he could make for the Siamese twins, if Ringling would give him a free hand, and—of course—if their father weren't one of the ticket takers. "Whom God hath joined together" would certainly be part of it, he says—"it's a line that's got everything!"

Don James's name is legally Jean O. Boutz. His father was a Swiss who had settled in Portland, Oregon; neither parent had any connection with show business. Don was born in Portland, but grew up in Hoxie, Kansas, where his mother took him to live with her family after her divorce.

His first interest was athletics. He was captain of the high-school track team,

made two letters in football, and won the state amateur 135-pound wrestling championship. His second interest was medicine. His grandfather believed he had the makings of a great surgeon, and gave him \$1,500 for his education at the University of Kansas. He was just past his sixteenth birthday when he enrolled in the fall of 1931. Almost immediately he discovered a third interest: girls. He blew the \$1,500 in four months.

A job as a bellhop in a hotel at Lawrence, the seat of the university, kept him going until the summer of his sophomore year, when a bet in a wheat pool brought him enough money to quit work. He continued his courses through the following spring, but just before the examinations he was assailed by doubts that medicine was his proper field.

they learn to talk?" He regretted leaving the university until somebody told him that left-handed men didn't make good surgeons anyhow.

This first walkathon gave him a new name as well as a new career. The promoter happened to object that "Jean O. Boutz" didn't sound romantic enough at a moment when Boutz happened to be thinking of a friend named James MacDonald, so he twisted the name into "Don James" and adopted it.

As soon as one walkathon was over, James jumped to the next one. All were managed alike and all were "gaffed," he says. Part of the gaff was the title "walkathon." You didn't have to walk; you merely had to stay on the floor, lifting an arm or wiggling a foot. Theoretically, you did this for forty-five

around forty dollars, made up from money, salary from sponsors, and from spectators who called upon him. He has a poor singing voice; he knew only two songs, Love Neighbor and The Little Dutch Man. The money and the chance to sing were the important things; he minded his voice if the spectators d

James says he rather enjoyed his work with the walkathons, and he might have kept on in the same line if he hadn't been "duked." The duking took place in the 619th hour of a walkathon in Mandan, North Dakota, in the fall of 1935. Only twenty-six couples had entered, and the town's slight original interest soon dwindled away entirely. At midnight the walkers came out of the midnight doze to find that the promoter had packed up all their "flash"—banners, photos, floodlights and announcements—and had blown town, taking the cash box with them.

## A Star Finds His Orbit

James, broke, was debating what to do when one of the contest promoters introduced himself as a former professional wrestler, and said he thought he could get jobs for both of them with the F. & M. Brothers Carnival, which was coming over at Bismarck. They got the better of the alligator wrestler as an inside turer, James as a ticket seller. That night they joined, the dwarfs in the American Pigmy Village struck because the sienna make-up powder had run out and lampblack was the only available substitute. James still laughs at his recollection of eight naked, bearded little men cursing in Polish and Bohemian as they tried to scrub lampblack off their faces.

James' employer was a man named Red Scott, who owned an illusion booth. Scott could glance at an illusion and never seen before, solve it, and give a duplicate. When he had built a booth or so, he would book them with a carnival, which would furnish transportation, lights and a banner line in return for 50 per cent of the gross profit. Scott started James at five dollars a week and keep. After three weeks, he raised to ten dollars, later to twenty. He finished out the 1935 season at Bismarck and left with a contract for the following year.

The \$700 he had saved would have seen him through the winter if he hadn't taken up with a French girl he had met at Port Arthur. The story was a repetition of his freshman year. This time his job in a transients bureau, at fifty dollars a week, tided him over until April when Scott went on the road with the F. & M. Brothers again.

James was still a ticket seller. Scott occasionally asked him to come along as inside lecturer and manipulator of the illusions. The most spectacular were the Blade Box (false paper box), the Egyptian Torture Cabine (false spikes), the Guillotine (false guillotine) and the Pigeon Vanish (false pigeon). Since his ticket box was outside, James had never had a chance to the patter, so he had to make his own when he took over. It should now be remembered what an amateur he was when he began.

Inside lecturing, or "making the pitch," is far below outside talking. "making the opening," in the parlance of the side show, and James had never made an opening. One reason for Scott's talker, Preacher Monro, was probably the best business. Talkers usually would



In November of that year he spent an evening at a dance hall. He remembers its name—The Ritz—but he doesn't remember the name of the girl he met there.

He is sure she was attractive, though, because she persuaded him to sign up as her partner for a walkathon contest beginning on Monday. She had already arranged for a sponsor. The White Palace Restaurant would pay them \$25 a week for wearing white sweaters with a slogan.

The team breezed along for the first month, but then the girl began to get tired. She gave up at 900 hours. He walked the next twenty-four hours alone and automatically won third prize of \$500, which he split with her.

The \$250 seemed such easy money for five and a half weeks' work that he decided to stay in the business. He was in it for a year. "Don't all infants," he argues, "have to learn to walk before

minutes in every hour and rested for fifteen. Actually, you walked only thirty-five minutes, because three minutes were allowed for the lavatory and seven for seeing the doctor. James remembers getting a doctor to lance sixteen boils for him one afternoon, before his system became adjusted to the life.

You could skip this time-out if you wanted to, and add the ten minutes to your rest periods until you had saved enough for a good sleep. All the contestants slept in their clothes with their feet above their heads for the sake of circulation. They were fed seven times a day, but they were never given sugar or butter. They got so that three teaspoons of sugar would make them drunk, and butter was too fattening. Even without it, James would put on fifteen pounds in the month that a walkathon usually lasted.

His average weekly income was



of the gate; the average is  
cent, though some get as little  
cent. Preacher Monroe got  
at, the highest rate on record.  
on still recite his ballys ver-  
accompany them with his  
estures.

Preacher's greatest feat was gath-  
p and grinding it in without  
word. He did it one Fourth of  
when he suddenly "blew his  
James says, after leather-lung-  
without a microphone. The  
the show was the Head With-  
y (no relation to the Headless  
the Preacher got the idea  
he tip by running up the steps  
platform, grabbing himself  
neck, sticking his tongue out,  
eyes, and running down again.  
doesn't know what else he did,  
shows that the tip stamped

#### Break from the Preacher

es indebted to the Preacher for  
opportunity to make an open-  
as dozing in his ticket box one  
he heard the Preacher break  
and announce, "The Floating  
ting in the air now, and I must  
of the hoops. My assistant will  
he description of the marvels  
t you." He pointed to the  
and stepped down. Panicky,  
umbled a few words, and the  
e Preacher had already gath-  
d up to buy tickets. Red Scott  
e to stroll past at the moment;  
culated James on his talk.

ed of each season found him  
e put in the first winter at a  
shop in Carruthersville, Mis-  
sissippi, a new set of illusions  
sold to Scott for \$400 the next

second winter, he worked as an  
of spinach cutters at Mus-  
ahoma, seeing that they didn't  
their baskets with rocks.

ese seasons had been so un-  
that he decided to quit show  
for good and hitchhike west.  
driver who gave him a lift was  
ger of the Mayflower Hotel in  
es. James talked himself into  
bartender, although he knew  
out it, and saved up enough  
to buy a car for a tour of the  
past. The tour ended at Ta-  
collision. When he had paid  
damage to the other car, just  
oney was left for his fare to  
n, North Dakota, where he  
om Billboard that Red Scott

was now working with the Fairley &  
Little Shows.

Scott gave him his old job of manip-  
ulating the illusions, but James had lost  
the knack in his long layoff. A few days  
after he joined, he boggled the Guillot-  
tine and dropped the real blade on the  
girl's neck. The blade was dull, so she  
was merely stunned, but James leaped  
off the platform, plunged through the  
crowd, and caught the first train out.

Hennies Brothers, he learned from  
Billboard again, was playing Columbus,  
Ohio, with an illusion show managed by  
Skeeter Lorow. The morning James  
reached Columbus, Lorow's regular  
talker had a heart attack, and James  
was hired to fill in. That day, he grossed  
\$300, a new high for the show, and next  
day Lorow gave him a contract at 10  
per cent of the gross and 25 per cent of  
the Blade Box. It was under Lorow that  
James hung up his all-time records of  
\$300 in one hour at Dallas and \$2,000 in  
one day at Detroit.

Figures like that get around the car-  
nival world fast. When Hennies Broth-  
ers ended its season, Royal American,  
the biggest carnival in the country,  
snapped up James for the winter fairs  
on the southern circuit. He was talking  
for Royal American at the Sarasota Fair  
in January, 1939, when Clyde Ingalls,  
the manager of the Ringling side show,  
asked if he would like to sign with them  
that year.

Working for Ringling, James averages  
six hours a day in the box, seven days a  
week. He reports for work soon after  
ten in the morning, sees that his box is  
set up, that his mike is connected, and  
that he has five dollars in change. At  
10:30 he makes his first opening, and  
talks off and on until 3:30, when the  
matinee has absorbed the last of the  
come-ins. From then until 4:45 the  
side show is closed, unless the "lot lice"  
are people who haven't enough money  
for admission to the big show; they are  
especially thick in New Orleans and  
Montreal.

The come-out from the matinee is the  
biggest crowd of the day, so James talks  
fairly steadily from 4:45 until 5:45,  
when the side show closes again until the  
evening come-in starts at 6:30. If Ring-  
ling is playing a one-night stand, the  
side show closes for good at 9, since its  
equipment has to go out on the first of  
the four trains. Otherwise, it stays open  
until midnight, to catch the evening  
come-out.

On an average day, James makes  
about half the total of sixty openings,  
divided half and half between come-ins  
and come-outs. An opening for a come-

in lasts 3½ minutes, and about half as  
long for a come-out (come-outs are im-  
patient to get home), so he figures that  
his Ringling microphone carries more  
than 10,000 words a day, or 2,100,000 a  
season—"each one different," he likes  
to boast, "each one strange and beau-  
tiful."

The Ringling season begins early in  
April and runs into November. James  
lays off from then until early January,  
when he joins Royal American for six  
weeks. This gives him a working year  
of around thirty-six weeks and a total  
salary of around \$1,600, plus keep and  
transportation. His total income, how-  
ever, is around \$2,000. The difference  
is made up by "walkaway money" left  
by forgetful ticket buyers. Carnival  
talkers don't have this bonus, because  
they don't double as ticket sellers, as  
Ringling requires James to do.

#### There's Gold in Those Walkaways

Ringling prides itself on being an hon-  
est show, and James makes an honest  
effort to give every customer his money.  
He has never deliberately short-changed  
anyone. He puts a man's change on the  
shelf in front of him, but he counts a  
woman's into her hand. Before he  
learned to do this, there was hardly a  
day when some woman didn't complain  
that she had been gypped, and tie up the  
whole line while she was finding out that  
she hadn't been. Walkaways, though,  
simply don't wait for their change; they  
grab their tickets and beat it for the  
entrance.

A favorite trick of the carnival gyps  
was to sell a ticket to a shill and yell af-  
ter him, when he was fifty yards away,  
"Hey, mister! You forgot your change!"

James doesn't yell after walkaways.  
All he does is rap on the shelf. He says  
he keeps a special sponge to rap with.

His greatest windfall was at Fort  
Francis, Canada, in his first year with  
Hennies Brothers. A customer shouted  
for five tickets, handed him a bank note  
and a quarter, and rushed off. Not only  
was the note a twenty—it had another  
twenty stuck to it, and James was \$39  
ahead on the sale. Last year he had  
five walkaways from tens, but not one  
from a twenty.

He might be more protective toward  
walkaways, he thinks, if it weren't for  
his tendency to give too much change  
instead of too little. Shortages have to be  
filled from his own pocket, and he has  
cost himself as much as six dollars a day.

James hasn't seen his parents or his  
sister and brothers for six years. Until  
he married a girl from a Tampa beauty  
shop a few months ago, he was tempted  
to quit show business out of plain lone-  
liness. Freaks are chummy among  
themselves, but they are reserved with  
ordinary people, and the turnover in the  
administrative staff is so high that they  
never have a chance to become intimate  
with one another. More to pass the time  
than anything else, James makes a  
hobby of devising new illusions. He  
spent nearly two years planning a Long-  
necked Girl only to discover that some-  
one had beat him to it. At present he  
is devoting himself to a Girl With Two  
Heads, but he admits that he hasn't  
gotten very far with it.

If he ever settles down to a regular  
life, he'd like to live in Houston, which  
he considers just a big country town,  
"full of happy gillies." His ambition is  
a job as an announcer at a Houston ra-  
dio station.

The only thing that worries him is his  
absent-mindedness. He's afraid that  
he'll be introducing some famous actress  
and absently slip into his bally for the  
Headless Girl: "Her body must be kept  
at the same temperature at all times.  
The doctor is getting her ready now. In  
just three minutes, liquid nourishment  
will be pumped into her veins. . . ."



The new  
champion waved  
me aside. "A speech?  
Nothing doing! I'm just a  
tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I  
ask. "You've won the tennis cup,  
now you've got to tell them how you  
did it. Here—settle yourself with a  
stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great  
and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta  
hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it  
takes. A fresh taste that's doubly re-  
freshing. A dash and tang. A flavor  
that's too good to last—yet does."  
He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech!  
It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep  
that package of Beeman's on tap!"

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## My Friend, Kerry Boyne

Continued from page 8

came, we walked up to Pinterelli's candy store and sat down at one of the marble-topped tables.

I said, "She didn't even thank you, did she, the stuck-up snob?"

"She didn't have a chance," Kerry said.

A little while later, though, she thanked him, I guess. At least, he said they'd danced together a lot at the Mason's summer dance.

But I didn't even know about it until the day after Cap Penberthy tried to bulldoze Kerry in Walters' saloon.

Kerry never would tell me much about that. But I heard from other people. Nights in bed I used to lie and think about it, and wish I'd been there. That was the only time, they said, that Cap Penberthy had ever been told off.

First, it is necessary to understand that Cap Penberthy was the superintendent of mines for the International Steel Company, and in those days that meant that everybody in town worked for him, either directly or indirectly. He was a good superintendent; he'd come up through the ladder-roads. He got the ore out. That was the best I could say for him.

Kerry Boyne was a railroad man, a boomer. All railroad men were toughs in those days, and the boomers were the worst. Of course, I knew what kind of a man Kerry was, and today I know that Evangeline Penberthy did, too. But who else?

So maybe Cap had some right to get huffy. He came into Walters' saloon that night and saw Kerry at the bar. "Hey, you," he said. "You the one who stopped my girl's runaway?"

"Yes," Kerry said.

Penberthy was a little man. He always wore a gray suit and a gray cap pulled over one eye. He had a deep, big voice. "That's all very well," he said, "all very well. But I don't want you hangin' around my daughter. Understand? I'm grateful, an' all that. If you'll drop around at the minin' office sometime, I'll see there's a check for you. I've already taken care of the other one, the one who got hurt."

**K**ERRY put his glass down on the bar and turned around slow. "Aren't you gettin' a little big-headed?"

Cap swelled his chest. "Big-headed? Big-headed? Because I don't want riff-raff callin' on my daughter socially?"

Kerry said, "If you were twenty years younger and twenty pounds heavier, I'd slap that mouth of yours down to your size."

Big Dick Davis, the Cousin Jack wrestler, was there. The Cornish were top dogs in the mining country then. And they were clannish. Besides, Cap Penberthy was the biggest dog there was.

"Ere," Dick said. "Ere. 'Oo the bloody 'ell they booger think 'e is? They booger can't talk Cap..."

He stepped in front of Penberthy and held his arms out as though he were reaching for a hold. He wasn't expecting any trouble, really, I guess.

Kerry sloughed him square in the face.

Davis went backward, knocking Cap staggering into a corner. They tell me that room full of men might have been frozen there.

Kerry walked across and picked Cap up by the front of his coat. He put him on his feet, and pulled his cap from over his eyes where one of Davis' flopping arms had knocked it. "Look," he said, and pointed to the wrestler on the floor, his nose mashed flat and his front teeth gone. "That's what you'd get if you weren't an old man." Then he walked out.

But that wasn't the end of it. To begin with, Cap blamed Walters for letting Kerry get away with it, and six months later Walters sold out his stock and what was left of his good will, and left town.

And then, for two weeks someone or other was always taking a crack at Kerry, figuring the man who licked him would be sitting pretty with Cap. It got so he wouldn't walk anywhere but in the middle of the street after dark.

That's the way it was all summer. As far as I know, Kerry never spoke to her again until the day they were married. But every evening he would come out of White's Hotel and light his cigar at the corner of Main Street. Then he'd walk slow up the hill, up and around by Penberthy's. And if she was in the hammock in the front yard, he'd tip his hat and bow, and walk on around and back by the school, standing empty and lonesome in the warm night.

I know because I used to walk with him.

**O**NE night he said, "You want to do a little stealing, Bum?"

I had to laugh at that. Kerry Boyne stealing. "Sure," I said.

So after we'd made our walk, we got Satan, the best horse in the livery barn, and a buggy, and headed out toward the Christian Mine. "What're we goin' to do, Kerry?" I said.

"Steal a dog."

That was different, and no harm in it—like stealing apples. There was only one man out this way who had a dog worth stealing, and that was Fat-stuff Royce, a fancy-man. He had a bull bitch who was a beauty and meaner than a weasel. He thought more of that dog than he did of any of his girls.

I said, "That guy'll shoot you, Kerry." He would, too, though he was a big blow.

"I'll do the stealing, Bum. You hold the horse."

We blew out the dash lamps, and turned down a back road, and then Kerry slipped off through the woods.

I waited, and pretty soon Kerry came back and jumped into the buggy. He didn't say a word, just jerked the whip from the socket and hit Satan a lick that sent him twenty feet in the first jump.

"Feel here," Kerry said.

I ran my hand inside his coat and hit something smooth and warm. The funniest little snarl came out.

"You got one!"

"Got two of 'em. One for you."

"How'd you ever do it, Kerry?"

"The old dog was tied to a post, and I just let her chase me around and around until she was snubbed short. Then I took my pick of the pups."

"Your pick?"

"Lit a match. You didn't think after all that trouble I was goin' to take a chance on a runt?"

We laughed together. That was the best I'd ever heard.

"Won't Royce be mad, though!" I said.

"Oh, I'll pay him. Good enough for him if I didn't though—refusin' to sell just because he doesn't like me."

Back in town he drove all the way up the hill and stopped. "Here. Take this pup, and give it to Miss Penberthy personally." He was smiling, looking awfully pleased, his gold tooth shining in the light of the dash lamps. "I heard almost a month ago that she wanted a dog, an' there ain't any better dog in the country than these pups."



"The senator would never let a crowd like that get away!"

THURSTON GENTRY

It seemed an awful waste to me if that's the way he wanted it.

"The ol' man'll be down to the of aldermen's meeting. Make sure give it to her personally."

I tucked the puppy in my shirt and went up the walk. I knocked and she came to the door herself, the shining fuzzy through her hair. "Something for you," I said, and the puppy at her, and ran.

So we used to walk around the nings, and she'd be there in the mock with the puppy. And Kerry lift his hat, and bow, and she'd him, and then we'd walk on.

But one night, just before we Penberthy's, Paddy Burg, the marshal, stepped out from behind He was, perhaps, the only fighti

Kerry hadn't tangled with. He'd a man once with his fists. "I go to keep you away from here," I

I could feel Kerry beside me though you couldn't see it. "How's the livery barn?"

"All right," Paddy Burg said. on."

We went to the barn. My chest so tight and my heart so swollen I know if I'd have breath enough to it without resting. We went down alley so no one would see I stopped just inside the back run

Kerry took off his coat and shirt and handed them to me. Paddy Burg did the same. They walked between the horses together, the der-shirts white in the gloom.

I sat on the oat bin with me around those big heavy clothes started sweating. I heard their slow and steady down to the ot of the barn. I heard the door of stall slam, where they doctor horses. Then silence, except the sounds of the livery horses, and they were lighting the ceiling lar

Then I heard them fighting—at plain.

I sat there, I don't know how wanted to go to the door of the and listen, but I couldn't move. I sat there and listened to the stamp of their feet, and the way the stall shook when they slammed against the wall, and I could hear the whistlings and their unconscious voices coming wild and far away from up in their heads.

How long it lasted I don't know. There was some light when we went but it was pitch-dark when it was

**I** HEARD the stall door open and a man walked toward me, slow and I stared and stared, but I couldn't say anything. I opened my mouth, but words wouldn't come. The feet stopped for seconds, and I thought my heart too. I tried and tried, and finally I said, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Bum," he said, and he came to cry.

He came over and sat down beside me and put an arm around me and me close to his chest. I smelled sweat and the blood, and I cried more than ever. He was the only man I ever saw me cry.

Kerry washed his face, and then in the dark we walked by Penberthy's of the house, Kerry lit his cigarette quickly, so she'd just recognize me not see how his face was all battered. We heard her there in the hallway, and he went back to the take care of Paddy Burg.

I didn't see him again until the noon on my way home from school.



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ore season was almost over, and every so often there'd be a day when he didn't work. "How's the pup?" he said.

Cap Penberthy drove up behind those blacks of his. He pulled up close to the walk, and leaned out of the buggy. "Hear you whipped Paddy Burg the other night."

Kerry's face was still swollen and battered. He grinned a little bit. "Yeah," he said.

"We got a custom around here," Cap said, "that whoever licks the marshal takes his job."

"I don't want it," Kerry said.

Cap kind of smiled.

"You stiffened him up, you oughta help him with his work. There's a dog up in front of my house, clutterin' up the street. I want you to go up and take care of it."

Kerry didn't say a word. The skin stretched over his face. All battered and bruised, he looked horrible. Even when Paddy Burg had stepped up to him he hadn't looked like that.

IT WAS the pup, the little fat brindle thing. He was lying on the grass between the road and the sidewalk.

Evangeline Penberthy came out of the house. She was wearing a gray dress, and her hair was held up with a blue ribbon.

I left them there together.

That evening Kerry came down to the house and asked my uncle to get him wire-passes.

We walked together up the hill. When we got to the front porch of Coles, the county clerk, we heard the kids squabbling at the supper table. They shut up when Kerry knocked. Then they started again, and Coles opened the door. His black hair hung down over his eyes and his shirt was bulging out of his waistband.

"I want a wedding license," Kerry said.

The county clerk swore. "Come around in the mornin'," he said. "I gotta right to some peace."

He made as if to shut the door, and Kerry grabbed a handful of the front of his shirt and jerked him out on the porch. "If you want a full set of teeth," he said, "you change your tune."

"Kerry Boyne!" Coles said. "I didn't recognize you. I thought . . . I'll get my hat and coat."

"Change that shirt, too," Kerry said. "You're goin' to be a witness, an' I want no dirty shirts at my wedding."

We waited on the porch. "Bum," Kerry said, "walk over to the courthouse with us, and then go down to the barn and get a rig, will you?"

Coles came out and we walked back down the hill with the plank walk plunking under our heels.

When they turned into the courthouse, I ran down to the livery stable. "I want Satan and a buggy," I told Joe La Fave who was sitting in the office.

I followed him back into the barn, and while he was downstairs I found the buggy I wanted. It was as good as any Cap Penberthy had, if not as stylish as his carriage.

While Joe harnessed Satan, I picked out the best robe they had, and I was in the buggy, ready to go, when Joe passed me the lines.

We dipped down the incline to the street, and trotted up the hill, around by the courthouse.

Kerry and Coles were just coming out. The county clerk was scared now that he knew who the girl was, and it had shrunk him.

"I got that new buggy," I said to Kerry. "I didn't get a carriage because they use them at funerals more than at weddings."

"You're a man to tie to, Bum," he said. "You've got a head."

My heart swelled so it hurt my jaws

and I had to clamp my teeth together. Evangeline Penberthy was sitting in the Browns' front room. She was happy I could see.

Kerry went right up to her and kissed her. "This is Bum Hogan," he said. "He's my best friend, and he's going to be the best man."

Evangeline Penberthy said, "How do you do, Bum?"

She'd been crying. Her crying made her eyes bigger and her mouth softer.

Kerry said, "Number Seven's due of here in thirty minutes."

The Reverend Brown said as though he hated to, "Don't you think it would be wiser, Mr. Boyne, if we not Captain Penberthy. . . ."

Kerry said, "We're doin' things our way now."

Evangeline Penberthy got up and stood beside him in front of the Reverend Brown.

"Stand alongside me, Bum," Kerry said, and I did, conscious of my clothes because even the county clerk had a clean shirt on.

Kerry gave me a ring, and when he nudged me, I handed it back to him, and that was all except for signing my name.

When it was over, Coles ran out a good way from us.

Kerry said, "You drive, Bum." He put Evangeline Penberthy between us, and I helped him tuck the robe around her.

Down at the depot, the express car and the mail car were drawn up at the platform, but the train wasn't ready yet. The passenger car hadn't been hoisted up yet. Kerry went into the depot and the passes my uncle had wired for no Evangeline Penberthy and I sat there.

When Kerry came out he said to me, "Your father called up."

Her breath sucked in over her teeth. "What did he say?"

"Nothin'. Just asked if I was tired and when they said yes, he hung up."

We sat there for quite a while, no one saying anything; I was feeling awfully lonesome. And then suddenly I was conscious of a sound up the hill. It was like a parade without music. "Listen," said Kerry. "What is it?"

That noise made me itch. "I've got to go see," I said, and climbed out of the buggy.

It was a block to Main Street, and the noise was growing all the time. At the corner I saw what it was: better than halfway up the hill was a bunch of men. I could see the blob they made, and the light from the saloons and the stores on their faces.

They swarmed under the suspended arc light, then, and right in the middle of them was Cap Penberthy. I watched, a man I knew was a shift boss at one of the mines led a bunch of inland miners out of Autinen's saloon.

THAT was enough for me. I drove between the buildings and came out in the alley. Then I ran through the dark for White's Hotel.

Munson and Old Man White were playing cribbage in the lobby. "Kerry just married Evangeline Penberthy," hollered. "An' ol' Cap and a gang on their way to the depot."

Old Man White said, "I'll get my gun."

"No, you old rooster!" Munson said. "Roust out that freight crew up there. Tell 'em there's brake clubs at the freight house. Kid, you tell Boy hang on. I'm goin' over town and I got friends."

I tore for the depot. In the office was an old muzzle-loading gun that some agent had kept to protect the money. I whipped in the back, grabbed the shotgun, and out I climbed one of the boxcars on the



then jumped to the roof of the  
and Evvie were standing in the  
rway of the mail car. There  
ve been thirty men hollering  
der the platform lights, throw-  
shadows in sprawling chunks.  
enberthy was right under a  
king his fist at his daughter and  
llering about an annulment.  
le was on the platform with  
ub in his hand, madder than a  
h a bee in his underwear.  
married, you dumbheads," he  
ting. "Don't you understand?  
married!"  
as screaming, "Never mind  
ver mind him! Get Boyne!"

wd was edging up to the mail  
nobody was anxious to get  
I saw Kerry take a kick at  
y's face, but the guy ducked.  
ped the gun against my leg,  
hat it would go off without  
p, pulled a hammer back with  
o, and let her flip.

st went off the roof, and I al-  
the shotgun. But I blew an  
e in all that noise.

the silence, Cap said, "Who  
? What is it?"

It's me, up here with a double-  
shotgun. Get away from that

ne movement, their faces all  
o. But I was in the dark above  
s and they couldn't see me.  
ve one approving, triumphant  
laughter.

at kid," Cap screamed. "Some-  
ot him. He's dangerous."

y had a gun, and everybody got  
n the mail car.

five men from the hotel, with  
White in the lead, came run-

ning along the platform from the freight  
house, and each of them carried a three-  
foot brake club. Jerking lanterns from  
the roundhouse told me that the swipes  
were on their way, and I knew that every  
one was swinging a wrench or a club or  
something.

And then the whole mob was stilled  
by the light of the engine bringing up  
the passenger coach. It showed Munson  
loping down at the head of four or five  
friends. Behind them came Paddy  
Burg, trying to shed his coat on the run.  
"Hang tough, Boyne," he was hollering.  
"Hang tough, Kerry."

My uncle hollered, "Hold it boys! No  
fightin' except to keep the peace."

**K**ERRY jumped down from the mail  
car and lifted his wife down to him.  
She walked beside him with her head  
up, holding to his arm. They stopped  
just under me, and Kerry turned his  
face up to me. "Come down, Bum. The  
best man always kisses the bride."

"I'll stay up here," I said. "I've got  
another barrel left if you need it."

I didn't want to kiss her. He knew  
how I felt. She did, too, but it didn't  
make so much difference about her.

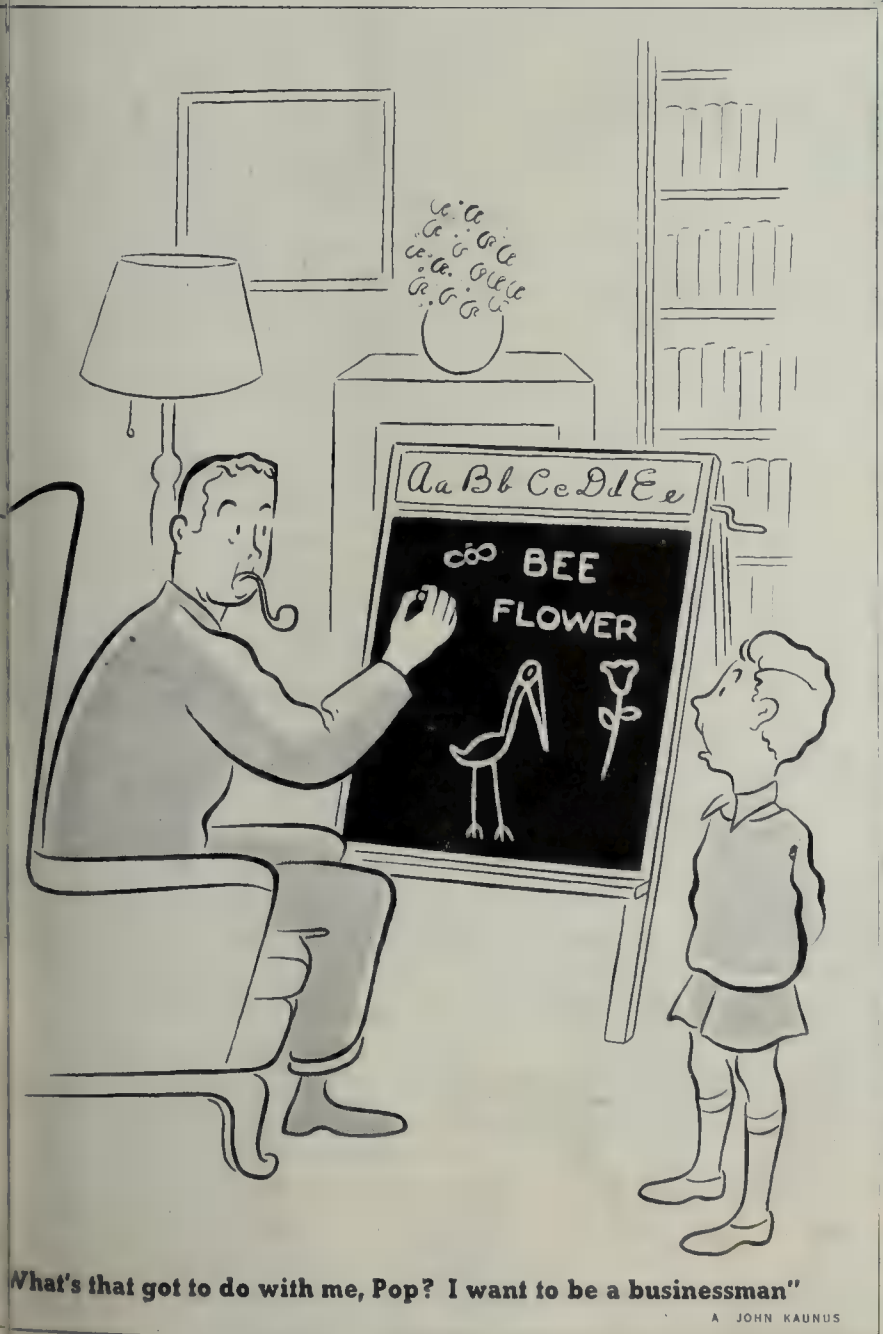
They got on the train, and just before  
it pulled out, Kerry came out on the  
coach platform. "Thanks, boys," he said.

The conductor—I don't remember who  
it was—swung a go-ahead sign at the  
engineer and hollered, "'Booooooard."

Kerry looked up to where I was in the  
dark on the roof. "Goodby, Bum—and  
thanks," he said, and gave me that cas-  
ual, friendly little wave of his.

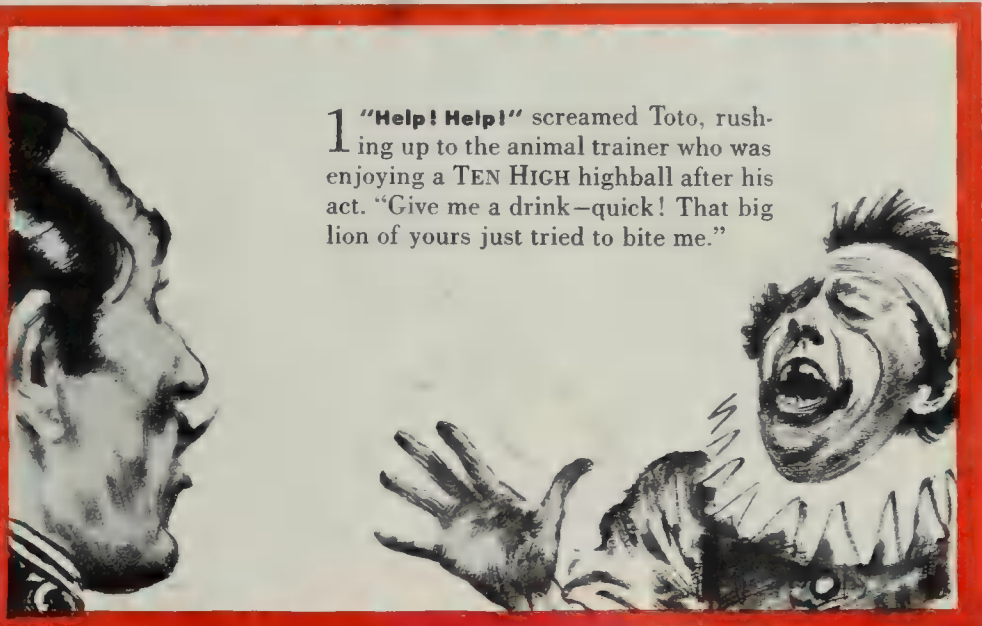
I waved back—but with my left hand.  
for my right arm and leg felt like I'd  
been kicked by a horse instead of a shot-  
gun. They had to get a ladder to get me  
down.

But that was after Kerry had gone.



What's that got to do with me, Pop? I want to be a businessman"

A JOHN KAUNUS



1 "Help! Help!" screamed Toto, rush-  
ing up to the animal trainer who was  
enjoying a TEN HIGH highball after his  
act. "Give me a drink—quick! That big  
lion of yours just tried to bite me."



2 "He was only yawning! And any-  
way, he has no teeth," laughed  
the trainer. "Oh, I knew that all the  
time!" said Toto, sipping his TEN  
HIGH. "But I also knew this whiskey  
of yours has No Rough Edges—and I  
was in a hurry to Double My Enjoy-  
ment of the raise the boss  
just gave me!"

GET THAT  
TEN HIGH  
SMILE

SAY! THEY  
WEREN'T FOOLING!  
THIS RICH-TASTING,  
LOW-PRICED  
TEN HIGH IS  
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EDGES"!

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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**TEN HIGH**





## Our Head-Start on Hitler

**S**HIVERS dip down a lot of American business backs every time a news story floats in about how German salesmen are offering steel and various manufactured goods for October delivery in South America at prices far below United States prices.

It sounds like a popular American nightmare coming true already—the nightmare of Hitler bossing a slave-labor population around, and forcing it to turn out goods that can undersell goods produced in the United States by free and well-paid labor. If that nightmare does come true, our foreign markets will be in jeopardy.

Maybe it will come true sometime. But it hasn't yet.

And remember, United States industry, by and large, is far and away the most efficient in the world. That means that United States labor can turn out manufactured goods or processed materials at far less per-unit cost than can the less efficiently equipped and trained labor of any slave state now functioning. Yet because of this low per-unit cost, United States labor can be well paid.

The key factor in all this is our immense superiority in electric-power production and in mechanized production. Where Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini leave off with a lot of human

slaves operating comparatively inefficient machines or making things by hand, we begin with a lot of free working people driving millions of electric-horsepower slaves which neither eat, sleep, suffer nor plot rebellions against their masters.

True, we suffer large-scale unemployment from time to time because of this plethora of electric-horsepower slaves and for other reasons. True, too, the slave states will undersell us on some items in some countries and will unquestionably make an effort to do so in all.

But the net of all these truths appears to be this: that our low per-unit costs are going to give us a head-start in any trade war Mr. Hitler and his comrade dictators may feel like waging against us, and they will be a long and weary time overcoming that head-start if they ever do overcome it. We are economically best equipped in this struggle.

It looks as if the main thing we have to worry about just now is not totalitarian competition in world markets, but defenses sufficient to keep the dictators from trying to grab the vast treasure house which is the United States. Get that national defense problem under control, pronto, and we'll have a wall behind which we can work out our other problems in our own way, and most likely with maximum success.

## Let the Children In

**L**ET'S give the green-light and the signal to all the bona fide movements in this country to bring in child victims of Europe's war and find homes for them.

We mean, specifically, let's all contribute whatever we can to these organizations every American family that can do so to take in or more of these sufferers from a war never made . . . AND let Congress go ahead and slash the immigration quota and other tape which at this writing hampers and this child-rescue work.

England alone, beginning mid-June, took the task of rushing about 1,000,000 children out from under the German bombs.

Famine is already setting in in several parts of Europe; and according to Walter Lippmann's recent report in Collier's based on the Hoover relief organization, conditions reminiscent of the Middle Ages are in evidence in Europe this winter.

Of all the victims of war and famine, children are the most tragic, the most piteous. They didn't start the war, they couldn't have stopped it, what it was all about, they can't fight back, and their survival as adults can. Children take war consequences on the chin, and their consequences are small and weak.

We know, of course, about the German children taken in after the World War I, the Belgians and Hollanders, only to turn out as fifth columnists or parachutists or pilots when this war's fury cut loose.

That's a chance that any country receiving refugees in large numbers must take. We must take it ahead and take it. The immediate tragedy we can alleviate though we cannot prevent it—is that a generation of European children suffering atrociously and undeservedly. We're sentimental enough to surmise that though the bread those Norwegians and others cast on the running waters will many, many days returning to them, it will turn some day in some way.

If you want information on any practical aspect of this subject, write to the U. S. Department of Immigration, Washington, D. C.

## Success Story

A recent United Press news item:

**TOPEKA, Kan.**—Mrs. Marshall Becker, 40, Topeka, runner-up for the women's state golf championship, began playing the game to keep from being a "golf widow."

"It was either learn the game or sit at home while my husband played," she explains, "and I decided to learn the game over after he came home."

This is what is meant by all the advice about how to adjust yourself to a happily married and stay that way.

We recommend Mrs. Becker's example to all wives who think they're neglected, misunderstood, and to all husbands who want comradeship and give-and-take at more fair chance before you hop off.



August 17, 1940

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# Collier's

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es it dry and lifeless.



increases harm, and washes  
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N AFTERNOON of invigorating exercise under the summer sun does wonders for your health. But what a toll can take of your hair! For the fiery rays of the sun bake your hair—make it dull and brittle. Then a swim or shower adds to the damage—drenches your hair—washes away needed scalp oils!

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AUG 28  
AUG 31

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leave your Hair parched and lifeless!



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**2** 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome



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## THIS WEEK

AUGUST 17, 1940

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### COVER

E. M. JACKSON

## ANY WEEK

SEVERAL agitated citizens have written us that something should be done about what happened on a recent Sunday in Detroit, Michigan. Until then we had the idea that anything happening in Detroit on Sunday would be gratefully hailed. As usual we were wrong. On this particular Sunday three fellows who do not love this country enough to enjoy its errors as well as its virtues were exhorting audiences to vote Red. One was Mr. James W. Ford, a Negro who yearns to be Vice President on the Communist ticket. The second was a much more interesting office seeker—Mr. John W. Aiken, who is running somewhat slowly for President on the Socialist-Labor ticket. The third was a personable young man who aspires modestly to Congress as a Communist—Mr. Thomas X. Dombrowski. We've never heard Mr. Aiken nor Mr. Dombrowski, but we have listened to Mr. Ford and found him pretty dreary. We wouldn't have mentioned this at all had not Mrs. Irene Hoblaz of Detroit, who heard Mr. Aiken, written to say that she didn't mind so much for herself but shuddered to think "what such dreadful slanders against our government did to the minds of little children, several of whom were present unattended by their parents."



FRANKLY we think that a pretty dreadful situation. The little ones should be looked to at once. Children who would spend time listening to any political exhortation—red, white or blue—instead of running around getting into interesting trouble are not normal. We suspect too that the ministrations of a capable psychologist might benefit adults who go in too seriously for public oratory. "Why is it," demands Mr. William V. Nombest of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "that almost all the mugs who are trying to talk us into what's left of the European war are either so old that they have moss on their ears or too fat to get into any army but the Salvation? Or is that the only way they can work up any excitement for themselves? Maybe they're just trying to get rid of the young fellows and think the women will rally around them in desperation."

IT WAS while we were brooding over the question that we were almost run over by a motorcar that announced on its rear window that next November

this country would decide between "Public Utility and Public Futility." We continued more carefully and were rewarded by a picture in a shop window. The picture was of a large, vigorous gentleman striding across the sky, carrying the Stars and Stripes. The picture had a caption: "The Willkie Way." We were pretty glad to get home.

WE'RE sorry to learn that the Canadian army will be without the services of Mr. Roy McDarmaid for a while. Mr. McDarmaid not only lives near Windsor, Ontario, but has done so very successfully, being immensely popular among the lads and having just married a highly delectable young woman. It is of Mr. McDarmaid's wedding that we write. After a two-day honeymoon, Mr. McDarmaid was to have donned the uniform, shouldered the rifle and been off for camp. But the lads attending the festivities after the wedding had decided, rather belatedly, to give him a shower. The shower consisted of such durables as a few horse shoes, boots, kettles, frying pans and oddments of the sort. And instead of showering him sweetly as the girls had long ago linen-and-kitchen-showered his bride, they let him have it from the roof of the porch. In the ensuing misunderstanding which took place around and upon the prostrate body of Mr. McDarmaid, several of the guests were pretty badly used up. But fortunately the police arrived with an ambulance as well as the paddy wagon and, according to Mr. Sam John Dillon of Windsor, Mr. McDarmaid will live to become a hero and several of the wedding guests will be out of jail before September.

WE WERE talking to Mr. Gerald G. Quimball of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the subject was modern warfare. We got along nicely, agreeing with monotonous regularity, until we happened to mention parachute troops. There, we felt sure, was something the United States knew nothing about. Moreover, it would take months to train soldiers to leap from planes and land behind enemy lines intact. "Nonsense," said Mr. Quimball, "if the United States Army needs parachute troops they can call on the Forest Service. We send foresters out in airplanes, spot the smoke, drop the fighters, and a couple of million feet of timber are saved. The smoke jumpers are equipped with trick extinguishers and fireproof uniforms. Our lads can land on a cigarette butt."

THE trouble with talking to people you don't know is that you're bound to meet somebody smart. We were ripe for a defeat when we took on a Japanese gentleman named Koshomino. Mr. Koshomino took us off guard by launching into a defense of the Monroe Doctrine and hoping with the solemnity that only a Japanese can

achieve that the United States defend it at all costs. We shook with Mr. Koshomino. "You think a good policy?" he asked. We said indeed. "Then you cannot with your countrymen who think not good for Japan too?" We hands solemnly again with Mr. Koshomino.



LATER Mr. Lew Burlingame of Ohio, told us that he'd been told that Washington, D.C., had made the largest population gain of any American major city during the past years. This didn't open our pores wide and we said so. "Okay," said Mr. Burlingame. "Anyway our national capital gained thirty-six per cent population, most of it since 1930. I wanted to tell you is that it won't. This guy Willkie will attend to pretty quickly."

IN DETROIT we found Canadian-American relations a trifle strained. There are about five hundred Canadians in Detroit yearning to get back but can't because they're having trouble proving to the Canadian migration authorities that they're in Canada. In Windsor there is a considerable number of Americans who to get back but can't because the evidence that they belong south of the border. It's all due to the new migration laws and the general suspicion that everybody everywhere is a desirable alien. An agent from the Justice Department was explaining to us. He'd been pretty well over ground and calls it a standoff. The stranded Canadians on our side remained here and we let Canada have the Americans grounded on her side. He said, you could call it even. It's not as simple as that. In Canada seeking to return from tourists are residents of the United States born in Europe, had never bothered to become naturalized. And, of course, that's true of residents of Canada stranded in Detroit. Some of them came from countries that Mr. Willkie has abolished. In any case, Mr. Willkie wouldn't let them in. And to make all the worse for them, Washington and Ottawa have taken the matter turning it over to special committees. This, the stranded ones are convinced, means that they won't get home in years.

BUT WHAT a swell excuse. . . .

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All agree  
"BOTH ARE DANGEROUS"

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## WHY ARGUE? Silvertowns protect you against **BOTH**

Do you agree with those who say skids are worse? Or could you yourself say "blow-outs"? There's room for plenty of argument, of course. But when you look at the accident reports **ONE FACT STANDS OUT—BOTH ARE DANGEROUS.**

### Avoid "Half-Way" Protection

Maybe you've never realized it but you can now get a tire that gives you maximum protection against **BOTH** skids and blow-outs—and it's the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown. On the outside, the Life-Saver Tread has a regular "windshield-wiper" action on wet roads... an endless procession of spiral bars that sweep the water right and left and force it out through the deep drainage grooves. This rapid-fire wiping action leaves a track so dry you can actually light

a match on it... so dry, too, that you get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

Not only that, the famous Golden Ply construction of Silvertowns is noted for maximum resistance to high-speed blow-outs. The specially-treated plies that Goodrich now builds into all Silvertowns resist internal blowout-causing heat—give you greater safety every day you drive. No wonder these plies are described as "Life-Saver" plies.

After you hear the BANG of a blow-out or feel a skid starting it's too late to change your tire protection. For safety's sake get your Silvertowns today. If it will be easier to make your own terms than to pay cash, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

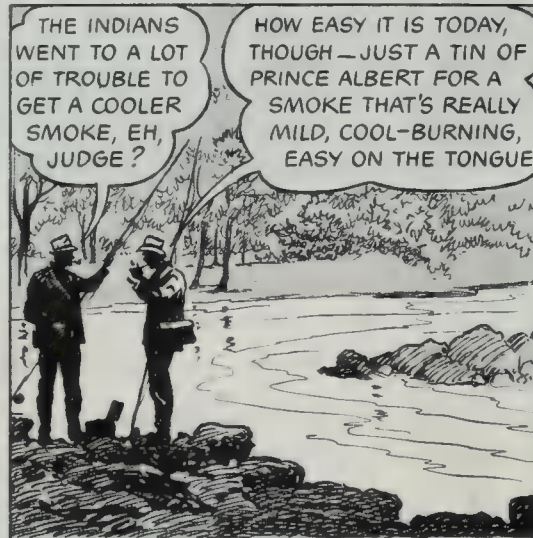


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# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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## 86 DEGREES COOLER

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OVER-HOT SMOKES FLATTEN TASTE, DESTROY DELICATE MILDNESS. I BOOST SMOKING PLEASURE AND COMFORT WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT

PIPES PUFF SMOOTHER WITH P.A.—ALL THE GOODNESS OF RIPE, FULLY AGED TOBACCO COMES THROUGH WITHOUT HARSHNESS

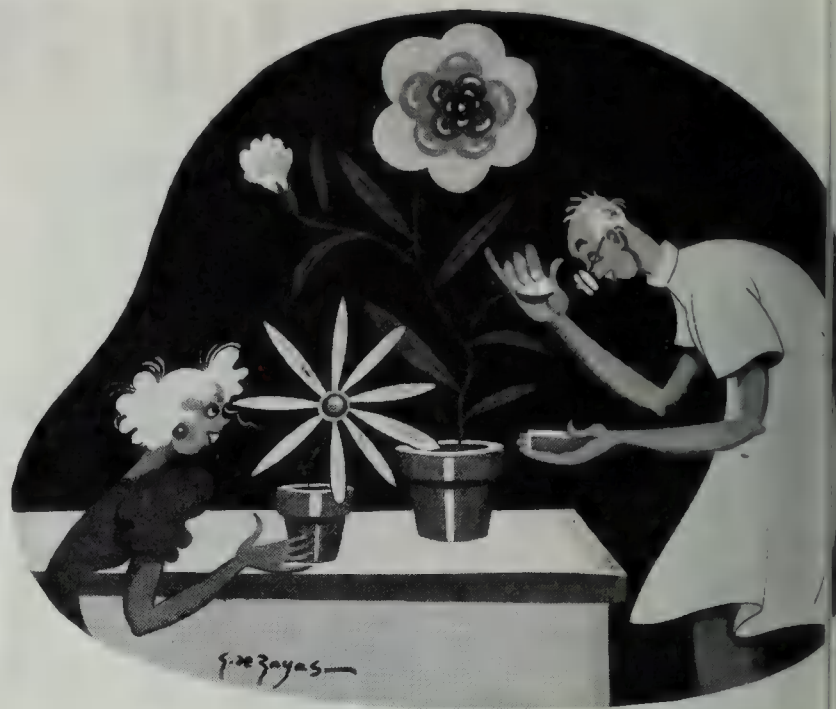
MORE JOY FOR 'MAKIN'S' FANS, TOO, THE P.A. WAY. THE CRIMP CUT LAYS RIGHT, ROLLS UP FAST, NEAT—STAYS LIT, TOO

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
CRIMP CUT  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Botanists are now producing a wide variety of new plants through the use of a drug called colchicine. Either soaking the seeds in a solution or painting the buds with a salve makes flowers, trees, fruits and vegetables not only take on new shapes and colors, but also grow to double their normal size.

Few Americans have ever played, or even watched, a game of real or court tennis, forerunner of lawn tennis, because it is almost exclusively a millionaire's pastime. There are only ten courts in the United States—on large estates and in select clubs—and they cost between \$80,000 and \$150,000 apiece.

During the life of the Third Republic of France from February, 1871, to June, 1940, the country changed its cabinet 106 times, or on an average of once about every eight months.

In accordance with the Anglo-Portuguese treaties of 1914 and 1916, no wine produced in the British Empire can be labeled and sold as port.

After a steel mill is through with the palm oil and bran which it uses in the manufacture of tin plate, they are mixed and sold as a fattening food for livestock.—By F. D. McHugh, New York, New York.

Probably the only private "time capsule" is a \$75,000 pyramid in Monte Ne, Arkansas, erected by William Hope Harvey between 1932, when he was defeated as the presidential candidate on the Liberty party ticket, and his death in 1936. Its vault contains copies of his books on how to cure the ills of the world, preserved for more intelligent generations than his own, which failed to appreciate him.

In Dutch Guiana, the bush Negroes, who do not wear such fancy attire as trousers and dresses, are obliged by law to rent these clothes in a store on the edge of a town before entering it for a day's visit.—By Lois Catuna, Northport, Long Island.

Many persons, who have been commanded while under labor to perform a certain act on a definite date, have executed their order punctually on the day, even a whole year later.

An analysis of the testimony of 20,000 persons who were asked to describe the physical characteristics of the man they saw committing a crime revealed that, on the average, overestimated the height by inches, the age by eight years, gave the wrong hair color in 83 percent of the cases.

Certain plants have grown twice their normal size after their seeds were subjected to such vibrations, or inaudible sound waves, for only three minutes.—Julian R. Frederick, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The only element that has not changed in color by corrosion alone is phosphorus, which changes from white to black under the pressure of seven tons to the square inch.—By Nanette R. Washington, D. C.

During the great fire of 1902, the play given nightly on Liberty Island at the New York World was about 12,000 separate pyrotechnic units costing approximately \$100,000. Some of which were set off, some of which were not. Although the fire lasted only fifteen minutes, forty experts work all day long on the 200 pieces of floating equipment.

The Tremont House, which opened in Boston in 1829, was the first American hotel to rent a tire room to one guest. Up to that time, it was the custom to rent three or four persons, usually strangers to one another, to occupy a single room and sleep on one large bed.

Five dollars will be paid for each unusual fact accepted for the Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address: Keep U. World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of the material reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



*It wasn't all*  
**HUSTLE**  
 AND  
**BUSTLE**  
*in the early*  
*Oil Days...*



Here's tranquility in the midst of excitement—a peaceful scene in the sixties at the old Indian Rock Oil Company along historic Oil Creek. Note costumes, postures, gadgets—including trout rods, creel and bird-cages. And don't miss the barefoot boy in the foreground. Seething excitement was usual on the Miller Farm where this peaceful picture was made. Wells on this farm became spectacular producers of Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the same top-quality crude which today makes your Pennsylvania Motor Oils. These oils steadily have been the favored motor oils since the first motor car was built.



Big boom and bang man of the early oil days. Owen Roberts of the old torpedo firm W. B. Roberts & Son, Bradford, Pennsylvania, had a lot to do with perfecting the process of "shooting" a well to make oil flow more freely. Roberts' torpedoes played a big role in Pennsylvania oil producing technique. Always the quality leader of the oil industry, Pennsylvania also produced most methods of recovery and refining in use today.

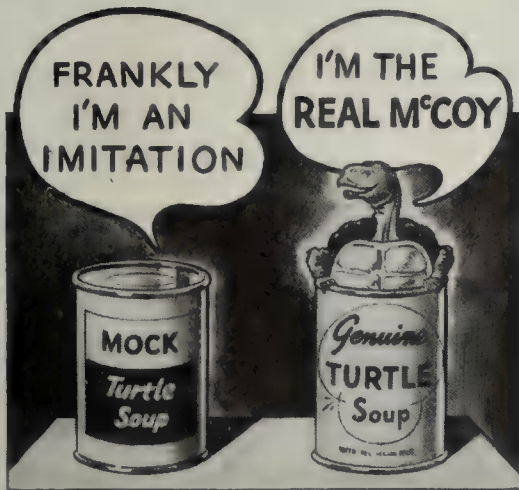


Tinker is an oil man's middle name. Our picture shows Clyde Warner tinkering with a drilling rig about to be set up in Venango County, Pennsylvania. This rig will reach down into the oil sands where Nature's choicest crude (Pennsylvania, of course) is stored, and bring to the surface crude oil to make more Pennsylvania Motor Oils to lubricate the cars, the trucks, the planes, the ships, on which the whole world moves.



Under temperatures controlled to hundredths of a degree, this laboratory worker at State College, Pennsylvania, tests the viscosity, or body, of a Pennsylvania Motor Oil to be sure no adulteration has occurred. Stop-clocks register its rate of flow. High viscosity (ability to flow in cold weather, and to hold body in terrific heat) is one of the superiorities which makes Pennsylvania the favored motor oils wherever motor cars are used.

Our grocer doesn't mock turtle soup the real thing. He calls it "mock" to distinguish it from genuine. You can be pretty sure that your dealer will sell you real Pennsylvania as such—not by name "mock" name has "paraffin-base" "western oil" or "Pennsylvania-type." Oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Crude are the only real Pennsylvania Motor Oils.



Imitation is flattery, and all that, but remember, the imitation only looks real. To be a genuine Pennsylvania Motor Oil, an oil must be made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude—and every oil entitled to bear our emblem is guaranteed to be genuine. Look for our emblem when you buy your motor oil. It is your mark of protection.

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This advertisement is published in the interests of producers, refiners, wholesalers, retailers, exporters and users of 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils protected by our emblem. Watch for new announcements in this series.



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PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Plays any Record on  
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DEEPER LOW NOTES

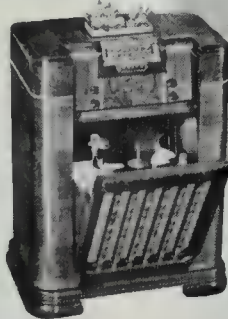
Philco for 1941 presents the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph. *Music on a beam of light!* Instead of a hard crystal and rigid steel needle that create work and wear, the amazing Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph reproduces any record on a beam of light, reflected from a tiny mirror to a Photo-Electric Cell. It's a history-making invention that brings you thrilling new benefits never before enjoyed in a radio-phonograph. **ONLY PHILCO HAS IT!**

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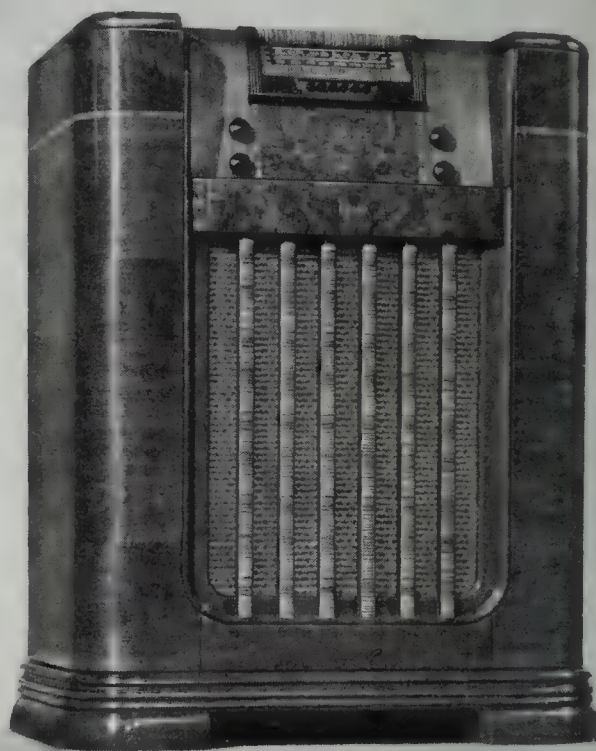
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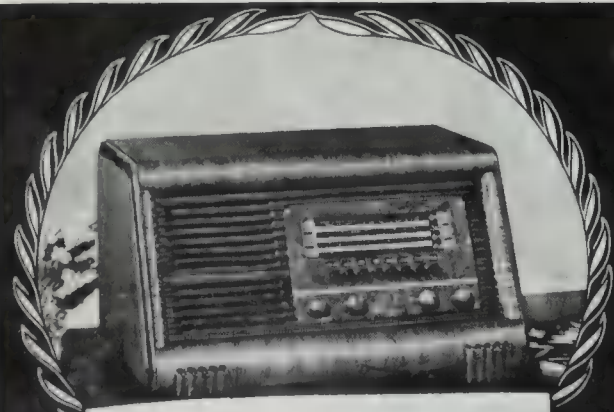
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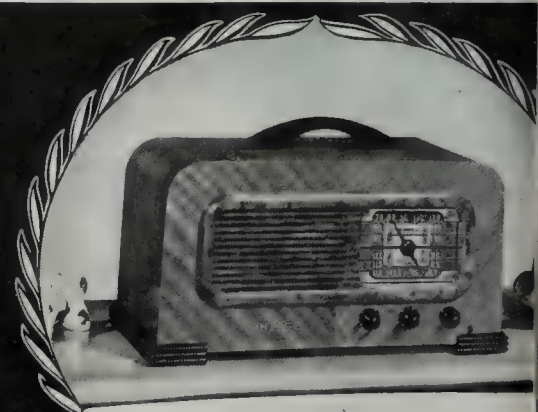
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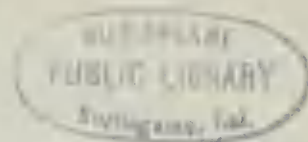
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## The Big Dough-Re-Mi

By Henry Anton Steig

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Birth pangs of a big-time swing band. You'll be hearing them on the coast-to-coast hookups, now that the crisis is all over

"EE, Honey, it brings me down to have to take you into this," Frank Leedy said with a sad look around the dingy, third-rate hotel room as he found a path from the door through the pile of luggage. He was tall and skinny, with curly blond hair, prominent ears and a wide mouth.

"Oh, cheer up, Pops," May said. "We're back in New York, ain't we? Just think of it—no more night clubs in day coaches, no more canceled spots, no more worrying about what happened to the advance money. And, compared to the dives we've been stopping at, this is a palace."

She was a dark-eyed bundle of slight curves, half the size of her husband. The careless way in which she flung a large bag onto the bed suggested gay, endless energy.

"Yeah, everything's sharp, Honey. All we have to do is get the gang a nice, steady job." Frank shook his head ruefully. "What we did to the poor cats on the ride!"

"Well, at least we brought them home," May said on one of her quick trips between the valise and the dresser. "Only trouble is, the public ain't hep to our brand of jive, yet. But we'll put them hep. They'll dig our stuff after a while."

They had been married three months before and for a honeymoon had gone with their band on a playing tour, with expectations of a long, steady booking. But their big-talking agent's promises had fizzled out to two a week and then, finding themselves with eighteen blank days ahead before the next certain pay check, and with just enough for fare home, they'd played it safe and abandoned the tour.

May kicked the empty valise under the bed, went to the washstand in the corner and, as she sloshed water over her face, began to sing one of their own songs: "I'm blue but happy, blue but happy, happy cos I'm used to bein' blue. Sad but I like it, sad but I like it—like it cos there's nothin' else to do. So send me down, blues, send me down, blues . . ."

Frank never ceased marveling at the size of the voice that came out of her. Having heard that voice, one could no longer be much impressed with the fact that she also played the piano like a man. As only few men could. But it counted a lot in the band.

Five years ago it had been only a quartet, with Frank on the tenor sax and clarinet which he'd played professionally, by necessity, ever since he'd got his first long trousers; Vido Maresca, the tough, chunky Latin, on guitar; Tubby Phil Adams drumming, and May at the keyboard. Then the others had joined, one by one, until there were ten. All ace swingmen who hadn't been sure what they were after until they had found Frank and May. After that they had something to hold on to and stay with. May's voice inspired them and Frank's ideas as a leader were so right for the men who understood them that it was a joy and a privilege to help carry them out.

"It's been a long time," Frank said softly when May had stopped singing.

The boys subtly called everybody's attention to her. Then she looked up from the keyboard toward the people at the tables and began, simply, to wail it out, easily filling the place with her big contralto







"Doesn't seem long to me. You have to be patient, that's all. Goodman didn't get there overnight. And meantime, we're having ourselves fun, just making music."

"Yeah, we've still got the band." Frank chuckled self-solacingly.

There was always that, May thankfully reflected, to keep her moody, temperamental spouse happy at heart. He had his band. It had taken five years of the most painstaking kind of work to make it what it was, but it had been a work of love. If only Frank didn't suffer so when the slightest thing went wrong with the music! But there was nothing she could do about that.

Having completed freshening herself, she noticed that Frank had just been sitting on the bed, watching her with that appreciative smile of his which still embarrassed her because it was so openly worshipful.

"Well! How about getting unpacked? This is going to be our home for a while, you know."

Frank got up and kissed her and obediently began making order among his effects. "Tomorrow," he said with a sigh, "we start selling it again."

A MONTH later they were still trying to sell it. The big square room in the Musical Arts Building had become as much a home as the hotel room. In it they spent their days, rehearsing, playing for booker after booker, in the other their nights, talking and planning late before they went to sleep. An occasional engagement at a party or a club dance barely paid for the thirty-cent lunches, sixty-cent suppers and the rent for both rooms.

"Too hot—too wild—not refined," ran the comments.

They were very tired of it the afternoon Morton Fess came to hear them. He was a short, cadaverous, cigar-eating, small-time agent, panting for prestige and the big money.

"No showmanship," he said after the boys had played their hearts out for him. His positive, all-knowing manner had immediately irritated Frank.

"What do you want us to do, jump around and do a snake dance—or wear funny hats?"

"You got to sell your stuff more."

"It's solid music. We always counted on it selling itself."

"Well, now, take your drummer, frinstance," Fess said slowly, with the air of one handing out invaluable advice. "Not enough traps. It don't make an impression. It looks empty."

"Does it sound empty?" May demanded. She and the boys were having difficulty controlling themselves. This guy was the worst yet.

"No—I wouldn't say that." Fess gave May an oily, paternal smile. A dame at the piano was one of the things about the band that didn't seem right to him. The way she glared back at him, however, led him to decide he'd better not mention it. "But there's certain effects people like. Chimes, frinstance, and temple blocks—you know, some novelty."

Frank looked at Tubby behind the drums and saw the wave of pink start at his tight collar line and spread rapidly up around his moon face. Tubby often got choked up that way. Frank always had to talk for him.

"Well, look, Mr. Fess. There's certain suitcase men, like Adams, here, 'frinstance,' who would give up alto-

gether before they even made a pass at a temple block."

"Clippy-cluppy, clippy-cluppy," Vido the guitarist, broke in, making an ironically fierce grimace. "Say! Whoda think this is, Rodney Montfort's stooges?"

"Temple blocks, for Pete's sake—a chimes!" muttered Windy Warrick, the big, apeline trombonist, holding tight to his instrument, afraid he might be tempted to use it as a club.

Rodney Montfort's band was nationally famous but Fess sensed that the disparagement of the big name came not from envy but from a special kind of militant earnestness. He was not equipped to understand it. He was puzzled by the boys' music and by the attitude. He couldn't tell them a thing. Obviously they had no respect for his opinions. Antagonized, he would not admit that he had been impressed. He smiled and shook his head pityingly and at that May lost her temper.

"You heard what we've got. Take or leave it!"

The agent left without another word. Steve, the trumpet player, who looked like a men's clothing ad, made a disrespectful noise on his horn for a send-off. Vido began mumbling:

"That tin-eared heel! I'd like to—He shaped his fingers into hooks and waved them in the air.

Only the big, stout Alec Potter, easy going and slow except when he was handling one of his reed instruments had remained calm through the weeks of discouragement. He pulled Vido down into his chair, handed him his guitar, picked up his alto sax and began playing. Vido's muttering tapered off as he joined in, and one by one the others went to work until the whole band was playing again. What a sweet bunch Frank thought for the thousandth time. Smiling at May, he, too, picked up his horn.

Fess indignantly thumped the elevator bell and asked himself who the hell those boys thought they were, anyway, when he noticed two men come down the corridor and stop at the door of the room, behind him, that he had just left. One he recognized as Emil Wetterau, president of National Music Incorporated, and the other, younger man, as Arthur Pickett, junior executive.

"Listen to that, Emil," Pickett said. "Wonder who they are. Listen—they're marvelous."

IN HIS curiosity, Fess had leaned toward them. Wetterau suddenly turned and gave him a look of regal displeasure. Fess was glad the elevator door opened just then and he hurried into the car. He had heard enough. Any band that could stop the representatives of National Music in their tracks like that must certainly be worth getting hold of.

Back in the corridor Emil Wetterau impatiently took Pickett's arm. "That's what you would no doubt call a killer-diller aggregation, and you ought to know by now that they make me sick. Swing is on the way out, anyhow. Come along, Arthur, we've got an important hearing to attend." Pickett had to hurry along. . . .

Fess and the corpulent Mr. Freeman stood arguing amid chunks of plaster and pieces of scrap lumber in what used to be a quick-order lunchroom and was soon to be The Inner Door—Freeman's seventh or eighth night-club venture. Several men were at work decorating it.

"Don't proposition me with green music, Fess. I'm investing thousands in this establishment and I've got to protect it."

"But every band was green once, wasn't it? Leedy and the club start at scratch and get built up together. His

(Continued on page 24)

"You have to be patient, that's all," May said. "Goodman didn't get there overnight. Meantime, we're having ourselves fun"





It's men going off to fight machines. There's nothing sporting about it. They haven't got a chance

# The Man Who Wanted War

By Martin Knapp

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**He watched the young men going off to fight machines. It gave him another slant on war**

HERE was a crowd around the club bar, and everyone was talking, and the radio was blaring out war news, some men were looking over the shoulder of a man who had a newspaper in black headlines three inches high. They stared at the black letters, the man's eyes were shocked and apprehensive—all but those of Freddy Winsted, who held the paper; his face was up like a lamp, and he looked happy for the first time in years.

You couldn't help but notice it. And, really, you didn't notice Freddy Winsted. He was always around, but you didn't see him. Or, if you did, it was just as a reddish blur which was his face with its two empty blue eyes that always looked puzzled, and which now he was shining so that they transformed his face into the semblance of the face it used to be. It stood out, even in the crowd of men. And, though he was some way off, I could hear his voice, above the noise, saying, "Damn' swine!" over and over; and, "No fourteen points now to get 'em off the hook! Ought to be wiped off the earth! Damn' fat swine!" He went on and on. It might just as well have been 1914.

Freddy Winsted was a freshman in 1914. A big, good-looking boy. Of course, he was a natural for Harvard; a Winsted, 3d or 4th or 5th, and everything a Winsted should have been, crew captain, one of the top clubs, and a good deal of sense of what was done, and what wasn't. He felt he had a tradition to maintain, and he took it pretty seriously. He was popular, and one of the important men in his class. He just as-

sumed that everything would be handed to him on a platter, and it was.

And he certainly was good-looking. I remember what Louisa said once on the beach at Nantucket. His being so brown made his hair fairer, a bright amber color, and the muscles rippled across his brown back. Somehow, he did suggest a Norse god—huge, and fair, and bright-colored. Looking at him in that thoughtfully detached way her eyes had, she said, "He is beautiful. The most beautiful thing I've ever seen." There was something defiant in the way she said it. I'm sure she married Freddy because he was so darn' beautiful.

BUT, of course, the war helped too. When he came back with a wound stripe on one arm, and just a little pale, he looked every inch a hero. But he still had his boy's laughing face, and everywhere he went people turned, instinctively, and smiled. You could see it had been a perfectly swell war. He'd got in just at the end, been billeted with the British, seen some action, and a good deal of officers' mess. It was Kipling and all that. It went to his head rather. And, to make everything complete, he got a splinter of shell, and was invalided back to London.

It wasn't serious, except that it made him a hero. But he might have got over that, if the war hadn't ended then. He felt very bad about that, and very bad about leaving England. Except that he talked a good deal more than they do, he was more British than the British when he landed at Hoboken. He never could understand all the gloom about the war. Apparently, he never saw the dead men in the mud. It had been simply a swell show.

Life was just a glorious adventure. You can't exactly blame him. There'd been a mean conspiracy to dump everything into his lap without the slightest trouble. Even Louisa sort of came along with all the rest, though that conveys exactly the wrong impression of Louisa if it suggests a docile female. For, of course, Louisa was mercury, and small and dark, and utterly bewitching, with quick movements, and a mind that darted about incessantly. And yet she married Freddy, and it was not surprising that she did, for, after all, he was young Lochinvar. What I mean is, that he just had everything, and it looked like a most brilliant match, and the picture papers were full of beautiful young officers grouped around Freddy and Louisa, who looked too beautiful to be

real. Their pedigrees were printed with pictures of most of their living relatives, all bank presidents and bishops.

Louisa was just twenty when she married Freddy about 1919. And she got the famous Winsted silver, had two perfectly adorable little girls, and, later, Frederick Winsted 4th, or 5th, or 6th. They were the best-looking children I have ever seen, and Freddy talked about them as though they were a completely new species. Only they didn't act like that. When he tried to put them into the same mold from which he had been poured, they simply would not jell. That was just one of the things that began to baffle him.

UP THROUGH the nineteen-twenties he grew steadily more and more baffled. There were so many things he couldn't understand. He just couldn't understand why he couldn't be a president, or a vice-president like his father, and his grandfather. It wasn't because he didn't try. He tried brokerage, and banking, and promoting a moving-picture company; he had a go at aviation, and some new kind of magazine, and several other things. Of course, he had to be something big, important. It looked so easy. And it wasn't.

I began to notice that Louisa was growing more and more defiant when she talked about him. "He's kind and generous," she said. "He'd do anything for his friends. He's a dear. Really, he is. He doesn't drink, or do any of those things. He hasn't any vices, really. I wish he had. It isn't that. It's just his

(Continued on page 37)





"I had great ambitions. Repertory. Then I went on a world tour—Shakespeare"

## The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

### The Story Thus Far:

HENRY MORLEY, a London dentist, lives with his spinster sister, Georgina. He has a partner, one Reilly; a secretary, Gladys Nevill (who is in love with a youth, Frank Carter, of whom he does not approve); and an office boy, Alfred.

Hercule Poirot, the noted Belgian detective, keeps a dental appointment with Morley. He leaves; and a short time later, his friend, Inspector Japp of Scotland Yard, informs him by phone that the dentist has shot himself.

Racing to Morley's office, Poirot examines the body, asks some questions. After which, he convinces Japp that Morley *may have been murdered*. And they start an investigation. . . . Gladys Nevill tells them a curious story. She had received a telegram (on the day of Morley's death) informing her that her aunt—in the country—had suffered a stroke. She had rushed to her aunt, and found her in perfect health! . . .

Among the dentist's patients, shortly before his death, were Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm; Miss Sainsbury Seale; and a wealthy Greek named Amberiotis. Among his partner's patients were Colonel Abercrombie, a retired army officer; and Howard Raikes, a young American. Alfred, the office boy, testifies that Raikes had reached the office—and suddenly disappeared. *Had he left the office, or—?* Japp and Poirot decide to investigate.

Another possible suspect is Frank Carter, who had called at Morley's office and, informed that Miss Nevill was not in, had *apparently* gone away. Had he hidden himself and killed Morley? The two detectives wonder. . . . Interrogated, Reilly has little of importance to offer. Nor has Alistair Blunt—or his niece, Jane Olivera, who appears to be interested in the case.

The two men pay a call on Miss Sainsbury Seale. The lady seems flustered by the appearance of two "police officers." In flutelike tones, she answers their questions. Meanwhile, Poirot has been developing a theory. He puts a few queries to Miss Seale concerning her conversation with the dentist. Then, leaning forward, he says quietly:

"He didn't happen to mention a patient by the name of Amberiotis?"

### III

NO, NO," Miss Sainsbury Seale said. "He really said nothing—except, I mean, the things that dentists *have* to say."

Through Poirot's mind there ran quickly: "*Rinse. Open a little wider, please. Now close gently.*"

Japp had proceeded to his next step. It would possibly be necessary for Miss Sainsbury Seale to give evidence at the inquest.

After a first scream of dismay, Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to take kindly to the idea. A tentative inquiry from Japp produced Miss Sainsbury Seale's whole life history.

She had, it seemed, come from India to England six months ago. She had lived in various hotels and boarding-houses and had finally come to the Glengowrie Court which she liked very much because of its homey atmosphere; in India she had lived mostly in Calcutta where she had done Mission work and had also taught elocution.

"Pure, well-enunciated English—most important, Chief Inspector. You see," Miss Sainsbury Seale simpered and bridled, "as a girl I was on the stage. Oh! only in small parts, you know. The provinces! But I had great ambitions. Repertory. Then I went on a world tour—Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw." She sighed. "The trouble with us poor women is *heart*—at the mercy of our hearts. A rash, impulsive marriage. Alas! we parted almost immediately. I—I had been sadly deceived. I resumed my maiden name. A friend kindly pro-

vided me with a little capital and I started my elocution school. I helped to found a very good amateur dramatic society. I must show you some of our notices."

Chief Inspector Japp knew the dangers of *that!* He escaped, Miss Sainsbury Seale's last words being: "—and if, by any chance, my name *should* be in the papers—as a witness at the inquest, I mean—you *will* be sure that it is spelt right. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale—Mabelle spelt M-A-B-E-L-L-E, and Seale S-E-A-L-E. And of course, if they *did* care to mention that I appeared in *As You Like It* at the Oxford Repertory Theater—"

"Of course, of course." Chief Inspector Japp fairly fled.

IN THE taxi he sighed.

"If it's ever necessary, we ought to be able to check up on *her* all right," he observed, "unless it was *all* lies—but that I don't believe!"

Poirot shook his head.

"Liars," he said, "are neither so circumstantial nor so inconsequential."

Ten minutes later they paid off the taxi and entered the Savoy.

Japp asked for Mr. Amberiotis.

The clerk looked at them rather oddly. He said:

"Mr. Amberiotis? I'm sorry, sir, I'm afraid you can't see him."

"Oh, yes, I can, my lad," Japp said grimly. He drew the other a little aside and showed him his credentials.

"You don't understand, sir, I'm sure.

Mr. Amberiotis died half an hour ago.

To Hercule Poirot it was as though a door had gently but firmly shut.

Twenty-four hours later Japp roused Poirot up. His tone was bitter.

"Washout! The whole thing!"

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"Morley committed suicide all right. We've got the motive."

"What was it?"

"I've just had the doctor's report on Amberiotis' death. I won't give you official jargon but in plain English he died as the result of an overdose of adrenalin and procaine. It acted on his heart, I understand, and he collapsed. When the wretched devil said he was feeling bad yesterday afternoon, he was just speaking the truth. Well, there you are! Adrenalin and procaine is stuff dentists inject into your gum as a local anesthetic. Morley made an error, injected an overdose, and then Mr. Amberiotis left he realized what he had done, couldn't face the music and shot himself."

"With a pistol he was not known to possess?" queried Poirot.

"He *may* have possessed it all the same. Relations don't know everything. You'd be surprised sometimes, things they *don't* know!"

"That is true, yes."

"Well, there you are. It's a perfectly logical explanation of the whole thing."

"You know, my friend, it does not quite satisfy me. It is true that patients have been known to react unfavorably."

(Continued on page 32)



# More than Base Hits

By Robert A. "Red" Rolfe

The Yanks have their fifth columnists, too. They're the sharp-eyed sign swipers who engineer the cute inside stuff that means dozens of extra games at the end of a season

FOR four hectic years we Yankees have won the American League pennant and the world's championship. For four years we have hit doubles, triples, homers. For four years we've had superlative pitching.

Maybe we won't win the pennant this year. Maybe we did get off on the wrong foot and waited until midseason to get back into step. The fact remains those four straight wins broke a record. We *did* put on the pressure this season to jump from the cellar division well up toward the roof.

How did we do all this? Was it better hitting and pitching? What more does a team need to excel?

Well, my story is that not hitting, not pitching, not even the defensive play of our infield nor the strong arms of our outfielders could account for the definite edge we have had over our opponents. Our pennants were won by subtle, inside baseball.

That's my thesis. And now it's up to me to prove it. Let's go . . .

First, let's charge up two or three victories a year to the Frankie-and-Johnny play. How many times have you seen Johnny Murphy (Grandma, the Fireman) come striding in from the bull pen in the last innings, ready to rescue our game from the villainous Indians or Red Sox or Tigers? Two men are on bases—here's a real game to illustrate what I mean:

It's Hadley versus Harder, in Cleveland, June, 1939, ninth inning, the score 3 to 2 in our favor. Jeff Heath is on second, Bruce Campbell on first and dangerous Ken Keltner at bat. And no one out. Then Johnny takes the mound. For

(Continued on page 40)

Double plays mean smart fielding. Here Yankee Third Baseman Red Rolfe comes in fast for a grass-cutter and, without straightening, whips the ball over to second for the first put-out



# The Tune I Know

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**It's a wise cowboy who knows when to saddle and ride, and Hade Crosby's friend was a wise cowboy**

**H**ALLELUJAH, I am broke again. Hallelujah, the way that old tune goes, I am broke again. One thing about it, though, I have got my bedroll with me. And some groceries in her. And I have got a saddle and a braided rawhide rope, and I am open for a job.

(Oh, yes, if somebody will beg me to take a job, I will take her, all right!)

I am walking along the road, keeping time by whistling through my teeth that tune I know. Hallelujah. . . But it is not so bad this time, because I have got my bedroll (with groceries) and a fine saddle. The only way I can get to the Circle C dude ranch is by walking along the road, and I am doing her. I have heard there is a job for a good hand at the Circle C, so I have left my outfit in town, I have not got a horse, and I am on my way to tie down that job if I can.

The only trouble is, it is a job wrangling dudes. Suppose I get this job, and suppose this fall I would go on up to Montana for the roundup season, and I would meet my old friend Hade Crosby, and Hade would say, "Steve, where'd you summer?" and what would I say? I would have to say, "Hade, it hurts me to say it, but I summered down in the Circle C country wrangling dudes."

Hade would choke.

But I need the job, I sure do need her, and if I get her, boy, I won't be broke no more. So I am going over in my mind what I am going to say to the head wrangler up at the Circle C. His name is Kinkaid. I have never saw him in my life; Ed Jones, he runs the Teton Bar back in town, told me about the job. I have only been down here three days, when I come from Utah, where I had a job taking some horses up to a place in the Wasatch Mountains. Mormons, they have got down there. They can make water run uphill in their irrigation ditches, damned if they can't.

I will tell Kinkaid where I worked, and if he wants to see me ride, I will do her for him. Or rope, or anything. I suppose I'll have to get me a fancy vest, the way the dudes like them, and a hand-tooled belt with studs in it and a silk handkerchief and a hatband with metal disks. I mean, if I get the job. Maybe a red silk shirt. Boy.

It is hot and I sit down to take a rest beside the road. The Teton peaks stand up there high in front of me, and on a bench along the foot of them in the woods there is where the Circle C is at. So I rest a while and keep on going (high-heeled boots was never made for walking, boy) and late in the afternoon I turn off of the road and go up a worse road and climb the bench and I come to a long clearing, a natural park, and there she sits. They have got a big log building, one story high and with a porch, and a lot of dude cabins on both sides where the dudes sleep.

I do not feel like walking right up to her, so I circle around toward where I can see the corrals and barns. I am walking along a fence, when suddenly I catch sight of something. I don't know what it is, a wrangler or a dude, and I don't know whether it comes from

a circus or from a side show, but it sure would make a nice Christmas present. He is the fanciest thing I have ever saw. He is coming toward me, so I lean against the fence and wait. He touches his horse and rides over, a nice, easy lope. One thing, he sits nice in the saddle.

He comes up. "Hello," he says.

"Hello," I say.

Then he says something I cannot repeat it here, but it is something he says he will be. He jumped off his horse on the other side of the fence and he is sticking his hand through the fence, and I am taking his hand, and we are standing there calling each other the worst names we can think of.

"What in the name of hell are you doing here?" Hade says.

"I got lost, off of the road," I tell Hade.

Hade rubs his chin. He says, "Steve, this is the first time I have ever known you to lose your bearings like this."

"I was walking along whistling a tune," I tell Hade. "You know how it is, you are whistling and thinking, and pretty soon you are lost." I look at Hade's clothes. "Hade," I say, "I can't help but see you have got a job."

**H**ADE takes a deep breath and leans harder on the fence. "Steve," he says, "it is entirely temporary. It is on account of some hard luck up in Montana this spring, four kings against a small straight flush, and I needed a job and I had to take her. It is grub." He looks at me. He says, "It is better grub than you would believe. By the way," he says, "this outfit needs a good man to wrangle dudes. Somebody with his own saddle. Maybe you would happen to know of somebody."

"I wouldn't know of anybody around here," I tell Hade. "I just come in from Utah three days ago, Hade, and put my saddle and bedroll in the shed back of the hardware store where I and you slept once when we was broke."

"You have got your saddle with you?" Hade says.

"I was thinking of trying for a job at the Lazy K," I tell him.

Hade says, "Steve, you are lost anyway, you might as well stay here and take this job. It would help me out, Steve; and another thing, it would be like old times, I and you working together again."

"Hade," I tell Hade, "you have got a way of putting things where it is mighty hard for a fellow to say no."

So I get through the fence and Hade leads his horse and we walk into the lodge, and I am telling Hade where I have been since we saw each other last, and we come to the office of the place and Hade takes me in and introduces me to Kinkaid.

Kinkaid says, "Oh, yes, I been expecting you. Ed Jones called up and said he was sending you up here to try for the job."

I do not take the trouble to look at Hade. I just stand there.

Hade says, "Mr. Kinkaid, Steve here is one of the best top hands in the business. Outside of being one of the

smoothest liars in the West, there is nothing against him, and I and Steve sure work together fine."

I am hired.

**T**HEY have got a dude here by the name of Miss Manners. A dude is no bargain, take them as they come, but this dude Miss Manners is about the best you can expect. To start with, which is not unusual about dude girls, she is so pretty it just makes a fellow wonder if she's real.

She is here with her mother, and along with them is a young fellow who is going to marry Miss Manners and his name is James Darrow.

But anyway, this Miss Manners you would think she was born here in the West, and that's a fact. She can ride as good as anybody, and she rides Western; she sits down in the saddle and takes it. She looks like she has worn her Western clothes, denim pants and all, since she was a little kid.

Anyway, it would be harder to find two people more different than her and Darrow, no matter where you would want to look. Maybe in the East they were the same, but they sure are different here. This fellow, I don't like to say it, but I give you my word I have never saw anything so comical in my life when it comes to getting or sitting on a horse or trying to ride. He hates horses, he looks at one like he has got a pain in his stomach, and you don't have to believe it, but one day he puts his wrong foot in the stirrup when he is mounting, and he swings into the saddle and there he is, backwards. He just sits there backwards and looks down at the horse's tail and wonders what the hell.

But the thing is, he is really the nicest fellow you would want to meet. He can tell the funniest stories you ever heard, and he knows he is terrible around a horse, and when it is time for him to fall off he laughs as hard as the horse does. I mean as the rest of us. You can't help but like him, he is that kind of fellow.

Miss Manners wants to ride all the time. The other dudes go for a ride every afternoon, but they take a mighty tame kind of ride, going along in single file, and this is too slow for Miss Manners. Mr. Kinkaid will not let Miss Manners ride alone, so he tells Hade to go along with her and Darrow, or when Darrow can't make it, then go with Miss Manners alone.

I do not like this so very much.

Perhaps you do not know my old friend Hade, but that fellow Hade is about the finest set-up fellow you have ever saw in your life, and while Hade could not be called strictly handsome from a movie point of view, he has got something about him that when the ladies take one look at him if Hade is not careful he is practically a married man. With all these dude-wrangler clothes on, it is worse than ever along these lines.

Hade tells me that Miss Manners does not want to keep pace with the only speed Mr. Darrow can ride at, which is a slow walk, but she wants to



When Hade is explaining something to Miss Manners, does not look at what I explaining. She looks at





dash around like she is on the trail of some train robbers or something, and Darrow can come along the best he can, in the distance. She rides beside of Hade. Every time Darrow falls off, Hade says, him and Miss Manners have a quarrel. Most of the time lately Darrow does not go at all.

One night in the bunkhouse I and Hade are alone and we get to talking.

"Hade," I say, "this Miss Manners, she sure does like to ride."

"Yeah," Hade says. He is cleaning his boots.

"This Darrow," I tell him, "is sure one fine fellow."

"Sure seems like it," Hade says. He puts down his boot. He says, "They ought to make a mighty nice couple, take it when they are married. I think Darrow is one of the leading ones back in the East, and this Miss Manners, when I am riding with her and I get a good look at her, it seems to me, Steve, like it is this Hedy Lamarr, this movie actress, out there in the sagebrush riding along beside of me."

Hade does not say no more.

"You better be careful, Hade," I tell him.

He looks at me. "Forget that part of it," he says.

I DO not exactly forget it. I am watching Hade and Miss Manners, and I do not like it the way she is looking at my friend Hade. I will try to explain this. For one thing, we let the dudes practice throwing a rope. Miss Manners makes Hade show her. She makes him take hold of her hands and move them. By this time Miss Manners could throw a rope when she is sound asleep, but she is always wanting to practice, anyway.

When Hade is explaining something to Miss Manners, she does not look at what he is explaining. She looks at him.

Darrow is not riding any more. He has gave up. Every day Hade and Miss Manners are riding, and when they are not riding, Miss Manners is going along where Hade is going, around the ranch, and she is hanging onto his arm and looking at him.

One thing I have got to say, they do look mighty nice riding around together. Miss Manners has got a big man's hat, and she is wearing boots with three colors of leather in the tops, and take Hade with his dude-wrangler outfit, the two of them together make a regular picture, they sure do.

One night Hade is sitting on the edge of his bunk reading a magazine. I notice he is not turning the pages, he is just sitting there looking at it. No, he is not even looking at it. He is looking right past it, at the floor. He sees me watching him, and he begins to read.

All right Hade.

Who is going to blame Hade? When he mentions this movie actress Hedy Lamarr in regards to Miss Manners, he is right, he is telling the truth. In the face of Miss Manners being so beautiful, and especially the way she looks at Hade, Hade so far has kept his head and done his best.

But Hade is not keeping his head no longer. It is all over with Hade.

He is sitting there looking past his magazine, he is looking at the floor, and he is in love with Miss Manners.

The next night in the middle of the night somebody is shaking me, and I wake up. "What is it, Hade?" I ask him.

Hade says, very quiet, "Goodby, Steve."

I am shaking my head, trying to get wide awake. I do not know what this is about.

"Steve," Hade says, "I have got my bedroll and saddle on the last bunk, there, and you put them away and take good care of them and I'll write you

(Continued on page 48)



# How to Build Airpower

By W. B. Courtney

Mr. Courtney saw, at first-hand, how Germany built her airpower. How it was done, and what any nation hoping to match it will have to do, is discussed here

A FRIEND of mine who is employed by a firm that builds airplanes went into his bank to deposit a pay check.

The teller read the company's name printed on the check. He said. "Well, you fellows in the aviation business are pretty lucky, I guess. You're in the big money now!"

My young friend, because of lifelong enthusiasm for aviation and belief in its eventual greatness, works for a lesser salary than his talents and qualities would now fetch in many other fields. His company has hundreds of thousands of dollars sunk in plant, acreage, materials and equipment and has never earned a dividend.

Forget my friend and his company, however. Just think about what that bank teller said. Plenty of air and military experts will tell you it's the American version of a state of mind that has brought disaster upon the European democracies. It is widely held and it is a cynical mixture. The minute you work for a "war" industry you are a profiteer; and the moment we turn attention to problems of preparedness our smug belief in our own unsurpassed competence, ingenuity, skill and industrial genius finds assurance that everything is already fixed. We complacently take the resolution for the accomplishment; the thought for the deed. The President said we must gear up our industry to a capacity of 50,000 planes a year. Henry Ford said he can build 1,000 planes a day. Hurrah, we knew the old American git-up-and-git was still there!

We have read about and seen pictures of horror abroad. We even had an hour of panic, after President Roosevelt's "timetable of invasion," in which he intimated that enemy air armadas could base on Greenland—although Pan American Airways dropped the notion of laying down an emergency stop there for its transatlantic service when Colonel Lindbergh, after personal study and survey for several weeks, found no practicability for even lone passenger ships in its ugly rock- and ice-bound harbors.

But fright quickly passed. Famous names and mouthy phrases lulled us back to false security. A thousand planes a day, a double-size Navy. It is only natural for uncritical and but par-

tially informed, or partisanly misinformed, laymen to read magic in great men. "Henry Ford" is a byword. A Washington taxi driver told me: "Boy, it's a good thing Henry Ford took hold of this here plane mess. Now we got nothin' to worry about!"

Aviation leaders, air corps and military officers think you still have a lot to worry about. They wish you would take time out right now for a rational look at the airpower situation here and overseas.

Meanwhile, the current wisecrack in an Air Corps long starved is "Swell, let Henry Ford build a thousand planes a day—for one day. Then we'll have an Air Corps!"

When a flying officer talks like that he is not guilty of defeatism. He is bitterly striving to make you view the situation with realism rather than "with alarm." He knows that you can't get an air force merely by appropriating money. You've got to have a policy, and someone in centralized authority to say go ahead and build.

Furthermore, the air officer wants you to consider Henry Ford's sincere and

patriotic offer in light of other factors. Ford did not say he could build one thousand planes a day right away. The most optimistic professional guess is that it would be a year and a half before he could gear up to that rate. Remember, Henry Ford was building automobiles for many, many years before he reached a production rate of 1,000 cars a day. Moreover, by 1,000 planes a day Ford does not mean 1,000 complete flyable planes. He means what aviators call "the shell." That is, fuselage and wings—a covered framework, nothing more.

## A Problem of Co-ordination

Each of Ford's 1,000 planes a day would still need landing gear, controls, instruments, engines, propellers. Someone—perhaps Ford himself—would have to build 1,000 motors a day. Someone also a thousand pairs of tires, someone else a thousand radios, a thousand turn-and-bank indicators, a thousand gas tanks and compasses, a thousand each of a dozen other gadgets. Such production facility and capacity are not even re-

motely within sight or grasp. A nation should have to produce the pilot to fly these ships. The ideal, demonstrated in Europe, is to have at least three for each ship. British experience has been that two active days a week is the absolute human limit of each ship's endurance, but squadrons must keep for seven days of 24 hours each in blitzkrieg's in swing.

Finally, Henry Ford meant that he would build 1,000 shells of only one type of airplane a day: pursuits. Air power is made up of many types of ships. Pursuits comprise only about 22 per cent of a combat air force. And some pursuits require two motors each: a means doubles on many instruments and other fixings. Some bombers take engines apiece: with a consequent multiplying of accessories.

Assuming that such mass production would make each completely equipped and flyable pursuit cost half what it now costs, the toll for a 1,000-plane building program would be \$18,350,000 a year—for pursuits alone—about one quarter of a whole air force.

In midsummer, the aviation in-

DMITRI KESSEL



Propellers for American planes on the assembly line at the Hamilton Standard Propeller Co., Hartford, Conn. Bulk of plane manufacturing in United States is on West Coast





FAIRCHILD

American airplane factory (the  
Bendix plant at Bendix, N. J.) is a  
compact unit that could easily be  
organized by enemy bombing

Upper right, German workmen  
installing propellers on a Junkers  
engine. German fighting planes  
are stripped to bare essentials

The United States was actually build-  
ing within its present floor space about  
100 military airplanes a month. Of  
course, an extremely small percentage  
of the planes for England.  
As for motors, the picture is only slightly  
encouraging. Of all types and  
sizes of aircraft engines, from little 40-  
horsepower put-puts to the huge horse-  
power experimental mammoth, the  
United States produces no more than 1,500 a month.  
This is about step for step with plane  
manufacturing when you consider that  
the Germans and commercial air  
planes are twin- or multiple-engined.  
"Fighting" motors nowadays must all  
be 1,000 horsepower or greater. Two  
build virtually all such motors;  
Pratt & Whitney with great plant expansion already  
under way in England or by France and Britain they can  
produce between them 2,000 a month  
another year, if then. A third war-  
motor, the Allison, owned by Gen-  
eral Motors, which has been "in the  
game" for more than five years, has not  
reached a production of 25 a month.

### The Bright Side

There is the credit side:  
Our planes and motors, beyond any  
question, are still best in all phases of  
production.  
Our pilots are best, and the Air  
Corps training program, in scope and in-  
fluence, plus the Civil Aeronautics  
Administration plan, is a guarantee our air-  
force will not only continue to receive  
the best instruction and more experience,  
but we shall be far ahead of all pos-  
sible combinations of enemies in active  
reserve "flyer strength" long before  
they can possibly catch up in "plane  
strength."  
Our aviation industrial executive-  
in youth, fitness, eagerness and ex-  
perience, is not surpassed elsewhere.  
Our abundance of material and  
resources.  
Our bombing accuracy. This is  
due to training and partly to su-  
perior bomb sights.  
American and other foreign expert  
observers agree that so far as they can  
tell the German air force has made  
two mistakes in its fighting. First,  
it has not used bombs of heavy enough  
weight in raids on surface naval units.  
Second, its high-altitude bombing (as

differentiated from the much publicized  
dive bombing) has been ragged. The  
first is inexplicable. The second may  
be due to hasty, incomplete practice or  
to inferior bomb sights, although this  
is difficult to assume of German military  
technicians who have been so careful  
and precise in all other particulars.

This is as good a time as any to ex-  
plore the notion that the United States  
possesses a "secret" bomb sight.

A bomb sight is a mechanical gadget,  
usually set in a gyroscopic mounting,  
that enables you when you aim at a  
target from the air to calculate swiftly  
factors of drift, altitude, forward speed  
of plane, interlayer wind velocity and  
numerous other considerations that  
take you three years to figure out with  
a pencil and paper. Bomb sights are  
built on known mathematical princi-  
ples. They are not "invented" or "dis-  
covered"; they are devised. Superiority  
in bomb sights is merely the old story  
of the better mousetrap; of refinements  
in application and shrewdness in use.  
One of our bomb sights has long been  
considered "best." With it our Air  
Corps has made truly astonishing rec-  
ords, on bombing ranges. But intense,  
arduous practice also played a part in  
these records set by picked crews of at  
least ten years' experience.

The United States is the birthplace  
of powered flight by man, and home of  
the most stirring pioneering air flights.  
It is difficult for our lay citizens, there-  
fore, to understand why this leader of  
world aviation hasn't got the world's  
greatest air corps.

France, after the first Great War,  
(Continued on page 54)

Pratt & Whitney motors ready  
for shipment from the Hartford  
plant. Two such plants make  
nearly all our large motors



EUROPEAN



© BRITISH COMBINE

DMITRI KESSEL





SHE was good but she wasn't as good as Rafael. Rafael was young, he was serious about his work, and he never smiled. Rafael and Margarita: the tango. Rafael Allones of Caibarien, son of a sponge fisherman, and Marge Petersen of Brooklyn, dancing under the stars at the Blue Pavilion.

This was the encore. When it ended, applause rose in a geyser of sound, fell reluctantly on all parts of the pavilion in scattered, persistent handclaps; died grudgingly.

Bleeker relaxed. "Yes, sir," he said, nodding his head approvingly, "Max sure made a success of this place. Here it is, stuck down on the beach, miles from nowhere, and people come from all over. Palm Beach. Miami. All over."

"Max is okay," Kernehan said.

Bleeker took a drink, cleared his throat. "What about the girl? Is it bad?"

A hand fell on Kernehan's shoulder. "I thought I recognized you," Max Wagner said; and to Bleeker, "Hello, Sheriff."

"For old times' sake," Kernehan said, "I'll let you buy me a drink, Max. Sit down."

"Even when he comes south he carries a chisel. Hey, Mario; set 'em up here." Max Wagner hunched forward on his elbows, his chubby, middle-aged face good-humored with raillery, his rich brown eyes twinkling. "You must see the wife, Kerny. Aggie'll be glad to see you."

"How is Marge Petersen?" Kernehan said.

Max Wagner looked first at Bleeker and saw in the sheriff's eyes an uneasy, liquid stirring. In Kernehan's face he saw nothing. Kernehan was gazing across the wide reaches of the pavilion.

Max Wagner said, "I had a hunch you didn't come out here for the entertainment."

Kernehan leaned his head to one side, glanced sidewise at Wagner and shrugged.

Max Wagner thrust his stocky body up out of the chair. He strode away with his fingers curled in his palms, leaving a stir of troubled anger where he had sat.

Kernehan said, "Excuse me, Sheriff," and followed Wagner into the bar.

"Go 'way. You give me bad dreams," Max Wagner said.

Kernehan followed him into the office, where Agnes Wagner and two men, clerks, sat behind desks, busy with accounts.

"You're looking well, Aggie," Kernehan said.

"Well, I'd rather be fat than in the Follies. What's eating Max? What's eating you, Max?"

Max Wagner wheeled and came up under Kernehan's chin with his blunt index finger cocked. "Looka here, Kerny," he said, biting into his words with hard, small teeth. "You're not in your own back yard down here. You might be hell on wheels on Broadway but down here your badge is just something you carry around in your pocket for sentimental reasons. You leave the girl alone."

"Max, control yourself, Popsy," Agnes said.

"Control myself! I see him and I'm upset. He gives me stomach trouble!" Max banged out another door.

Kernehan said, "Where's he going now?"

"The games are that way," Agnes Wagner said. She looked gravely at Kernehan. "We're doing awfully well here, Kerny. We'll be out of the red in two or three years. You wouldn't chuck a wrench in things, would you? I don't hold the New York raid against you. It was your job and you did it."

Kernehan nodded, his smile meager. "Seen Eddie Moran around, Aggie?"

Her eyes snapped. "No, damn it! No! What's the matter with you? Can't you let her alone? Do you have to use that cheap authority of yours to hound her wherever she goes? Get out! Get out of this office! This is not a public room. It's private. Get out!"

Kernehan gave her plump shoulder a pat, said, "That's all right, Aggie; there's nothing to worry about."

RAFAEL knocked, then entered Margaret Petersen's dressing room, nodded to her where she lay resting on a settee, and went to lean by the window.

"You do not feel well tonight, señorita?"

"I'm just resting."

"While we were dancing, you were distracted. I refer to that."

"I'm tired, that's all. I'm tired. Go away, Rafael. Go away, will you?"

Rafael sat down, crossed his arms, and stared morosely at the floor. "You saw someone," he said reflectively. "You are troubled."

She wished he would go away and knew he wouldn't. He was so young, barely twenty, yet he had all the gravity and dignity of a matured man. His ambition was tremendous. She knew when her dancing displeased him.

She had been a better dancer, really, when the team was Moran and Petersen. Being in love with Eddie Moran, she had danced lovingly with him, and that meant all the difference in the world. That was why, she knew, she was not a good dancer. Love has nothing to do with dancing. She hated dancing because once it had been part of her love, both inextricably linked; and now there was only the dancing.

Her lip curled. "Wasn't the applause big enough?"

Hurt, he stood up. He dropped his eyes. "Yes, you are ill tonight. Si, si, you are ill. I should not have disturbed you." He glided to the door, opened it.

"Rafael, I'm sorry. I'm a heel, Rafael." Her voice broke and she put her hand to her throat, as if to control it. "I'm just a dumb, ungrateful Swede; that's what I am."

He left the door open and crossed to where she sat. Bending over, he took hold of her hand, stroked the back of it affectionately. "You close your eyes, you rest, you feel better, señorita. We dance again in half an hour. I will call you. Sleep. Try very hard to sleep."

She felt ashamed and hid her face against his shoulder and held grimly to his hand. "You're a grand kid, Rafael!"

"Real Spanish, too?" Eddie Moran said.

Rafael straightened, wheeled toward the doorway.

"I've heard about you," Moran said. "Rafael and Margarita. Nice going. Shall I come back later, Countess?"

Rafael said soberly, "I do not like your talk."

"Who cares?"

"Go away, Rafael, please," Margaret Petersen said.

Rafael went out, his sandals slapping the floor angrily.

"I had a hunch," Margaret Petersen said, her eyes fixed blankly on Moran's face, "that there'd be trouble tonight. I wonder why the doorman let you in."

"I came in the back way, Countess. Swell kitchen. You look wonderful, kid."

He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. She stood up, drawn in, her hands clenched. He tossed his hat aside and lay back on the settee. His lips boxed his strong white teeth in a handsome, brazen grin. His light blue eyes were hilarious. He possessed the cold virility of a diamond.

Unrelenting, white-faced, she stared down at him. "What do you want?" she said.

"Relax, relax. What am I, a plague?"

# A Girl Must Be Sure

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The story of a cop who got his man—and, incidentally, got a girl, too

"That's not the word I was thinking of, but it will do. What do you want?"

"A penthouse on Park Avenue. Lunch at the Colony and a big greeting at Morrocco. A note in Lucius Beebe's column. A million bucks."

"A dope."

"I can lay my hands on a hundred grand right now, Countess. What do you get here—ten bucks a night?"

"And meals."

"Marvelous!" He bounced nimbly to his feet and applauded.

Her legs, her whole body, felt dead. The corners of her mouth were miserable.

"How about running up to Palm Beach after your show, Margie? Did you know I own a piece of a dog track? There was a time when I thought dogs were something you danced with. Did you ever see a million bucks, Margie?"

"No. And you never will. Beat it. Every time I think of how I loved a rat, I go cold all over. I get pins and needles. I'm not your kind. I never was, and that was why loving you hurt so much. You're cheap, mister. With a million bucks, you'd still be cheap. Beat it."

"SOME going, baby." His smile was twisted, not nice to look at. "It's good I can take it."

"You can't take anything. Try taking Kernehan sometime—"

A white look struck down across his face and he gripped her arm. "Listen," he muttered, "have you seen Kernehan?"

"Take your hand off."

"Don't give me that, sister. That's what I'm here for. Kernehan. I got a tip he was south. I want to know. I—"

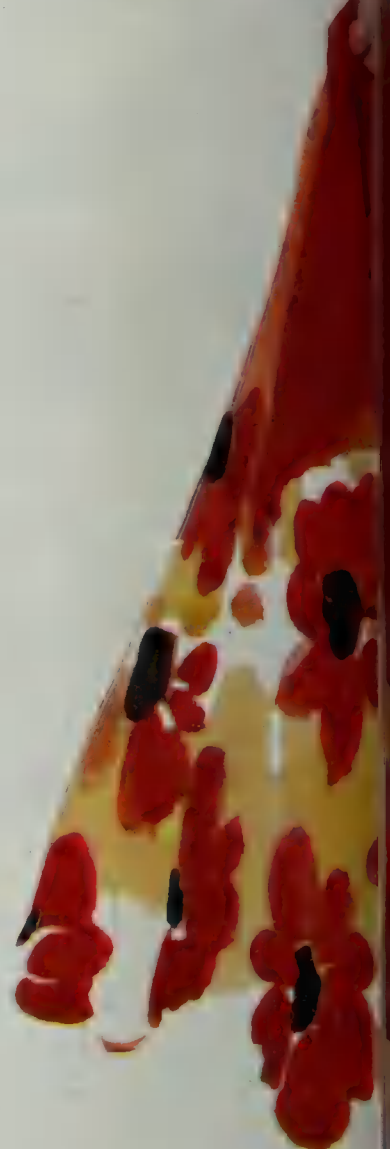
The door banged open and Max Wagner said, "I thought I told you a week ago to stay the hell away from this place. What do I have to do, throw you out on your kisser?"

"All right, all right; keep your hair on. What is this, a branch of the Union League Club?"

Max Wagner took a fistful of Moran's tie and shirt. "Kernehan's out watching the dancing, my friend. I don't want anything to happen here."

Moran was not listening to him. Moran was looking at Margaret Petersen with his blue-white eyes. "Why didn't you tell me he was out there?" His voice shook.

"I thought maybe if he got you my trouble would be over. I'm sick. I'm all in. He turns up in Chicago. He turns up in Detroit. He turns up in St.





"Relax, relax," he said.  
 "What am I, a plague?"  
 "That's not the word I  
 was thinking of, but it  
 will do," she told him



Louis. Everywhere. Everywhere I go he turns up. I can't stand it!" She covered her face with her hands.

Moran's face, now a sweaty gray, looked completely out of shape. "Why, you dirty little—"

"Out," Max Wagner said, swinging him through the doorway. "Left. The back way." He kicked the door shut and looked hopelessly at Margaret Petersen. "You're all worn out, kid. Look. Stay out at the beach house with Aggie. Get some sun. Listen, I gave Kerny a piece of my mind—"

She sat down, shook her head. "It's not Kerny's fault. Not really, I guess, Max. I gave him a rotten deal." She lay back on the settee.

Max Wagner left the room on his toes. He closed the door without making a sound. When he reached the office he said, "Where's Kernehan?"

"Trying chuck-a-luck," Agnes said. "Max, what's the matter?"

"Moran." His hand was already on the door leading to the gaming rooms.

"Max," Agnes said, half rising.

"I chased him. Only I want to make sure Kernehan won't take it into his head to stroll in the moonlight."

Kernehan was watching the big wheel spin on the wall. He was clanking silver dollars in his hand.

"Well, well," Max Wagner said, all good cheer, the beaming host. "Happy to see you winning, Kerny."

"You're like a hen on a hot griddle, Max. Don't you ever sit still?"

"Boy, I'd like to! Just once!"

"No time like the present." Kernehan turned away from the table. "Find us a cozy nook, Max. A nice crowd you draw here. Nice people."

"Never a squawk."

THEY reached a quiet alcove and sat down on an upholstered bench.

Kernehan said, "I'm glad to see you got over the hives."

"You know me: I blow up easy. Besides, that was a bean ball you handed me—popping that one about Marge. How about a drink?"

"I've had enough. How is she, Max?"

"Marge?" Kernehan's eyes drowsed on space. He nodded, absent-mindedly clanking the silver dollars in his palm.

"Her nerves are shot." Max Wagner raised his hands, wiggled his fingers.

"Kerny—don't get me started, will you?"

"You know what happened, don't you?"

"I don't know anything. All I know is about a guy named Kernehan hounding  
 (Continued on page 46)



NO!

NO!

No!

No! No!

NO!

# No Mothers Wanted

By Frank Condon

VERY few persons are aware of his changed business habits, but the fact is Mr. Zanuck is now working nights. I mean Mr. D. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox, the motion-picture head man. He once worked daytimes, like anybody, and played polo Sunday afternoons, but now he works nights at the large, white studio and he doesn't play polo any more or any games, as he has little heart for sports. And he looks drawn and resentful.

The reason he changed habits quite suddenly is a simple one. . . . Just recently, Miss Shirley Temple was paid off, let go and dismissed from service and, as they say in the lingo of the business, she checked off the lot. She is now going to school. . . . Her last check from the studio was for \$300,000, which will keep her in slates and sponges until further notice.

Her departure left the studio without any baby or child actress. It created an infantile void, with no little childish feet pattering down the runways, and almost in one grand and concerted gesture the mothers moved in, the mothers with adorable and gifted children of tender age and children neither gifted nor adorable, but only a trifle damp about the nose. They came from all over the land, near by and afar, each mother leading a small youngling by the hand. Each child was the new Shirley Temple and each mother stood ready to sign a contract on the spot and take a small down payment from the studio cashier.

**Mr. Zanuck's gate is closed to dogs and mothers bringing children. Shirley Temple's successor has been chosen, so keep the children home**

On the day the news was published that Shirley was leaving the studio, the first mothers appeared, and their numbers have increased steadily until now they darken the horizon, they surround the studio, they saunter up and down roads, alleys and by-passes and they are slowly driving the studio cops off the beam of sanity. . . . Cops hardest hit are those sturdy lads in the little glass booths in reception rooms, who cannot escape, shoot or do anything.

## They Won't Accept Jane

That is why Mr. Zanuck has abandoned his daylight working hours and one of the larger banks has offered to lend him its armored truck if the situation becomes worse. Doting mammas and curly-haired darlings have deserted their customary haunts and now, if the Central Casting Bureau happens to get a call for a baby actor, it rushes a car up to the Fox Studios and snags a pass-

ing mother and child off the picket line.

What the eager parents refuse to believe is that they are wasting their time hanging about the studio gates, trying to break through, because the studio already has selected its successor to Shirley Temple. Her name is Jane Withers. She works on the lot, has been there for six years and has made twenty-three pictures and is fourteen years old, but just the same Jane is the successor to Shirley and the Fox people are not fooling around with strange babies. The onrushing mothers decline to accept Jane Withers. They claim she is too old to be an infant prodigy, whereupon they resume their desperate efforts and the studio adds another cop.

All the young candidates for the Temple job and check apparently can do four things. They can smile nicely, shake their curls, dance and sing in a childish treble. That is why studio cops are gradually going daffy, especially

those cops in the glass booths who pass to the legitimate public officers are not permitted to leave booths, as they must be there doors open, so they must stand dimpled darlings sneak into the tion rooms and display their with or without music.

They come in behind fat r dance, jig, sing and shake their the glowering cop on duty, this can hire them, but he cannot. can do is sit there and sweat. these youthful ones are accom by their proud mothers, who e offspring on to renewed jiggling

## It Isn't Funny Any More

The young prodigies even bring a band, composed of children on homemade jew's-harps, zitherleles, guitars, piccolos, flutes, whistles, barrel staves and cymbals. There is usually some trouble to them out. I spoke to one of the officers and he said: "It used to be a little funny at first, but not any more."

When Mr. Zanuck traveled from New York to Los Angeles he thought he heard a phonograph the plane. He did not. It was a child with bright yellow curls, to him in the aisle, with her mother doubt peeking anxiously from the room. The child was silent in Nashville.

(Continued on page 44)

**The studios don't need a successor to Shirley Temple, a fact difficult to impress on hordes of fond mammas**



NO!

No!

NO!

NO!

NO!

No!

M



# Parting Shot

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A SHORT SHORT STORY  
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



WELL back from a window but with a wide angle of vision, Jean Mathieu sat in his bedroom over a tobacco shop, his gaze slanted upon the inn doorway at the opposite corner where square joined highroad. He was living one of his bad times when even going below to the shop was too much for him, but now unwonted excitement made him less sensible of his weakness. Most of the past night he had sat there watching half an army rushing through the village; ambulances with wounded; tanks and guns and trucks roaring past; and finally, the infantry plodding wearied still in a sort of order. Long before, on the first news of the army's falling back, the ten score villagers had hurriedly evacuated their homes. He had watched their going sadly. Again! When he thought...

The village was as a place dead. A few stragglers, an occasional fleeting car full of officers only accentuated the emptiness. He had been forgotten—though, he thought, somebody may have looked into the shop and, seeing no sign of him, concluded he had been taken by others. He was not cast down by the oversight. His neighbors, with their families and themselves to think about, could scarcely be expected to remember him—only one of the old familiar army of displaced. Not a family in the village but one or more vacant places to stir his memory. He was taking a longer time to die, that was all. Only half a day, white before his time, dragging helplessly to his end. . . . What matter? But even had they thought of him he could not have gone with them. He had reserved seat for a show that he knew well from his experience as an actor in an earlier one. Besides, he had a special reason for remaining. He was the only man left in the village. For Monsieur Hohe had stayed by his inn. Once in a while he stood in his doorway and watched a long column pass. Hohe—a mystery these three years,

since that day he appeared, a stranger, to take over the inn from old Labarre. Perhaps the strangeness of seeing a man so young content with keeping an inn—Hohe was no more than in his early thirties—was noticeable because they had become accustomed to an old innkeeper. Somehow, it seemed a business for an older man than for one young and active. But that was Hohe's affair. Still, a man appears out of nowhere and takes his place in a small village. . . . Well, people wonder, which is natural.

But Monsieur Hohe offered little information. Oh, to be sure, vague references—travels—voyages—shadowy family affairs—which told nothing. He was as secretive as one freshly released from prison. It was all very puzzling, this reticence of his, in a community where garrulity was as much a part of life as breathing.

Most puzzling was his seeming indifference to the activities of the old enemy; countries gobbled up with appetite insatiable and in overweening confidence. With everybody speaking his mind about these things, Hohe went about his work saying nothing but with a patient look on his face, as if he were forced to listen to children's prattle.

THEN that evening after Denmark had been quietly appropriated: "Well, of course," Giraud said, like an oracle, over the babble in the bar, "Denmark is one thing, but we are another. We are ready for them."

And hadn't he, Jean Mathieu, said to Hohe, "And what do you think, Monsieur Hohe?" Flatly, like that.

Then Hohe, busily wiping the zinc of the bar, shrugged his rather stooped shoulders without looking up. "It is good to be ready," he said. Which was ambiguous, to say the least.

And when they left the inn were any of them concerned about Monsieur Hohe? Not one. They listened abstractedly to his doubts of Hohe, blind

to the mysteriousness of the man. "And what," Giraud said, "would a spy be doing in a small, unimportant village?"

What indeed? What use to argue with them? The village was small, to be sure. But unimportant—that was something else. Wasn't it on a main highroad to the frontier? And wasn't the road a direct one to a place that was important, a confluence of roads that led to towns and cities and military posts? And didn't they know that these subjugations of peoples had been made easy by the treachery of foreigners within their borders?

But he, himself, was far from satisfied with Monsieur Hohe. Hohe! How many times had he repeated the name to himself? Hohe—Hohe . . . Hohe—nohe . . . Hohe—nzollern. . . . Maybe it was his imagination. And yet . . . yet . . .

Without losing sight of the inn door Mathieu saw a company or two, in loose formation, come running into the square, deploying to take posts in houses. A rear guard. . . . His shop door crashed . . . feet stumbled on the stairs. . . . He looked around for an instant as his bedroom door flew open, and a soldier staggered in. Scarcely more than a boy, he thought, as his gaze returned to the inn doorway. Just such a boy as he had been. From the corner of one eye he saw the boy swaying on his feet—heard the gasped, "Pardon, Monsieur!"

He kept his gaze on the inn. "You are wounded?" he said over his shoulder.

"Yes, Monsieur—somewhere inside." "Ah! Well, my son, take it easy. A wounded man is privileged. . . ."

The sharp racket of motorcycles grew louder. A burst of shots echoed through the square as a troop of machines appeared. Three of the leaders tumbled off and sprawled in the road, their machines wobbling crazily, then tipping on their sides and skidding in half circles to a stop. More machines appeared, and from behind them came the roar of heavy trucks.

**A fierce bitterness filled him. Wincing with the effort, he picked up the rifle behind him**

Mathieu turned his head quickly as the boy behind him sank heavily to the floor, his rifle and its strap bumping and clattering.

Soldiers from trucks began to rush houses from which shots were coming. They would find them empty; the rear guard would be scurrying from the back gardens to the fields. Scattered shots—a burst or two from automatic rifles—and the throbbing of engines had the air to itself.

AN OFFICER climbed down from a truck, newly arrived. Mathieu straightened in his chair as the innkeeper came out and stood stiffly before his door—not the rather stoop-shouldered Hohe now, but straight, like a soldier, his arm outstretched obliquely in that hated salute. Hah! Monsieur Hohe! The man who had lived as one of them! Mathieu's curiosity was satisfied—shockingly, for all his doubts of Hohe. A fierce bitterness filled him.

Wincing with the effort, he picked up the rifle behind him—tried the bolt. When he rested the muzzle on the window sill and took sight the innkeeper was handing a long, folded paper to the officer. Gently, Mathieu squeezed the trigger—and Monsieur Hohe pitched forward, his second salute half finished. "Perfect!" sighed Mathieu. "But too late—much too late!"

With the rifle in his hands, he twisted about to look at the motionless figure on the floor. If he put the gun back they would blame the boy for the shot. But the boy would not have sighted on Hohe; he would have aimed at a man in uniform. Heavy feet pounded the stairs. And Jean Mathieu sat waiting—the rifle across his knees.





If your doctor finds your blood pressure up he is going to ask a great many questions concerning the way you live



Essential hypertension needn't interfere with your normal routine—you'll probably keep right on working and playing



You'll probably be told that there isn't any real reason for not continuing to enjoy life—in a quiet sort of way



Staying on good terms with the little woman is one way to help keep your blood pressure within reasonable bounds

# Don't Worry About It

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

High blood pressure is nothing to get steamed up about—in fact that's just what you shouldn't do. Relax and let research delve into its causes, which still remain somewhat mysterious

THERE is a certain room in a certain hospital in Boston where a group of earnest students has been gathering weekly the last couple of years to go to school. There are lectures and exercises and recitations. There are examinations—stiff examinations, too. But the only requirement for the entrance into this class is high blood pressure. It's remarkable how quickly these earnest, mostly middle-aged students progress.

The lectures, you see, are on high blood pressure and the psychic origin of many of its symptoms. The exercises, which the students practice at home as well as in class, are relaxing exercises. The recitations are by the senior members of the class to show the junior members how much it is possible to improve. And when examination time comes . . . well, some of the students simply feel a great deal better, but in two thirds of those who attended the class more than three times, the blood pressure had actually fallen remarkably. This is quite possibly the only blood-pressure class in existence but it is typical of the way this common ailment—very common, one out of every four people over fifty has it, which means at least your mother- or your father-in-law—is being treated by enlightened doctors today. The modern idea seems to be that whatever the physiological cause, which we'll get around to in a minute, the most usual aggravating factor, once you have the ailment, is worry, and the logical way to treat it, therefore, is to teach you not to worry. So if you go to a good, forward-looking doctor today, complaining of headaches, dizzy spells, nosebleeds and what not, and he discovers that what you have is essential hypertension (recognize your old friend under that title?) the chances are before you're through you'll wonder if you haven't dropped accidentally into the office of a psychiatrist.

"Hm," he may say casually as he unwinds that gray cloth from around your arm, "blood pressure's up a little." He'll probably look in your eyes then with a little black instrument called an ophthalmoscope and, in case he goes mysterious, I'll tell you that that's because the back of your eyes is conveniently enough the one place a doctor can actually see your smaller arteries in action. He can actually see whether they're diseased or just acting up. Then he'll probably send you to his laboratory for a number of kidney and other tests. And, "Hm," he may say again, if all the tests prove negative, "wouldn't hurt you to lose a little weight, we'll have to see to that, but organically you're sound as a nut. Just that little increase in blood pressure—no cause for it."

He may tell you to lay off meat and salt and tobacco and liquor, and perhaps stop working for a while, and give up your golf. But before long he'll know all about just how seriously you take things and what things you take too seriously, whether your wife loves you and vice versa, and whether you've been stewing for some time over that raise the boss hasn't given you. Then he'll probably tell you to go back to your office and your golf and your before-dinner cocktail and enjoy life in a quiet way, losing weight if you have to lose it, because that's important for general health as well as for high blood pressure, and though you pay him regular visits after that he may very possibly not be too much concerned with your blood pressure.

The idea, you see, is that many people with

high blood pressure are ill because they feel—witness the fact that a man with a slightly high blood pressure can feel sicker than a man with very high blood pressure—and if you can manage to give them a tranquil life and make them lead a tranquil life without symptoms, if not their high blood pressure will vanish.

Of course this form of treatment is an admission of defeat. If doctors knew a better remedy for high blood pressure, like pernicious anemia or insulin for diabetes, they wouldn't waste their time over anything as mental suggestion. The point is that it works in most cases.

The immediate cause of high blood pressure in many cases, however, is a nervous condition, a spasmodic stiffening of the walls of the smaller arteries, all the thousands and thousands of little arteries that carry the blood from the larger arteries to the infinitesimal capillaries in the remotest parts of your body. It isn't that the heart beats faster or harder, or that there is too much blood running through the side of you. Doctors thought this, and that was often why they bled the patient. Logical, too—high blood pressure, let the blood and relieve the pressure, just as you air out of a tire, only it didn't bring relief because that wasn't the trouble.

## It's Just a Matter of Degree

The extra pressure, they've found, comes from too much blood, but from too little room for it to flow around in, as if fluid were being forced through a soft rubber hose and you had clamped something hard around the hose, shutting it off, just keeping it from expanding. Now this doesn't mean, as you might think, that high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries are the same thing, or that a narrowing of the arteries is necessarily the cause of high blood pressure. As a matter of fact it is in other ways around in some cases. After a while the arteries and arterioles have been having spasms long enough and often enough to stay contracted all the time and become thickened and hard.

Of course high blood pressure is just a matter of degree and extent. Nobody's blood pressure is constant for many minutes at a time. It has been lying down, it rises when we stand up, it rises still more when we stand up. It rises when we eat our dinner and then drops when we drop off to sleep. And as for the various expressions, such as "Go away, I can't raise my blood pressure," and "Break a leg," and "Break a sweat," and "Break a cold," and almost clichés, and sound clichés at the heart of any even moderately intense emotion, they give the blood pressure a slight kick in passing, but they don't cause definite temporary increases.

Just what makes normal blood pressure so easily to inner and outer behavior is something doctors have had quite a time to figure out. A change in the rate of your heart has something to do with it, but more important still is the sympathetic nervous system, which controls most of the involuntary muscles of the body that go right on working whether you are asleep or not—from those in your stomach to those in your arteries. So if you're (Continued on



# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## Story Thus Far:

**P**AUL LESSER and Rolf Blaerchen, owners of a Berlin night club, employ a singer, Carl Dirling, and a comedian, Karl Dietrich. Lesser marries Carola, and a short time later is killed in a mysterious automobile "accident." Suspecting that Blaerchen, a Nazi, has been somehow involved in her husband's murder, Carola leaves Berlin; and Dietrich, guilty of having fun at the Nazis, is sent to a concentration camp. Three years pass. Dietrich, released from the camp, returns to Berlin, where he joins a group of anti-Nazi conspirators—Hans Ranke, Hans Klauss, Schebeler and others. His bitterest enemy is Rolf Blaerchen, who has become a power in the Foreign Office. His dearest friend is Carola, who, hoping to learn the truth concerning her husband's death, comes back to the German capital and becomes a Foreign Office spy—reporting to Blaerchen.

Nothing Blaerchen (who makes incessant advances to her) and shocked by his ruthlessness, Carola finally tells him bluntly that she will work for him no longer. After which, she begins rehearsing a singing role that Franz Wagner, owner of "Sans Souci," a well-known night spot, gives her.

But Blaerchen keeps a sharp eye on her; and presently he guesses the truth: Karl Dietrich whom Wagner has employed as a messenger (general factotum) and Paul Lesser's widow are in love. Infuriated, he forces Carola to accompany him to his home, where—after ordering her to drop Dietrich—he tells her that he loves her.

Carola listens patiently. Then, when he begins to make violent advances, she says: "Is that why you killed Paul?" The question comes as a terrific shock to the Nazi. And, watching her face intently, Carola feels sure that he is guilty of her husband's murder.

A few hours later, Carola learns that Dietrich has been arrested. She implores Blaerchen to have him released. Then comes a surprise: Blaerchen says that he will release Dietrich if she will accept an invitation from Herr Praut, an important Nazi official. Carola agrees.

Dietrich, freed, meets Carola and they discuss the situation. They wonder if they can escape Germany, escape from Blaerchen. "If," Carola says, "we can get out, no matter how dangerous, I'll go anywhere with you, Karl!"

**VII**

**K**ARL called Klauss from an outside telephone. A half-hour later they met near the Kaiser Wilhelm Museum.

"We can go in and keep warm," Klauss said pleasantly. "If we should happen to be discussing the exhibits, who will know?" He smiled. "Tell me about your arrest."

"Later," Karl said hurriedly, as they entered the museum. "First, is there any way that people can get out of this country?"

"You and Fräulein Dirling?"

Karl nodded.

"There is one way," Klauss said slowly, "by fishing boat out of Stettin." For the first time in a long while Karl smiled. "I was sure you would know of that." But he saw no answering smile on Klauss' face. "Is it very dangerous?"

"I know of five men who tried it last month."

"And?"

"Two got through!"

With his face expressionless, Karl considered that. That was an escape that was as dangerous as the trap.

"I wish I could be more encouraging," Klauss said.

"What can we do?" Karl's deep voice cracked. "Blaerchen insists that as the price for her freedom and mine she show herself at Herr Praut."

"Praut?" Klauss was interested at once. "Why should Blaerchen do anything for him?"

"I don't know," Karl said.

They sat on a bench in one of the exhibit halls. Except for a guard the place was empty. "If we did know, we could understand Blaerchen better." He

seemed eager to help. "Tell me all you have heard about Blaerchen."

Karl thought for a moment, then recalled what Mainescu had said about Blaerchen's enemies, what Maria had said about his habits, what Froscetti had said, and the gossip that Schebeler had reported, about Praut's promotion and about the fight. "That sums it up," he said.

**K**LAUSS nodded and they moved to a group of statuary. They stood near it, as if examining it. "Since Blaerchen has been interested in Carola he wouldn't be handing her over to Praut without expecting something in return."

"Possibly. What could he expect?"

"Revenge, of course, but I think that's a luxury that Blaerchen could not afford unless there was a profit in it." Klauss smiled ever so slightly. "The most obvious thing is money." When Karl objected, Klauss continued: "Why not? After all, Blaerchen is only following a notable and exemplary precedent. Certainly." Klauss lowered his voice. "I think Blaerchen is avaricious enough to do anything for money. Particularly now, when he did not get a promotion! He must be bitter about that!"

"Possibly," Karl agreed. "I'm afraid that doesn't help us. Carola insists that she keep that engagement with Praut."

"She may not have to," Klauss said paternally, as they moved to another group of statuary. "There might be some way to use money to trap the impregnable Herr Blaerchen so that you and Carola need not fear him any more."

Karl shook his head. "I have no experience setting traps for villains."

Klauss smiled. "After fifteen years in the theater? I thought that that was the essence of the drama, from Hamlet to the Three Penny Opera." Then he was suddenly serious. "Dangerous as it might be, I would have you do anything rather than attempt the journey across the Baltic."

For a half-hour after they had left the museum Karl walked the street, not sure where to go or what to do. Blaerchen might very well be baited into some trap by money, but on this cold February morning Karl could think of no trap. Then he remembered that he was more than two hours late for work. He could make some excuse to Wagner.

But he did not expect to find Wagner carrying on like a madman. "Come here, come here—where have you been?" Wagner roared.

It seemed like an exaggerated reaction to two hours' lateness.

"I'm sorry I'm late—!"

"Late? I don't care when you come in. But Carola!"

"What's the matter?" Karl's voice was taut.

"She called me and said she'd changed her mind. She isn't going to open." He stared at Karl and saw something in his face. "Come in!" He led Karl into the office and slammed the door. "Carola ought to be more thoughtful. I have a bad heart. To call up and say in cold

(Continued on page 50)

"You're beautiful!" Karl exclaimed. He kissed her. "You look as if time had stood still!"





# The Big Dough-Re-Mi

Continued from page 10

bunch is phenomenal, I tell you." The agent paused impressively. "And you can get 'em cheap. You can get 'em for what the singer alone is worth."

"A singer too, heh?" Freem said casually.

"Blues," said Fess passionately. "And you couldn't find another pair of pipes like hers even on Broadway. Her husband directs, they use a lot of their own tunes you couldn't hear anywhere else, and altogether it's a very original set-up. You know, the intimate tone—like it's a privilege to hear 'em. Just right for a club. It'll go big, Mr. Freem. It'll pack 'em in."

Eventually they got around to price. "Fourteen hundred," Fess said. "After all, there's ten of 'em, and you know a leader always gets at least as much as the rest of the band put together."

"Seven," Freem countered promptly. "After all, I had bands workin' for me before." His final word was, "Nine hundred—if I like 'em."

"If this isn't a dopey racket!" May said. "We insult him, we practically throw him out, and two days later he comes back with a job for us."

Fess had just left the rehearsal hall with Freem. Freem had liked it. Frank was expected at the agent's office that afternoon to sign up.

"I don't like the idea of working for that guy but we're in no position to be choosy," he said.

"Good thing we don't have to see much of him," said May. "That snaky grin of his is a killer."

"All he has to do is hand it over Saddy nights, reg'lar," said Steve, the trumpeter.

**F**RANK wanted May to come along to the agent's office but she begged off. "It's your band, Frank. Besides, I'm afraid I might louse up the deal. He might look at me, that way he's got, and I might make a crack that'd keep us rehearsing for another couple of months. Just read it slow, Pops, in blues time."

Frank read the contract slowly but that made the terms seem no less brutal: exclusive management of the band for a year, fat percentages of any outside engagements Fess might get for them, six hundred and fifty dollars a week—when they worked.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Fess."

"No time for that. Freem has six other bands he can put in there and he wants your yes or no today. He opens in a few nights, you know."

Frank thought of the boys. They'd had only meager pickings the last few months and some of them had families dependent upon them. He told Fess he'd make a phone call and then give his decision.

"Six-fifty; tie-up for a year; no play no pay," he summed it up for May over the telephone.

"I guess it's only a rumor that a leader is supposed to get half," May said. "You can't give the boys less than sixty, and then there's music to buy and . . . that vulture! Well—the boys must eat, though. But insist on half pay for no play, at least."

Fess howled when Frank told him about the guarantee he wanted, so Frank started to leave. Fess saw he meant it and called him back. Three hundred a week, if engagements ran out—for no more than two weeks—was the best he would offer. Frank found haggling very distasteful. He signed. . . .

Pickett leaned over Wetterau's desk, coaxing, persuading: "But Emil, it's five years now that you've been saying

swing is on the way out. The fact that you don't like it hot, personally, is losing us business. Look at Goodman, the Dorseys . . ."

"Look at Montfort, Kemp, Lombardo, Fields, Heidt, Reisman, Kyser, Noble, Nelson, Hallett, Clinton," Wetterau rattled off.

"I know, Emil. But this band of Leedy's is exceptional in its class, and if we don't grab them somebody else will. I found out they're in a cheap spot and if we hurry maybe we can still get them."

Wetterau at last yielded. "All right, get 'em. But strictly hot bands are too unpredictable for me. Wow or flop, Arthur, Leedy'll be your own private headache."

**T**HE Inner Door Club was more than half filled and that was good going for a new place with an unknown band, only ten days after opening night. They were playing a lively stomp tune when Pickett sat down at a table near the platform. He listened with pleasure and excitement. He had made no mistake.

Frank stood with his tenor sax in front

Then the boys abandoned the score and, with Frank showing the way on his clarinet, jammed two choruses. It was collective improvisation by ten artists, smooth and inspired, with a minimum of exhibitionism. It was music.

May's voice had come as a complete surprise to Pickett, and with the effect of what had followed—one of Steve's trumpet passages kept ringing in his head—it took a little while for him to recall just why he was there. He sent a note by waiter and shortly Frank and May came curiously to his table.

"Won't you sit down?" he said, after introductions had been made.

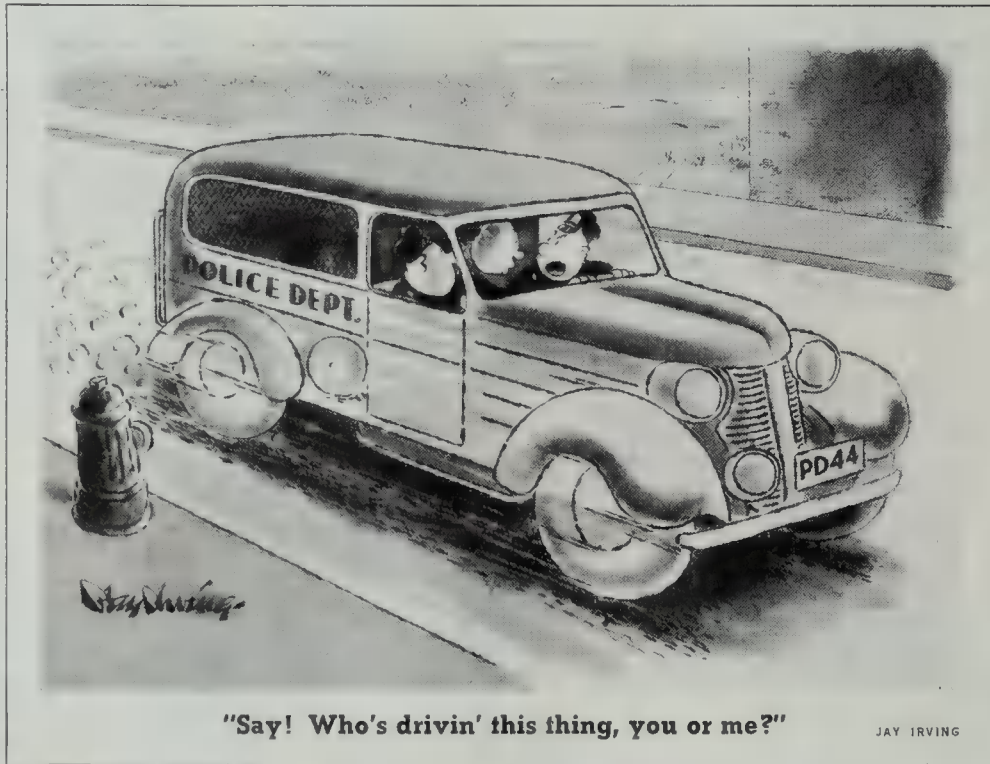
"Thanks."

"To come right to the point: National wants you under their banner."

May and Frank exchanged glances of unhappy surprise.

"Gee, Mr. Pickett, we'd like it, but . . ."

"Add three men to make it a full band, then a tour for a break-in, and then a big spot in town. Say fifteen hundred to start. Later, well, anything may happen. With radio and recording and theater appearances—" Pickett smiled promisingly.



"Say! Who's drivin' this thing, you or me?"

JAY IRVING

of the band, sending them from one brilliant chorus into another. One realized that the boys were working hard but having a good time at it and that made watching them enjoyable. There was no clowning, no straining for effect. The show was all in the music itself.

The half-hour session ended with *Blue But Happy Blues*. There were a few instrumental solos before May sang. She didn't grapple with a microphone. ("Take that thing away. I don't need it and it only makes me nervous," she'd said the first night they'd been there.) There was only a sudden hush as the boys turned their heads toward her, ready to follow the accompanying figure she set for them on the piano before she began singing, and that subtly called everybody's attention to her. She looked up from the keyboard toward the people at the tables and began, simply, to wail it out, easily filling the place with her big contralto:

*"I'm blue but happy, blue but happy,  
happy cos I'm used to bein' blue;  
Sad but I like it, sad but I like it, like  
it cos there's nothin' else to do.*

*So send me down, blues, send me down,  
blues, send me just as deep as you  
please. . . ."*

Frank groaned. "We're trying to tell you we're here through an office—tied up for a year."

"Oh—too bad!" Pickett's face fell. But then he took heart again; he just had to have this band. "But maybe we can buy your contract. I'd help you up to a thousand dollars, which you could pay back out of future earnings. But you'd have to handle it yourself. Chances are your agent would want a million if he knew we were interested."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Pickett. We'll try," Frank said.

**A** FULL band, darling!" May whispered as they walked slowly back to the platform.

"Five brass, four reeds and the rhythm we've got—what we could say with that!" Frank mumbled, dazed.

"But we're 'way ahead of ourselves," May said soberly, thinking of Fess.

Frank was flabbergasted when Fess asked five thousand dollars for the contract. "That's what it's worth to me," the agent said coolly. "Specially if National Music or somebody like that is after you."

Shrewd rat, Frank thought as he left the office, and they were bound hopelessly to him for a year. But now that

that was settled he couldn't brood much over it. The band was working where it could be heard to advantage and he craved recognition more than money. He would go on with the band, developing new ideas, further exploring their potentialities. That was what he lived for.

Pickett said he was sorry, but a year wasn't forever and after that, maybe

When Frank told May about it she thought: "Five years fighting for a break and when it's handed to us, only get our hands slapped for reaching for it. Another whole year!" But Frank she said, "Well, the boys are happy, making a name—and who wants to go back on the road, anyway? No, me, thanks. I just had some."

So they returned to making music and lost themselves in it.

**A**T THE end of the month Fess paid two hundred dollars more per week out of Freem who, in his caution, which he now regretted, had insisted on a month-to-month arrangement. He had to pay because the band was almost filling the club, nightly, now, and it was worth it to him. Fess said nothing about the increase to Frank. As for Freem, he had assumed that the band was getting its share, or something near it, and, besides, proprietors did not by custom poke into what went on between agent and the help. But because of the night contact between Freem and the band would have been strange if it had not eventually come out that they were being treated shabbily.

One evening between dances May was filling in at the piano, humming while Frank, at her side, dreamed the melody on his sax and Steve leaned on the side of the piano, listening. May slipped up onto the bandstand and sat down near them, looking smug around at the well-filled tables.

"This is the stuff they love," he whispered to May. "Makes them feel they're at a sort of private party."

"Things look pretty good, don't they, Mr. Freem?" May said.

"Yeah, pretty good, but it ain't a gravy. Not that I'm complaining. Oh, don't forget the band alone costs me eleven hundred a week."

Quickly May found a cadence for her improvisation. Her abrupt stop and Steve's low whistle made Frank look up from his horn.

"Eleven hundred—and we're getting only six and a half!" May said.

"The cheap low-down!" Frank muttered unhappily.

Freem smiled crookedly and shook his head. "I guessed he was looking out for himself—but that's around forty per cent he's cuttin' you! Well, too bad I can't interfere." He shrugged his shoulders, got up and left.

"What a fancy rookin' Fess is giving us!" Steve observed. Then he went into the band room to tell the boys about it.

"We've got to do something, Pops," May said grimly. "We've got to get clear of that vulture."

"Now, now, Honey—don't make yourself sick over it," Frank begged. "It's tough, all right, but we can't help it. . . . Gee, don't look at me like that—as if I was something that belonged in a cage."

"It isn't fair to the boys, Frank."

"But what can we do, kid, what can we do?" Avoiding her eyes, Frank picked up a copy of a weekly musical publication, which he had bought before coming to work but had not yet had time to study.

"Whee—look at this!" He thrust the



# "Here's the way to feel refreshed"

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.



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Take hold of an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola and you have the whole answer to thirst in the palm of your hand. Lift it to your lips and drink. You'll find out at once what *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola can really mean...to you. Try it.







**"HEY, TONY, THE  
CAR RUNS LIKE  
A DREAM!"**

**A SERVICE MAN REVEALS WHY  
MANY CARS LACK PEP...**



"SHE POKES ALONG LIKE AN OLD COW," I told the service man. "No pep, always the last car to get away at every traffic light! It's certainly not any fun driving a car in *that* condition."



"THERE'S THE TROUBLE, LADY," he said, holding up a spark plug. "See? Electrode's gone. That's why the engine misses and has no power. I recommend a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs."



**PLENTY OF PICKUP AND POWER NOW!** What a difference those Auto-Lite Spark Plugs made in the way my car runs! That service man did me a real favor when he recommended Auto-Lites.

## Secret of surging power for lazy, spark-weary motors found in amazing mystery spark

**M**OTORISTS everywhere are amazed when they replace old, power-wasting spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites. Sluggish, pepleless cars suddenly gain flashing pickup and power, and deliver more miles per gallon.

The reason? This new kind of spark plug fires with less electrical effort — produces an amazing Mystery Spark that transforms gasoline into smooth, lively POWER.

To harness this strange Mystery Spark, Auto-Lite engineers produced a new Konium electrode, designed on a new principle of gap geometry, they developed a new and exclusive "Ziramic" insulator.

No other new spark plug ever attracted so many users in so short a time. See the difference a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs may make in your car's performance. Have them installed today. Look for the Auto-Lite sign. There is one near you.

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Out of 28 years' experience in automotive electrical engineering comes this new spark plug, as the final link in the ignition system.



Ignition Engineered  
by Ignition Engineers

*Change to* **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**



agine at May, pointing out the  
lun called the Jam Shelf:  
"Jew on Night Club Row and the  
st word in hot music"—May read—  
Frank and May Leedy and their  
riffing out a unique and very per-  
kind of jive. This gang is a most  
elme addition to the select group  
ayg uncompromised swing—and we  
mean noise. It took them a long  
getting set, as it always does with  
kind of offering, but we hope that  
they're in a decent spot they'll  
easily win the recognition they de-

ere followed a listing of the band's  
nnel, explaining what each of the  
did to make the music sound so

whole column, Frank. Boy that's  
"May said in a distant-sounding  
pays for everything. Wait'll the  
see it—it'll cheer them up after  
our news we just got." Frank took  
magazine and hurried into the band

ny remained behind at the piano,  
ter mind was not on the music. This  
Frank's softness about money mat-  
had really tried her patience.

le next night was Saturday night  
here was an even bigger than usual  
theater crowd at the Inner Door  
ching in their seats while the band  
through one of its out-of-the-  
sessions. Suddenly, in the middle  
fast tune, the piano went a bit off  
beat, making the whole rhythm sec-  
waver.

Frank quickly swung around, facing  
band with his sax, and blasted the  
back into time.

ER the initial shock, he fronted  
gain, climbing into the nervous,  
elling voice of the upper register of  
ax and carried the band with him for  
er full chorus. To that lead the  
could play only their best. But as  
as Frank relaxed, in the very next  
Tubby scrambled a drum inter-  
Vido's pick seemed to get tangled  
ing the whanging strings, and right  
that Windy muffed a riff and Steve  
to pieces with him. Frantically  
k looked to the two reed men to  
him pull the band out, and Alec—  
the infallible—went bad, actually  
aked on his alto.

ank hung up his horn and retreated  
the anteroom to hide. He hadn't  
ed himself to say a word, afraid he  
t scream; he hadn't trusted him-  
to look at the customers. Puffing  
usly at a cigarette, he turned his  
inward upon himself. He was a  
of a crank to blow up like that. The  
were only human; every band had  
ff-night now and then.

But later it got worse. It didn't seem  
possible but it got much worse. Around  
two in the morning. Frank could no  
longer contain himself and called the  
band backstage.

"If a guy hits a clinker once, well—  
so he hit a clinker. But for the whole  
outfit to go lousy!"

May chewed her lip. None of the  
boys could look Frank in the eye.

"Me," Tubby said. "I got a bum  
wrist." He rubbed his wrist. "I don't  
know how, but I must've strained it—  
a tendon or something—and it hurts  
terrible."

Frank turned in disgust to Windy.  
"And why should you stink all of a  
sudden?"

"Dunno, Frank—I'm doin' my best,"  
Windy rumbled.

"How about you, Alec?"

"My reed went back on me," Alec  
said weakly.

Frank flared up:

"Now none of that off-time jive! All  
the fussing you do with reeds . . . !"  
Frank turned finally to May. "You got  
a bum fin too?"

"Maybe we're getting stale—or some-  
thing," May lamely replied.

**FREEM** bellowed into the phone: "I  
tell you, Fess, the customers are  
laughing—the wrong way. If you don't  
believe it come down and hear it your-  
self. Three nights in a row! And I'm  
giving notice starting tonight. They'll  
have to get good again, fast, if you ex-  
pect me to keep 'em. Don't forget that  
satisfactory-performance clause."

"Just give me a little time," Frank  
told Fess. "A gang like mine just has  
to straighten out. They're too good not  
to."

The agent was baffled and exasper-  
ated. "Well, the way Freem feels about  
it, you got only a coupla days. And  
you can't blame him."

That night after work Frank said to  
May, "Maybe I better give up. Maybe  
I just better walk out."

"Now, when we really need you  
most?" May said.

"If I only knew why—why!" Frank  
looked at her queerly. "Think they're  
hitting the jug too hard? Naw—it  
couldn't be that. I could tell in a min-  
ute. Maybe—maybe it's because they  
know we're getting such a raw deal from  
Fess."

"Well, it might be that. You can't  
expect them to be gay about it," May  
said slowly. It wrung her insides to  
look at him. He was pale and a bleak,  
hopeless expression had come into his  
eyes.

"But they're such fine musicians,"  
Frank said. "We've been rooked be-  
fore and they never took it like this.  
Gee!—I never would've thought they

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



**Opera Director:** A tenor you are—maybe. But a *toreador*—pfui! Where is the "oomph," the *pep appeal*?



**Carmen:** Did somebody mention PEP? I've just discovered it, too! Isn't it the most *delicious* cereal you ever tasted? And, besides, it's extra rich in two of the *most important* vitamins. Come on, *toreador*, let's have a snack.



**Carmen:** You know, we have to get all our vitamins for pep. And this perfectly grand cereal called **KELLOGG'S PEP** is extra rich in the two that are most lacking in every-day diets—vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D.

**Toreador:** Whoa, there! You can save the details. PEP *tastes* like a million dollars.



**Toreador:** Ah, Carmen! Now that I've discovered vitamins and **KELLOGG'S PEP**, just watch me become the greatest bull-fighter that ever trod the boards.

**Carmen:** Take your time, *toreador*. It doesn't all happen at once!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep* contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the *Pep* package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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"That's for people who miss the train"

REANER KELLER



# "How a kind word ruin my beezness"

1. Everyone takes the siesta in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.



Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.



2. An American *senorita* comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta*?" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita*," I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"



3. "It is the coffee!" I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"



4. "I would give all the beezness for a good *siesta*!" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffeine-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be good coffee?"



5. "It's wonderfull! A blend of finest Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden!'"



6. So in gratitude I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo*... how I enjoy the *siesta*!



## SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Makes delicious iced coffee

Use Sanka Coffee when you make iced coffee this summer. It's delightfully cooling and refreshing...and it lets you sleep!

could sound so bad even if they tried."

"Whatever it is, Pops, you've got to hold on—you've just got to," May said.

The band was thrown out of the club at the end of the week.

Frank got the wishful notion that being fired would bring the boys around and he clung to it desperately. "One more chance," he begged Fess. "I swear they'll be good."

"What else can I do?" Fess said bitterly. "It'll cost me three hundred bucks if I don't get you something before another week goes."

A few days later he had the proprietor of a suburban dance hall at the rehearsal room to hear Leedy's band.

It stank.

"Sorry," the man said, and went away.

Having almost swallowed the chewed stump of his cigar, Fess also left.

The boys squirmed in their seats, saying nothing. Frank stared at them, distraught, then slowly down at the clarinet he still held in his hands, and, with sudden, insane rage, flung it up against the wall. It made a queer clattering sound, with tinkles, as broken keys spattered on the floor.

Then came another strange sound, out of Steve.

"P-p-pa-hah!" He exploded into laughter. With that to send them, the other boys let go, too. They roared, they stamped their feet, they pounded each other on the back. Only May didn't laugh. She jumped up from the piano, faced Frank worriedly and put her hands on his arms.

"It was all my fault, Pops—I talked them into it. But we had to do it, don't you see? Fess—I think maybe we're rid of him!"

"Huh?" Frank looked stupidly at her and around at the boys. "Oh—I get it. A special extra-funny rib on me, one that it took five years to build up. Guess I ought to laugh, too." He gave a short, tragic laugh. "Five years—for this. Here it is—the clincher." He took out of his pocket a copy of the musical magazine, dropped it on the piano, yanked himself free of May and fled. She dashed after him but when she reached the hallway he was out of sight.

SHE turned slowly back to the boys. They weren't laughing any more. Steve showed her the "Jam Shelf" column:

"Seems we were a little hasty with our congratulations in the last issue. Frank Leedy's phenomenal jammers have suddenly gone bad, but terrible, overnight. As we went to press the news came that they were bounced out of the Inner Door, and we hate to have to say they earned it. Though it seems unaccountable, such things have happened before."

May didn't wait to hear any more, but got her hat and rushed out into a taxicab.

On the way a series of frightful possibilities whirled through her mind. Maybe Frank wouldn't be at home when she got there.

Maybe...

The cab, caught in the late-afternoon traffic crush, inched painfully down Seventh Avenue. In an agony of impatience she jumped out, tossed the

hackman a coin and ran the rest of the way to the hotel.

"Frankie, darling!" she cried from the doorway, and stopped short, bent over a valise on the bed. She near him.

"I'm so terribly sorry, Frank! I most gave it away, more than once. It was too late..."

"Let me alone."

"You have to listen. Pickett on it too and..."

"I don't want to hear about..."

"But it was the only way, Frank! I was so sure it would work."

Stubbornly, but very slowly, she continued packing.

She had stopped talking. He glanced at her. She was sitting on the telephone, legs crossed, hands on her hips, watching him grimace. He wished she would say something, but left himself nothing to say.

HE COULDN'T stall any longer. Slowly he closed the valise and fastened it with the straps. He got his hat, picked up the valise and started for the door. "Well, s'long, May. I didn't stir, didn't make a sound, would have had to go if not for the den jangle of the telephone. I grabbed it. He dropped his valise in fascination watched her face. He tenseness, heard her gleeful giggle.

"Wow! Now please tell it to me!" She went over to him, took his ear, led him to the phone and him down into the chair.

"Fess just left me," Pickett said. "Thought maybe I didn't know you supposed to be washed up and that could still get a price for the coffee. A bargain at two grand, he called. Laughed him down to five hundred to give him something for it. Smashed your wife. Right now it looks like a twenty-six-week tour. Easy hope spots. Drop in tomorrow and we'll about it."

"Gee, Mr. Pickett—I don't know what to say," Frank stammered. "Thanks—and we'll give you the best we've got."

He put down the telephone and turned in his seat to stare surlily at the window.

"It's swell, May, and all that mumbled grumpily, "but it was mean not to put me wise. If you knew what I went through! It was slow death by torture."

She grasped him by the hair, and turned his face up.

"You know you wouldn't have done for it. Admit it!" She shook him. "Admit it!"

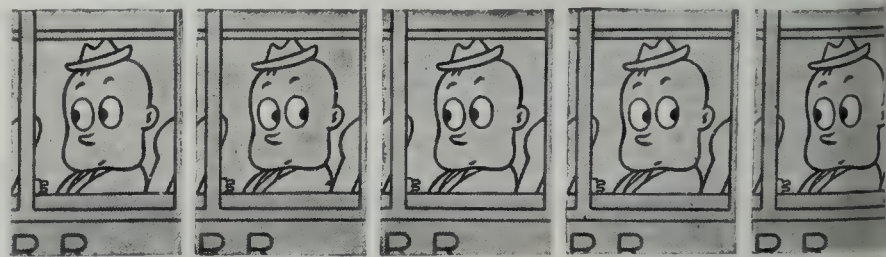
"Owoo—all right, Honey, all right. But let go." He looked sheepish at her. "Yeah—I guess it was the way, kid."

He grinned.

"I'd've packed you and the baby the first night if I'd been hep. I'd to admit it."

She laughed and kissed him.

"Think of it, Pops—back on the again!" May began singing, making up as she went along, dancing before him. "New faces—new places—always on the go—truckin' on down old jive trail!"



Telegraph Poles

CROCKETT JOHN



# DIRTY PLUGS

## *'Lay Down on the Job!'*



**SPARK  
PLUGS**

### *For More Than 31 Years*

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### Clean Plugs put SNAP and PEP into your car's performance

More than 70,000 Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations stand ready to clean and regap your plugs. Get this service every 4,000 miles—and drive a better performing, faster starting, gas-economizing car.

### Here's the CURE for Spark Plug Troubles

	<p><b>Have Plugs CLEANED</b> by the AC METHOD</p>
	<p><b>Cleaning Includes REGAPPING</b> to the Engineers' Standards</p>
	<p><b>The Cost is only 5c EACH</b> the biggest nickel's worth you ever got</p>

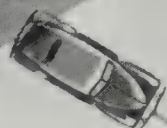
**SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO**

*Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance*





# A MILLION — of Chrysler



238,857 MILES

238,857 MILES

## The test cars of a famous rubber company reveal amazing superiorities of Chrysler cars!

**I**MAGINE driving your car 20 hours every day . . . piling up 1,000 miles a day at almost "wide-open" speeds . . . *and doing it every day for years!*

That's exactly what a prominent tire and rubber company has been doing with its Chrysler test cars since 1934.

Driving in two shifts daily, these cars have piled up a yearly average mileage of more than *the distance from the earth to the moon* . . . with a meticulous record kept of every detail of performance . . . every penny of cost. Probably no individual motorist in the world has so complete a record of cars performing in such strenuous service!

Look at the records and marvel! Not only at the amazing performance and economy of these Chryslers, but at the steady betterment of these figures! Note the astonishing increase in gasoline and oil mileage . . . and then reflect that each Chrysler has been bigger and more powerful than the one which preceded it. See how average speeds have increased and every cost lowered!

### A MILLION MILES OF OPERATING RESULTS

GASOLINE				OIL			
1934	Average	per	gallon	15.2	miles	1934	Average per gallon 620 miles
1935	"	"	"	15.7	miles	1935	" " " 700 miles
1936	"	"	"	16.2	miles	1936	" " " 1,016 miles
1938	"	"	"	16.3	miles	1938	" " " 1,262 miles
1939	"	"	"	16.7	miles	1939	" " " 1,652 miles
SPEED				REPAIRS			
1934	Average	per	hour	43.2	miles	1934	Average Cost 66/100 cents per mile
1935	"	"	"	48.4	miles	1935	" " " 51/100 cents per mile
1936	"	"	"	51.3	miles	1936	" " " 33/100 cents per mile
1938	"	"	"	51.5	miles	1938	" " " 29/100 cents per mile
1939	"	"	"	52.3	miles	1939	" " " 27/100 cents per mile

Claims are easy to make, but facts speak with the greatest authority of all. Whatever motor car you own or plan to buy, these facts and figures suggest the satisfaction you, too, can expect from a Chrysler!

## Be Modern — BUY



# MILES OF PROOF

## *Stamina and Economy!*

### ***Averaging more miles than the distance to the moon for 5 successive years!***

The Chrysler test cars of a famous rubber company travel 1,000 miles each working day. Two shifts . . . 20 hours a day . . . every day of the year except Sundays and holidays . . . imagine driving a car like that! Approximately ten times around the world each year . . . the dis-

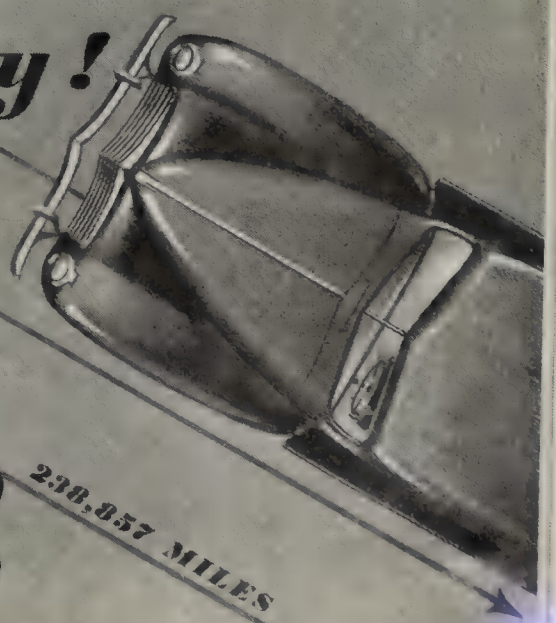
tance from the earth to the moon! Where else could you find proof of stamina that even compares with this one? You've heard it said . . . "You get the good things first from Chrysler!" Here is the amazing proof of just how much these good things can mean to you as a motorist!

#### **YEARLY RECORDS**

Miles run		Time in service	
1934 CHRYSLER . . . .	256,787	(14 MO.) JULY 1934 . . .	SEPTEMBER 1935
1935 CHRYSLER . . . .	242,782	(12 MO.) AUGUST 1935 . . .	AUGUST 1936
1936 CHRYSLER . . . .	212,331	(12 MO.) AUGUST 1936 . . .	AUGUST 1937
1938 CHRYSLER . . . .	225,310	(11 MO.) SEPTEMBER 1937 . .	AUGUST 1938
1939 CHRYSLER . . . .	273,098	(12 MO.) NOVEMBER 1938 .	NOVEMBER 1939
TOTAL . . . .		1,210,308 miles	

★A 1940 Chrysler Royal went into service January 16, 1940. Figures are now being established which will give an accurate, long-haul comparison with its predecessors. All facts quoted here are taken from records supplied to Chrysler by this well-known tire manufacturer. The figures are available for examination in Chrysler's files.

- ★ ***Averaging 20 hours a day!***
- ★ ***1000 miles each working day!***
- ★ ***At terrific speeds!***



# CHRYSLER !

238,857 MILES

238,857 MILES



# The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 12

to these local anesthetics. Adrenalin idiosyncrasy is well known. In combination with procaine, toxic effects have followed quite small doses. But the doctor or dentist who employed the drug does not usually carry his concern as far as killing himself!"

"Yes, but you're talking of cases where the employment of the anesthetic was normal. In that case no particular blame attaches to the surgeon concerned. It is the idiosyncrasy of the patient that has caused death. But in this case it's pretty clear that there was a definite overdose. They haven't got the exact amount yet—these quantitative analyses seem to take a month of Sundays—but it was definitely more than the normal dose. That means that Morley must have made a mistake."

"Even then," said Poirot, "it was a mistake. It would not be a criminal matter."

"No, but it wouldn't do him any good in his profession. In fact, it would pretty well ruin him. Nobody's going to go to a dentist who's likely to shoot lethal doses of poison into you because he happens to be absent-minded."

"It was a curious thing to do, I admit."

"These things happen—they happen to doctors—they happen to chemists. . . . Careful and reliable for years, and then—one moment's inattention—and the mischief's done and the poor devils are in for it. Morley was a sensitive man. In the case of a doctor, there's usually a chemist or a dispenser to share the blame—or to shoulder it alone. In this case Morley was solely responsible."

POIROT demurred.

"Would he not have left some message behind him? Saying what he had done? And that he could not face the consequences? Something of that kind? Just a word for his sister?"

"No, as I see it, he suddenly realized what had happened and just lost his nerve and took the quickest way out."

"I know you, old boy. Once you've got your teeth into a case of murder, you like it to be a case of murder! I admit I'm responsible for setting you on the track this time. Well, I made a mistake. I admit it freely."

"I still think, you know, that there might be another explanation."

"Plenty of other explanations, I dare say. I've thought of them—but they're all too fantastic. Let's say that Amberiotis shot Morley, went home, was filled with remorse and committed suicide, using some stuff he'd pinched from Morley's surgery. If you think that's likely, I think it's damned unlikely. We've got a record of Amberiotis at the Yard, and as a matter of fact he's been under observation here. He started as a little hotelkeeper in Greece, then he mixed himself up in politics. He's done espionage work in Germany and in France—and made very pretty little sums of money. It's just possible he was up to something of that kind now—but we haven't got anything on him so far. He wasn't getting rich quick enough that way, and he's believed to have done a spot or two of blackmail. Not a nice man, our Mr. Amberiotis."

"He was out in India last year and is believed to have bled one of the native princes rather freely. The difficult thing has been ever to prove anything against him. Slippery as an eel! He might have been blackmailing Morley over something or other. Morley, having a golden opportunity, plugs an overdose of adrenalin and procaine into him, hoping that the verdict will be an un-

fortunate accident—adrenalin idiosyncrasy—something of that sort. Then, after the man's gone away Morley gets a fit of remorse and does himself in."

"That's possible, of course, but I can't somehow see Morley as a deliberate murderer. No, I'm pretty sure it was what I first said—a genuine mistake, made on a morning when he was overworked. We'll have to leave it at that, Poirot."

"I see," said Poirot, with a sigh. "I see . . ."

Japp said kindly, "I know what you feel, old boy. But you can't have a nice juicy murder every time! So long. All I can say by way of apology is the old phrase: 'Sorry you have been troubled!'"

He hung up.

HERCULE POIROT sat at his handsome modern desk. He liked modern furniture. Its squareness and solidity were more agreeable to him than the soft contours of antique models.

In front of him was a square sheet of paper with neat headings and com-



"John, what else should I have put in besides the rum?"

CHARLES PEARSON

ments. Against some of them were query marks.

First came:

Amberiotis. Espionage. In England for that purpose?

A German agent?

Was in India last year. During period of riots and unrest. Could be a Communist agent. Russia?

There was a space, and then the next heading:

Frank Carter? Morley thought him unsatisfactory. Was discharged from his employment recently. Why?

After that came a name with merely a question mark:

Howard Raikes?

Next came this sentence: "But that's absurd!"

Hercule Poirot's head was poised interrogatively. Outside the window a bird was carrying a twig to build its nest. Hercule Poirot looked rather like a bird as he sat there with his egg-shaped head cocked on one side.

He made another entry a little farther down.

Mr. Barnes?

He paused and then wrote:

Morley's office? Mark on carpet. Possibilities.

He considered that last entry for some time.

Then he got up, called for his hat and stick and went out.

Three quarters of an hour later Hercule Poirot came out of the underground station at Ealing Broadway and five minutes after that he had reached his destination—No. 88, Castlegardens Road.

It was a small, semidetached house, and the neatness of the front garden drew an admiring nod from Hercule Poirot.

"Admirably symmetrical," he murmured to himself.

Mr. Barnes was at home and Poirot was shown into a small, precise dining room and here presently Mr. Barnes came to him.

Mr. Barnes was a small man with twinkling eyes and a nearly bald head. He peeped over the top of his glasses at his visitor while in his left hand he twirled the card that Poirot had given the maid.

He said in a small, prim, almost falsetto voice: "Well, well, M. Poirot? I am honored, I am sure."

"You must excuse my calling upon

know more than I do," said Hercule Poirot.

"Don't know anything at all," said the other, "just put two and two together."

"One of those two being?"

"Amberiotis," said Mr. Barnes promptly. "You forget I sat opposite to him in the waiting room for a minute or two. He didn't know me. Always an insignificant chap. Not a thing sometimes. But I knew he was right—and I could guess what he was up to over here."

"Which was?"

MR. BARNES twinkled more than ever. "There's a war on!"

"Spying, you mean?"

"Possibly—but not necessarily. It needn't be so crude as that. In any case Amberiotis wouldn't do his 'spying' if you call it, himself. He might be a clearing station—receive information and pass it on in due course. But a wider field than that. An enemy is often a very decent fellow—a patriot. But there are others. There's a kind of international culture. It's immaterial to him who his employers are. He is all that concerns him. It's his job to be where there's any dirty work. Wartime is a grand opportunity for him. It's a time when the most stable sound of concerns may be undermined."

Poirot said, "I comprehend you."

"I thought you would. For some time now there have been forces at work to undermine the solidity of our British democratic constitution long before the war. But they haven't had much luck. To upset England really upset it—you've got to play with its finance. And you can't play with its finance when you've got Alistair Blunt at the helm."

Mr. Barnes paused and then went on: "Blunt is the kind of man who in private life would always pay his bills and live within his income—whether he got two pence a year or several millions makes no difference. He is that type of fellow. And he just simply thinks there's no reason why a country shouldn't do the same! No costly experiments. No frenzied expenditure. No possible Utopias. That's why he paused—that's why certain people made up their minds that Blunt was a good idea."

"Ah," said Poirot.

Mr. Barnes nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I know what you're talking about. Quite nice people, of 'em. Long-haired, earnest-eyed, full of ideals of a better world. Or not so nice, rather nasty in fact. A few little rats with beards and foreign accents. And another lot again of the Big Bully type. But they all got the same idea: Blunt Must Go!"

He tilted his chair gently back and forward again.

"They're out after Blunt all right. That I know. And it's my opinion yesterday morning they nearly got him. I may be wrong—but it's been tried before. The method, I mean."

He paused and then quietly, circumspectly, he mentioned three names: an unusually able Chancellor of the Exchequer, a progressive and farsighted manufacturer, and a hopeful young politician who had captured the public fancy. The first had died on the operating table, the second had succumbed to an obscure disease which had been recognized too late, the third had run down by a car and killed.

"It's very easy," said Mr. Barnes. "The anesthetist muffed the giving

you in this informal manner," said Poirot punctiliously.

"Much the best way," said Mr. Barnes. "And the time is admirable, too. A quarter to seven—very sound time at this period of the year for catching anyone at home." He waved his hand. "Sit down, M. Poirot. I've no doubt we've got a good deal to talk about. 58, Queen Charlotte Street, I suppose?"

POIROT said, "You suppose rightly—but why should you suppose anything of the kind?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Barnes, "I've been retired from the Home Office for some time now—but I've not gone quite rusty yet. If there's any hush-hush business, it's far better not to use the police. Draws attention to it all!"

"I will ask yet another question. Why should you suppose this is a hush-hush business?" Poirot asked.

"Isn't it?" asked the other. "Well, if it isn't, in my opinion it ought to be." He leaned forward and tapped with his pince-nez on the arm of the chair. "In Secret Service work it's never the little fry you want—it's the big bugs at the top—but to get them you've got to be careful not to alarm the little fry."

"It seems to me, Mr. Barnes, that you



BACK  
FROM  
HAVANA



**OWL:** Paul, you look great! You must have had a fine vacation in Havana.  
**DERRINGER:** Sure did! If all the team feels like I do, we ought to win the pennant again.



**OWL:** Everybody in baseball knows you enjoy good cigars, Paul. Did you try any of those Havana cigars in Cuba?  
**DERRINGER:** You bet—smoked 'em all the time!

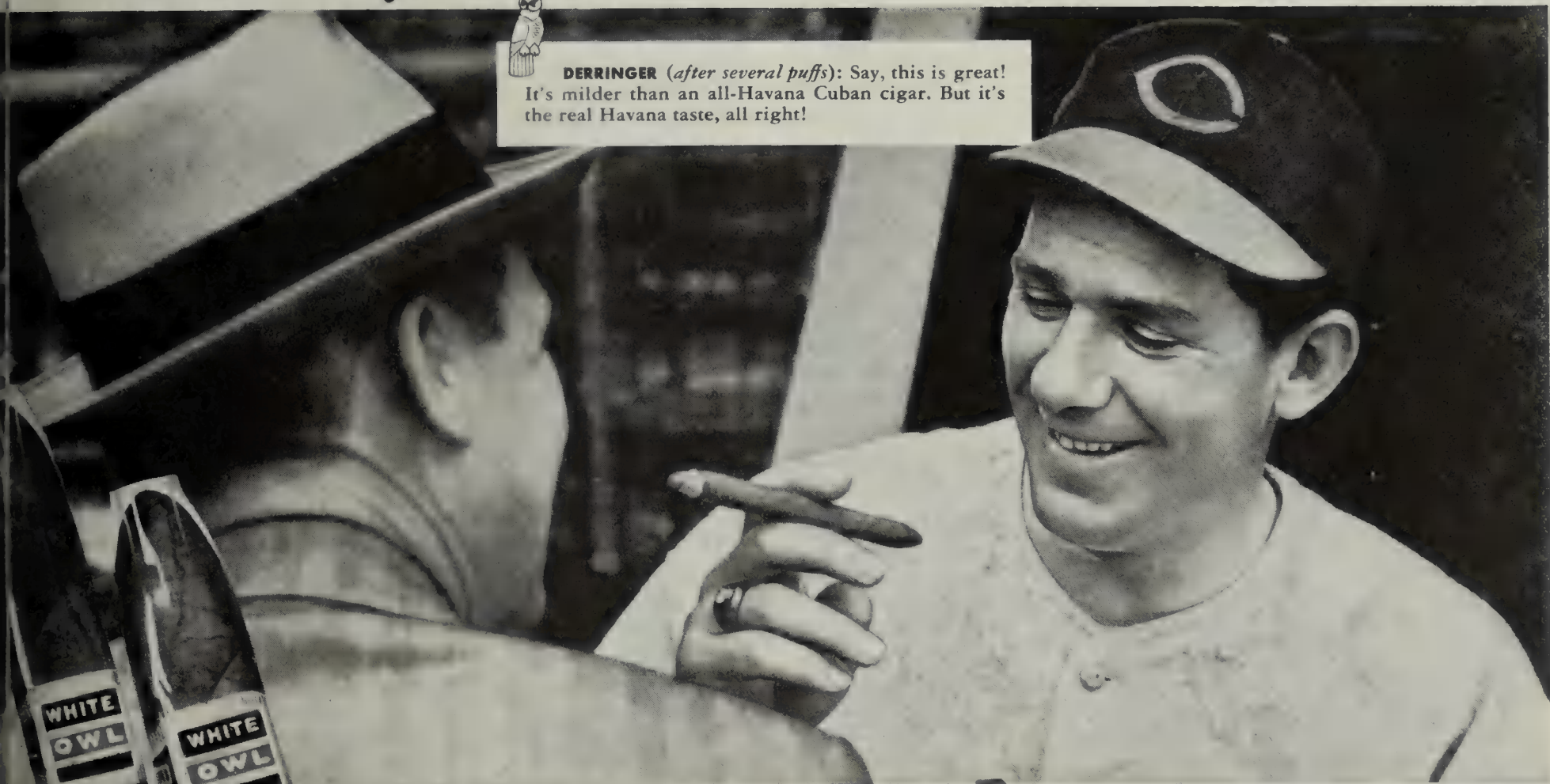


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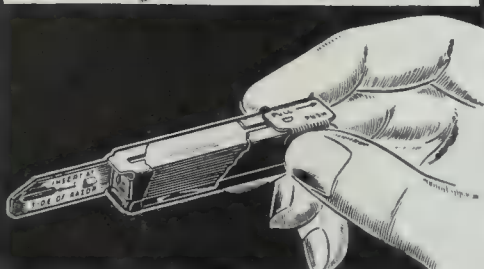
**5¢**

New White Owls are made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

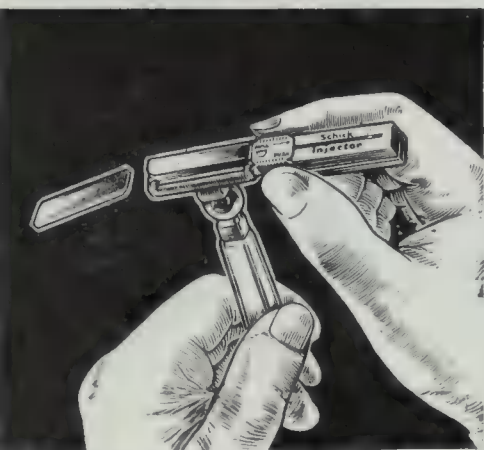
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## Schick Injector Razor

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.  
Bridgeport, Connecticut  
Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

the anesthetic—well, that does happen. In the second case the symptoms were puzzling. The doctor was just a well-meaning g.p., couldn't be expected to recognize them. In the third case, anxious mother was driving car in a hurry to get to her sick child. Sob stuff—the jury acquitted her of blame!"

He paused.

"All quite natural. And soon forgotten. But I'll just tell you *where those three people are now*. The anesthetist is set up on his own with a first-class research laboratory—no expense spared. That g.p. has retired from practice. He's got a yacht, and a nice little place on the Broads. The mother is giving all her children a first-class education."

He nodded his head slowly.

"In every profession and walk of life there is *someone* who is vulnerable to temptation. The trouble in our case was that Morley *wasn't*!"

"You think it was like that?" said Hercule Poirot.

"I do. Morley *wouldn't* do the job. He knew too much, though, so they had to put him out."

"They?" asked Poirot.

"When I say *they*—I mean the organization that's behind all this. Only one person actually did the job, of course."

"Which person?"

"Well, I could make a guess," said Mr. Barnes, "but it's only a guess and I might be wrong."

Poirot said quietly, "Reilly?"

"Of course! He's the obvious person. I think that probably they never asked Morley to do the job *himself*. What he was to do was to turn Blunt over to his partner at the last minute. Sudden illness, something of that sort. Reilly would have done the actual business—and there would have been another regrettable accident—death of a famous banker—unhappy young dentist in court in such a state of dither and misery that he would have been let down lightly. He'd have given up dentistry afterward—and settled down somewhere on a nice income of several thousands a year."

MR. BARNES looked across at Poirot. "Don't think I'm romancing," he said. "These things happen."

"Yes, yes, I know they happen."

Mr. Barnes went on: "I read a lot of these spy yarns. Fantastic, some of them. But curiously enough *they're not any more fantastic than the real thing*."

Poirot said, "In your theory, *where does Amberiotis come in?*"

"I'm not quite sure. I *think* he was meant to take the rap. He's played a double game more than once and I dare say he was framed. That's only an idea, mind."

Hercule Poirot said quietly:

"Granting that your ideas are correct—*what will happen next?*"

Mr. Barnes rubbed his nose.

"They'll try to get him again," he said. "Oh, yes. They'll have another try. Blunt has got people looking after him, I dare say. They'll have to be extra careful. It won't be a man hiding in a bush with a pistol. Nothing so crude as that. You tell 'em to look out for the respectable people—the relations, the old servants, the chemist's assistant who makes up a medicine, the wine merchant who sells him his port. Getting Alistair Blunt out of the way is worth a great deal, and it's wonderful what people will do for—say, a nice little income of four thousand a year!"

Poirot was silent a moment, then he said: "I have had Reilly in mind from the first."

"I.R.A.?"

"Not that so much but there was a mark, you see, on the *carpet*, as though the body had been dragged along it. But if Morley was shot by a patient he

would be shot in the surgery and there would be no need to move the body. That is why, from the first, I suspected that he had been shot, not in the surgery, but in his office—next door. That would mean that it was not a patient who shot him, but some member of his own household."

"Neat," said Mr. Barnes appreciatively.

Hercule Poirot got up and held out a hand.

"Thank you," he said. "You have helped me a great deal."

ON HIS way home, Poirot called in at the Glengowrie Court Hotel.

As a result of that visit he rang up Japp very early the following morning.

"Bon jour, mon ami. The inquest is today, is it not?"

"It is. Are you going to attend?"

"I do not think so."

"It won't really be worth your while, I expect."

"Are you calling Miss Sainsbury Seale as a witness?"

"The lovely Mabelle—why can't she just spell it plain Mabel. These women get my goat! No, I'm not calling her. There's no need."

"You have heard nothing from her?"

Hercule Poirot said:

"I wondered, that was all. Perhaps it may interest you to learn that Miss Sainsbury Seale walked out of the Glengowrie Court Hotel just before dinner the night before last—and did not come back."

"What? She's run away?"

"That is a possible explanation."

"But why should she? She's quite all right, you know. Perfectly genuine and aboveboard. I cabled to Calcutta about her—that was before I knew the reason for Amberiotis' death, otherwise I shouldn't have bothered—and I got the reply last night. Everything okay. She's been known there for years, and her whole account of herself is true—except that she's slurred over her marriage a bit. Married a Hindu student and then found he'd got a few attachments already. So she resumed her maiden name and took to good works."

"She's hand and glove with the missionaries—teaches elocution, and helps in amateur dramatic shows. In fact, what I call a terrible woman—but definitely above suspicion of being mixed up in a murder. And now you say she's walked out on us! I can't understand it." He paused a minute and then went on doubtfully: "Perhaps she just got fed up with that hotel? I could have easily."

"Her luggage is still there. She took nothing with her."



Japp swore.

"When did she go?"

"About a quarter to seven."

"What about the hotel people?"

"They're very upset. Manager looked quite distraught."

"Why didn't they report to the police?"

"Because, *mon cher*, supposing a lady does happen to stay out at night (however unlikely it may seem from her appearance) she will be justifiably annoyed by finding on her return that the police have been called. Mrs. Harrison, the manageress in question, called up various hospitals in case there had been an accident in the block. She was considering notifying the police when I called. My appearance seemed to her like an answer to prayer. I charged myself with everything, and explained that I would enlist the help of a very discreet police officer."

"The discreet police officer being yours truly, I suppose?"

"You suppose rightly."

"All right. I'll meet you at the Glengowrie Court Hotel after the inquest."

JAPP grumbled as they were waiting for the manageress.

"What does the woman want to appear for?"

"It is curious, you admit?"

They had no time for more.

Mrs. Harrison, proprietor of the Glengowrie Court, was with them.

Mrs. Harrison was voluble and almost tearful. She was so worried about Miss Sainsbury Seale. What *could* have happened to her? Rapidly she went over every possibility of disaster.

She paused at last for breath, murmuring:

"Such a nice type of woman—and seemed so happy and comfortable here."

She took them, at Japp's request, to the chaste bedroom occupied by the missing lady. Everything was neat and orderly. Clothes hung in the wardrobe; nightclothes were folded ready on the bed, in a corner were Miss Sainsbury Seale's two modest suitcases. A row of shoes stood under the dressing table: some serviceable Oxfords, two pairs rather meretricious glacé fancy shoes with court heels and ornamented bows of leather, some plain black evening shoes, practically new, and a pair of moccasins. Poirot noted that the evening shoes were a size smaller than the day ones—a fact that might be put down to corns or to vanity. He wondered whether Miss Sainsbury Seale had found time to sew the second buckle on her shoe before she went out. He hoped so. Slovenliness in dress always annoyed him.

Japp was busy looking through some letters in a drawer of the dressing table. Hercule Poirot gingerly pulled open the drawer of the chest of drawers. It was full of underclothing. He shut it again modestly, murmuring that Miss Sainsbury Seale seemed to believe in wearing wool next the skin, and opened another drawer which contained stockings.

"Got anything, Poirot?" Japp asked.

Poirot said sadly, as he dangled a pair: "Ten inch, cheap shiny silk, probably 2/11."

Japp said, "You're not valuing probate, old boy. Two letters here from India, one or two receipts from charitable organizations, no bills. Most estimable character, our Miss Sainsbury Seale."

"But very little taste in dress," said Poirot sadly.

"Probably thought dress worldly. Japp was noting down an address from an old letter dated two months back."

"These people may know something about her," he said. "Address up Hamstead way. Sound as though they were fairly intimate."

There was nothing more to be gleaned.





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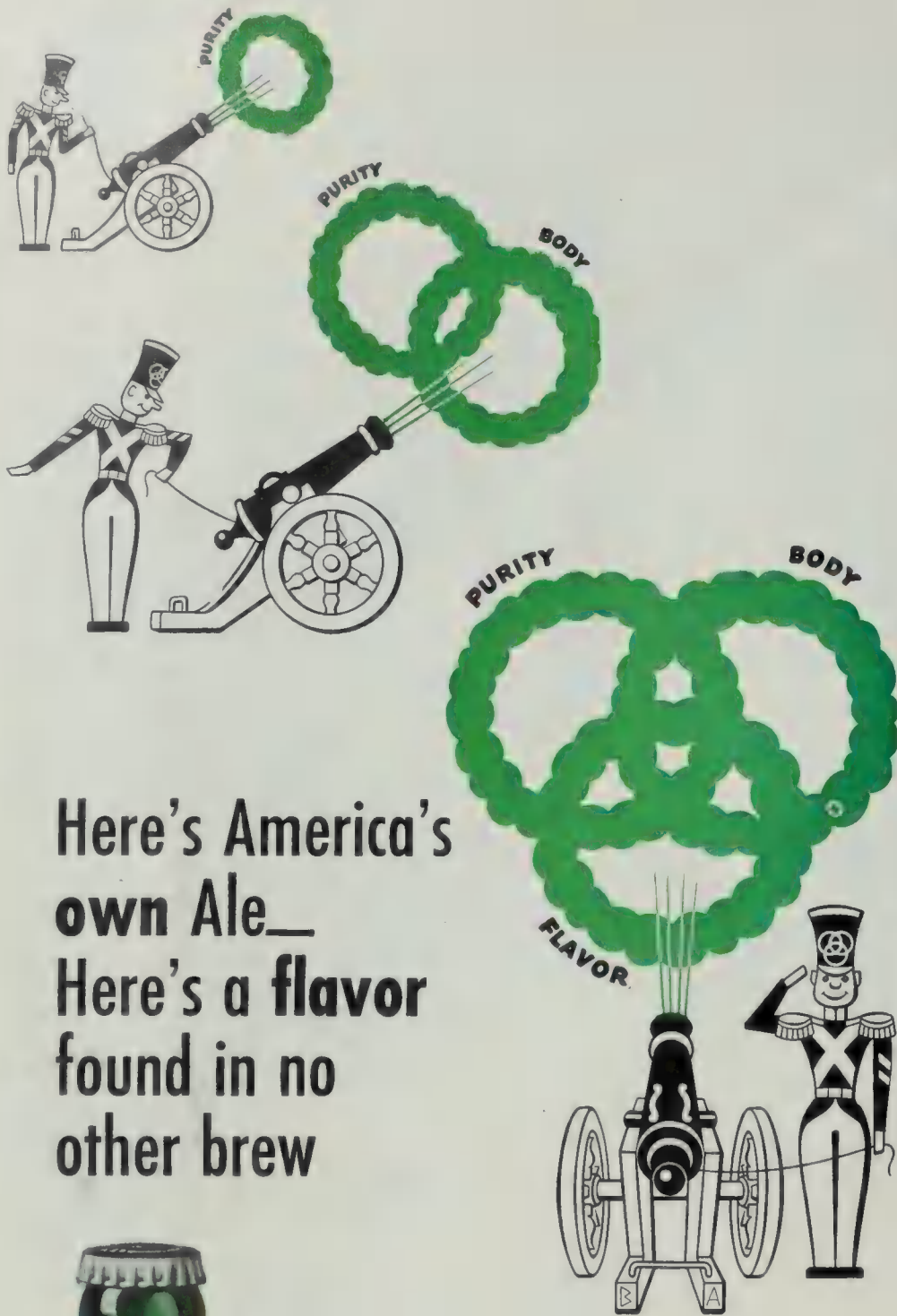
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**ALE**

at the Glengowrie Court Hotel except the negative fact that Miss Sainsbury Seale had not seemed excited or worried in any way when she went out, and it would appear that she had definitely intended to return since on passing her friend Mrs. Bolitho in the hall, she had called out:

"After dinner I will show you that pattern for a Balacava helmet I was telling you about."

Moreover, it was the custom at the Glengowrie Court to give notice in the dining room if you intended to be out for a meal. Miss Sainsbury Seale had not done so. Therefore, it seemed clear that she had intended returning for dinner which was served from seven-thirty to eight-thirty.

BUT she had not returned. She had walked out into the Cromwell Road and disappeared.

Japp and Poirot called at the address in West Hampstead which had headed the letter found.

It was a pleasant house and the Adamses were pleasant people with a large family. They had lived in India for many years and spoke warmly of Miss Sainsbury Seale. But they could not help.

They had not seen her lately, not for a month, not in fact, since they came back from their Easter holidays. She had been staying then at a hotel near Russell Square. Mrs. Adams gave Poirot the address of it and also the address of some other Anglo-Indian friends of Miss Sainsbury Seale's who lived in Streatham.

But the two men drew a blank in both places. Miss Sainsbury Seale had stayed at the hotel in question, but they remembered very little about her and nothing that could be of any help. She was a nice, quiet lady and had lived abroad. The people in Streatham were no help either. They had not seen Miss Sainsbury Seale since February.

There remained the possibility of an accident, but that possibility was dispelled too. No hospital had admitted any casualty answering to the description given.

Miss Sainsbury Seale had disappeared into space.

On the following morning, Poirot went to the Holborn Palace Hotel and asked for Mr. Howard Raikes.

By this time it would hardly have surprised him to hear that Mr. Howard Raikes, too, had stepped out one evening and had never returned.

Mr. Howard Raikes, however, was still at the Holborn Palace and was said to be breakfasting.

THE apparition of Hercule Poirot at the breakfast table seemed to give Mr. Raikes doubtful pleasure.

Though not looking so murderous as in Poirot's disordered recollection of him, his scowl was still formidable—he stared at his uninvited guest and said ungraciously:

"What the hell?"

"You permit?"

Hercule Poirot drew a chair from another table.

Mr. Raikes said:

"Don't mind me! Sit down and make yourself at home!"

Poirot smilingly availed himself of the permission.

Mr. Raikes said ungraciously:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Do you remember me at all, Mr. Raikes?"

"Never set eyes on you in my life."

"There you are wrong. You sat in the same room with me for at least five minutes not more than three days ago."

"I can't remember everyone I meet at some party or other."

"It was not a party," said Poirot. "It was a dentist's waiting room."

Some swift emotion flashed into the young man's eyes and died again at once. His manner changed. It was no longer impatient and casual. It became suddenly wary. He looked across at Poirot and said:

"Well?"

Poirot studied him carefully before replying. He felt, quite positively, that this was indeed a dangerous young man. A lean, hungry face, an aggressive, the eyes of a fanatic. It was a face, though, that women might find attractive. He was untidily, even shabbily dressed, and he ate with a carelessness that was, so the man watching him thought, significant.

Poirot summed him up to himself:

"It is a wolf with ideas . . ."

Raikes said harshly:

"What the hell do you mean—come here like this?"

"My visit is disagreeable to you?"

"I don't even know who you are."

"I apologize."

Dexterously Poirot whipped out his card case. He extracted a card and passed it across the table.

Again that emotion that he could not quite define showed upon Mr. Raikes' lean face. It was not fear—it was more aggressive than fear. After it, unquestionably, came anger.

He tossed the card back.

"So that's who you are, is it? I've heard of you."

"Most people have," said Hercule Poirot modestly.

"You're a private dick, aren't you? The expensive kind. The kind people hire when money is no object—when it's worth paying anything in order to see their miserable skins!"

"If you do not drink your coffee," said Hercule Poirot, "it will get cold."

HE SPOKE kindly and with authority. Raikes stared at him.

"Say, just what kind of an insect are you?"

"The coffee in this country is very bad anyway—" said Poirot.

"I'll say it is," agreed Mr. Raikes with fervor.

"But if you allow it to get cold it is practically undrinkable."

The young man leaned forward.

"What are you getting at? What's the big idea in coming round here?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I wanted to—see you."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Raikes skeptically.

His eyes narrowed.

"If it's money you're after, you've come to the wrong man! The people I'm in with can't afford to buy what they want. Better go back to the man who pays you your salary."

Poirot said, sighing:

"Nobody has paid me anything yet."

"You're telling me," said Mr. Raikes.

"It is the truth," said Hercule Poirot.

"I am wasting a good deal of valuable time for no recompense whatsoever. Simply, shall we say, to assuage your curiosity."

"And I suppose," said Mr. Raikes, "you were just assuaging your curiosity at that darned dentist's the other day."

Poirot shook his head. He said:

"You seem to overlook the most ordinary reason for being in a dentist's waiting room—which is that one is waiting to have one's teeth attended to."

"So that's what you were doing?" Mr. Raikes' tone expressed contempt and disbelief. "Waiting to have your teeth seen to?"

"Certainly."

"You'll excuse me if I say I don't believe it."

"May I ask then, Mr. Raikes, what you were doing there?"

(To be continued next week)



## The Man Who Wanted War

Continued from page 11

ers. If he'd just stop trying to be  
fther, and his grandfather, and his  
grandfather." And then she burst  
ars, which was most unlike Lou-  
If he'd just grow up," she said.  
t care if he doesn't set the world  
If he'd only stop being a stuffed  
and grow up. A man can't be just  
ful, and not grow up."

On the big crash came in twenty-  
e hoped that might jolt them to-  
But it didn't. Freddy neither  
to smash, nor took to drink, nor  
tted suicide, nor did any of the  
which were done then. He just  
realize anything had happened.  
st got more and more confused,  
lked more and more about Har-  
and about the late World War,  
everyone else was talking about  
g wealth, and priming pumps, and  
e and what in hell they were going  
if they lost their jobs. Freddy's  
died of rage, and Freddy began  
nt to leeward.

Finally, he drifted back, to Hobo-  
to the time when life was rosy. If  
ed once about the "British Expe-  
ary Force," I heard it fifty times.  
ght that not only Louisa would  
nd, but that we all should. Even  
ildren began to clash with him,  
ey were growing up, and he was  
When Louisa finally left him, she  
wreck, and Freddy looked like a  
who had been knocked off the deck,  
comes up dazed.

THAT was why I used to sit, and  
en to reunions, and the Yale game  
n 1917, and what damn' fools the  
ans were ever to have gone into  
am at all. It got to be pretty ter-  
I don't know how long I could  
endured it, if a crop of new wars  
t come.

pote of the awfulness, they were a  
nd to Freddy Winsted. It was no  
hard to find someone to talk to.  
ught on every front, right in the big  
window of the club. It became a  
f staff headquarters. He became  
different and younger man with  
er shoulders, and some of the folds  
from his stomach. He became one  
best club warriors ever known.  
it wasn't until that day I saw him  
bar holding the newspaper, with  
black headlines saying England  
t war, that his eyes really began to  
From then on he became an  
e, a seer.

I didn't see him for a week, I guess.  
What with the Athenia's being sunk and  
all, I was feeling pretty low. I suppose  
I wanted someone to talk to. "Well, it's  
come," I said to him.

"Bound to! Bound to!" he told me,  
cheerfully. "You can drive the British  
only just so far. Great people. They'll  
get this mess cleaned up now. Ought  
to have been done before. I've seen it  
coming. Don't see why anyone's sur-  
prised. We've got to clean these damn'  
Nazis off the earth. Ought to have been  
done before. We'll do it now." He  
rubbed his hands together.

"We?" I said. "What do you mean,  
we?"

"We got to stand behind the English.  
Blood brothers, sort of. Only sporting  
thing to do. Can't let 'em down. Can't  
let other chaps fight your battles. We  
helped 'em out in 'seventeen. We'll help  
'em out again. I'm rarin' to go."

I looked at him. He was a big man,  
and pretty fat, with soft skin under-  
neath his eyes. "I guess you'll have to  
wait a while, Freddy," I said, "before  
you go. We aren't going to get into it  
just yet. At least I hope not. We haven't  
forgotten 1914 yet."

He looked at me, and laughed. I'd  
not heard him laugh for years. It  
sounded like an echo of his boyish  
laughter.

"You got another think coming," he  
said. "We'll get in all right. Sooner  
than you think. But I can't wait for  
that. I'm going to join up now." He  
laughed again, and rubbed his hands.

"Join up what?" I said.

"The British army."

"Are you serious?" I said.

"Serious! Serious! I'm sailing Thurs-  
day. The Lancastria. Got my passport,  
and everything."

There were a lot of things I could have  
said. Perhaps I should have said them.  
Perhaps it would have been better if I  
had. But he looked so happy I couldn't  
say them then. I sat and looked at him,  
and then I saw he had something on his  
mind. He began fiddling with his hands,  
and he got very red, and coughed two or  
three times. He stuttered and stumbled  
over what he said. I thought he'd never  
get it out. He said, "Ah—oh—I say.  
Would you—would you mind just men-  
tioning this to—ah—Louisa?"

I said, of course, I'd be delighted to  
tell Louisa, and I was sure she would  
be pleased.

He beamed at that, but I saw he

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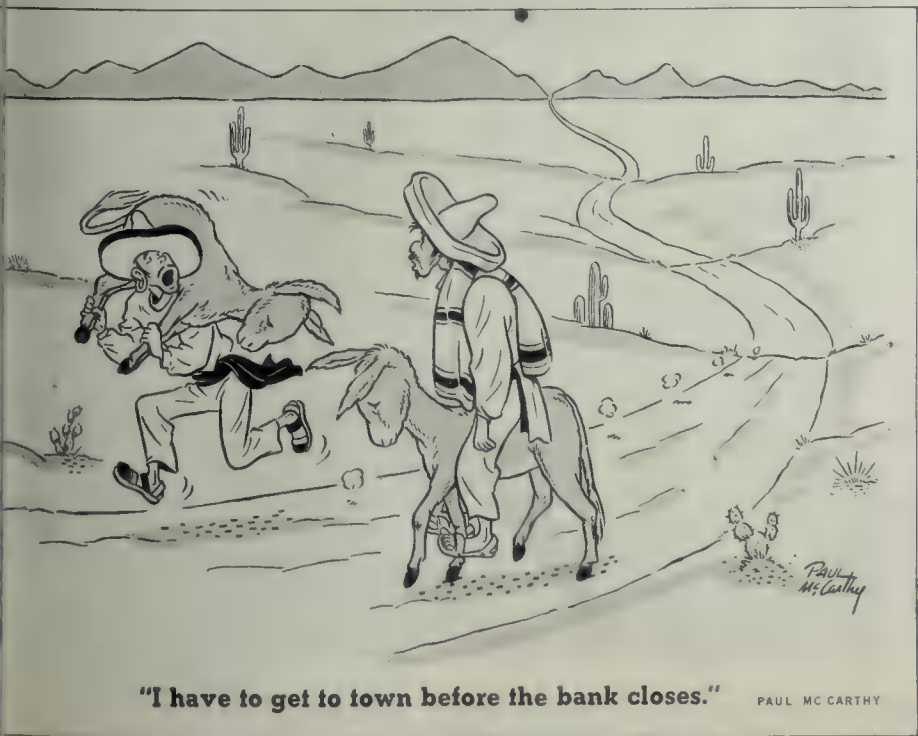
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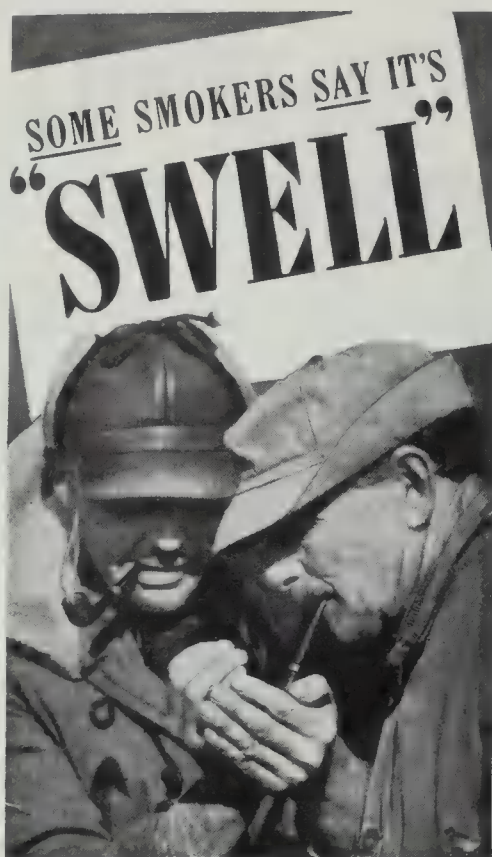
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"I have to get to town before the bank closes."

PAUL MC CARTHY





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hadn't finished. He began floundering again. I thought he never would get at it. "You might," he said. "You might—" "Might what?" I said. "Go ahead!" "Oh," he mumbled. "I just thought. Perhaps—maybe—you'd suggest—you might just suggest sort of—that she might hold off on this divorce business. Just for a while, you know. Just till—"

And, suddenly, I saw what he was driving at. Why he wanted to go to war. If he could only come back a hero, as he had before. He was crazy about her still.

If he could only do something big, heroic, he might get her back.

"Okay, Freddy," I said. "I understand. I'm sure I can get her to wait till you come back."

He wrung my hand so hard it made my eyes smart. . . .

Everyone clubbed together to give him a swell time before he went away. The sporting side of the thing appealed to everyone. Men gathered around, and thumped him on the back, and looked at him a bit enviously. The years sloughed off, and he was right back in college, and I've never seen a man more happy.

We gave him a big dinner the night before he sailed, and everybody got stewed, and said a lot of things that weren't meant. And yet there was a good deal of affection in it all. There was something kind, and simple, and naïve about him. A lot of men surprised me when we went down to the pier to see him off. There was a big crowd, really. And his children were there looking at him with surprise, but proudly.

He stood up very straight, and laughed, and said goodby to everyone. And, all the while, I could see him looking anxiously beyond the crowd, hoping Louisa would be there.

He kept waving as the tugs grunted and nosed the ship out into the stream. He stood beside the rail and waved, as the band of dirty water widened. Watching him gave you a queer feeling that he was fading back into his past to join his youth.

I MUST confess, I forgot about him, after that. There'd been no news of any shake-up in the English army after he landed, and no one had heard a word from him. When the neutrality law was changed there was some talk about what he'd do, but he'd gone clean out of my mind until, one day in December, Louisa called me up. She sounded anxious.

"Freddy's back," she said. "He's in the hospital. Dr. Briggs just called me up. He says Freddy told him not to, but he thinks I ought to know. I can't get it straight. Briggs says it's not really serious. Some sort of infection. He wouldn't tell me much. There's something about it that sounds queer. I think I ought to go and see him."

She wanted me to go with her, so I went. We found him quite alone, propped up in bed, in a small room full of antiseptic smells. Running around his head, and down over one eye, a bandage looked absurdly like a turban knocked askew. As a heavy man always does in bed, he looked deflated. The effect was not heroic. On the bed before him were stacks of papers, blue and green and yellow, which looked like official blanks of some sort. He kept picking at them, as we talked.

None of us knew what to say. Louisa murmured something about his head but he only seemed embarrassed.

"Well, well, Freddy," I said. "Glad to see you back."

"Yes," he said. "I'm back."

"Well, well, that's fine," I told him. "How are things on the other side? What's the matter with your head?"

He stared at us in silence.

"How's the war going?" I asked.

"I never should have gone," he muttered. "I didn't understand."

I had no idea what he meant. "Well, it's good to see you again," I repeated. "Sorry you got hurt. Anyway, you tried to help."

He gave one of the bitterest laughs I ever heard. "Yes," he said. "I told them we were right behind them. I told them how I'd been with them before and been wounded. I said I didn't expect one of the crack regiments. That I'd come over to fight right in the trenches. They were very polite, of course. The English always have good manners."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I don't understand."

"Neither did I," he answered. "I just didn't understand at all." He was staring out of the window at the rain. "It's these damn' machines," he muttered. "They kept asking me what I knew about airplane engines, and American mass-production methods, and about assembling tractors. They made me pretty sore, at first. I told them I wasn't out for any soft berth in a factory."

"What did they say to that?" I asked him.

He tried to laugh again. "It wasn't what they said. They were very nice about it. They told me it was very sporting of me to come over. It wasn't what they said. It was just the way they looked. They had the darnedest way of looking at you. As though you were something prehistoric." He lay fingering the papers.

"It's a cockeyed war," he burst out. "I didn't understand. It's all machines, and charts, and graphs. Before, you had the bagpipes, and the bands, and Tipperary, and all the flags waving. But, now, it's just the clank, clank, clank of the machines." He put his hand up to his head.

"What happened to your head?" I asked. "How did you get hurt?"

"London's like the catacombs," he muttered. "It's not the same place it was in 'eighteen. You've no idea how dark it is. I ran into an electric sign that wasn't lit. Go ahead, laugh!" he muttered. "I don't blame you."

We just stood there, and I didn't feel like laughing. I felt that he had banged into a lot more than an electric sign.

"It's fierce seeing the young men going off," he said, at last. "Going off to fight machines. There's nothing sporting about that. They haven't got a

chance. This war's like that. I can't understand. It's not against the men. It's men against machines."

His voice slid off. It didn't sound like Freddy Winsted's voice. It had something in it that made you catch your breath—something strained and new. It was the voice of a man who had seen things you hadn't seen, and knew things you didn't know.

"I don't want to talk," he said. "It isn't time for talk. The war won't wait. All the glorious spirit in the world won't stop them. They come clanging on." His face twisted up. "We've got to stop them. Don't you understand? Can't you see over here be made to understand sort of war this is? They say the gas that makes men helpless and tent. Do you want to know what it's the babel of stupid men, and sure groups, and politicians! That makes nations impotent! It's deadly than the deadliest gas! We can stop it, and go to work sweat, and do without, we're doing. Not just England! We ourselves world!"

HIS voice made you forget that Freddy Winsted. This was a grown man we didn't know. Louisa looking at him as I had never seen her look at him before. There was a detached about her eyes. They were wide and wet and shining.

He was fumbling with the papers separately. "I've got a job," he said. "I've got to help. I've got to do something. I can't ever sit around again. It's fierce being laid up like this. I've got to get going. It's not much of a job. Just getting things shipped quick. All these things." He waved toward the green and yellow lists.

One slid off the bed and, Louisa picked it up and put it down before him. Her eyes never left his face. "I'd like to help," she said. "I think I can."

Slowly, he looked at her and put his hand to his head. "I ran into a sign," he said. "Why don't you laugh? I was a big fat joke. You see, I thought, perhaps—if I could only do something big—"

"You have," she said, softly. Then, being Louisa, she did it quickly which made the room no longer for me.



"Could I have one, please, lady?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



Aren't you glad  
I remembered about  
"33 to 1"?



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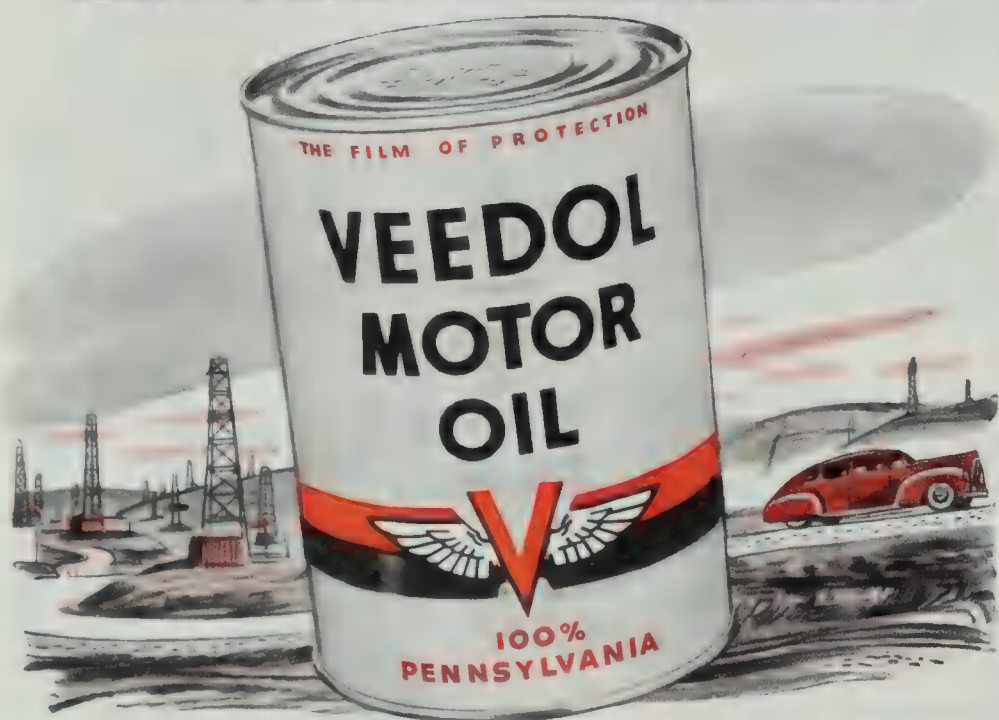
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## More Than Base Hits

Continued from page 13

a second, he looks over his right shoulder, toward Heath on second base. Then he faces the plate. He gets the sign from Dickey. He seems to be winding up. Suddenly he turns and fires the ball into the wide-open space at second. Is the man mad? But no—wait—like a bullet Frankie Crosetti streaks toward second, back of the astonished Heath, nabs the ball and puts it on one more Indian who bites the dust.

The Frankie-and-Johnny play is not Yankee magic. No—inside baseball. Here, in detail, is how it works:

After getting the signal from Dickey, Murphy took his customary pitching position with arms resting against his chest. He then glanced over his right shoulder at Crosetti and Heath. Instantly Frankie flashed him the pick-off sign. Murphy then faced Dickey and in this new position began a silent count. "One, two . . ."—Frankie began to glide to his left—"three . . ." and Johnny whirled and fired the ball into space as Frankie hurtled into an exact spot at the right of second base. The Yanks win another, for we then walked Keltner intentionally, an infield out advanced the runners and young Schilling struck out.

Here's another late-inning game saver, a typical Joe McCarthy brain teaser: It's the eighth inning and we're leading 4-3. Buddy Rosar, a slow runner, is on third, with fleet George Selkirk on first. No one is out. And here's Joe Gordon up. A possible additional run looms large at this late moment. Joe works the count to three and two.

Stop here and let's pretend you're down on the bench with Joe DiMaggio and Charlie Keller and Lefty Gomez and the boys. Ask yourself this question: "Should I start Selkirk running on the next pitch or make him play close to the bag to await developments?" Doesn't sound like a very important decision, does it? Well, I have seen many managers start the runner—and few get away with it. Not Joe McCarthy.

### Common-Sense Baseball

If you analyze the possibilities, you will see that Joe's decision to hold the swift Selkirk on first is not a fool play, but the surest possible method of adding that one run needed to rivet down ■ victory. Suppose Selkirk runs on the pitch. If Gordon misses for a strike-out, George will probably be doubled at second, out stealing. Then only a base hit can score Rosar, for he is not fast enough to score on the front end of a double steal. Suppose Gordon lines to an infielder. Selkirk would again be doubled, and again only a base hit would score Buddy. If Gordon pops up, once again the possibility of ■ double play arises, with Rosar again marooned on third.

Now let's look at the other side of the picture, with Selkirk still holding the bag. If Gordon strikes out, lines or pops out, Selkirk is saved, only one is out, and we can still score Rosar without the aid of a hard-to-get base hit—by means of a long fly, bunt or ground ball hit in such a manner that ■ double play is impossible. Clearly the percentage is all in McCarthy's favor, and this is the sort of thing that adds up to ten or twelve games a season.

Speaking of long hitting, and the Yanks have never been bashful in that respect, it wins a great many games. But did you ever ask yourself how we manage to pile up miraculous records against pitchers who stand at the head of their profession?

Take Tommy Bridges—cool, cagey Tommy. Tommy won 150 games and

lost 102 since he began pitching in the majors. His record against us until this season is nine won, twenty-three lost.

But it isn't black magic. It's the result of a genuinely deep study of hitting styles by the Yanks as a team, by our coaches, Art Fletcher and F. Combs. Lazzeri tipped us off on I. Back in '35, Mickey Cochrane's team were champions and Tommy was game winner. But we beat Tommy often that Black Mike stopped pitching him against us.

In those days Mervyn Shea, a pitcher on the White Sox, was a close friend of Lazzeri's. One day Shea told Tommy Bridges had two distinct styles of pitching with men on bases. Art League rules require a pitcher to keep his motion after the preliminary step and before making the throw. Shea discovered that Bridges sometimes kept his arms high over his head, sometimes only partly. He noticed when Tommy made the full stretch he threw a ball when he made the half stretch, a false

### A Cinch for Tony

Tony passed the information on to me. All that remained was for Bridges to face us with men on bases. One day in Detroit, Lazzeri came to bat with Bridges on third and Dickey on first. As Tony took his half stretch, a whisper went for a strike; Tony didn't go. Again the stretch of arms, this time the full length—and again the voices of the Yanks: "It's a curve!" We edged forward, for Lazzeri, a fine curve-ball pitcher, was getting the pitch he wanted. Tony banged a triple against the left field scoreboard. Out of the Tiger cage came Mickey Cochrane to send Tony to the showers. Bridges dejectedly bowed his head as he quit the mound, as he said to himself: "That was the best I ever threw and it wound up a tie in the scoreboard!"

Tommy had his revenge. Last season Merv Shea was signed by the Tigers as a coach. His first official act was to rectify Tommy's motion. The next time we faced the Tigers, Tommy pitched. We watched in vain for the tell-tale of the half stretch. Detroit won, and Bridges has been tough for us ever since.

Our chief sign sleuth is Earl C. Down in Florida this spring, we met the Giants in an exhibition at their Vero Beach camp. Earl coached at first, and in the early innings of that game, twenty feet away a rookie Giant named Roy Joiner was warming up. Roy is a lefty with a collection of screwballs and a nippy curve.

Earl performed a nearly incredible feat when he hustled over to our dugout in the fourth inning and said: "Tommy, him! When Joiner gets in there, keep your eyes open! And he proceeds to tell us how to detect every difference of ball Joiner throws. Earl had his right, for we got seven hits and scored in one and one third innings—gives you an idea how inside stuff works off at bat.

Another bit of Yankee trickery adds units to the won column in league standings is that famous bunt of Babe Dahlgren's, which was good for at least two games in '39. It called the ninth inning of a game in Cleveland. We were one run behind the time. Selkirk, speedy on the bases, was on first when the Babe, who is an adept bunter, purposely faked a missed bunt on the first strike or smash a double past Ken Keltner, Indian's third-sacker, on the next



McCarthy allows us full latitude in of this sort. Our private name for "reversing the bunt" and it's good at extra game or two each season. I speaking of drives past the third man, they're right in my territory. part of the Yankee scheme of doing things right in order to win a lot games, I learned first how to defend at the so-called "hot corner." In seven seasons, I have studied opposing batters not only on the field but on the record book.

My job is mainly to stop balls hit in the area between the foul line at right and Frankie Crosetti's overlying shortstop area. Against all but most powerful drives our defense could be ironclad. Infielders are guided by the batter's left- or right-handedness on at the plate. But my chief concern is always where a batter usually stands and how he runs. Earl Averill and Al Gehringer of Detroit, Hal Gray of the Indians and Ted Williams of the Red Sox are all lefties who pull hits into right field, sluggers who try for a long drive or drill liners between second and first. To stop them, entire infield moves to the left, narrowing the space between second and the third baseman plays at least ten to twenty feet toward short and ten to fifteen feet back of the bag, in case these big boys pole an out-bitch into left field.

#### What Third Basemen Think About

It's dangerous as these home-runners may be, speedy left-hand hitters or worse. They can spray the ball all over the lot. They can drive, bunt, top, and a ball or scout a grass-cutter anywhere within fair territory. Stars at this time of play are Roy Weatherly of Cleveland, Buddy Lewis of Washington, Mickey Vernon of the Tigers, Finney and Earl of the Red Sox.

For our pitcher has two strikes on triple-threat batters, I must stand to the grass so that I can come in ready for a bunt, yet far enough back to handle a hard drive. After the second out, the tension eases, for they can't hit but such late-swinging, fast lefties as McCoskey, Finney and Cramer are the toughest problems I face, for they may or may not drive to left field. All are crack bunters.

When the big, powerful right-handers like Hank Greenberg, Rudy York, Ray Fox or Harland Clift are up, there is no place for anyone with slow feet. I move fifteen feet back of the plate for Hank, Rudy or Jimmy. Clift is a special study all by himself. He hits distance and also bunts. Even more dangerous is the fastest man in baseball, George Washington Case of the Yankees. I can't waste a second fielding

a Case bunt. When he gets on, he's always ready to steal. If he reaches second, it's a critical moment, especially if versatile Buddy Lewis is at bat. Lewis bunts too, and I must be prepared to handle the ball on the grass, as well as to cover every inch from the base line to the foul line, not to mention stopping a hard drive into the outfield. On the other hand, if I move too far in, Case will certainly steal third. What should I do?

If you analyze this situation carefully you'll advise me to defy Case and his speed. If Lewis bunts, he must place the ball so neatly that I can't handle it. Odds are against such a hit. If he bunts poorly he's out. He may hit a foul. He may pop up. I still am in a good position to stop a drive. And I am ready to tag Case out if he steals.

Perhaps the most complex play—and the one that requires accurate handling—is the cutoff, when runners are scurrying around the bases and the outfielder has retrieved the ball and is hurling it in the general direction of a base. On cutoff plays, with a man on first and a hit steaming off an opponent's bat, Crosetti lines up with the ball and third, taking a position about twenty feet in front of me. He never cuts off the throw from Charlie Keller unless it is impossible to get the runner approaching third. Hits into left with a man on second bring me into line with the plate.

Remember Babe Dahlgren's double in the opening game of last fall's series with the Reds? In the fifth inning Cincinnati was leading 1-0. Babe hit to left with Joe Gordon on first. Joe sprinted all the way home when Berger threw from left field to second instead of to third. It took the combination of Gordon's speed and Fletcher's cunning to tie the score and make a goat out of Berger. Art, coaching at third, turned a normal throw-in (which should have been a cutoff) into a horrible error, for Gordon beat the relay to the plate when Fletcher daringly waved him home. One more Yankee win, on a little detail.

Well, as I said before, that's my story. It's the little things that count. But I'm afraid not all of the Yanks agree with me. Remember that third game of the last world series, out in Crosley Field, in Cincinnati? We scored five runs, four on homers—two by Keller, one by DiMaggio, one by Dickey. The fifth run was scored by Professor Rolfe. I singled, the fifth hit of the game by the Yankees. Keller's homer drove me in.

When I reported to the clubhouse after the game, some wag, probably Lefty Gomez, had posted a notice:

"Attention Red Rolfe: Singles forbidden on this club. Report for batting practice, 10 A.M. tomorrow."

But it was not signed by Joe McCarthy.



"We're taking her back for the thousand-mile checkup!"

A. ROSS

**WHY, HAL! YOU'RE SO HOT AND EXCITED, YOU'RE PERSPIRING MORE THAN THE PLAYERS!**



#### THAT NIGHT

I DON'T CARE IF I AM UNREASONABLE! I'M GOING HOME WITH THE SMITHS!

BUT, SALLY—WHAT ARE WE QUARRELING ABOUT?



POOR HAL! ATTRACTIVE AT A DISTANCE, BUT A WASHOUT AT A DANCE

I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM, TOO. BUT 'B.O.' IS INEXCUSABLE



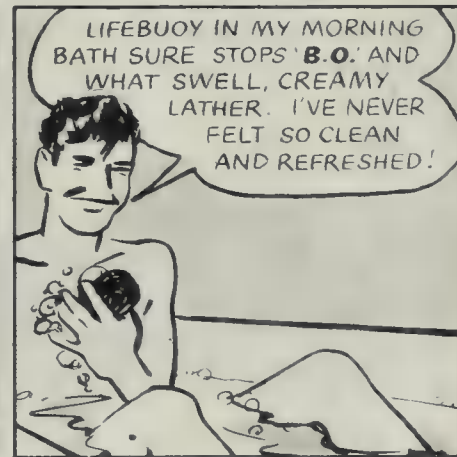
#### HAL ASKS HIS BEST FRIEND

BUT NED, I BATHE FREQUENTLY

I KNOW, HAL—BUT YOU SHOULD USE THE RIGHT SOAP—ONE WITH A SPECIAL DEODORIZING INGREDIENT—I MEAN LIFEBOUY

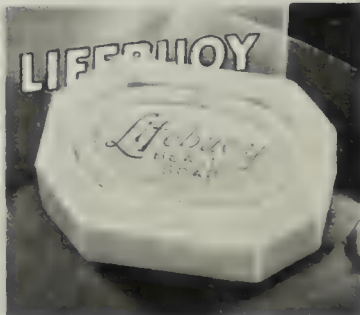


LIFEBOUY IN MY MORNING BATH SURE STOPS 'B.O.' AND WHAT SWELL, CREAMY LATHER. I'VE NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND REFRESHED!



#### LIFEBOUY IS ESPECIALLY "B.O." MADE TO PREVENT

EVERY TIME you perspire from heat or exercise, you risk "B.O." Perspiration from nervousness, emotions, or excitement leads to "nervous B.O." too. Be safe! Use Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath. Lifebuoy is the only popular soap especially made to prevent "B.O." It contains an exclusive deodorizing ingredient.



Lifebuoy gives quantities of refreshing, purifying lather... so zippy, you enjoy a new glow after your bath. Get Lifebuoy today. More people use it for their bath than any other soap

SALLY, I'M A NEW MAN NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN

SALLY THINKS

HE IS A NEW MAN. BET HE'S USING MY SOAP NOW—LIFEBOUY



## LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy — Its Protection lasts and lasts

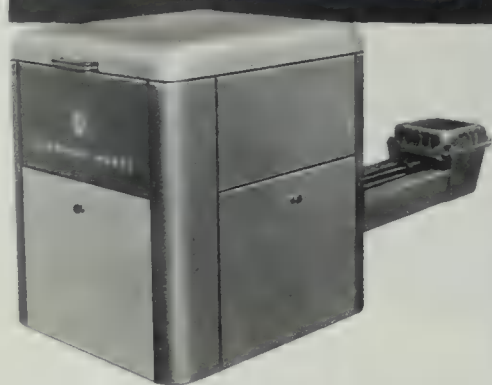


## Don't Worry About It

Continued from page 22

### See Your FAIRBANKS- MORSE Dealer!

FOR THIS NEW STOKER  
WITH STOK-O-LITE



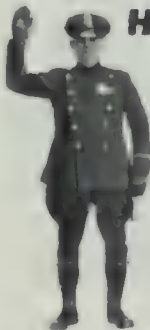
● See this stoker and you will know why people are buying it at a rate which is increasing faster than almost all other stokers. The Fairbanks-Morse Automatic Coal Burner gives clean, steady, healthful, and economical heat from ceiling to floor. It gives it to you with such dependability you almost forget there is such a thing as a heating problem.

And now another new, big feature—STOK-O-LITE! If for any reason an overload condition occurs, and the stoker is prevented from giving you heat, the little red glow-lamp on the thermostat warns you instantly, before the house gets cold. STOK-O-LITE is the biggest feature of the year in stokers. Only Fairbanks-Morse has it.

### NO DOWN PAYMENT

As long as 36 months to pay

### Guardian of Your Purse, Health, and Comfort



Because Fairbanks-Morse makes quality stokers in quantity you can own one for a surprisingly low price. Get the facts! Use coupon for name of nearest dealer and informative booklet "Live in Comfort."

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.  
Stoker Division, Dept. 48  
600 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send, without obligation on my part,  
FREE booklet on automatic coal burner heat  
for my home.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

In Canada, address The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse  
Company, Ltd., Montreal.

**FAIRBANKS MORSE**  
Automatic Coal Burners

going upstairs in the dark and hear an unexpected sound on the landing above, unless you're a man of iron your heart will begin to beat faster, which increases the pressure slightly, and then your sympathetic nervous system will send out impulses that will make the muscles of your arterioles contract, and your blood pressure will go whooping up, only to come right down again when you find it was only the cat. Some scientists think this stimulation of the sympathetic nervous system is largely the result of adrenalin released when your body is under tension. Others think it occurs chiefly in the brain. Take your choice.

When a person has what is known as high blood pressure, however, it means that his arterioles are contracting more than they should for longer than they should, or else when they shouldn't be contracting at all. The only trouble is nobody has been able to find out what makes them contract in that unreasonable fashion. Up to about twenty-five years ago scientists thought the kidneys had a good deal to do with it. They didn't know then about essential hypertension. They just knew that people with most types of kidney disease had high blood pressure as well. And that seemed almost enough of a discovery then. After all, they had only been able to read blood pressures at all since the nineties. It looked like a simple case of cause and effect.

#### By Trial and Error

But as more and more work was done and more and more elaborate apparatus invented and more and more exact tests devised, they discovered it wasn't so simple after all. People with kidney disease had high blood pressure all right, but so did people with various endocrine disturbances and no kidney disease, and then there were lots and lots of people whose blood pressure was way up in the air and you couldn't find a thing wrong with their kidneys nor with their thyroids or adrenals or pituitary glands. So they finally called this kind of blood pressure essential hypertension, essential in this case meaning of unknown cause, and began looking for other causes.

Some doctors decided that essential hypertension was due to a focus of infection somewhere; in the teeth or tonsils or sinuses or in almost any part of the body, and began yanking things out at a great rate. Others thought maybe it was a result of the wrong kind of food. That was where the no-meat, no-salt, no-alcohol idea came in, but diet didn't seem to make much difference unless the patient happened to need reducing and it could incidentally accomplish that. Others thought that since adrenalin, which is produced by the adrenal glands, was known to raise blood pressure, and since high blood pressure was a symptom of certain glandular diseases, maybe all hypertension was glandular in origin, maybe essential hypertension too, only they couldn't seem to hitch the two up together very well. Still others, and this seemed the most logical conclusion until just recently, decided the whole trouble was with the sympathetic nervous system.

So then the surgeons stepped in. If the medical men can't fix this, they said, rubbing their hands, just watch us. After a good deal of animal experimentation, they began cutting the nerves that controlled certain beds of arteries on the theory that if the smaller arteries didn't get the nerve impulses they wouldn't contract. Several different procedures of this sort grew up, all pretty radical,

and all of them, as one doctor remarked, only successful at the hands of the man who evolved that particular method.

So there the matter stood and still stands as far as treatment is concerned, with doctors not knowing what to believe theoretically and going ahead and treating their patients practically with a certain amount of diet, a certain amount of medicine, occasional surgery and a great deal of what the medical world calls suggestion. Meanwhile, an experimental pathologist in Cleveland by the name of Harry Goldblatt, who probably doesn't give a tinker's dam whether people get dizzy spells and headaches or not, has been very busy for the past ten years on what may turn out to be high-blood-pressure history. It seems, thinking of one thing and another, he began wondering if maybe after all the kidneys didn't have something to do with these mysterious rises in blood pressure that had nothing to do with the kidneys.

He took some dogs and monkeys, and made some little silver clamps, and began clamping the arteries that led to the kidneys, just to see. He clamped some only a little, some a lot, some entirely, and he probably felt a trifle smug when he saw where all those clampings were leading to. He certainly should have, because it turned out that if you constricted the arteries leading to a dog's or monkey's kidneys, why, almost right away the animal's blood pressure went up and stayed up until you took the clamps off again. If you constricted those arteries just a little the blood pressure only went up a little. If you constricted them a lot the blood pressure went sky-high. Yet constricting the arteries leading to other organs in the body didn't do a thing, so it wasn't just a mechanical reaction. And you could denervate the kidney (that means cut all the nerves leading to it) before you clamped the artery and the blood pressure still went up. So it couldn't be a reflex nervous reaction either. It certainly looked as if, in spite of all those scientific opinions, the kidney did after all have something to do with this unreasonable contracting of arterioles all over the body, but what?

Goldblatt tried constricting the artery leading to the kidney, waiting till the blood pressure went up and then removing the kidney. The blood pressure went right down. That was funny too. He tried constricting the artery leading to the kidney and then clamping the

vein that leads away from it. The blood pressure didn't go up. Funnier still. He did both those stunts again and again and the thing happened. It looked as if the thing was formed in the is (ischemic means to an organ anemic means to a person) which, when it got out into the made the smaller arteries contra

#### A Medical Mystery

This is sort of like a Western now, continued in our next and because that's as far as they Goldblatt thinks, and many doctors are beginning to agree with that when people get essential tension it is because there is a substance formed in their kidneys—for reason nobody knows yet, but connected with the kidney blood—an undesirable substance that into the blood and contracts the of the arterioles. They don't know what this substance is yet or what acts on the sympathetic nervous or the adrenals or directly on the riolar muscles or how.

In lots of ways it doesn't even make sense so far. Doctors, for instance, that essential hypertension is almost entirely a disease of civilization. It is not only very common among the natives of the tropics but even uncommon among white men in the Orient and the tropics. They know there isn't a blood pressure among the natives but it is commoner and serious among American Negroes among American whites. What about our particular civilization makes that strange substance form in the kidneys, if that strange substance is the whole answer? Nobody knows but they will. Watch for the next installment, probably in about five years. Watch the work of one Goldblatt.

Meanwhile, if you have high pressure, take your doctor's advice. Let Dr. Goldblatt and the rest of the experimental workers do the work. Just go along to the office and the course and the movies. Drink your evening cocktail and play your bridge. Don't work too hard or with your wife, but aside from there's nothing to keep you from living life as much as ever, for years and years.



"I just played a little composition of my own"

MICHAEL





# Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality & High Proof, 94.4

Select the gin that is recognized for certain definite advantages. For all gins are not alike. In Gordon's you have the advantage of Liqueur Quality and

High Proof, 94.4. This means richer flavor, velvety smoothness, drinks that never taste thin... good reasons for requesting Gordon's when buying gin.

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DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

# Gordon's Gin



## No Mothers Wanted

Continued from page 20

**Goldilocks SAID:**  
"all porridge is  
bad for bears"



Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you've never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said "Anyway, porridge won't make your teeth shine."

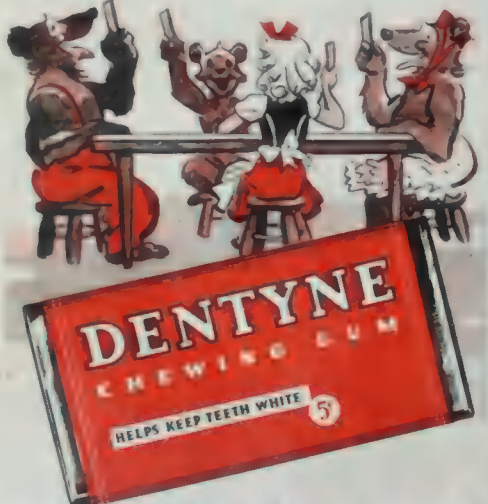
"But it's nice porridge," wailed the big bear.

"And not chewy enough," said Goldilocks. "Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some."

"M-M-M," said the little bear. "It's delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good."

"Right-O," laughed Goldilocks, "and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne."

**Moral:** Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a package today.



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT. MOUTH HEALTHY

Jane Withers is now approaching fifteen and has been with the studio since she arrived in Hollywood, making the momentous leap from childhood without losing her value to the films. Not all do. She is the only child marvel the studio possesses, though they no longer regard her as a child and quit taking pictures of her and her three thousand dolls over two years ago. Scenario writers at work on a Jane Withers story are now permitted to hint gently at Romance, and as a young lady she will have the benefit of a far larger story field. All the old photographs have been removed from the files and the idea now is to have her grow up rapidly and quit sliding down stair rails.

The embattled mothers have all this information and know that Shirley has not been replaced, so they continue to strive. Boy, how they strive! They send their children to the same school attended by the Zanuck children, figuring on some sort of accidental contact. When the Zanuck little ones return home to Father Z. after a hard day in school, they often bring him photographs and notes, handed them in the schoolroom by little comrades who desire nothing in the world except Shirley's old job at any reasonable salary.

## It Might Even be Shirley

It used to be in the studio that the stars received the fan mail. Tyrone Power and Alice Faye were champions and their mail was huge, but now Mr. Zanuck is the star and receives more mail than his actors—all mother mail from Hollywood and California and America and foreign countries where the mail is still moving. The telegraph company wore out so many messenger boys, some of them elderly, that they finally installed a teletype in Zanuck's office and now his secretary can sit there and watch the pleas for attention as they roll in.

Shirley leaves the studio with one more picture to come, called Young People, arranged for release this month. Her last two were The Bluebird and The Little Princess, and these were the pictures that seemed to indicate an episode had come to the end of its run. They were coldly received, particularly The Bluebird, and over on Wilshire Boulevard the manager surveyed his empty house and closed up before ten o'clock.

Even if she goes to school a long time and adjoins motion pictures and studios, Miss Temple has done pretty nicely by herself and her parents, having at the age of eleven earned some three million dollars.

The Jane Withers picture just finished is The Belle of Avenue A, a drama made from The Brat, and this is her twenty-third for the same management. That makes her a veteran troupier, but even so, the film people are not looking for child marvels and hence the lively chill directed toward those mothers. As Mrs. Temple says, Shirley will now attend school regularly like any little girl and grow up to gentle maidenhood amid scholastic surroundings—unless some magnificent offer comes along, a circumstance that might occur any moment.

If that happens, Shirley will resign from school and return to the sound stage and the hairdresser. It is barely possible that some bright genius of the films may stumble upon a certain type of story and who is there to say that Miss Temple is a permanent schoolgirl? Once upon a time she rang the bell with things

like Little Miss Marker and Stand Up and Cheer and the bell is still there. Given the combination of a brand-new story by somebody like Damon Runyon, with Joe Pasternak to make the picture or D. O. Selznick and Shirley on the job, it would be a little like betting against Bimelech at a mile.

Little Miss Marker, it might be noted, was the original Shirley Temple success of any magnitude and first appeared in Collier's as a short story by the redoubtable Runyon. Then came the picture, and when it opened in New York the little Temple girl was so utterly unknown that they refused to hang out her name in lights on the marquee in front of the theater. . . . Instead, they gave the big play to Damon Runyon, author, and often he would walk past the theater and stare up at his name in astonishment.

Then Shirley began to click with the movie fans. . . . The theater promoted her to lights in small letters and slightly reduced Mr. Runyon. As she gathered

## WEST POINT MEN

- are brave and cultured young gentlemen.
- always tell the truth.
- dance excellently.
- are expert in breaking up an enemy's hollow-square formations.
- and have been left far behind by modern, mechanized war.

## WHAT GOOD IS WEST POINT?

An article by  
**Henry F. Pringle**

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

momentum, her lights enlarged until they spread clear across the canopy and Mr. Runyon dwindled down teenie-weenie and finally there was no Runyon at all—just Shirley. And so the film business stumbled upon another baby gold mine. It proves once more that curly-haired little girls are far more important than top-notch authors.

To hurry back to the blazing mammas and their bright-eyed brats, it is observed in Hollywood that none of the established agents will handle children, have really taken a dislike to children and will not even talk to movie mothers or look at them or let them in. It used to be that gifted children were welcomed, but that condition has changed.

A recent case demonstrates the financial foolishness of steering children into the films and hoping for great rewards. One small and gifted moppet was run through the preparatory mill just lately and was taught everything from toe-dancing to imitating birds. Her fond and funded parents spent five thousand dollars having their baby readied for good jobs in the movies, and in the end her film career consisted of two assignments before cameras. For one of these, she was paid \$25 and for the other \$15, and it looks as if her career is over.

Mr. Zanuck's only real retreat these post-Temple days is his swimming pool, which is surrounded by a wall festooned with zebra trophies of the African chase, and in its cool depths he expects a moment to loom up any time between one hartebeestes and the dik-diks holding her child aloft.

The studio forces have received definite instructions to be cold to mothers and that is why Mrs. Zanuck could not get in, the other afternoon at dusk. She had just come from a shopping trip, with little Darylin, age nine, and little Susan Marie, age seven, and was her casual desire and intention to call on her husband and perhaps take him along home in the car. The warden, a new man on the gate and all home was that the studio had recently formed a strong dislike for mothers bringing children and trying to crash in at Mr. Zanuck. And do you think Mrs. Z any good to say she was late to a gateman wise in the wiles and cunning schemes of mothers accompanying children?

Mrs. Zanuck finally took her child and went along home without further comment and the gateman wasn't reprimanded.

The only child actor now employed at the studio is Johnny Russell, who frequently labored in pictures with Withers and Shirley Temple. Overeager mothers picketing the gate, they have to smuggle Johnny in, lest he be mobbed. If he can get in, the mothers argue

## Meet the Winner

In the movie career of the real star, Jane Withers, now in her third picture, there seems to be a lack of poetic justice or delayed reward. Withers family came from Atlanta eight years ago, first Mrs. Ruth Withers and Jane, and later on, Father Withers. They resided in a small two-room apartment on Orange Drive, where Jane Withers did the cooking, and then waited for the lightning to strike.

In time luck came along and Jane Withers was overjoyed, for in her early days, she, too, longed to go to the stage. Circumstances and stern parents prevented this and so one day Jane Withers grew serious and asked her father to marry her and she agreed, with one condition.

"If we ever have a little girl," she said, "she must have a chance to go to the stage or in the movies, so what do you say about that?"

Like almost any young man who has done, Walter promised it would be all right with him, so they were married and had a little girl and here she is at fourteen, almost an old-time film star and the Withers live in a house in a rich neighborhood, with servants everywhere. Jane has nine cats, two deer, a parrot, three turkeys, ten pheasants, three squirrels, a hundred chickens, two lovebirds, a donkey, two goats and a Chinese pig.

She is now as tall and heavy as Alice Faye and is therefore no Shirley Temple, as the mothers would gladly point out to Zanuck if he would only let her inside the gate. Mrs. Withers is paid a salary for helping Jane do her job properly and Walter Withers runs a wholesale rug business and religiously stays away from the studio. In six years he has visited it three times, his only being to let Mrs. Withers manage the star who is going to be Shirley's successor.



# Preparedness *that started 20 years ago*



**D**URING the first six months of 1940, the volume of freight for export handled through Atlantic and Gulf ports of the United States reached a level unequalled since the war years of 1917-18.

And yet this volume was handled so smoothly by the American railroads that no comment about it appeared in the news.

Why?

Because preparedness, with the railroads, is not a newly discovered need. It is something the railroads have studied and worked for ever since the end of the first World War.

And the plain fact is — *in speed and operating efficiency the American railroads today are at the highest peak in their history.*

Freight train speed averages 62% higher than in 1920.

That's because heavier rails have been laid — sidetrack mileage has been increased — terminal facilities have been enlarged — terminal operations have been speeded up — arrangements for having cars on hand wherever and whenever they are needed have been vastly improved. During the first six months of 1940 the railroads placed in service more new freight cars than in any like period in the last 10 years.

Today freight trains actually perform more than twice as much transportation service per hour as trains did 20 years ago.

An indication of the ability of the railroads of the United States to take care of any traffic that may develop is shown by the fact that between August and October, 1939, they handled without

car shortage or delay the largest increase in business ever recorded in so short a time.

The big fact is — in capacity and in operating skill and methods — the railroads are ready to do their share in speeding national defense — and a mighty big share it is bound to be.

And that's why we say — give the railroads an equal chance to keep themselves fit to do the job that they alone can do.



*"See America"* **FOR \$90**

Start from your home town now on a Grand Circle Tour of the United States — east coast, west coast, border to border — go by one route, return by another — liberal stopovers — for \$90 railroad

fare in coaches — \$135 in Pullmans (plus \$45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

**NOW — TRAVEL ON CREDIT**

See your local ticket agent

ASSOCIATION OF

## AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.





## NOW YOU CAN PUT WINGS ON YOUR ENGINE, TOO!



Just follow the lead of United Mainliners—  
Sound your "Z" for this oil... and Zoom!



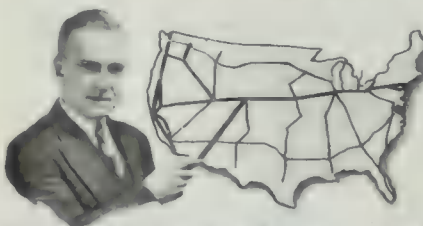
Auto Mechanic

How do you air line fellows protect your engines from high-speed varnish and sludge?

Boy, that's easy! We use regular PennZoil. It helped us lengthen engine life from 4000 to 6000 hours. And it's the real PennZoil your customers can buy anywhere!

United Air Lines  
Mechanic

LET UNITED'S AWARD-WINNING SHOPS BE YOUR ENGINE LABORATORY



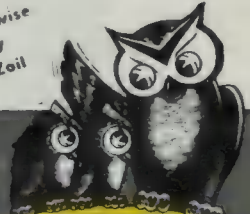
September will mark the 20th anniversary of the establishment of the Main Line airway by the U. S. Post Office Department. United has flown this route since 1927.

Member I. A. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

United's maintenance shops in Cheyenne hold Aviation's award for efficiency. Using PennZoil, United has lengthened both the time between overhauls and the life of its engines.

Look at the chart below. It tells why your car needs sludge-resisting PennZoil... why you should sound your "Z" every time you ask for oil!

Be oil-wise  
specify  
PennZoil



EXTRA CLEAN! PennZoil's 3 extra refining steps take out impurities that clog your motor, slow it down and waste gas and oil.

At today's price, PennZoil is a whale of a buy, so sound your "Z" soon!



Refining of plain oils ends here.

These 3 extra steps make PennZoil.

Others stop here.

GIVES YOUR MOTOR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

## A Girl Must Be Sure

Continued from page 19

one of the finest girls anyone ever saw."

Kernehan was daydreaming. "Almost three years to the day. They were dancing at a Broadway place called the Tiger Inn. We were keeping a tail on George Karidian. You know George—we sent him up a year ago. The policy game. He took a shine to her one night and then practically lived at the Tiger Inn. After the show, you'd see her and Moran at Karidian's table. Finally they weren't dancing at all, but you'd see them around town, all the hot spots—the three of them. There were parties at Karidian's penthouse. Well, we picked up enough on Karidian to make a pinch worth while. So I went up to the penthouse one afternoon to get him, and she was there too.

"Whatever I walked in on—well, she was sore at him for something. I said, 'All right, George, we want to see you downtown.' He said, 'For what?' And I said, 'Offhand, I'd say for keeps. Anyhow, five or ten years, I hope.' Well, he went off his nut. You know me, Max; I'm a pretty patient guy. Hell, I wasn't even thinking about my gun. I didn't think George would be fool enough to go after his. But he did and I went after him. Then Moran busted in. I got George's gun away from him, turned on Moran—I didn't know what to expect by that time—and then Marge let go with her foot and kicked the gun right out of my hand. Moran hit me with a bronze book end.

"When I came to, she was the only one there—trying to stop the blood. She was still trying to stop it when the doctor came in. She'd phoned him. George and Moran had breezed." After a moment he added: "I didn't file any charges against her."

"And you've hounded her ever since, hoping to find Moran."

Kernehan sighed. "Something like that. I first caught up with her in Chicago. I took her to dinner. I danced with her in Detroit. One night in St. Louis we drove through Forest Park. We drank good beer in Cincinnati. When I got back east, I went over to Brooklyn and told her folks she was doing well. They're fine people."

"I'll bet there's one thing you don't know."

"There's a lot I don't know."

"Aggie told me this. She told Aggie." They leaned with their heads close together. "Moran was crazy to open a swell café in the East Fifties, for the carriage trade, but he needed the backing and that's what he was hanging around Karidian for. Well, you know how George was nuts about Margie. Well, Moran wanted sure enough to open that café. Well, he wanted Margie to be nice to Karidian. What I mean, nice. You catch?"

"You're practically subtle, Max. Do you think she still loves him?"

"How do I know? How do I know about women?"

"Seen Eddie Moran around, Max?"

Max Wagner stood up. "You better go easy, Kerny. He's toughened up in three years. He's in the dough, which means he's got some tough friends."

He drummed off on his short legs, his coattail flapping.

RAFAEL walked with her across the Blue Pavilion's parking space, their shadows thrown far out, elongated, by the floodlight.

"Hello," Kernehan said. His face beneath the brim of his hat was in deep shadow.

"Hello," she said flatly.

Rafael took hold of her arm. "It is

late. I will take you home direct. You are fatigued. It is necessary that you sleep. Tomorrow is Saturday night."

"You're Rafael?" Kernehan said.

"Rafael Allones."

"I'll take her home, Mr. Allones. Direct."

She said, "Go ahead, Rafael."

Without another word Rafael squinted into his midjet car and drove off.

"I rented one," Kernehan said, and led her to a black coupé.

Saying nothing, she got in.

"I waited," Kernehan said, "till you were finished here tonight."

"Considerate of you."

He drove out beneath the white sky archway, saying, "You'll have to tell me. I'm a stranger here."

"Go out the boulevard to the left and turn right."

He drove on in silence, turned right at the canal and kept going into the outskirts of the small coastal city.

"The next street light," she said.

He pulled into the curb and stopped in front of a small, two-storied hotel. One light glowed in the lobby. There were green boxed shrubs out front.

"Nice," he said.

"It's clean."

HE LEANED his elbows on the wall and stared ahead through the window shield.

He said, "Well..." and was lost.

"Well, what? Get it over with. I can stand it. Then let me alone—tomorrow and tomorrow and forever!"

He drummed on the wheel. "I'm balled up. I come down here pretending I'm looking for Eddie Moran. I'm kidding myself. I came down here, in fact, and this is clean goods, kid—I came down here to see you."

"Don't try to kid me, Kernehan. Why don't you ask me where Eddie Moran is? Go ahead, ask me—ask me!" Her voice cracked.

He said, "Funny; I'm not even thinking about Moran." He shrugged. "I know he's around here somewhere. Fact is, I'm off duty. Vacation. Hell, I'm not even armed." He got out of the car, walked around it and pulled open the door on the other side. "Go to bed."

She stepped out and walked swiftly into the lobby. He was getting bored into the car when she came out again.

"Are you on the level about not being armed?" she said.

"Yes."

"Well, look out. Eddie is."

She went into the hotel.

Kernehan liked the little clapboard shack on the beach. He had rented through a real-estate agent, for two weeks. The sheriff, putting in a word, had got him a low rate. It was far from the beach, by itself, and he could swim or surf fishing to his heart's content. It was a good place to sit around and think. The big thing in his thoughts had been Moran; to get Moran until somewhere along the way Margaret Petersen became the big thing.

He wondered why he never heard Moran come up through the sand. He guessed it was because his ears were full of thoughts.

"Good afternoon, mastermind."

Kernehan looked up from a pipe he was reaming. Moran was outlined the doorway against the late-afternoon sea. He carried a rifle. The sea was dull blue, tumbling and noisy.

"Hello," said Kernehan, and went on reaming his pipe.

"I've just seen Margie," Moran said. His voice was quiet but Moran was calm. There was great repression



roast and his words were blurred a  
 saw her a couple of nights ago,"  
 than said. He looked at the rifle.  
 hunting?"  
 you call yourself game, yes."  
 nehan sighed and tossed his pipe  
 the sofa. "I'd almost forgotten  
 you, Moran. I've been thinking  
 pleasant things."  
 understand double talk, so don't  
 t. You don't get out of this, pal.  
 more than two years you've made  
 e hell. It's got to end. I'm in the  
 now and I'm not going to have  
 opper bust up my parade."  
 you're in the dough, why don't you  
 gunman?"  
 s better this way. Because no-  
 s going to know."  
 nehan said, "I'd sure like to know  
 you found this place."  
 u weren't at the hotels, so I phoned  
 real-estate agents. A dope would  
 of that. There's no use trying to  
 e the subject. What kind of a  
 mer are you?"  
 ly fair."  
 e how good you are. I've watched  
 lace for two days. This time, late  
 oon, the beach is always empty.  
 mpty now. All right, mastermind,  
 swimming. Out. Straight out.  
 e watching you with the rifle, so  
 try to come back in. Out. Way  
 If you're washed up somewhere,  
 ll be no marks on your body.  
 ng. Get going."  
 nehan drummed on his knees.  
 swell idea," he said, "but it won't  
 If you're going to do it, you're  
 to do it right here."  
 vy feet were pounding in the brush  
 ck of the shack. Terrified, Moran's  
 eaped to one side. Kernehan was  
 m savagely in that instant. No  
 simply the unleashed weight of  
 dy and the fierce momentum of his  
 error. It was a collision, head on,  
 th went down. Kernehan wrenched  
 le away so hard that it flew out of  
 and while he was tumbling over  
 n's twisting body. Moran bleated.  
 rambled to his feet and ran head-  
 down to the water; and as he ran  
 off his coat, then his shirt.

sheriff yelled, "Hey, you!" and  
 d over his head.  
 nehan was sitting up. He looked  
 . There was a long red mark on his  
 head where he had struck it against  
 ott of the rifle.  
 ran was in the water, swimming.  
 cked his trousers off.  
 ey! Hey!" the sheriff bawled.  
 ello," said Kernehan.  
 m! Look at him!" the sheriff  
 l. "He don't know how rough it is  
 ere! He'll drown!"  
 ow'd you happen along?" Kerne-  
 asked.

"That girl. The dancer. She phoned  
 Max Wagner. Asked where you were.  
 Max didn't know. He phoned me. He  
 told me to run out quick. I don't know  
 —something the girl told him. . . . Hey!"  
 he shouted to Moran. "Hey, you dope,  
 you! Come back here! Look at the dope.  
 Look at him! Hey! Hey! Hey! . . ."

Kernehan climbed the hotel stairway,  
 found her door and knocked. He waited.  
 After a minute he listened. He was  
 sure he had heard some movement be-  
 yond the door. Besides, the hotel clerk  
 had said she was in. He knocked again,  
 a little louder this time, and stared  
 down at the doorknob. Presently he  
 saw the knob move. The slowness with  
 which it moved fascinated him. Then  
 the door opened quickly, quietly, creat-  
 ing a small breeze.

**S**HE stood rigid, her lips drawn against  
 her teeth, her eyes round and glassy.  
 When she saw him, all the rigidity  
 flowed, swept, out of her body. Blood  
 rushed into her cheeks. A great, long-  
 held breath made a faint, whistling sound  
 as it rushed out between her parted,  
 trembling lips. She leaned against the  
 wall, let her head lie well back, closed  
 her eyes.

"Thank God!" she said. "I thought it  
 might be Eddie."

"That's what I thought you thought."

"I knew you weren't armed. I knew  
 that look in his eyes. I was fool enough  
 to tell him you weren't down here after  
 him at all. I said you didn't even have a  
 gun. I said—it was me you were down  
 here for. I said what you said in Balti-  
 more that night—that you loved me. I  
 said I loved you."

"I always miss things like that."  
 "I said I was sick and tired of having  
 Rafael superintend my hours of relaxa-  
 tion, my diet. His ambition floored me.  
 I said. It was too big and I couldn't ever  
 really be part of it. I said I didn't want  
 to dance any more. I said I loved you."

"You just said that part a minute ago.  
 Where did it begin?"

She rubbed her head against the wall.  
 "St. Louis a little bit, I guess. Oh, Balti-  
 more, I guess—Baltimore, really. I  
 don't know. Somewhere along the line.  
 I denied it, I guess. I was afraid. I  
 didn't want to be hurt again."

"Me hurt you?"  
 "How did I know? How did I know  
 about anything? What does it matter?  
 What are we standing here talking like  
 this for?"

"I don't know," Kernehan said.  
 "What are we waiting for? What are  
 we waiting for?"

"I know what I'm waiting for," Kerne-  
 han said.

He took her in his arms and he did  
 not have to reach for her lips; she  
 reached for his. He kissed her in a  
 long, timeless silence, putting an end to  
 words.



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## The Tune I Know

Continued from page 15



## Minister of Character

Through a long lifetime, he has won and held the respect and friendship of men of every faith. His humanity knows no bounds of creed, and his own life has been the most inspiring sermon he ever preached.

He would see nothing inconsistent in a man's making a religion of his business... in fact, it would seem a perfectly natural thing that one should put into his daily tasks the finest that is in him. Character isn't something you can wear on Sunday and leave in a bureau drawer on Monday. You achieve character by living up to a certain set of standards so long, you couldn't go back on them anytime or anywhere. If you once start compromising, there is nothing left.

That is the basis for our own belief that any product should be made as good as possible, even though that quality might seem higher than is absolutely necessary. Especially is this true of motor oil. For the protection of a costly motor... yes, even the safety of the passengers, may depend on the ability of the oil to do the impossible in one of those sudden emergencies that afford the real measure of character. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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later where I am at, so you can send them to me. And Steve," he says, "I am hoping to see you, so we can work together like we have done it before. Someplace."

"Is it on account of Miss Manners?" I ask Hade.

"Of course," he says.

"I am mighty sorry, Hade," I say. "Where are you heading?"

"I have always wanted to see Nevada," he says.

So we shake hands and Hade goes out to see Nevada.

In the morning he is back.

DARROW comes in about noon and sits down beside of me on my bunk, where I am going over my rope, softening it up. He says, "Steve, I have made up my mind to try to learn to ride."

I am feeling sick.

He says, "Will you take me out this afternoon, alone, and give me some lessons?"

I tell him, "Mr. Darrow, we will go and I will do my best."

So we take a couple good horses out to a little park in the woods back of the ranch. He tries it, but he is as stiff as a clothespin, and rides like one, when he is on the horse. Which is not all the time.

"I give up," he says finally. His lip is trembling.

He sits there slumped over in his saddle. I have got an idea. I say, "All right, it is hopeless, no use trying any more," and I hit his horse a smart cut on the flank and away we go, and Darrow is suddenly riding like a top hand. He is relaxed, he has gave up, and now he is riding.

"Do you think," he says, "I can do it like that this afternoon?"

"I think you can do her," I tell him, "if you'll let every muscle good and loose. Just give up, pretend you can't do her, and say to hell with it, and I think you can do her."

So he goes and tells Miss Manners he is going to ride with her and Hade that afternoon.

So Hade saddles up for Miss Manners, and I saddle up for Darrow. He says he wants me to come along. So I saddle up for myself. When it is time to start, I am afraid. Darrow has got that old look in his eyes, like he is going to do her or die trying, and that is no good.

"Listen," I tell him, "walk up to that horse like the horse was just a corral fence, and you are going to hop up and sit there and smoke yourself a cigarette. Let yourself completely loose."

Well, Miss Manners and Hade are mounted, and standing there watching, and it is time for Darrow to get up. I give him the nod and wink, and he winks back and swings up on his horse like a cowhand.

And what does he do?

He swings too far, and misses the off stirrup with his foot and keeps right on going, over the saddle, and he is flat on his face on the ground on the other side of the horse.

Miss Manners has got her hands over her eyes, she is laughing, and Darrow is sitting there on the ground with a surprised expression. I tell him to try it again.

So he tries her again and it is perfect. We start off, and we have not gone far when we come to an open flat, and Miss Manners yells, "Let's go!" and she is off, and we are off too, all of us going at a gallop.

I am watching Darrow.

"Take it easy!" I yell at him.

No use. He is holding on, he has a stirrup, and he looks at me and to say something but he can't talk.

I drop back of him, just to be the left, and we swing with her, at the end of Darrow. Off he goes.

He hits the ground and he comes over, and I am with him, I go down the dust, hitting on my left shoulder taking her on the roll. I end up beside of Darrow, and our horses are going on. Hade sees what has happened, and he stops Miss Manners give him the sign we are not to let them go after our horses.

"Are you all right?" I ask Darrow.

He is sitting there laughing at the ing of his legs. He is laughing at Hade watches Hade and Miss Manners chasing the horses, and he says, "I think this is funny. He says, 'Yes, Steve, I am all right.' Hade says, 'I am in good enough shape, says, 'to start walking.'"

And he starts back toward the horses, limping a little.

I call after him, but he does not answer. He keeps on walking.

Hade and Miss Manners bring the horses.

Miss Manners looks at Darrow and he is walking back toward the horses. She does not go after him.

WELL, here it is payday, and I am sitting on a bench beside of the house cleaning my saddle, and Hade comes along and sits down.

He says, "Steve, I'm going home tomorrow." He has had a couple of drinks.

"All of you going?" I ask.

"Just me," he says.

I keep on cleaning my saddle. V. all I can say is, "I tell him, I'm mighty sorry."

He says, "Well, it's one of those things." He looks very sad. He says, "If only we wouldn't of come out here. It was a mistake. I'm not saying anything to anybody, Steve. I'm just going out, without saying anything. You would keep it dark." He says, "I have known Miss Manners since we were kids. He does not go on."

I am feeling sick. "Is it about you are leaving?" I ask him.

He nods. He says, "I know Hade about Hade. He didn't mean to go against him. I have not got a chance against him. And nothing against him. It is one of those things about the country and surroundings run with you. All I hope is that she get her head back in time. I am saying on behalf of them both. Especially Lucille fits in here fine at present the summer will end sometime, and will not fit in here and Hade would fit in anyplace else. It would be a tragedy, Steve. For Lucille especially for Hade."

Darrow is right. I am sorry for Darrow has put in words what I have in my head, and what I think Hade got in his head, too.

"I wish I could think of something," I tell Darrow.

"I wish I could think of something," he says, and walks away. I am cleaning my saddle.

After while I can see Hade and Miss Manners coming in from their horses. They are not talking and laughing always. Hade is looking at his ears, just sitting there in the saddle going into the bunkhouse and take the boots and start cleaning them. Hade comes in.



He sits down beside of me. "Hade," I say, "how was the ride?" "All right," he says. "I am cleaning a boot. 'It's a good thing,' I tell Hade, 'Miss Manners has never seen what this place is like in the winter.'"

"Yes," Hade says. He lays back on the bunk. He is looking at the roof. "I can't help it," he says. "I fell in love with her."

"You better fall out," I tell him, "before you get hurt." "I have tried," he says, "but it doesn't do good."

He lies down on the bunk, face down, head on his arms.

Yellow comes in and says the ghost is looking down at Kinkaid's office. Hade goes up and goes on down, but I keep on cleaning my boots. I am trying to think, which is always a very hard thing for me but especially now. When I have my boots cleaned I put them on and go out for a little walk. I walk over to the corral, and sit on the fence. A fellow can do most of his thinking sitting on a fence looking at the horses. I am sitting there watching a couple of poor coyote baits that are on pension at the ranch.

GET off the fence after while and go down to get my pay. Kinkaid is in his office, and before he gives me my money I sit down and talk to him a while. We have quite a long conversation, and when we are through I go on back to the kitchen.

Hade is laying on his bunk.

Hade," I tell him, "Kinkaid wants I you to take a couple horses over to the Triangle T tonight, and bring a couple back tomorrow."

"All right," Hade says. He gets up. "When we leave now?"

"Right now," I tell him. "Bring along your blankets out of your bedroll; we got to stay there all night."

We take our blankets and saddles out of the corral and put them on the fence. I go in and walk up to the two old coyote baits and lead them back. Hade is not paying no attention, and he throws his saddle on one of the horses. Then he stands back and looks at it.

"Where did this coyote bait come from?" he says.

"We're taking them over there," I tell him.

"We'll never get them there," Hade says. He saddles up and I saddle up and we mount and ride away from the ranch. We take the trail that goes south out of the ranch, down along the mountains, toward where the Triangle T is at.

"I never been over to this Triangle T," Hade says. "How far is it?"

"It is quite a ways," I tell Hade.

We ride along, and it is mighty pretty this time of day, the sun low the way it is. "This time of day, the sun like this, she sure is pretty out," I mention to Hade.

"She sure is," he says. "Let's stop a minute." He draws up and I draw up and we turn our horses and sit there and look back. We can't see the ranch now, it is behind a rise, but I can see Hade looking for it. He is looking and looking.

"Can't see her from here," he says.

"No," I say.

So we go on, and we go into some woods and stay there a while, on the trail, and when we come out we are in a high saddle in the hills. You can see a long ways, straight ahead. It is a long valley ahead of us, and the bottom is all sagebrush flats.

The trail turns here, curves around toward the Triangle T. We sit there a few minutes to rest the coyote bait; we have been climbing, and we start up again, and Hade follows the trail where it swings around.

"No, Hade," I tell him, "we do not follow the trail no more. We go straight down onto those flats."

Hade looks at me. I pull up beside of Hade, and I look at Hade. "Winters in this country," I tell him, "are not the same as summer."

"No," he says.

"She was beautiful, Hade," I tell him. "Just like this Hedy Lamarr. Her and Darrow, that have known each other since they were kids, will get along wonderful in the East. Better than I or you."

Hade is not saying nothing. He is looking at me.

"Hade," I tell him, "you said the other day you had never saw Nevada."

Hade is sitting up very straight in his saddle. He is not looking at me, now; he is looking back, trying to see back to where the ranch is at, and Miss Manners.

Then he looks at me again, and he says, "No, Steve, I have never saw Nevada in my life. This will be the first time."

He gives his horse a dig in the ribs, and we move off of the trail and start down toward the long valley that is ahead of us.

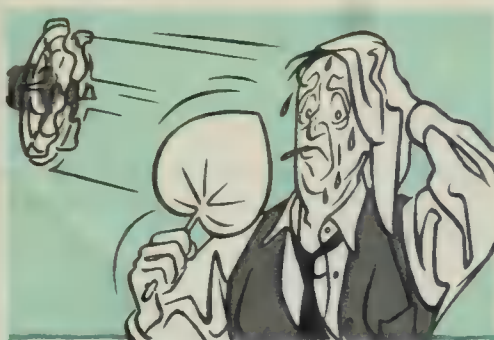
We ride along.

After while Hade straightens up, and throws one leg over the pommel of his saddle and looks over at me and kind of grins.

"It's all right, Steve," he says.

Well, I'm sitting there whistling through my teeth.

A tune I know.



Golly, but this  
smoke is torrid!  
Gotta fan my  
fevered forehead!



Now I'm giving  
Kools a test:  
Right away  
I feel refreshed!

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blood—" He glowered at Karl. "Now tell me, what's going on between you and Carola?"

Karl did not answer. He was not sure he could trust Wagner.

"Come, come, I'm too old to be fooled. I can read peoples' faces," Wagner said impatiently. "It's my business, along with caring for trained dog acts, eccentric dancers, and an occasional God-sent talent, to be able to sense what's going on. You and Carola are in love."

"Yes, we are," Karl said frankly.

"Then what's the trouble?"

Karl could answer that in a word: "Blaerchen!"

Wagner sat back. "I should have guessed that. She was with him when I first met her. I know him and his kind. He is very dangerous, Karl. It's hopeless if he's in the way."

Karl agreed. "Would he do anything for money?"

Wagner laughed. "I could tell you plenty about him and all that gang. They are all alike, men in power, misusing it, turning it to their own advantage." He was silent for a moment. "The Nazis have made patriotism into Big Business, but only the important party members collect the dividends. The Ribbentrop gang and the Goering gang, and a dozen smaller gangs, all fighting for spoils!"

"Why haven't you reported what you know to the police?"

"To their police?" Wagner looked astounded. "No, thanks, I don't interfere in politics. I was tempted once. Blaerchen used a friend of mine, a young American dancer who was here for a few weeks at the Winter Garden. He even got her a diplomatic passport so that she could carry material abroad."

"What material?"

"Some sort of Foreign Office information that he was supplying to the British."

**T**O TEMPT Blaerchen into repeating such a thing was attractive—until Karl realized that Blaerchen would want to be sure to whom he sold such information.

Wagner was laughing. "Shocked? There have been many such instances, and not only involving Blaerchen."

"Praut?" Karl asked hopefully.

"As much as Blaerchen! Men like that would sell out Ribbentrop or Goering or even Hitler if the scheme seemed safe and there was a profit in it."

Karl was thinking fast. "There must be some scheme to get at Blaerchen." Timidly he asked, "Would you help if—?"

Wagner shook his head slowly. "Sorry, my friend, but I can't mix in politics in any way." Firmly he added, "I don't even want to know what you might plan. Any simple scheme will fail, I tell you. Blaerchen can have you arrested at once and say that he went along with you, just to trap you. You'll have to find a new plot."

"A friend of mine mentioned Hamlet," Karl said, disappointed.

"You used to know all the plots when you wrote a sketch a week at the Krokodil," Wagner said reminiscently. "Remember The Lion Tamer? The Twentieth Century Eulenspiegel?"

Karl smiled in spite of himself. They were short farces which he did over and over again. The audiences loved them and they were fun to do. Then, like a man jerked up by a rope from the flies, Karl was on his feet. "Remember The Butcher and the Policeman? I've got it!"

"I hope so." Wagner did not smile.

"But don't tell me anything about it."

Wagner had no chance to say any more. Karl was out of the office and down to the street.

He hurried along the street, recalling every detail of The Butcher and the Policeman. It was a one-act farce that had made the crowds at the Krokodil roar. Sometimes he had done it every night for a month. It was a farce acted in medieval style. In it a butcher, troubled by a nagging wife, wanted some way to quiet her. He persuaded his friend, a policeman, to arrange a secret rendezvous with her and to keep it. From that time on, the butcher had control of the situation as he went about hinting, "I know something, I know something!" The wife was unable to question him for fear that she might reveal something that he really did not know. Yet she was always afraid thereafter that he might really know something and reveal it to the town gossips.

For that plot, the first thing necessary was a "policeman," a man whom Blaerchen did not know. The second thing necessary was the money for the bait. Both these elements could be found. After those a hundred details remained unclear. The whole scheme was dangerous and it might mean concentration camp or worse. Yet an attempt would be better than waiting grimly for Blaerchen to act on jealousy and hatred and turn on Carola.

Karl hurried to Carola's house. It was her new apartment, near the Tiergarten and he was glad it was not far away. Carola opened the door, her face more than usually troubled. On the sofa sat an old woman dressed in black, her face red, her hands holding a sopping gray handkerchief.

"This is Anna, Maria's sister," Carola said. "Maria has been jailed and Anna wants me to help."

"What did she do?" The old woman began to cry again. "What did she do? Why should they arrest her? All she wanted to do was to live peacefully."

"What can I do?" Carola asked hopelessly.

Karl shook his head. This was Blaerchen again.

"Why should they arrest Maria?" the old woman continued. "She had done

nothing wrong. Gott in Himmel! The police were so rough too. What came, the swine, they would give no planation. They just said, 'Come along with us' the same way you take a cow and say, 'Come along.' Can't do anything?"

"I wish I could help," Carola said.

"This is just more hardship," the woman continued. "It's been that all our lives. My sister and I were raised in an orphan asylum and sent to work when we were twelve. We had to work hard for no money on a farm in East Prussia. We've never been happy. Everything has gone wrong since we married—I saw a 'Wife Wanted' in the newspapers and I married one. We had nine children. Then they came away from me." She began to cry. "Five of my children died and now my sons are at the front and I don't know what will happen to them. Now Maria is in jail!"

Carola took money from her pocket book while Anna began to cry. Karl watched her try to comfort the woman and said nothing.

**T**HE old woman left and for a moment while Carola said nothing. Then she said, "It's all horrible, the whole thing. Then she said, 'Is there a way to get abroad?' She waited for an answer then she was shocked to see Karl shake his head.

He kissed her, then said quietly, "There may be no need to go abroad. Gently he added: 'I've thought of something we can do.'"

Carola looked up hopefully. "Tell me!"

"In a moment." One sentence Anna had said supplied some missing details of the scheme! Quickly, "Have you von Maurer's dress?"

"It was on the note he wrote me about lives in the southeastern part of Berlin."

"That's the first thing done." Carola sounded satisfied. The next thing was to get in touch with Klauss again and ask if he might use some of the money that Schebeler had supplied. "Would you be willing to ask Frohman within the next few days to return the favor you once did him?"



"She was chosen Apple-Blossom Queen the year of the blight"

PERRY BARR



questions made no sense and they asked with an air of rising excitement. "Gladly, but please explain." "I think we can put Blaerchen in a position in which he can't threaten us," said firmly. "My scheme is possible but it may be very dangerous." "Why consider danger? What else do we look forward to?" "You'll go through with your plans, Wagner, too."

"How can I?" Then she smiled. "Well, if you think it best." The answer pleased Karl. He glanced at the room and saw a pile of sheet music on the piano. He took it quickly and began to thumb through it. Carola stared at him, understanding nothing and not quite sure that he understood. Almost jubilantly he told her, "You're going to sing some songs, aren't you?" "Of course I am!" Carola sounded surprised.

"You know the song called The Lonely Widow?" Carola shook her head. She supposed that Karl was saying made sense but she was not sure.

"A boy with a secret, Karl exclaimed, "Get that song and sing it at the opening. It's about one of those who put an ad in the newspapers looking for a husband. It's very funny! Listen to the chorus:

*"Handsome widow,  
Hair and eyes of brown,  
Only twenty  
House in town!  
Seeks life's comrade,  
Loyal, true.  
Please send photo.  
No postage due!"*

at song and sing it for Blaerchen at the opening."

and thereafter Blaerchen will not be able to use us?" That was too ridiculous! But at song can hint to him that you are something he would rather no one know."

Carola wrinkled her forehead. "Then I must go to him and tell him so?" "That would be too dangerous," Karl answered quickly. "What we want is to keep him guessing, to make him feel uncertain. If that keeps him just enough and makes him wonder what you know, if you know how many others know, then Blaerchen is going to be a very nervous gentleman."

Carola caught Karl's jubilant excitement. "But how does a song about a lonely widow—?"

Karl laughed and for a moment he mimed, "Handsome widow, hair of brown—?" Then he said, "On Sunday, as it has been for the last fifty years, the newspapers are filled with ads headed, 'Marriage Partner Wanted!'" He was gay now, a new man. "Have you read any recently?" "I haven't been interested," Carola answered.

"You've seen the sort of advertisement," he continued. "They say 'Handsome widow of forty-five with small estate, well born among the first families, wishes to meet well-situated civil servant or *Kleingrundbesitzer!*'" He said pleasantly. "What a dreadful thing, to describe someone with a piece of land."

"Yes, yes," Carola said impatiently, "today is Wednesday. I'll write Blaerchen a letter, unsigned, hinting that some interested party would be willing to make a financial arrangement that might interest him. If he is interested, he is to put an advertisement in the marriage column reading, 'Handsome widow, with brown hair and blue eyes—?' That will give me a box number which I can write. In the mean-

time I must find von Maurer. I need an honest man whom Blaerchen does not know. And I want you to see Froscetti."

"And then?"

"Then if Blaerchen answers my letter and everything works, sing that song right at Blaerchen at the Sans Souci next Thursday night!"

**I**F BLAERCHEN was interested in replying to Karl's letter, the answer would be in the Sunday paper.

Karl was up early Sunday morning, and hurried to Alexanderplatz. A woman selling newspapers was on the corner. She watched him curiously as he took a paper, opened it, and hunted for the marriage advertisement columns.

Here was a half page of fine print and Karl went through a hundred small advertisements. "Retired dry-goods dealer wants to marry . . ." "Brother seeks husband, from first circles, for sister, aged 37 . . ." "Beautiful cultured masseuse, 44, wishes to find . . ."

Then in the last column, near the end, he saw it: "Widow of twenty, brown hair and eyes, owner of house in Berlin, wishes to find life's companion, loyal, honest, true. Please send photograph, prepaid. Address box number 25 D."

There it was, an answer!

The newswoman smiled at him. She knew what page he had been reading. "I'm sure you'll find a handsome wife," she laughed.

"What? Oh!" Karl returned her laugh and hurried to a telephone to call Carola. She would be waiting for him to say, "I have an answer."

On Sunday afternoon Karl took the subway to the southeastern part of Berlin. He got out at the Treptow station and had to walk a half mile, passing several factories, then the parks along the river. A few couples had dared the cold afternoon for a promenade but they walked quickly. Passing them, he told himself that some day he and Carola might be able to promenade arm in arm, in park or on pavement, fearlessly and free.

Along a row of old apartments, he hunted for one number and entered a house in the middle of the block. After an hour he came out, the look of satisfaction deeper on his face. It was colder outside now but less cold than it had been in the apartment. Even the house in which a man like von Maurer lived could not get fuel.

Karl started down a side street to the subway but a crowd ahead blocked his way.

Smoke plumed out of a large factory building. A policeman was holding people back. Back of him were more policemen and police wagons were arriving every minute.

"What's on fire?" Karl asked the man nearest to him, a workman with a hard, expressionless face.

"The electrical works." The workman took a pipe from his mouth.

"The police seem worried about it."

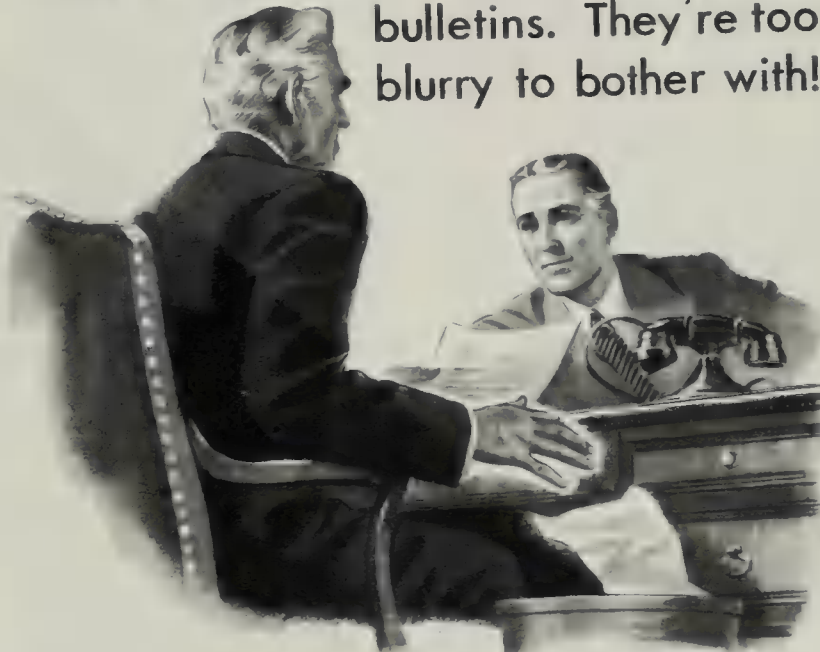
"They ought to be." The workman spat on the pavement. "That kind of electrical works may explode." He lowered his voice. "Makes fuses for shells!"

That was a good reason for moving faster!

Karl detoured and reached the subway. He rode to the Zoo. It was pleasant to be able to look forward to being with Carola without having to worry about Blaerchen's knowing of it. He would not bother them so long as he expected her to keep that engagement with Prout.

Karl went into a cafe. Carola was not on time but there was no need to worry about her being late. She, too, had had an engagement this afternoon. When she came she was smiling and when she smiled like that her blue eyes glistened, matching the blue of her little

"No, I never waste time reading their bulletins. They're too blurry to bother with!"



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ME!

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hat, the blue of her boyish coat. She looked like a promise of spring. The cold had pinked her cheeks. People at other tables turned as she passed.

Karl met her with eager questions: "What happened? Did you see Froschetti?"

She nodded, smiling as if a little secret amused her. "But first I saw the newspaper this morning. I couldn't believe it!" She looked at him proudly. "You were right, Karl." Then she asked, "What about von Maurer?"

"I saw him." Karl picked up a menu. "One minute. Let's order something—I'm awfully hungry." He frowned as he looked at the card. "It doesn't look very appetizing. We have our choice between sausage and fish, boiled potatoes, carrots, and cabbage."

"I'm not very hungry."

Karl called a waitress. "What do you recommend, Fräulein?"

The waitress smiled sadly. "The sausage is ersatz, imitation. The fish—"

"They haven't discovered how to make ersatz fish?"

"Nein, mein Herr, but there isn't any more fish!"

Karl shrugged his shoulders. "I think we'll both have coffee, Carola."

She agreed.

"The coffee isn't what it used to be, mein Herr," the waitress said apologetically. "It used to be ersatz made out of real malt. Now it's made out of ersatz malt!"

That sounded as bad as it would probably taste. Karl watched her leave and said slowly, "I wonder what will happen when people find out that men like Blaerchen don't have to drink imitation coffee made from the imitations of coffee imitations?"

"I'm more curious about other things," Carola smiled. "I want to know about von Maurer. Did he agree?"

Karl nodded.

"Without argument?"

"AT FIRST he felt it beneath his dignity as a good Nazi to argue with me," Karl said. "When I told him that Blaerchen was threatening you, von Maurer remembered Mainescu and became friendly. Then he wanted to help us. He is eager to help but he said, 'If Blaerchen is a scoundrel, then why not report him to his superiors?' I told him that in that case the three of us would be arrested immediately and that Blaerchen would insist that he only co-operated with us to trap us." Karl paused for a moment. "I convinced him that the important thing at the moment is to forestall Blaerchen, not punish him." Then he asked, "What about your visit to Froschetti?"

Without a word she took an envelope from her bag. "Here is five thousand marks! As soon as he looked at the German-Swedish documents, he said they were more than worth the money." As she handed him the envelope she said, a little more uncertainly, "Is every detail complete now?"

"Complete!" Karl said emphatically. "Blaerchen has answered my letter. Klauss has let us have documents to sell to Froschetti for cash. We have it. Tomorrow von Maurer will meet Blaerchen, pretend to be on the Goering side, and offer to purchase information about the activities of the Ribbentrop crowd."

"Suppose Blaerchen calls the police? He may suspect von Maurer."

"Von Maurer has a long party record. He's the type that's on the Goering side." Even more convincingly Karl added, "He won't call the police for interparty intrigue. All that Blaerchen could do would be to refuse."

For a little while Carola was silent. Then, "If he accepts von Maurer's offer, all that remains will be my song at the opening?"

"That's all!"

"And we shan't have to fear Blaerchen after that?"

"I don't think so." Karl explained eagerly, "He will feel sure that you know something about this advertisement and about his answer but he will not dare to ask you or to arrest you for fear you'll report to his Foreign Office superiors what you know."

"I hope so, but I can't believe that Blaerchen won't do something to us."

"He will be unable to do anything, my dear." Karl spoke confidently. "He will be afraid of you. Let him have some sleepless nights."

"I hope you're right." But Carola did not sound convinced.

ON THE afternoon of the opening, Wagner's office was like a railroad station on mobilization day. Last-minute telephone calls for reservations, for choice tables, visitors on a dozen different missions, kept everyone busy—everyone but Wagner. He was around smiling, unconcerned by the confusion. "Everything's done, everything's arranged," he said, paying no attention to callers or telephone calls. "It will be sensational. The number of important officials coming tonight— It will be like the Nuremberg Party Congress!"

Throughout the day, Karl watched the clock. He had two appointments in the late afternoon, one with von Maurer, another a routine meeting with Schebeler.

The day before, von Maurer had met Blaerchen for the first time and the meeting had gone as Karl had hoped. Blaerchen was suspicious at first until von Maurer showed him money and hinted at having access to much more. Today von Maurer was to have met Blaerchen at noon at a little inn outside the city. That meeting was the key to Karl's entire scheme and if Blaerchen had used it to trap von Maurer, then the scheme collapsed and with it any hope that Carola would ever be free from Blaerchen.

Karl was meeting von Maurer in a little café off Mittelstrasse. He was there on time. He looked around the room. At a rear table a man sat, his head on his folded arms, as if he were sleeping. It was von Maurer.

He was not asleep but acted like a person dazed. "I was here ahead of time," he said absently.

"Did you see him?"

Von Maurer nodded but said nothing.

"What happened?"

"Everything happened as planned."

"Then, what—"

"It made me sick. It made me horrified. He took the money and he was eager for it. He gave me an envelope."

The contents were genuine. But the money—" There was something dreadful in the man's voice. "I don't think that any Nazi official, so placed, so trusted, would be so criminal! It was like a blow to the stomach."

Von Maurer would get over the action. It was understandable. The important thing was that the trap was sprung.

"I didn't feel nervous, I wasn't frightened. I half hoped police would be here. I didn't want to think we were in a trap. The pain in his voice was not phony. He looked like a sick man. In my pocket I have the envelope he gave me. I am going to keep it," von Maurer said firmly. "I may be less of a German than you, but I am still a good German. The must not fall into the hands of an enemy of Germany." Then, as if something condensed from long thought, he said, "I think I have a duty to feel that Blaerchen should be arrested at once."

"And have the police arrest you?"

"I know that," von Maurer said. "But it troubles me. Sometimes I should take this envelope to the police!"

"Promise me one thing since I'm concerned in it," Karl asked. "Before you decide to do anything, please let me know." Then Karl left him at the table, his mouth drawn tight, his face pale, a man ready to spring at something uncertain of his footing.

KARL hurried now. He was due at Sans Souci by six and he still had to meet Schebeler. For a moment he thought of the ever-present chance of detection and arrest; it would be incredibly bitter to be arrested on this night.

Schebeler met him eagerly, glad as usual for a chance to talk to someone. "Please sit down a little while." He began to make excuses but Schebeler insisted. "First of all, I have memories of conversations with the Italians. They will interest your friends!"

"They will be obliged to you."

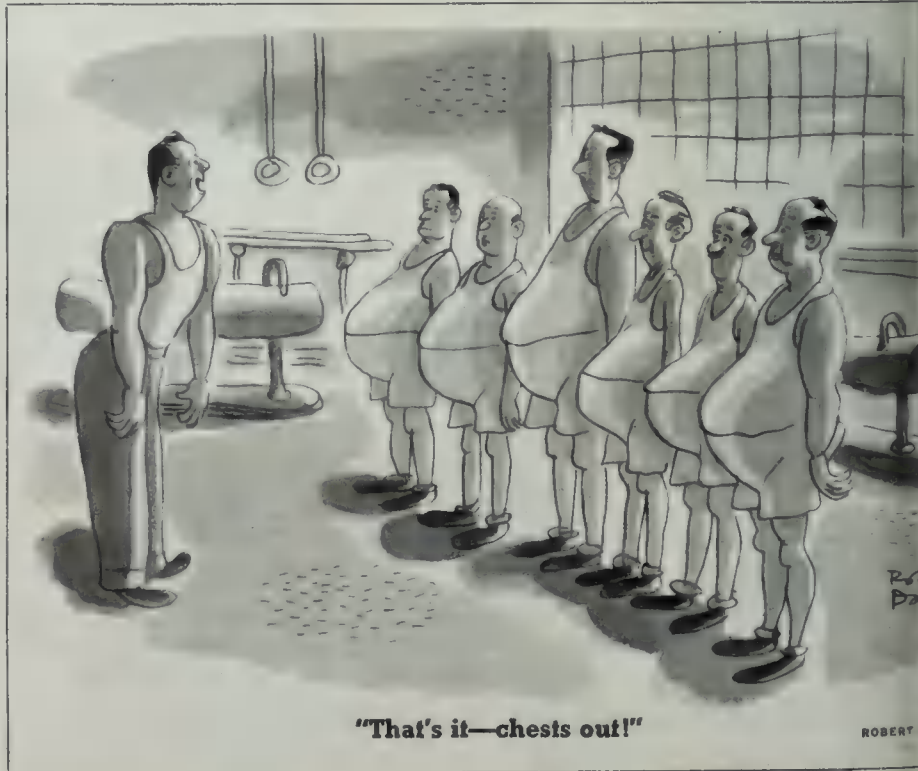
Schebeler slipped an envelope under the table and Karl pocketed it.

Then Schebeler leaned halfway across the café table. "I have something to tell you! Blaerchen and Praus are friends!"

That was scarcely news. Yet Karl asked eagerly, "What changed that?" "No one knows! It was very sudden. Everyone in the Ministry speaks of it."

"I wish you had more definite information," Karl said casually. Then he excused himself and hurried away.

Now, a brief meeting with Ran-



ROBERT



the envelope and then to the  
puci!  
was not at the station and Karl  
wait restlessly. He hoped that  
of all nights nothing unexpected  
happen but his restlessness in-  
s. He pretended to read a news-  
but the lines of type jiggled  
his eyes.

sin Karl?"  
turned and saw a stranger, a  
man, attractive, well-dressed. He  
friendly but Karl could take no  
es.  
other guessed the dilemma. "My  
Kuhlmann," he said. "Don't be  
Herr Klauss sent me. Herr  
could not come and Doctor  
has disappeared."

had to chance trusting the man.  
appeared?"

r Klauss is very worried," Kuhl-  
nodded. "You haven't seen  
?"

"If Ranke had been arrested  
o one who had had any contact  
m was safe!  
re sure he has not been arrested."  
an said positively. "He left his  
Sunday morning, to meet with  
riends, workmen in a factory in  
w. That factory was set on fire  
afternoon."

was sure that that was the fire  
seen. "Perhaps the Gestapo  
them!" And Ranke, by his im-  
ty, now threatened all the work  
lauss had done. And with that,  
who had had any contact with

an assure you that the Gestapo  
ot got Ranke," Kuhlmann said  
"But no one knows what will  
in the next few days."

There was no need for Kuhlmann to  
more specific. If Ranke was  
he might be forced to confess

A man tortured with the scien-  
tuelty that the Nazis had de-  
could not be blamed for any-  
he said.

you have anything to send to  
—" Kuhlmann began.

remembered the envelope. He  
trust Kuhlmann. He gave the  
pe to him.

r Klauss will keep you in-  
d," Kuhlmann said. "Don't be  
d!"

USE black-out restrictions forced  
early closing, the opening was set  
eight o'clock. Carola was in her  
ing room before six, wishing that  
ould come. The last costume fit-  
as over, the last rehearsal finished.

Fräulein ready to dress?" the maid  
t yet!" Carola was watching the  
Karl should have been here by  
whole plan hung on what Karl  
hear from von Maurer. If any-  
had gone wrong, then the en-  
ent with Praut was unavoidable.  
thought made suspense the more  
and she began to pace up and

en she heard a knock at the door  
ran to it. Then she stepped back.  
was Praut, resplendently puffy  
reign Office uniform, ridiculously  
ous.

ust wanted to tell you how eagerly  
oking forward to tonight," he said.  
oked her over from head to foot.  
most eager. And you?"

am I!" she said, with a sorry at-  
at sounding sincere. She could  
am the door in his face until she  
ung her song. "Now, if you'll ex-  
me—"

came back to her dressing table  
wanted to cry.

en Karl came in. Carola rushed to  
and clung to him, her golden hair  
to his cheek.

"Is everything all right?" she whis-  
pered.

"Everything, sweetheart."

Praut was forgotten! Like a little  
child, reassured, she said, "Then I shall  
dress now." As if ashamed of her worry  
she protested, "Let me go! You're  
mussing my hair! You must go, Karl.  
Let a lady have her dressing room."

He stepped into the confusion in the  
wings. There were flowers to attend to  
and messages. People who had been  
around the Krokodil and other cabarets  
in the old days came backstage with  
best wishes. They were pleasant but  
not too pleasant to Karl, lest any Ges-  
tapo observer should be watching to see  
who was too friendly to an ex-political  
prisoner.

FROM time to time Karl peered out  
from behind the curtain into the  
house. The decorators had done a good  
job. Mirrors around the walls picked up  
the gold of the lights so that the room  
seemed burnished. People were begin-  
ning to arrive, in uniform and party  
dress, strangely gala for a country at  
war. Now and then some high official  
whose face Karl had seen in the news-  
papers entered, followed by a group of  
friends, like a miniature monarch with  
a retinue of retainers. Each group tried  
to outstrut the others, like self-con-  
scious exhibits at a poultry show. They  
had their women with them, for the  
most part attractive blondes, whose  
Paris gowns hinted at the strange con-  
tents of diplomatic pouches from France  
in the days before the war.

Once Wagner joined Karl as he was  
looking through the curtain. "A pretty  
crowd, *nicht wahr?*"

Karl agreed.

He came closer and whispered, "I  
wouldn't have let most of those men  
wash dishes in any cabaret of mine ten  
years ago! They would not have left  
even the washrags and the soap. Ah,  
well!" He smiled broadly, "It's a sen-  
sational opening! Sensational!"

A master of ceremonies, Hans Ritter,  
a man whom Karl did not know, came  
into the wings, straightening his tie,  
brushing the lapels of his coat. Karl  
could feel envious. Like Ritter, he had  
waited like this, and a thousand times,  
for the first music from the orchestra.

Karl turned to the curtain again.  
There was no sign of Blaerchen or Praut,  
but one large table in the front row was  
still vacant.

The first act, a pair of comedians, was  
almost finished when Carola's maid  
called him to her dressing room. Carola  
had not wanted him to see her in her  
costume until it was completely ready.  
She wore it now, her golden hair combed  
straight, lying flat on her head like a  
sheet of beaten metal. She had almost  
no make-up on; a usual make-up would  
have been superfluous. She wore a  
plain gray dress, simply cut, exactly  
like the dress she used to wear at the  
Krokodil.

"Like it?" Her face was shining.

It was hard to stop a throbbing throat,  
hard not to believe that in a moment he  
and she would not go out on the stage,  
hand in hand, as they had once done.  
"You're beautiful!" Karl went up to  
her and kissed her.

"My hair!" She laughed.

"You look as if time had stood still."

That reminded her of something not  
pleasant. "Is Blaerchen here?"

"I haven't seen him come in yet. Sing  
your song and he will be too frightened  
to do anything to you."

"And to you, too?"

"And to me!" The thought of other  
dangers, from von Maurer and from  
Ranke, was vivid again but he could not  
speak of them now.

Then a callboy entered. "Five min-  
utes, Fräulein Dirling!"

(To be continued next week)



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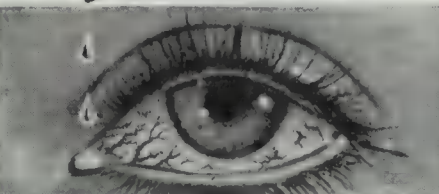
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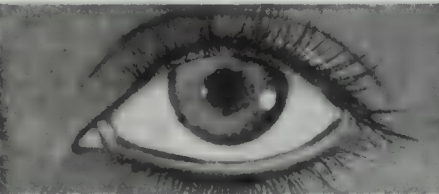
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## How to Build Airpower

Continued from page 17

became the world's foremost airpower; then slid from leadership to last place.

England has a rich and skilled industrial background, the resources of the earth's greatest empire, and a three-century tradition of "ruling the waves"—which meant she ruled the sea channels of international trade in war and peace. You would have expected her to attempt to transfer her rule of the waves to rule of the air—the modern ocean of commerce and combat.

Germany was poor in all things compared with these three countries—the world's two most powerful and wealthy empires, the world's most powerful and rich single nation.

Germany did not become top airpower by spending most money. We spent hundreds of millions, too; so did France and England. You can't just buy airpower. It is a state of mind and method, as well as of possession. Difference between totalitarian and democratic administration is a glib but not a whole answer.

### We're Building Against Germany

The answer to German air strength is, of course, composed of many things; some tangible, many intangible. There was the addiction, for example, of her leaders to youth. Germany's solicitude for the physical welfare of her youngsters, the manner in which she trained and indoctrinated them, were familiar over the years—even lamely imitated in England. Not so familiar is this significant comparison:

The average age of the highest generals in the German air force is forty-four. In the English army, sixty. In the French, nearly seventy. British and French generals are veterans of many far-flung and old-fashioned campaigns. Germany's are veterans of only the last war and this one—plus a little experimenting in Spain.

Such contrasts and studies in detail are endless. Our immediate aim in this piece, however, is to see how Germany's airpower exceeded that of nations with greater potentialities for it—and our chances of overtaking her. If you aspire to be the greatest airpower, you must boldly say we are building against Germany. Military power and foreign policies are always built "against" someone. Our modern Navy was originally built "against" the British, as the most elementary histories tell you—if England had a small navy, we should have had a small one, also. Our Monroe Doctrine was pronounced "against" France and the Quadruple Alliance of Russia, Prussia, Austria and England.

The inclination abroad has been to blame wholly Blum's nationalization of aircraft factories for France's loss of airpower leadership. On the other hand there was not much profit in aircraft production for France's great steel industrialists. There was huge profit in the fortification of the Maginot Line, and the ammunition for its heavy guns. The "Line" was consequently oversold to the French public, who relied on it as if they were approaching 1914 rather than 1939.

I saw more than one of the prewar French plants. So did many other Americans. It was agreed they were poorly conceived, wretchedly operated. There were dirt and bad lighting, inadequate rest and toilet facilities and general slovenliness. One thing struck every foreign visitor to prewar French aircraft shops—all employees smoked at their work and in every department and

corner. There was neither discipline nor interest. Factory directors complained of lack of co-operation by private French business leaders.

From an industry capable of 1,000 planes a month years ago, France was down to a production of only 20 to 40 planes a week in the summer of 1939. Some of her planes had been sent into the bloody rehearsal in Spain in 1936. Their record was so bad against the Germans and Italians, and beside the American-inspired Russian models, that they were withdrawn for further study and for redesigning.

Officers of the French aircraft carrier Bearn, which came to Canada in June to pick up cargoes of United States planes, told the American pilots who "ferried" them over the border that in April and May of this year France's aviation industry produced exactly one airplane.

In many French aircraft factories, just before the war, completed planes were covered by paper and stored away for want of motors. The motor plants were not nationalized. Their owners had a profitable export business, and they took care of that before they would supply France's own nationalized aircraft makers.

England's prewar aviation industry had better morale, organization and factory management. It was at the other extreme from nationalization. But visiting experts frequently warned that it was inefficient and costly by either German or American standards, and that it suffered from the stuffy old English sin of underestimating foreign products and exaggerating the merits of its own. Pan American's transatlantic service was delayed at least five years because the English, unable to produce a plane capable of ocean schedules, would not grant the United States necessary landing rights. Frequently, in press and interviews, English leaders belittled American planes, scoffed at the idea that England would need them.

### The First Grand Strategy

Main criticism of English planes by American experts was that they were "too sturdy," had too much "British solidness"—like English boots and marmalade—and were built in the "by hand" tradition of the famous old English coachmakers instead of by up-to-date machine practices. What this boiled down to was a fear they were too expensive, complicated and necessarily too slow in manufacturing processes for an industry that might suddenly have to be geared up to wartime quantities. It was estimated that tooling under English methods cost for each type of plane ten or more times as much as in the United States—for the Wellington bomber, for example, several millions were spent in tooling up for an order of 1,000. Less than a year before the outbreak of war, four of these planes—England's best bomber—had been finished. England's finest pursuit, the Supermarine "Spitfire," had great difficulty getting into production because it is an assembly job and various parts made by subcontractors failed to fit. In the autumn of Munich only seven Spitfires had been made, of an order of 1,000.

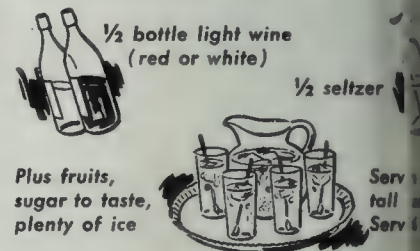
Germany, by then, had reached a production rate of 2,000 planes a month.

Co-operation between the French and British air forces and other military leaders was bad until the fright of Munich. Then a so-called "Grand Strategy" was decided upon, with belated recognition of airpower. The Germans were to be

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nd off by the Maginot Line for three years and meanwhile blockaded by the English fleet. Terrific drive was to be employed to prepare a "knockout" blow at the end of that time by air. The air sm was to be mostly a British enterprise, with whatever help France could summon by the purchase of American planes. England recognized the vulnerability of her centralized aviation facilities and training facilities, within range of German bombers. So Canada is selected to be the Empire Air Training Center.

In each of the three years 20,000 pilots and enough over to allow for casualties were to be trained until the 100,000 deemed essential for the terrible knockout were ready. Planes and engines were to be manufactured in Canada, as well. With the constant menace of German bombers near by, foreign military experts figured England would devote every factory hour at home to the manufacture of defensive pursuits, while trainers were bought in Canada's next-door neighbor, the world's potentially greatest reservoir of aviation manufacture, the United States. But England decided to kill two birds with one slug. The transports, running westward empty to get Canadian soldiers, could be loaded with English-made training planes, and a few dollars would be saved on each plane over American costs. Precious home factory space, therefore, was turned away from bombers and pursuits to little trainers.

#### But the Factories Lay Idle

With the rout in Flanders came a change in the "Grand Strategy." Two ships loaded with trainers were actually lited in midatlantic and ordered back to England. Now, the London authorities informed Canada, the plan was to hold Germany on the Somme-Aisne for two years, and consequently the training program must be speeded up to deliver the "knockout" then.

The London Air Ministry asked Canada to prepare to build factories—for which plans were supplied—to build Rolls-Royce aviation engines. Canada did so with enthusiasm, dispatch and efficiency; notified London it was ready for the patents so that it could tool up when these were not forthcoming, and the factories lay idle, Canadian officials repeatedly phoned London and finally got a commission there. Air Ministry people were sorry: Rolls-Royce aircraft motors were made by a private firm, and its board of directors were unwilling to lease its aircraft patents for overseas manufacture! It was June of this year—after the Battle of France had begun—before Rolls-Royce, under government compulsion, released its patents simultaneously for the United States and Canada.

The half a dozen small airplane manufacturing companies in Canada were told by the Air Ministry, before the war, they would be expected to make English planes, for which plans would be supplied. They eagerly and quickly prepared. Each was a complete plant. After a long wait, each was told it would be leased only certain parts to manufacture and these would be shipped to England for assembly. The powerful British Society of Aircraft Constructors had decided it would be unwise to let any one Canadian manufacturer have the whole plan of any English plane, for it might make use of that to go on as a competitor in world markets after the war!

Last year's appropriations for the United States covered an air corps of 5,500 planes. All have been contracted for and will be delivered within the set time limit, June 30, 1941. Although some experts believe these figures are oversanguine, it is hoped and planned by the Knudsen Board that the United

States aviation industry will produce 40,000 military planes in the next two years, of which 25,000 will be for us. It is also hoped that our production thereafter will be 40,000 a year. The factory investment for such plane output, not including motors, will be at least half a billion dollars, and it will cost you between three and four billion dollars every year to maintain a production rate of 40,000 or 50,000 military airplanes.

American military observers here and abroad reached the point of hair-tearing when the \$4,000,000,000 "second navy" was appropriated, in the light of Europe's war. The British navy, the world's largest, had not thwarted German operations or strategy in a single particular. The withdrawal from Dunkerque was made possible by the Royal Air Force, and a pooling of French and English fast, small naval vessels—destroyers, light cruisers, speedboats. Not a single capital ship participated. If the combined navies were not able to prevent the transportation of an initial German force of 65,000 men across the open Skaggerak to Norway, and of several German divisions down the Netherland coast to the Hague and other ports, how could a United States fleet, however large, prevent landings on the open thousands of miles of South American coasts—which is the avowed purpose of the increased navy? German staff officers told me: "Air and mechanized forces represent land power, hundreds of small, fast surface vessels of various types represent sea power in the 20th century. The 'Big Navy' is a 19th century project: but it is 'big business,' and will die hard. Dreadnoughts, or capital ships, are as extinct as dinosaurs."

Hitler's known private contempt for sea power was expressed in the French armistice terms, when he merely asked demilitarization of the French navy, indicating no plan for its use.

Lastly, if French and English experience suggests pitfalls, there are lessons in a comparison of the German and the United States aviation industries.

Just before the fall of Paris, French air officers reported that the paint was still wet on the door hinge of one of the Heinkel bombers they shot down. They said this indicated hasty, careless production; ships hurried from factory to firing line. Perhaps it did, although this solitary instance might have been a repair job. Also, every flier knows that metal paint within secluded nooks of planes—control stick root, door hinges—where the wind rush in flight does not reach—may stay wet for several days or a week. The most important point of this incident was overlooked. Yet it is the key to the whole German air policy. German officers spoke frankly of it to me in Berlin:

#### Stripped for Action

"Airplanes for war use cannot be judged like airplanes for commercial use. Quantity is more important than all-around quality, so long as your fire power, or armament, is equal. Warplanes are expendable just as shells, torpedoes and cannon are expendable. There must be basic quality and design to begin with. But then we strip our warplane down until there is barely enough of it to carry guns, fuel, motor and pilot—and to hell with the golf-stick compartments and steam heat and cockpit full of fine and fancy instruments that your Air Corps specifications demand from your manufacturer. We give our squadron leader's ship a pretty good set of instruments, but the rest of the planes are up there to follow him and only need a few basic instruments. The gallant lone aces of the last war have no part in this one. An air squadron is a team, exactly as a machine-gun squadron on

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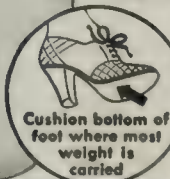
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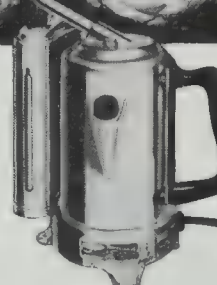


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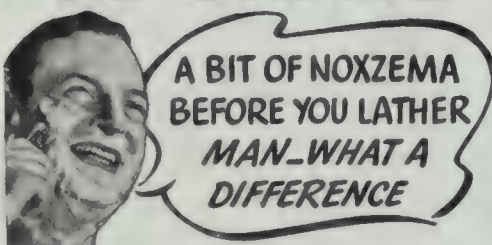
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the ground is. It is mass principle on a little scale. Its value is in co-ordination as a unit. Airplanes are extensions of torpedo ranges, of machine-gun and cannon muzzles. So we build our planes adequate for the job demanded of them—to go out and kill and destroy—and nothing more. We figure on heavy expenditure of planes, and our industry is geared up with that in mind. Our war-planes are built to last five hours or five days—not five years, like yours. And if we win the war there will be no point in our enemy's saying, 'Oh, our planes are better built than yours. They last longer!'

In the United States, plane makers have complained that even after they had won competitive bids they could not get under way because the Army kept changing plans and specifications in a constant search for perfection. There seemed to be nobody in authority who would take the responsibility of freezing the design and saying "Go to it!"

In Germany, the system is as follows: Two or more private firms bid on Air Ministry specifications. A responsible officer says "this one" or "that one" is best. An order for 400 is immediately given, to be run off without change. Also, the winner is compelled to release his design on a royalty basis to his unsuccessful competitors, each of whom is given a large order. Thus, the talents, factories, workmen and production skill of all bidders is swiftly turned loose to build each winning design, while the extra money accruing to the model's originator encourages an incentive.

In peacetime there were no changes until at least 400 of each new model had been turned out. Now, in wartime, the first run-off is much larger—about 1,000 each. Then an improved design may be ordered. If the responsible officer doesn't know his job and a type proves bad in practice—he's out of luck.

In the United States, if you want to see a man about an airplane you don't know whether to go to the War Department, Navy Department, Air Corps, Commerce, Treasury, National Advisory Committee, Post Office, Interstate Commerce Commission, and now also the National Defense Council—or your congressman. You probably end by going to all. When the aviation industry leaders hastened to Washington for the emergency confab about Roosevelt's 50,000-plane demand they were shunted from one office to another—and ended by having their group picture taken.

### No Place to Land

In Germany, there is no such dispersion of authority. The air force is separate and distinct, like the Army or the Navy. You go to one place on your aviation business, and one place only—the huge Reichsluftministerium on Leipziger Strasse, and you will be quickly taken to a man who knows what he is talking about, and can say yes or no at once.

In the United States we haven't a single national highway that has been designed for emergency plane use. We haven't a national policy of airport construction co-ordinated with military defense or preparedness. WPA airport-project millions have been spent without plan, and, with a few notable exceptions, frittered away on landing fields dictated by political soaping rather than defense necessities. Our largest commercial ships and "Flying Fortresses" have virtually "No Place to Land," in formation away from the established military bases, as you were told in Collier's two years ago. Less than one tenth of all our airports are suitable for military use. Because of lack of Administration control and forethought, lack of a national program, we haven't

airports on which to base 50,000 airplanes—if we had 50,000 planes.

In Germany, the whole national program of airport construction and planning has been under the proper authority of the Reich Air Ministry, and proceeded hand in glove with air force buildup. There are hundreds of fields from which all types of German planes can operate. Many key fields have underground hangars and underground repair shops. We haven't an underground hangar or shop in the United States, no system of protected storage for our planes, even at those military fields within bomber range of oceans or frontiers. The great system of German national highways—Reichsautobahnen—was conceived as part of the air program. Wherever possible the roads course in the direction of the prevailing winds. They are each from 4 to 10 lanes wide, free of poles, signboards, and other obstructions, beautified only by low shrubs, and bypassing towns and cities. These great highways are laid down across the face of Germany like a handy grille: east to west, north to south. They are constantly used by the air force. Near Frankfurt I saw a pursuit squadron practicing landings and take-offs on one half of a highway, with mobile surface repair and refueling units co-operating, while the other half of the road was kept open to normal traffic. Moreover, more than two years ago Germany had perfected a catapult for launching heavy land planes. Within a distance of 300 feet, and a time of 5 seconds, bombers two thirds as big as our "Flying Fortresses" can take off on this catapult.

In the United States—as in England—all our airplane and engine factories have been grouped and built without an eye for their possible vulnerability to modern warfare. We have relied on old-fashioned and palpably outmoded factors to keep them safe—distance, land and sea defenses. The shops invariably are in one piece; under one roof. Engines in Hartford, Connecticut, and Paterson, New Jersey; sixty per cent of American planes made in the Los Angeles district. Large, easy, juicy targets, with not a single air-raid shelter in the lot, nor a thought for raid organization. One bomber, sneaking in from a ship cruising offshore, with a single load, could disrupt an entire assembly system. He would not have to "destroy" the factory.

German air-industry factories, which I have seen, were conceived, designed, and constructed against air raids. They are placed away from rivers or rail lines or other "leads" that raiders might fol-

low. They are camouflaged by paint and other means to blend into their surroundings. The buildings are invariably one low story, set among trees, with tanks or roofs showing above the trees. Chimneys line up with tree trunks and contain smoke-dispersal gadgets. Special paint kills reflecting surfaces on windows and walls. Nothing shows open spaces. Large factories are scattered through several square miles of forest. No single building is very large and no building is closer than one of a mile to any other building. Each factory is really like a scattered collection of individual plants, or sub-factories. Air raiders without pre-information from their spies would have a most difficult time finding a German aviation factory by day, an impossible feat at night. Even knowing the general vicinity, raiders would scarcely put up an action more than a fraction of a plant because of the way the work is scattered. All German aircraft plants are in the country, away from cities, from obvious landmarks or military objectives. Average German experience has been factories in full production swing half a year or less after ground is broken.

### How the Germans Do It

Finally, each aviation plant is abundantly provided with air-raid shelter of the most modern conception: a hospital, kitchen, recreation, food storage, radio and telephone communications, sanitary and gasproof facilities underground. Air-raid drills are a part of the daily routine of each shift, remind you of the fire drills we had in school kids. Complete raid damage repair facilities and materials are stockpiled in readiness. Several American airports have said the welfare facilities the best German plants, such as Heinkel at Oranienburg, compare with the best American country clubs, and represent an outlay of at least one million dollars by American standards.

Every German plant is required to maintain an apprentice school, where boys from 14 to 16 are trained in a four-year course which pays them and graduates them into full journeymanship at the plant. Middle-aged women are extensively trained, and are extensively used on specific light jobs, such as painting.

In the United States we have the best if limited, single research body in the aviation world; The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, under a distinguished board of experts and headed by George W. Lewis. For years this inva-





ganization was a government  
d, housed by indulgence. Now  
has been given for its expansion:  
up two additional laboratories.  
universities have research activi-  
stably Massachusetts Tech and  
ia Tech. Others, like the Uni-  
of Washington with its wind tun-  
investigate on a smaller scale. The  
nt air lines conduct research of  
n, but the exchange of informa-  
ong all these diverse bodies has  
phazard.

Germany, research has been one  
major activities of the Air  
y, which has given money, scien-  
d acreage to it without stint.  
y has at least 7 great research  
each more extensive than our  
laboratory, each concentrat-  
ursuit of only one field of study.  
country all fields have been the  
responsibility of one group, the

s in one of her research labora-  
at Germany developed her fa-  
system of dive bombing beyond  
g known in other countries. In  
e of bombing you don't need a  
ht. The whole plane is pointed  
arget, like a finger, or a pistol.  
mb is released vertically, and  
a the same path as the flight of  
e. The danger is that it might  
plane. If the plane pulls up at  
ant the bomb is released, it will  
but accuracy is sacrificed for

The Germans know how to stay  
with the bomb, by flaps and slow  
The bomb, in fact, actually gets  
f the plane. Greater accuracy is  
d this way. The nearest equiva-  
he "follow through" of your golf

United States, law until re-  
eld profits of the aviation indus-  
military orders to 12 per cent  
By the time the companies  
paying local, state, and federal  
ey could realize little better than  
cent, they contend, offering no  
nent to investors. On the Satur-  
ght Congress adjourned tem-  
y so that its Republican members  
go to the convention in Phila-  
a bill limiting the profit to 8 per  
oss was passed—amid carnival  
f old songs, rebel yells, and desk-  
that did not promote thought-  
However, it is planned in the  
ision measure to reconsider this  
once again.

#### Work's the "Secret Weapon"

Germany all privately owned com-  
engaged in building warplanes  
ctors are permitted a profit of 12  
nt. In addition to these are the  
es granted for the origination of  
s. Six per cent, maximum, can be  
o stockholders of the invested  
Any clear profits above six per  
must be invested in government  
The government, by guarantee-  
fitably large orders, or by extend-  
dit, virtually subsidizes essential  
expansions.

in the Germans first air-raided  
Flow and drove the British Grand  
Sea fleet therefrom to shelterage  
west coast of North Ireland, out  
nber range, Royal Air pursuits  
on the field at Kirkwall, motors  
pilots eager, guns ready. But  
angry Britishers never took off.  
Flow is a naval base, under Ad-  
y jurisdiction. The local British  
official was not empowered to  
permission to British non-navy  
to take off to fight for the com-  
ritish cause. By the time he tele-  
d to the proper authority on the  
and, and red tape was cut, the  
ans were back in Hamburg!

s fantastic situation would be  
ated here, with some modifica-

tions due to bold young American im-  
patience with red tape. Army Air Corps  
planes would not be permitted to search  
or chase enemy ships at sea, without  
Navy permission: or to repel attacks on,  
say, Charlestown Navy Yard—these  
being matters of department jurisdic-  
tion, over which there are great rivalry  
and jealousy.

Those of us who have seen the Ger-  
man navy, army, and air force know  
that whatever else he may divulge  
Chancellor Hitler's real "secret weapon"  
is teamwork; attained to a degree never  
before seen in military operations.

It permeates the entire organization,  
from general staff to lowliest squad: it  
ties the fighting men to home industrial  
background, civilians, farmers and spies.  
Military observers say the idea of  
"fifth column" is grossly exaggerated,  
and really serves as an alibi for the de-  
feated. The truth is that espionage is  
on a not much larger scale than in the  
last war, but is superbly integrated with  
the whole teamwork and on a basis of  
split-second timing. Thus, Lieutenant  
Prien's submarine which slipped into  
Scapa Flow on signal from shore at the  
exact moment to pass the nets and sink  
the Royal Oak and damage the Re-  
pulse.

#### Perfect Timing Wins

The capture of Fort Eben Emael in  
Belgium's strongest fortified line in the  
first days of the war in the West is an  
illustration. This was one of those  
Maginot-type strongholds: not a head  
showing above ground. Yet it fell ap-  
parently without loss or struggle; im-  
mediately stories circulated of "secret  
weapons"—of liquid fire that ate cement  
and steel, of nerve gas; a dozen guesses.  
This is what happened:

Spies gave the Reich air force such  
precise information of the layout of Fort  
Eben Emael that the location of the  
windows to the power plant was known.  
A slow-flying dive bomber, flaps all the  
way down to brake it, swept low across  
the fort and explosives were tossed  
through the powerhouse windows. This  
plunged the fort into darkness under-  
ground, destroyed electrical controls and  
signals. Parachute troops landed the  
next minute, and when the dazed Bel-  
gians came tumbling up—it was right  
into the hands of grinning Germans.

This timing between spies on the  
other side of the line, and attackers, is  
exceeded in the technical military sense  
of difficulty only by the timing between  
German air and ground forces. Re-  
member that one moves at speeds of  
250 to 300 miles an hour and upward;  
the other, when mechanized, at 40 miles  
per hour. Lost contact or clumsy tim-  
ing would result in disastrous confu-  
sion.

In Hawaii when the air corps held  
maneuvers and ordered a general black-  
out every light in Honolulu and on Oahu  
Island was out—except those in the  
Navy Base at Pearl Harbor. The Navy  
wasn't playing.

All this should at least give you an  
idea what we are up against if we com-  
pete for first place in world airpower.  
It's a job our aviation leaders say we  
have the resources, workmen, and brains  
to accomplish—just as we matched, in  
a past day that now seems fearfully re-  
mote, the seapower of England.

There is a last thought. Germans say  
that war airpower can be translated into  
peace airpower. Air industry that is  
geared up to carry troops and explosives  
in overwhelming numbers can bear  
salesmen and goods, the soldiers and  
ammunition of trade, as handily.

Perhaps the greatest challenge to  
American aviation and its potential  
strength is the plain sign that the mili-  
tary air war in Europe is going to be-  
come very soon commercial air war all  
over the world.

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tation to drop in and surprise old friends along the way.

But don't make it too great a surprise. *Telephone ahead to let them know you're coming.* Your welcome will be warmer because you're *expected*. You'll enjoy the visit more.

And remember, there are many other ways in which Long Distance telephone service can contribute pleasure and peace-of-mind to your vacation.



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### "Our Daily Bread"

THREE men, so ran a letter sent to the New York Times, were gathered at a bar one evening. Two of them had bought drinks all around. The third insisted that it was his turn now, though none of the three wanted a third drink. Whereupon the bartender suggested: "If you really don't want the drinks, why not give them to the Red Cross?"

That gave these men an idea. The idea was that each of them, every day, would deny himself something that he really didn't need, and that would have cost a quarter, and would put that quarter aside for the Red Cross' foreign-relief work. Or if he didn't deny himself something, he'd put aside two bits anyway. Once a month the three of them would send the pot to the Red Cross.

This original "Daily Bread" club expanded to 34 members within three days—meaning that if all 34 should live up to their pledges they would send the Red Cross more than \$3,000 in a year.

The reason the original three named it the "Daily Bread" club is that more and more people in Europe for a long time to come are going to be short on their daily bread. Regular, persistent help from somewhere is going to be needed if a lot of them aren't to be mowed down by hunger. The only big source of help is the United States.

We hope the movement spreads far and wide, whether based on a quarter in every club, or on a dime, or on a cent. It looks like a sound scheme for putting United States giving to war victims on the steady, day-in-day-out basis for which this ghastly emergency calls.



### Soldiers of Misfortune

TWO of my ancestors were in General Washington's army. Now I come to Canada to fight for democracy, and I wind up a guy without a country, without a job and without a dime! Gosh!

Gosh, we'd say, is putting it very charitably, considering the story behind the above remark.

The remark was made recently by a man named Philip Stegerer, 26, who left the United States and joined Canada's air force last February, when British law required all foreign volunteers to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown. U. S. law, vintage of 1907, provides:

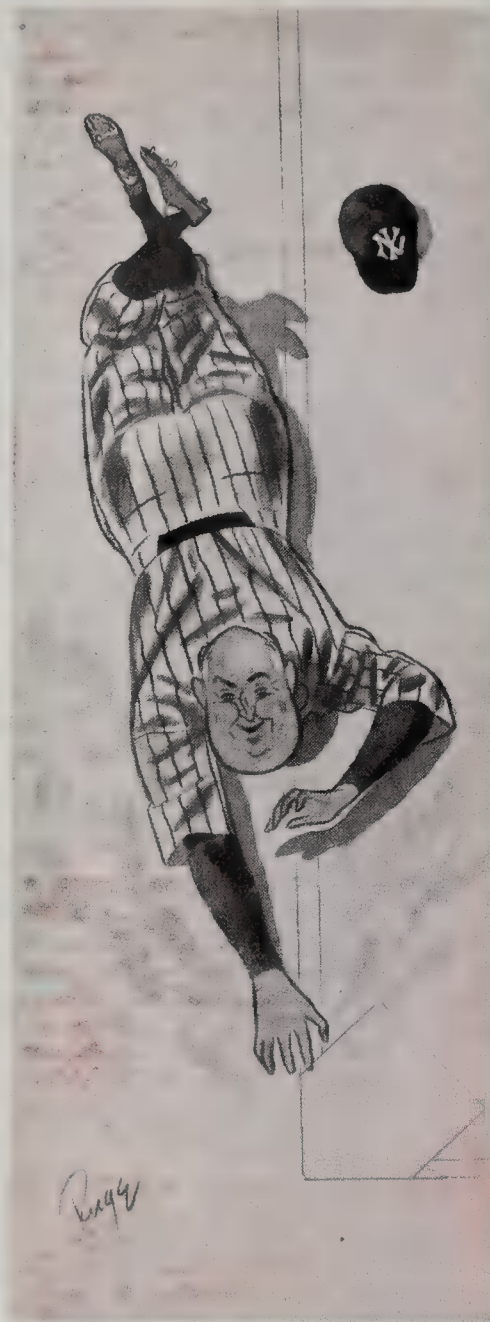
Any American citizen shall be deemed to have expatriated himself . . . when he has taken the oath of allegiance to any foreign state.

So when some old injuries pushed Stegerer out of Canada's air force with an honorable discharge and he tried to return to the United States, he was stopped by immigration officials. They told him he would have to go through the same naturalization rigmarole to recover United States citizenship as if he had been born in Russia, England or Slobodka.

This law was passed, if memory serves, as a patriotic rebuke to wealthy Americans who left the United States claiming that gentlemen couldn't live in it, and to American heiresses buying themselves husbands possessing foreign titles.

It couldn't have been intended as a slap at soldiers of fortune. If it was so intended, Congress also rebuked the memories of Lafayette, Kosciusko, DeKalb, von Steuben, and others of this gallant stripe.

In the World War, of course, thousands of American soldiers of fortune simply shifted over to our Army when we went in. There appears to be little chance of such a solution for our soldiers of fortune in this war. On their behalf, Congress ought to act, and act quickly.



### Good Luck, General

WE'RE too humane to mention the names of various New Dealers who are looking a bit shopworn after seven years in the public eye.

We merely want to say that such is not the case with James A. Farley, as he leaves the Administration high command to build himself and family a nest egg as head of the New York Yanks.

Farley started his New Deal career with about every conceivable strike against him. He had a Tammany and New York Boxing Commission background. He was promptly labeled the practical politician who did the dirty work while the big boss uttered the pious sentiments. He was given the job of Postmaster General, notoriously the big patronage-dispensing job in the Cabinet. And—a totally undeserved misfortune — Mr. Farley almost never takes a good picture.

General Jim has cleared all these hurdles as he came to them.

He ran the Post Office Department well. He never tried to grab the limelight from the big boss. He would have liked to be President, but he never let that ambition deflect him from what he considers his duty. You can't help admiring him.



### Defense and the WPA

PENNSYLVANIA'S opening its 164-mile "Highway of Tomorrow," from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg (or from Irwin to Pottsville, if you prefer) over an old road right of way of Commodore Vanderbilt, gives the nation cause than ever to congratulate on its magnificent highway system. Road improvement in the automobile's first 40 years has been an incredible.

We haven't finished the job, though, by a long shot. Especially we aren't out of the woods if the highway system is to be hooked to our national-defense system. It is coming to be realized that many of our paved, hard-surfaced or comfortably passable roads have many kinks in them.

These curves would seriously up a delegation of, say, ten paratrooper divisions speeding toward one of our coasts to give the would-be invader the welcome he deserved. A mechanized, or paratrooper division is a huge military unit, great numbers of weapons on wheels plus numerous conveyances for food and supplies.

How about putting as many WPAers as possible to work on the job of straightening out the crippling of those kinks?

Robert Moses, noted park commissioner and bridge and highway builder of New York City, suggests that this country needs to do some heavy imitating of the German military roads (autobahnen). Main features of these roads are long, straight curves plotted by railroad-building engineers, correct banking, no grade crossings, inlets and outlets as smooth as can be in an uncertain world. Move that the WPA get busy.



August 24, 1940

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reading. For each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

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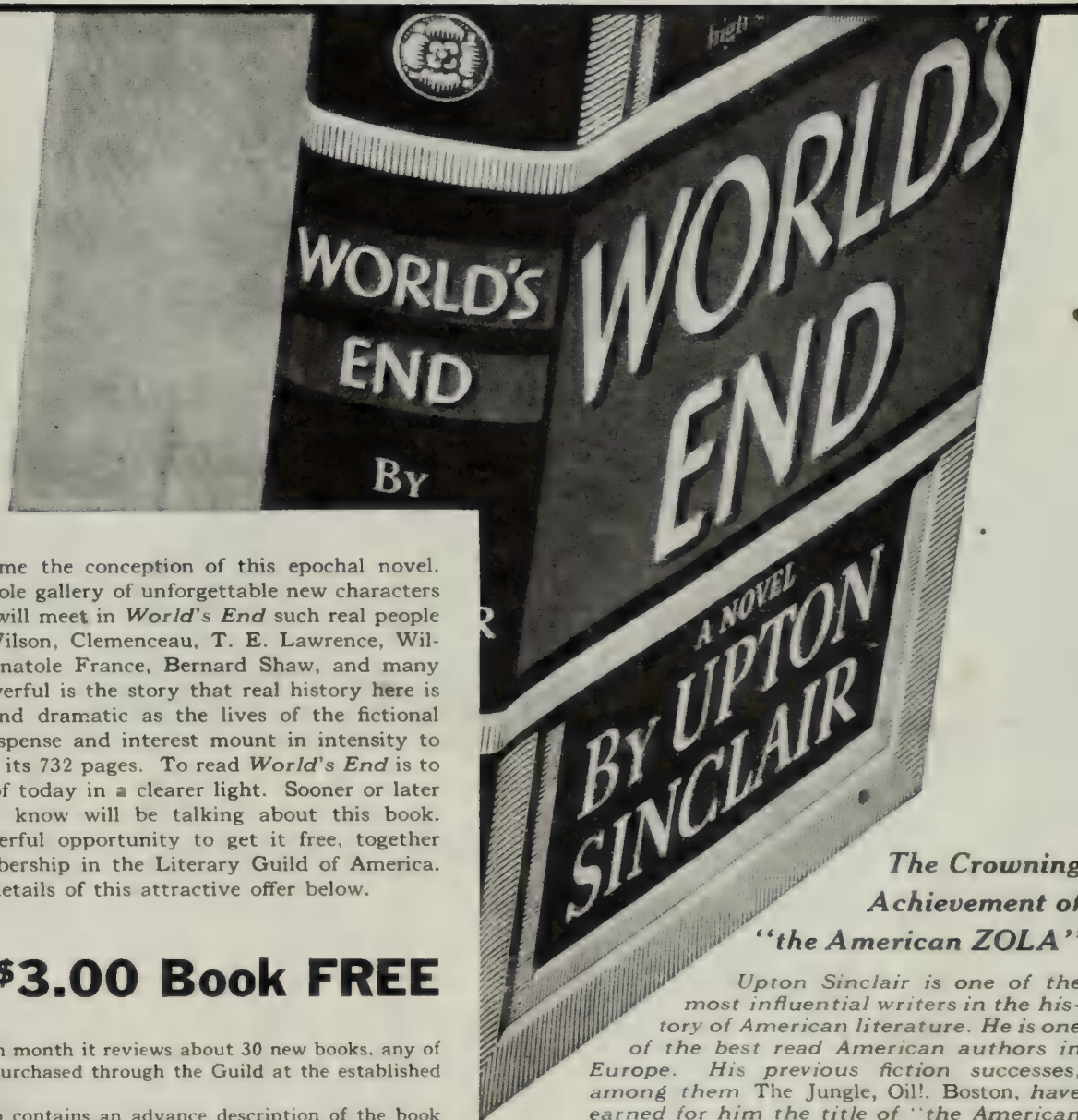
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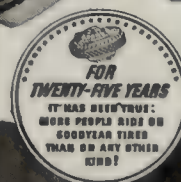
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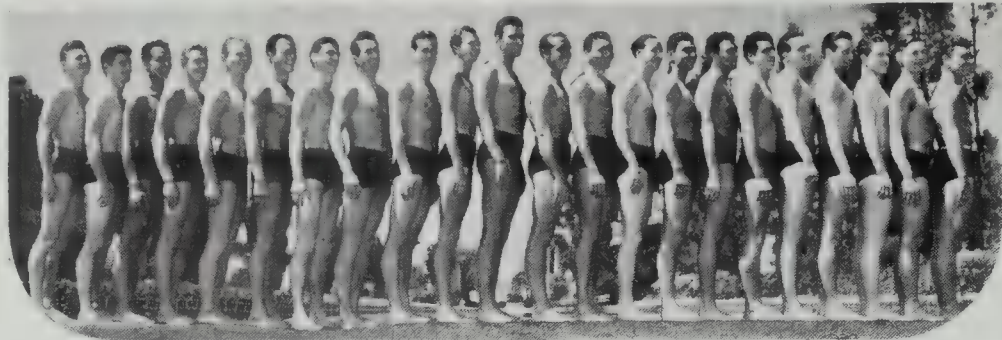
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# GOODYEAR





'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the official hair preparation of both World's Fair Aquacades. As a check on "Dry Scalp," it is used before every performance by the male ensemble.



*Professional advice on keeping  
your hair GOOD-LOOKING*

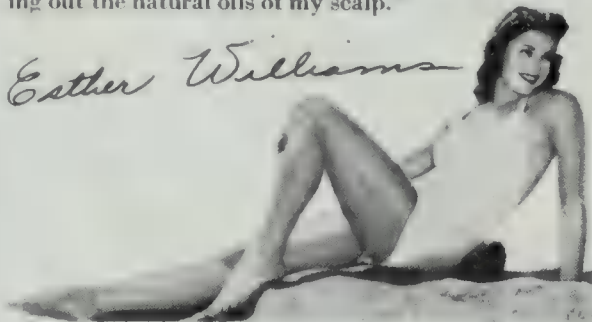
Read how the stars of Billy Rose's  
WORLD'S FAIR AQUACADES guard against  
"dry scalp" and keep hair handsome.

Aquacade stars use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to combat dryness. Unlike ordinary hair preparations it contains no ingredients that can possibly dry the scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only helps protect the precious oils of the scalp, but also supplements them . . . making hair well-behaved and healthy-looking.



"I use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly to help prevent the water and sunshine from washing away and baking out the natural oils of my scalp."

*Esther Williams*



"Even when I'm not swimming, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is part of my daily routine. I've found it helps keep my scalp healthy as it keeps my hair well-groomed."

*"Buster" Crabbe*

"Before each performance I rub on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to help protect my scalp against the ruinous effects of too much sun and water. It also keeps my hair lustrous and always easy to arrange. It's a real life-saver to me."

*Charley Hahn*

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EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair for that well-groomed look.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage.



# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the ruby mines of Mogok, Burma, the native workers are obliged to wear, over their heads, a padlocked steel helmet, to prevent them from swallowing the precious gems.—By Helen Andrews, Aurora, New York.

On the Delaware River Bridge, connecting Philadelphia with Camden, motorists who do not have twenty cents to pay the toll are permitted to leave an article as security. Frequently many persons pledge and never return for such valuable property as tires, cameras, musical instruments, fraternity pins and engagement and wedding rings.—By Philip P. Moeszinger, Camden, New Jersey.

Bacteria can live in colder and hotter temperatures than any other form of life, certain species being able to survive at 459 degrees F. below zero and others at 320 degrees F. above it. Some germs have been found in a revivable condition in coal deposits about a hundred million years old.

A survey made among a large number of American psychologists showed that ninety-two per cent of them do not believe that human nature possesses any ineradicable, instinctive factor that makes international wars inevitable.

Far more persons suffer from hemeralopia, or the inability to see as well in the daylight as at night, than from nyctalopia or the inability to see after nightfall except under a strong, artificial light.—By Norris Kever, New York City.

A man may be elected President of the United States by only thirty-one per cent of the popular vote.—By Fred T. Blakemore, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The velocity of sound is not dependent on its pitch or loudness but on the elasticity and density of its medium. This is the reason why sound waves travel at only 866 feet a second through carbonic acid gas, 1,092 feet through still air, 4,730 feet through water, 10,900 feet through pine wood and 15,700 feet through iron.

About fifty Negroes have biographies in the new edition of Who's Who in America, among them being Marian Anderson, Robeson, Bill Robinson, Ethel Waters and Richard Wright.

Two elaborate cafeterias in Los Angeles make money despite the fact that they serve their meals at cost, plus one cent for profit, social security taxes, and their patrons to pay any part of the check or dine free.—By Dick Bark River, Michigan.

A tin can, which is all steel except for its thin coating of tin, is a loss when discarded because it has yet discovered an economical method of separating these metals so they may be used again.

Cultured Japanese consider the burning of incense an important rite. They not only use it in a variety of rites and ceremonies, but also perfume almost everything, including their homes, furniture, clothing and hair. It is even employed in games whose contestants try to distinguish between the 178 different standardized odors.

The most popular word in names is "old." It is used on seven hundred brands of American whiskies.

Despite its tremendous volume and great potential power of destruction, the average flash of lightning, if it could be harnessed for commercial use, would be worth more than two cents.—Leo D. Lavanis, Los Angeles, California.

Phonograph records have been used by symphony orchestras. For example, one containing a song of a nightingale is sometimes employed in the presentation of Respighi's Pines of Rome because it is more reliable than the bird itself.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by factory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



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# The Voice with a Smile

"We hold," says a well-known writer, "that the ladies of the American long distance telephone wire up what is probably the most efficient public service in the world. They have profound patience and a capacity for taking pains that some one once said that genius amounts to."

"We once called a fellow at a hotel in Philadelphia he had just departed on an automobile trip in a wrong direction. A few days later the long distance operator caught up with him in a little town in Missouri. He was the most surprised man in all but one of the States in the Union. The exception was New York. We were most surprised there. To this day we have no idea how the operator did it."

DAMON RUNYON  
in the New York Times

## BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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# What Happened to France

By André Maurois

Famous biographer and historian, the author knew intimately men who ran things in England and France. The greatest tragedy of modern times stands out with terrible clarity in these revelations



Chamberlain with von Ribbentrop at Godesberg. "It was a strange destiny that brought this businessman, who considered contracts sacred, face to face with the chancellor of the Reich"

## WHY FRANCE AND ENGLAND WERE ILL-PREPARED FOR WAR

ONE day toward the end of 1935 I had lunch in London at the home of Lady Leslie, in company with Winston Churchill, my hostess' nephew. At the meal he took me by the arm and led me into a small room. He said to me: "Now, Mr. Maurois," he said, "you must not write any more biographies. No! No!" I looked at him in some alarm. He said: "You must do now," he went on, "write one article a day; a single one and the same one every day. In these in which you will express, in all

the different ways that you can think of, a single idea: The French air force, which used to be the best in the world, is slipping back to fourth or fifth place. The German air force, which used to be nonexistent, is in process of becoming the best in the world! There you are. Nothing else. And if you proclaim these truths in France, and if you force France to listen to them, you will have performed a much greater service than in describing a woman's loves or a man's ambitions."

I replied that, unfortunately, I was by no means an expert in aviation; that I had no authority to talk about it, that no one would listen to me if I did and that, despite his advice, I should continue to write novels and biographies.

"You will be wrong," he said in his vigorous and ironic voice, to which from time to time a slight difficulty in enunciation gave a pleasant and characteristic flavor. "You will be wrong. At this moment the threat embodied in the German air force is the one theme that should interest a Frenchman. For your country may die because of it. Culture and literature, Mr. Maurois, are all very well, but a culture without strength soon ceases to be a living culture."

I never wrote the articles Winston Churchill asked me to write, and today I bitterly regret it. But that conversation impressed me greatly and left me with an abiding uneasiness. On several occasions I made inquiries from qualified persons about the state of our

air force. Each time the reply was either evasive or frankly pessimistic.

"If the war should break out," I was told by a colonel in charge of a bombing squadron at Lyon, "we will die bravely, my pilots and I, but that's all we can do!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because there are too few of us and our machines are obsolete."

In 1936 the situation became even worse. Sit-down strikes in the factories, lack of energy on the part of the government, the red tape of bureaucracy and the unreasonable demands of the committees on procurement reduced French production almost to zero. During the year 1937 the number of airplanes produced each month by French



factories fell to the almost unbelievable figure of thirty-eight—at a time when the monthly production in Germany was exceeding a thousand planes!

While, in France, a deplorable hostility was poisoning the relations between workmen and the leaders of industry, in Germany all the forces of the nation had been mobilized for a war of revenge which the German government had foreseen and which it wanted. Absurd stories were circulated in France about the alleged weakness of the Nazi regime. They were examples of wishful thinking. All those who knew Germany well—Sir Eric Phipps, the British ambassador, for example, and Mr. François-Poncet, the French ambassador to Berlin—had been reiterating their warnings for long years. I remember being present in 1937 during a conversation between these two men.

"Don't have any illusions about it," said François-Poncet, "Germany is strong; she knows it and she is determined to make use of her strength. Two lines of conduct, and only two, are open to France and to Great Britain: Either our two countries must renounce everything else and devote all their energies to a formidable rearmament or they must try to reach an understanding with Germany."

I asked: "But is that possible? Does

Germany want an understanding?"

"Germany," François-Poncet replied in the sarcastic voice of a bitter humorist, "Germany wants nothing and wants everything . . . Germany desires to be dynamic, that is, to change . . . the men who today are her leaders love spectacular celebrations, gigantic symbols. Do you wish to win them over? Build face-to-face on opposite banks of the Rhine two colossal ladders. On one bank bring up some millions of young Germans carrying flags with the swastika, on the other some millions of young Frenchmen carrying the colors of France; have these young people climb up and down the ladders in faultless formation, while, on a float in the middle of the Rhine, the commander of the French forces faces Hitler. Then, perhaps, there will be a chance of bringing about an understanding between France and Germany, if at the same time you have become very strong. But if you carry on your relations with the Reich in terms of diplomatic quibbling and finesse, which it despises; if you continue to draft notes and make speeches instead of building airplanes and tanks, then we are headed straight for war, and for a war that we shall not win."

François-Poncet was not the only one to form an estimate of Germany's new strength. Foreign countries, comparing

the Nazis' military expenditures with those of France and England, understood very well that the balance of forces in Europe was going to shift—and many of them took precautions. Mr. Laroche, who was French ambassador to Poland, often said to me that he thought it unjust to blame the Poles for having sought German favor after 1936.

"WHAT could you expect?" he said to me. "When they saw Germany was rearming and France and England were not making the slightest effort to oppose her; when they saw Hitler, in March, 1936, march his troops into the Rhineland—an action in absolute contravention of the Treaty of Locarno—without France lifting a finger to stop him; when they heard the French premier say over the radio: 'I shall not allow Strasbourg to remain within the range of German guns,' and when they saw with stupefaction that this speech was not followed by any action whatsoever, they lost all confidence in us. The leaders of Poland said to me at that time: 'If you do not prevent Germany from rearming we shall be forced to become her friends.' That's what happened. And at the very time we were losing the confidence of Poland we saw both Belgium and Yugoslavia slip away from us for the same reason."

In this lack of diplomatic preparation and in this abandonment of Europe to German hegemony the responsibility of Great Britain was at least as great as that of France. Many powerful groups were united in restraining Great Britain from adopting a courageous and foresighted foreign policy. The bankers of the City were concerned about the money they had loaned to Germany and they persisted in the naïve hope that they could do business with a country that was shouting from the rooftops its intention to be self-sufficient. A certain number of persons of importance in England, terrified by Bolshevism, believed they had found in Nazism a barrier to the revolution. At the same time the intellectual liberals were preaching peace at any price and unilateral disarmament, which was destined to be the death of liberalism. All these tendencies combined magnificently to play into the hands of Germany.

No doubt the common people in France and England were aware, more or less consciously, of our weakness, for in 1938 they were profoundly hostile to the idea of a war. It was easy to see this at the time of Munich. American public opinion, at that point, was severely critical of Chamberlain and Daladier. But the United States did not know the real situation. They had little idea of the state of mind of the citizens of Paris and London, who saw themselves without air-raid shelters, without gas masks and without anti-aircraft guns, while there circulated, thanks to the efficiency of German propaganda, terrifying rumors about two-ton bombs, the very breath of which could destroy whole sections of a city, and about poison gases that would be released above them.

Men who would have been bravery itself if they had had to fight in the front line against an enemy like the one of 1914 were terrified at the thought of a war behind the lines in which their wives and children would be the victims. And so the peace of Munich, which New York considered shameful, was received by the crowds in Paris and

London with almost unbelievable enthusiasm. This diplomatic abdication was celebrated like a victory. One member of the Paris municipal council dared propose that a street be given the name *Rue de Trente Septembre* in date of the capitulation.

In Paris at about that time I saw Neville Chamberlain, the principal san of the negotiations. It was a destiny that brought this mayor of Birmingham, chairman of numerous administrative councils, a business man who considered contracts face-to-face with the romantic chieftain of the Reich who was convinced had no duties except to Germany that an agreement with a foreign power had no value except in so far as it was useful to the German people.

In November, 1938, two months after his meetings with the Fuehrer, Chamberlain described to me, on a night at the Quai D'Orsay, his reception in Berchtesgaden. Hitler had said to him:

"Shall we talk alone or in front of your associates?"

"Alone," Mr. Chamberlain replied.

THEN Hitler took him—with an interpreter, Dr. Schmidt—into his bedroom. It was a small room furnished with an iron bedstead; on the wall hung a single, very fine picture, which came from a museum in Munich and had been changed from time to time. Chamberlain was stupefied by the torrent of words that constituted the German chancellor's conversation and the impossibility of getting in the slightest reply.

"When I arrived in Godesberg for my second interview," Chamberlain said, "I was received with speeches of such violence that almost immediately it was clear to me that it would be useless to continue a conversation begun in this tone."

"Every few minutes—by an obviously prearranged plan—an officer would enter and hand the Fuehrer a dispatch. 'Two more Germans killed by the Czechs,' Hitler would cry, his face distorted with rage. 'All the blood that has been spilled shall be avenged. The Czechs must be annihilated!' Seeing my fury, whether simulated or not, in the end, I said to the interpreter that it would be better to break off the interview and that I would return to my hotel. This was on the opposite bank of the Rhine I had to cross the river by boat. As I was withdrawing, Hitler, coming to express himself with the same violence, followed me out onto the terrace. There, suddenly, he stopped and the expression on his face changed with extraordinary rapidity, he looked at the river stretching away at our feet, murmured in a soft, almost imperceptible voice: 'Oh, Mr. Prime Minister, I am so sorry. I had looked forward to showing you this beautiful view. . . . But it is hidden by the mist. . . . Never before I seen a human being change so abruptly from savage anger to a poetic mood.'"

One of the officials of the office who had accompanied Mr. Chamberlain to Germany told me that the prime minister had retained a very strong impression of these interviews and that such outbursts of violence were something entirely new in his experience. That even now when anyone mentions the name of Hitler in his presence he makes a face like that of a child being forced to swallow castor oil. Mr. Chamberlain thought it his duty to preserve peace and he hoped that he had succeeded.

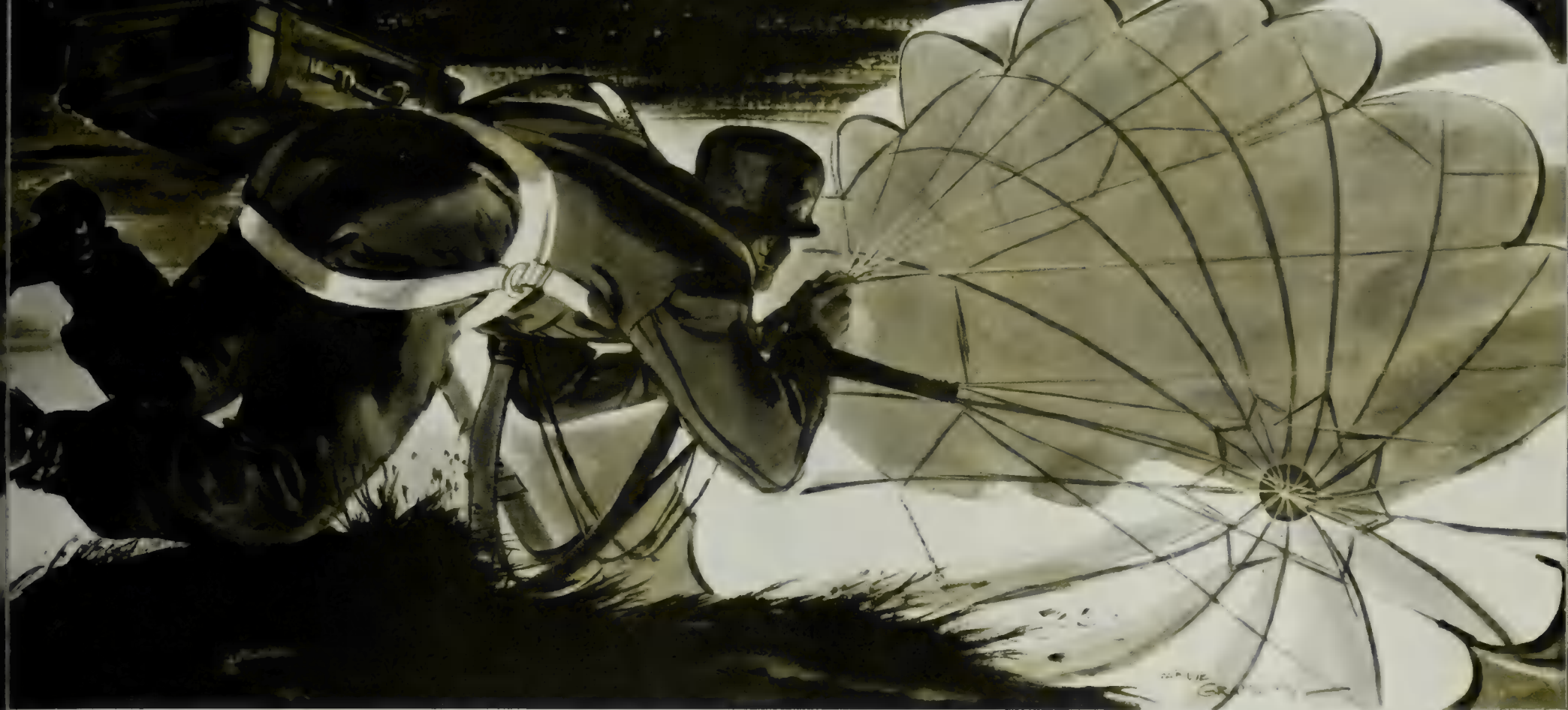
He was encouraged in this belief by the innumerable testimonials he received from men and women in France and England. Thousands of peasants

(Continued on page 55)



Italy's Count Ciano in Berlin on one of his visits to Hitler. French Foreign Minister Bonnet considered Count Ciano's sincerity to be "beyond question"





He struck, went to his knees, recovered instantly, and spilled the wind from his parachute

# They Think of Everything

By Pat Frank

THE traveling bag," said Captain Gross, checking off the items on his list, "you should have the following: two shirts, two pair of blue socks, handkerchiefs, the striped tie, razor, toothbrush, the two suits, which I thought you have been wearing, and the traveling bag."

"I was instructed," said Wolfgang, "I have the suits for ten days so they would be a little strange. They are excellent. Made in England." Captain Gross smiled and shook his head. "That we could not afford," he explained. "But the labels, they were made in England. Now on your person I will carry your Luger, fifty rounds, three grenades. Most important of course, is the cable cutter. Everything is packed?"

"Yes, Captain." "You have the English money, and papers and credentials? You have memorized the name and address of our contact in Ipswich? You have not forgotten the compass? They have removed all weapons, so it will be important."

"I have everything, Captain." "Goodbye, and good luck. Heil Hitler," Wolfgang replied, saluting. He adjusted his leather parachute harness, picked up his shiny suitcase, walked out on the dark ground and felt his way toward the deeper shadows, in many shadows, which was the Junkers.

He took his seat in the transport, and saw that others were there before him. There were no lights, so their figures were dim and bulky and their faces unrecognizable. In a moment they were in the air. There is not much excitement, Wolfgang considered, flying in a military transport that has no windows. Someone wished he had become a pilot. The Parachute Corps was elite, also,

and no doubt when it was over he would have decorations and perhaps a commission. He could see himself lined up for the Fuehrer's personal congratulations, and unconsciously his back stiffened and his shoulders went back.

WHEN they had been an hour in the air Wolfgang sensed they must be near their destination, the sparsely settled lowland between Orford Ness and the Deben River. He did not need a map. His map had been etched in his head. An officer stepped from the pilot's compartment and said: "In two minutes we begin. You will go out at intervals of one minute." This was so they would not fall bunched, Wolfgang knew. The plan did not call for assault, but for infiltration. Some might be captured. A few would get through. For each job there were at least two men. The Parachute Corps thought of everything. He saw that the suitcase handle was secure on his belt.

Wolfgang was closest to the door. The officer motioned to him. Wolfgang stepped to the opening, held to the metal grips and braced his feet as he had been taught, and shoved off hard into the night. The wind whipped his head back, and then he was falling easily, his chute opened wide over him.

Expertly he tugged at the shrouds, and swept down for an open field. He struck, went to his knees, recovered instantly, and spilled the wind from his parachute. He lay still on the ground, as he had been instructed, and disengaged the traveling bag.

This was fortunate, for from the direction of the road he heard voices. "I saw something moving in that field," a man's voice said. And then a girl said, her voice taut with fear: "So did I!"

"I'll see what it is," the man said reassuringly.

Wolfgang drew a stick grenade from

his belt. He heard the whip of brush on the man's trousers, and then he saw his form, looming clean against the sky. Wolfgang flipped the pin and threw the grenade. The explosion seemed much louder than it ever had in practice. Wolfgang rose and ran toward them. The grenade had got them both, he saw at once. Wolfgang retrieved the suitcase and ran for a clump of trees. There was no sign of more life in the field, or on the road. He got busy.

He stripped off his uniform, changed to the gray flannel suit, tossed the unused grenades and the Luger into the suitcase and walked out onto the road as a Londoner who had been summering at Orford, and who now was fleeing the coast because of imminent invasion. His compass led him west, toward the coastal highway running to Ipswich. When he reached the highway he walked south, and, with dawn's first light, cars began to pass him.

Six, maybe seven miles now to Ipswich, and the suitcase dragged at his arm. The party man in Ipswich would point out the telephone lines leading to London. After these were cut he would be on his own. The idea of being his own commander fascinated him. He would capture a British armored car. He would race to the shore again, and perhaps take a battery from the rear.

He was so busy with his plans that he did not notice the barricade until it was too late to turn back, for he had been seen. A lorry blocked the road. There were soldiers around it, rifles slung over their shoulders. Three small cars, luggage strapped to their running boards, were halted in front of it.

A sergeant motioned to Wolfgang, and called, "This way, sir." Wolfgang walked over and saw, behind the lorry, a straggling line of men and women, some empty-handed, some carrying bags. "Sorry," the sergeant said, "but

we're examining all coming this way. Won't take long. Step into line."

"Righto," Wolfgang said. "What's up?"

"Fritz's planes have been over the coast. May have dropped some damn 'chutists."

"Nuisance, aren't they!" Wolfgang dropped his suitcase at his feet. He could open it, casually, grab the grenades, and make a fight of it.

THEN he saw the Englishman just ahead in line had a suitcase much like his own. A typical Englishman, sallow, his chin weak and narrow. He would be polite, perhaps meek. A man in the Parachute Corps thinks swiftly.

Wolfgang shoved his own suitcase alongside the Englishman's, jostled the frail fellow, said, "Sorry, old man," and picked up the bag again. Only it was the Englishman's suitcase he now held. He didn't think the Englishman noticed.

Presently the sergeant came to the Englishman, and rifled through his credentials. Then he bent and opened the suitcase. The sergeant cursed, and the Territorials slammed their rifle muzzles into the Englishman's belly. The Englishman's eyes were wide and frightened, staring straight into his own, as they led him away. They didn't give him much of a chance to talk. They just took him into the woods and shot him. A soldier in civilian clothes is a spy.

The sergeant came back. His face was twitching.

"Ready for me now?" Wolfgang asked.

The sergeant didn't say anything. He examined Wolfgang's papers, felt his hips and under his arms, and then opened the suitcase that had been the Englishman's. Wolfgang looked down, numbly, at two shirts, a suit, handkerchiefs, socks, and on top of these a heavy, rubber-sheathed pair of shears, a Luger, and three stick grenades.





**PLAID:** Bronze-colored tweed jacket; gray flannel trousers; Norwegian peasant slippers; oxford shirt; wool tie and hose; khaki hat

**GORSE:** Blue-brown Shetland suit; striped oxford shirt; knit tie; crepe-soled Norwegian shoes; brown snapbrim hat, contrasting edge

**TUX:** Midnight blue dinner jacket; pleated bosom dress shirt; maroon dress tie; garnet studs; linen kerchief; patent leather pumps

**COVERT:** Fly front coat; blue nailhead worsted suit, red over-plaid; white shirt, button-down; red-gray tie; brown shoes; gray hat

**TARTAN:** Scotch plaid flannel lounging robe; blue broadcloth pajamas; hard-soled leather slippers. Socks and robe traditionally loud

**TAILS:** Midnight blue tail coat; tweed shirt; pearl wing collar; waistcoat; opera hat, black



## Back to School

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

**I**F YOU want something easy, try convincing an admiral that the airplane is going to replace the battleship. But don't argue with an undergraduate about clothes. You can't win. He knows what he likes.

Funny thing, ■ while after he has made up his mind the rest of the nation is likely to find out about it and follow suit. Who do you think is responsible for the sudden reappearance of the tail coat on dance floors all over the country? Why do you suppose hat manufac-

turers let out a whoop of joy? College men decided to go in for it. As the campus went, so went the country.

An undergraduate's clothes fall into three general categories: formal, semi-formal, and week end. For campus room he likes sports jacket, flannel trousers, sturdy brogue-type shoes, extravagant socks. For the other hand, he suddenly goes formal and takes a businesslike dinner jacket is confined to smokers, stag dinners and parties. For fancy cutting, he turns up in tail coat and top hat.

You will find listed on campus things that make up his wardrobe.

There are ■ few strictly campus items that are cherished for their own sake not to reason why.

**CAMPUS CONFERENCE:** Reversible leather and poplin jacket with zipper. Bronze color tweed jacket. Shetland pull-over sweater, with long sleeves





man's coat  
the line-up.  
Smith Col-  
throughout the  
now buying  
men's shops

**CORDUROY:** Finger-tip coat with leather buttons; tweed suit; checked shirt; striped tweed tie; moccasin-type shoes with tongues; cotton rainhat

**RAIN:** Cotton gabardine raincoat; flannel shirt; ribbon-shape bow tie; Varsity cap; blue wool hose; black and white shoes, red rubber soles

**HERRINGBONE:** Oxford shirt in herringbone pattern; foulard tie; jumbo size gold collar pin; elastic solid color mesh suspenders; covert slacks

**TATTERSALL:** Covert suit; waistcoat of tattersall flannel; white oxford shirt; knit tie; khaki hat with green band; brown calfskin "gummy" shoes

You can always tell a college man, but you can't tell him anything about clothes. He knows what he wants, and frequently he sets the pace for the rest of the country

trousers short. Not because they are out of them, and not to show off. Simply to show off their blazers and checks. The leather patches on the elbows of the sports jacket, it doesn't mean anything. The boys are buying new jackets in to local stores and patches put on. They just like that way. They also like the collar-attached shirt. They like that in addition to wearing it on campus and in town they wear it with their dinner jackets. The manufacturer has copied the dinner-jacket wear and the office business. The next time you see a collar to turn up—and you will be surprised—is on pa-

swing bands; a typewriter for turning in papers that prejudice profs favorably; pens, pencils, pipes, lighters, electric razors; and where the budget will stand the strain, a small refrigerator for midnight forays. If there's no special girl friend you're likely to find a personally autographed photograph of La Hedy, Ann Oomph, or some unknown streamliner gracing a picture frame. If they make the grade they'll be around the campus for at least the next four years, and they want it to feel like home.

**CAMPUS SNACK:** Cotton gabardine raincoat, natural color muffler; double-breasted camel's hair polo coat. Striped Shetland sports jacket, pigskin belt





# The Big Mistake

By  
Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

One time when an automobile accident was the most wonderful thing that could possibly have happened to a slightly wilted romance

DICK HENDRICKS sat at Ronnie Ferguson's feet on the lowest step of the Fergusons' front porch. His attitude, however, was scarcely one of courtly supplication. He was, as a matter of fact, not looking at Ronnie at all. He was looking, in deep distaste, at his own automobile.

The lines of the car at the curb, having been fashionable in 1931, contrasted rather oddly with the lines of the car in the Fergusons' driveway, a neat little '37 model that Ronnie's father had picked up for her sixteenth birthday.

"Well," Dick said gloomily, "I've got the fund up to twenty-seven dollars and sixty cents—but I don't kid myself *that's* going to get me anywhere!"

From Ronnie came a downward-sliding and ambiguous monosyllable indicating sympathy, encouragement and an ill-suppressed desire to change the subject.

"They prob'ly won't allow me more'n twenty or twenty-five bucks on that old heap of junk," he went on. "But when you think of all the time and money I've put into that car, they're a lot of chiselers at that. And it was a good year too. But you take a car like yours—or maybe '38 or '39—"

"Listen!" Ronnie cut in, desperately. "Do we have to talk about cars the whole doggone time?"

"Oh—" he said. "Sorry I bore you."

"You don't bore me! Only I keep getting this feeling you're sore about something."

"No." He looked at her. "That's a crazy thing to say! What did you say a crazy thing like that for?"

"I don't know. Only we just sit and argue—and I don't know what about."

"I wasn't arguing! I was just trying to tell you I couldn't get a car like yours inside of five years at this rate." He thought a second. "Why, my gosh! Ten years!"

They stared at each other and then they burst out laughing—because, of course, they would be so old in ten years it made them laugh just to think of it. At any rate, he was in a good temper again. He pulled a leaf off the honeysuckle vine and chewed it absently.

"Look," he said, "I hear it's all fixed up about that dance at the country club. The committee's going to give it on the sixteenth. Not," he added, "that it would interest you much."

Ronnie smiled in a provocative way and looked at her thumbnail.

"You'd be staying home," he went on. "Because, who'd be crazy enough to take you anyway?"

"Nobody, I guess. I could go by myself."

"Then I'll be seeing you—but I won't



dance with you." He reached over to yank one of her shoe laces loose. "So don't you expect it."

"Why, no," Ronnie said. "Who am I?"

"Oh, well, I guess you're the girl friend—being as how I'm a dope. I guess I'll take you to that dance."

"Who asked you?"

"I'm asking you."

"Well, I'm saying maybe."

"You're saying what?"

"I'm saying okay."

Ronnie laughed and rolled over on the porch steps as if they were the mossy stretch of a riverbank. The sun felt

good and warm on her bare legs. She wriggled her toes in her grass-stained saddle shoes and thought, suddenly, of her silver sandals. There was a tear in one toe that she would have to fix up, most likely, with radiator paint. There was less than no chance, she decided reluctantly, for a new pair in time for the sixteenth. At that very moment, in her sweater pocket, was a crumpled bit of paper—a bill from the Elite Garage, listing gasoline, oil, the straightening of a fender, and any number of washing jobs. . . .

"Hey!" Dick said. "What are you thinking about?"

"I've been thinking some more that dance," Ronnie said. "Why we go in my car, for goodness' sake!"

It took him about a second to this.

"In your car?" he said. "You mean your car?"

"Well, why not?" She went on in innocent way, pleased with the thought of pleasing him. "After all, you like it so much better than your own—and then we'd be assured of getting there—I mean we wouldn't have to get out and put on tires in your good clothes or—what?" she demanded, staring. "What?"

HE DREW a good, long breath. "So!" he said. "So that's the is! So it's got to the point ashamed to be seen in my old bus!"

"No, I'm not!" said Ronnie. "be childish."

"Well! It's a very peculiar thing old bus was okay for you to ride and go places in before you—"

"Oh!" cried Ronnie. "Oh, how Oh, I don't think I ever heard anything so plain silly in my whole life!"

He ignored this.

"However," he continued loudly, "my car isn't good enough for you, you only got to tell me, that's all! There's absolutely no need for you to go around and worrying about my car for gosh sake!"

"Yes," Ronnie said, "and maybe a person doesn't want to go to a dance he ought to come right out and say. As if an automobile had anything to do with it!"

"Well, what else were we talking about? What else were you trying to say except you didn't want to go to the dance in my car?"

"Oh, my goodness! Maybe I want to go to that dance at all! Maybe that's the way you'd make a person feel!"

With these final incoherent words jumped to her feet. And before he could think of anything further to say, he found himself alone on the Ferguson porch step. Ronnie had closed the

"Maybe I don't want to go to the dance!" she cried. And before he could think of anything to say, he found himself alone on the step.





door behind her with a small, deafening, furious bang. . . .  
 "And is that any way," her father inquired mildly, "to treat a guest?"  
 Ronnie stared in reproach at the gentleman in the armchair.  
 "Why, Dad! You were listening! I heard what I said!"  
 "Of course, Veronica. Everybody in the neighborhood must have, too."  
 "Then Ferguson prodded fresh tobacco into the bowl of his old brown pipe. He turned a quizzical eye on his daughter.  
 "You know," he went on, "I've been thinking about that car of yours. I don't know—we may have been a bit impulsive, Ronnie."  
 "Oh, Dad. I don't think we were."  
 "Well—it doesn't seem to be bringing much luck."  
 "You mean Dick Hendricks," Ronnie said heatedly, "he's making himself completely absurd and ridiculous!"  
 "O-o. Not more than most men in his place. You weren't any too keen about that car of his."  
 "Why! It's not even a car exactly! Just a crazy old crate and he knows that makes it worse. A man feels a sensitive about his car, Ronnie—especially if it's his first car. You were bragging the male vanity, my dear, on a very tender spot."  
 "But," cried Ronnie, "that definitely doesn't make sense! Because everybody knows a 1937 car is better than a 1934 car! Everybody knows it!"  
 "Yes," her father agreed, smiling. "I wouldn't want to sell your car, would you?"  
 Ronnie hesitated. Then she spoke in a low, ringing tones of a steel-riveted cannon:  
 "I'd die before I sold that car! I'd rather see it go to the bottom of the sea, all right!" her father cut in hurriedly. "All right! I'm not taking the way from you! Only I do rather wish, Ronnie, I'd thought of something for your birthday."  
 The same thought was buried deep in Ronnie's mind. After all, if you couldn't sell a car, well give away a car, and if you

"Knee! His knee!" shouted John Ferguson. "The fool kid runs into the car—wrecks the car—and comes out of it with a skinned knee!"

were much too proud to sell it, what on earth could you do with it? How, without emphasis, could you rid yourself of an automobile? Ronnie didn't know—and she decided, in the end, it was nothing to worry about anyhow. She would have to be more careful of Dick's feelings in the future, that was all—and maybe she could work up a little more interest in the fund.

AFTER dinner she wandered out to the porch—and she was smiling a little. This was the time when Dick always drove around to see if she wanted to go to a movie, or to Milbank's for a soda. And she was almost positive he would be around tonight—although, of course, he would be a little more dignified than usual. "The crazy!" she thought, in a sudden, passionate wave of tenderness. "The old crazy—!"

She had just strolled absently across the lawn to the rose bushes when a familiar, rattling sound came to her ears. She turned swiftly. It was Dick, of course, coming down Wynperle Avenue as he always did—but Ronnie's eager and forgiving smile was frozen even as it came into being. Dick Hendricks—with merely a polite nod—went driving madly right on past the house.

Ronnie, her mouth still open a little, stared after him. He turned left, into Hildebrandt Terrace, which ran only a short block before coming to an abrupt halt at the high brick wall that hedged the grammar school. Frantically, Ronnie considered Hildebrandt Terrace. Nobody who wasn't about a hundred years old had ever lived on the street except—except Frieda Lewis. And Frieda was a redheaded girl who had always been a little bit too obviously interested in Dick Hendricks.

Ronnie struggled against jealousy as an engulfing tide.

"Why, darling!" said her mother, suddenly appearing on the porch step. "Don't stand in that wet grass like that! Your feet will be soaking!"

Ronnie looked at her.

"Feet?"

"Yes. . . . What's the matter with you, dear?"

Ronnie roused herself.

"Nothing!" she said, smiling brightly. "Nothing at all! I just thought I'd drive down to Milbank's—I just thought maybe Ginger Matthews might be there, or Kathleen Weston or somebody."

Mrs. Ferguson started to ask a question and thought better of it.

"Well," she said, "you will drive carefully, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, sure," Ronnie said. "I'll positively crawl."

She slid behind the wheel of her car and waved to her mother, reassuringly. Then she drove down Wynperle Avenue, engaged in an imaginary scene that satisfactorily solved the mystery of Hildebrandt Terrace. "I just turned down that block because I didn't even know what I was doing," Dick was explaining eagerly, in this dream of hers. "I was in such an awful state of mind at your being mad at me, Ronnie. And you ought to know I couldn't take any interest in a girl like Frieda Lewis—you ought to know that!"

Ronnie's lips were curving in a smile, a very gentle and understanding smile—but at this point she had to come, a bit suddenly, out of the dream world. There was going to be some trouble in parking in front of Milbank's. Ronnie darted valiantly toward the curb—misjudging her distance as usual, flushing crimson as she maneuvered vainly to get her front wheels past the rear bumper of Mrs. Peter Jeffries' blue sedan. "Oh, darn the car!" she muttered, between clenched teeth. "Oh, darn the darn, darn car!"

"Hey, Ronnie! Cut her short!" came the inevitable advice from the sidewalk.

"Cut her—that's right! Over to your left! Over to your left!"

Mrs. Jeffries' right rear fender was only a little scratched. Ronnie sank back, exhausted, her hands limp on the wheel. Then she turned a none too grateful eye on her adviser.

This was a certain Roger Perry, one of her own classmates in Melville high school. He had never paid her any particular attention. Roger's attitude toward the world in general was one of faintly amused condescension.

"That," he was saying now, in his patronizing way, "is quite a neat little bus you have there. Yours?"

"Sure, it's mine," Ronnie said without warmth.

ROGER put his foot on the running board and went on talking. His own car, it seemed, was now being sold in unrecognizable bits in a place called Andy's Junk Yard. Roger and his car had been in a pretty bad accident, but it had not been his fault, he told Ronnie. Only his family could not see eye to eye with him about the purchase of any new vehicle. Ronnie considered the matter.

"Well, but you take somebody like Dick Hendricks," she said. "Why, he'd pick up a car somewhere for maybe ten or fifteen dollars and then he'd simply take it apart and put it together again—I mean, he just wouldn't wait for anybody to buy him a car!"

Roger was not impressed.

"I wouldn't either," he said, "if I cared to be seen in some old tomato can. . . . Well, say, would you like to have a soda or a choc malt or something, Ronnie?"

(Continued on page 50)







For antiaircraft training, cadets go to Fort Hancock, New Jersey. Guns may be studied but not fired at the Academy because of unsuitable terrain



The dress parade is a magnificent show, but critics of Point training see it as an outward symbol of what's wrong

# What Good

First-year men get some training in handling machine guns under the supervision of upper classmen. The guns they are using are old-style .30-caliber Brownings





United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, is one of the most beautiful institutions in the world. Its graduates have their names high on the honor roll for peace as well as war. Its cadets are of scrupulous honor, and they are as brave as they are intelligent as well as brave. At West Point elementary military training emphasizes greatly the parades and guard mountings. It requires—for perfection of performance—that too much of the cadet's time is spent in shoulder-to-shoulder drill in ranks on foot. Emphasis on training was necessary in Frederick the Great's day. But are not matters altered now? Should not the cadets spend much less of their time in formal close-order march—should not the time thus made available be devoted to learning the elements of piloting an airplane, to simple parachute work and to other modern engines of war? The exhibition during the graduation week show that the cadets graduate and become officers competent in the practical elements of warfare?

If the officer is able enough, he will be sent to the General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. A few years later, if he has shown still additional competence, he will take the course at the Army War College in Washington, which is the final postgraduate school. But that, if he is a West Pointer, will be fifteen or twenty years after he has left the quiet campus of the United States Military Academy.

It was a shimmering summer day when I visited West Point the first time. On the big parade ground the newly arrived members of the "plebe" class—they had been enrolled for hardly a week—were being drilled by the upper classmen. "Squads right, march! Right face, left face, about face!" sounded across the pleasant field—and the war in Europe seemed a dozen times 3,000 miles away. The humble plebes had already been initiated into the traditions of West Point. Soon they would be singing of their pride in treading "where they of the corps have trod." They had already been ordered to "keep your mouth shut and obey orders," and assured that "an order from a superior has the force of a cannon shot."

Naturally, West Point leans upon



"Cavalry hikes" during the summer months, when regular classes are suspended, give the cadets a close approximation to actual field training

# WEST POINT?

By Henry F. Pringle

graduation week at present. It consists of horse shows, formal infantry parades on foot and which horses are used. Necessary cadet maneuvers are elementary and include only the 1,200 cadets. Also, the local terrain is so extensively to permit much modern artillery.

Four years of intensive study at West Point graduate is not a fully qualified lieutenant, because his education has been more cultural than

taken precisely the same as all the other cadets and has specialization in no single arm of service.

He has an additional four, possibly five, years before he has obtained adequate knowledge of modern warfare.

West Point is defended by the authority of West Point as proper and the United States Military Academy. They insist, is not a training school for officers. It is a college for future officers and gentlemen. The purpose of West Point, to quote the department's official bulletin, is "to provide theoretical and practical training for the military service." It is an institution where the "cadets receive a comprehensive and general education of collegiate grade and a sufficient military education and training to enable them to pursue their careers as officers of the Army."

High-ranking men of the graduate class—possibly twenty-five in all—are admitted to enter the Corps of Engineers, which is regarded as the most important arm of the service. About half enroll in the Air Corps for a year's training, but only fifty per cent qualify. The rest of the graduates are assigned to troops. After the cadet has obtained additional training and experience for, say, two years, he is sent to one of the Army postgraduate schools, where he gets special training in cavalry, infantry or whatever happens to be. There, probably for the first time, he learns the details of modern warfare. In due course,

tradition and the past. The mission of the Academy, the freshman cadets are informed, is primarily to "instill discipline and a sense of honor." Thus it has always been at West Point, since the institution was founded in 1802. The system of instruction at the Academy is, in its broad aspects, still the one established by Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, the "father of West Point," when he became superintendent in 1817.

"We have made changes, of course," a high-ranking officer of the Academy told me, "but we teach the same fundamentals—honor and integrity and discipline."

The honor and integrity of West Point men may be assumed. There isn't the slightest question about that. Doubt has been cast, however, on whether the West Point elementary discipline is the best for war of today, when nothing happens according to schedule. The average graduate is a good mathematician, knows engineering, is an expert in close-order drill and a fine horseman. But he has spent only ten hours or so in the air—and as a passenger merely. He has commanded no troop bodies larger than platoons, and very little of those. He has had a smattering of field-artillery practice and has watched a big gun or two fired. He has impeccable manners and is an excellent dancer.

"Even as a field-artillery officer, in which he has had as much experience as in any arm," another West Point man told me, "the second lieutenant just out of the Academy isn't worth a damn."

In the face of these admitted facts the question is now being raised whether such luxuries as a four-year course with hours upon hours devoted to English composition, English literature, French, Spanish and ancient history can be afforded. The hours given to "cultural subjects," so called, at West Point are greater than at such civilian technical colleges as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the engineering schools of Cornell University. For graduation from West Point 131 "semester hours" are required; that is, classes of one hour

(Continued on page 47)



Upper classmen help their military and tactical instructors by taking over many routine jobs. Here they are teaching close-order drill to plebes

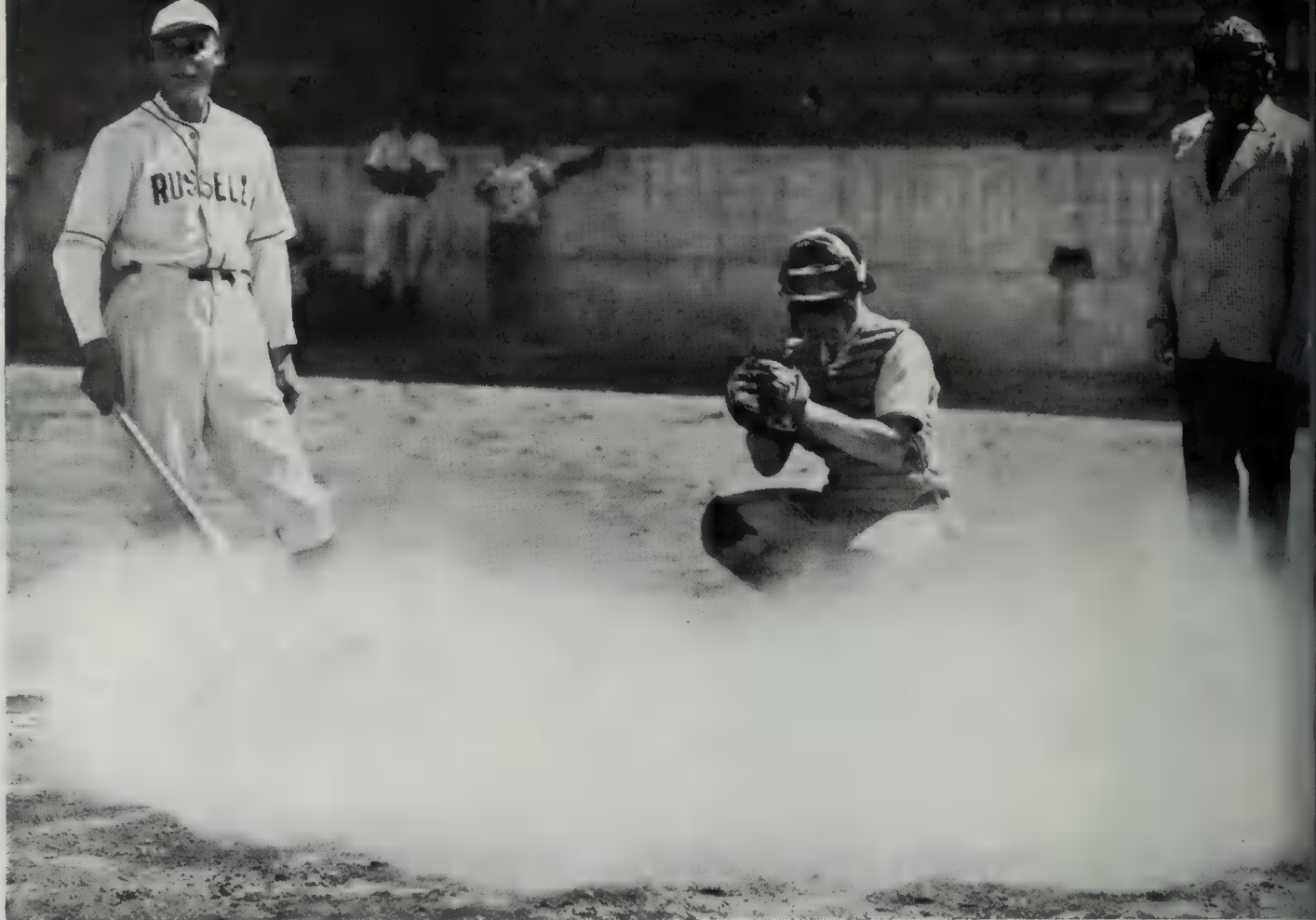


# Part-Time Baseball

By Arthur Mann

The semipros are on the loose at Wichita in baseball's biggest party. Do they have fun!

Baseball's first automatic home-plate duster goes into action at the Semi-pro Congress. The modern umpire steps on a button and compressed air does a neat whisking-off job



KANSAS is in the clutches of another cyclone that has centered in and around Wichita. When this particular twister has unwound itself completely, atop the wreckage will stand the champion of some 25,000 teams representing 500,000 affiliated semipro baseball players in the United States.

Officially this crescendo of sand-lot ability is known as the National Semi-pro Baseball Congress. Actually it is the dream and goal of all the part-time ballplayers in every state of the Union—baseball nuts who hang on to their year-round jobs and have terrific fun playing 100-game schedules that lead to this most democratic of championships.

For this annual shindig 100,000 visitors double Wichita's population and help pay the freight. Patrons of the Semipro Congress flock to Lawrence Stadium long before noon with basket lunches and cushions. Here and there you will see an energetic rooter putting on a fresh shirt between innings. They sit through three or four daylight games that are interlarded with a variety of band music and volunteer stunt men or comedians. After quick bites of dinner at home or at near-by lunch counters, another mob returns to view two or three nocturnal contests under high-powered lights. Sometimes an extra-inning game is called "on account of dawn."

Though the extravaganza is only six years old, each year brings new novelties and bigger attendance, with last year topping the four previous clam bakes. More than 110,000 fans paid to watch the 1939 tournament, but many went to see baseball's first automatic home-plate duster in operation. It's only a gadget that works by compressed air, but it puts the semipros far ahead of the field.

No mayor or governor throws out the first ball. That's too prosaic. They prefer, say, the most beautiful of the airline hostesses, dressed in her gleaming uniform, to do the tossing. Instead of having pompous and verbose, ax-grinding dignitaries award checks and prize cups, the Semipro Congress collects the prettiest gals in the Sunflower State to make the presentations. The spectators claim it's easier on the ears and eyes.

After two weeks of round-robin competition among thirty-two teams, the cream of semipro baseball floats to the top at Wichita. The winning team will leave town next week with a \$6,000 slice of the gate receipts, plus a cash allowance for mileage to and from its home

grounds. Last year's champions, sponsored by a cement company, carried away \$5,119.52 besides train fare to and from Duncan, Oklahoma, and won a free trip to Puerto Rico. There they picked up another \$1,500 purse, plus a shellacking from the Guayama team at San Juan in a real semipro world series while 35,000 islanders looked on.

After five years of intense promotion, this streamlined idea has mushroomed into the fastest-growing sports activity of all.

An energetic little guy with a big cigar, Raymond Dumont, is the inventor of the magnanimous scheme, and perennial president. Back in 1931, young Dumont was a wide-eyed, ambitious clerk of twenty-three in the Goldsmith Book and Stationery Store at Wichita. Dips in the business chart caused a few of the clerks to be pushed around, and Dumont was given sole charge of the "sports department." He knew that Wichita people were in no position financially to be high-pressured into spending more money on sporting goods. But, if people in Wichita were placed in the position of needing baseball bats, gloves, balls . . .

## The Idea Grew Up

He concocted a state-wide baseball championship for Kansas, and guess where the final games were played. Yes, sir, right in Wichita. Only sixteen teams fought for the semipro championship of Kansas, but nobody went into debt, and the players went into Goldsmith's for a surprising number of odds and ends.

When the thing bounded past expectations in the next few years, and ultimately provided \$5,000 in prize money to the surviving teams, Ray Dumont reasoned that simultaneous championships in all states would achieve the same results, only forty-seven times bigger and better. He propositioned key points in the nation.

The result was an avalanche of enthusiastic response that cascaded from

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Pretty girls instead of politicians toss out the first ball for the semipros. Last year it was Katherine Wilson, Miss American Aviation. With her is Commissioner George Sisler







"There's Gull Rock!" she cried, pointing with her free hand. "And the old Pineo place. It hasn't changed at all"

## Errand in Bangor

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Sometimes it takes more  
a little persuasion to  
a girl realize what  
that she really wants

YRK TENNANT came to Bangor about five o'clock on a Saturday evening in July. It was very hot in the city and, to a man who had just come from the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean East, this heat seemed oppressive like stale air in a huge oven. He had the 1936 coupé in the plaza of the Maine Central railroad station. This was the place he had used before on his occasional binges in town. He reached the key, slipped it into his watch pocket and stood there undecided, hesitating. Usually he would feel pretty good at this moment, thinking of the drinks at the bar on Hancock Street with a group of the boys from Upson Bay—those things that happened after the party. But this evening his mind was fixed on the girl he had seen a few minutes before. Instead of coming in directly from the bridge over the Penobscot River he had cruised around the city to see what was going on. The little car ambled

along Washington Street past Broad and up the hill to Main where it turned right toward the triangle. There he went East on State and crossed the walled-in waters of the Kenduskeag stream and was stopped by a red light at the intersection of Exchange.

It was at that second he had seen Lola Ward, from Upson Bay, for the first time in seven years. She was walking down Exchange on the other side. She was wearing a white jacket and a red hat and carried under her arm a large red leather pocketbook. She looked like a million with her sheer silk stockings and the way she walked, swinging along, her head up. He had shouted to her but she didn't hear him. When the light changed he had tried to crowd the other car on his right to follow her down the street until he could find a place to park, but the cop at the intersection had looked at him in a funny way and told him to keep going.

Seeing Lola this way moved him. Standing there in the hot plaza, he wondered what things would have been like if he had gone away with her that night seven years ago as she had wanted him to. He remembered the anger and pride in her voice as she told him she would never, never come back to Upson Bay. He had heard through someone that she had gone to New York. He wondered now what she was doing here in Bangor

—only sixty miles from her home. . . .

Tennant turned from the car and walked across the heat-reflecting cobblestones of the plaza. He would go back to Exchange and take a look around—he might catch her before she left that section of the city. He was a solid, well-built man without being tall—but his lean, serious face made him look slimmer. His skin had that deep red burn from working in the sun on salt water. Already, at this early age, his eyes had the crosshatch lines of a seafaring man. He walked leaning forward slightly, as if leaning into a wind. He wore store clothes—a blue serge suit and a stringy tie tucked into a white shirt. The sports shoes, still white, he had borrowed from Tommy Pineo. These were the clothes a man wore on a Saturday night in Bangor.

In the worn wallet he had about fifteen dollars but in the morning when he was ready to go home—through with the city for another five, six weeks—he would have maybe a dollar or so for gas and a cup of coffee. He held no regrets and he had no sorrow to drown, and this memory, of what had once been between Lola Ward and himself he kept to himself.

He had almost reached the intersection of State when he saw her coming out of a store near the corner. She had a small package in her hand now and she

was looking at the window as she walked by.

He caught up with her. He said, "Lola! Lola Ward!"

She turned, startled—but when she saw him her face lighted up and her hand lifted toward him as if she couldn't believe he was really there in front of her.

"Burk!" she cried. He felt her hand in his, the quick pressure in it and the warmth.

Tennant said, "I saw you before. I had to park the car and then come back. Gee, it sure has been a long time, Lola."

She regarded him for a moment. Then she said, her voice more controlled now, her eyes taking him in, still smiling but wondering about him, "How are things going, Burk? What you doing now?"

Tennant folded his cap lengthwise and stuck it back into his hip pocket. He said, "Oh, same thing, Lola. Fishing. I got a new boat—she's a dandy. Lobsters are scarce—but I'm doing pretty good—can't kick."

He saw her still looking at him—her eyes softer now—the smile easier.

"How was it out West—in New York City? Did you like it, Lola?"

She smiled. "Oh, sure. It was fine. I was in Boston, too."

He kept thinking that this talk was slack for two people who hadn't seen  
(Continued on page 38)



# The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, Morley kills himself with a pistol. Such, at least, is the verdict of Scotland Yard's Inspector Japp—a verdict that he retracts when Poirot, investigating the case, convinces him that the dentist may have been murdered.

Reilly, Morley's partner, can shed no light on the matter. But Alfred, the office boy, testifies that a young American—Howard Raikes—had made an appointment with the dentist, had come to the office, and suddenly disappeared about the time of Morley's death. Raikes is, therefore, a suspect, as is Frank Carter, the fiancé of Morley's secretary, Gladys Nevill. But suspect No. 1 is a Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been the dentist's last patient.

Making a list of Morley's patients just before his death, Japp and Poirot interrogate them. Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm, and Miss Sainsbury Seale, a spinster recently arrived from India, have little of importance to offer. Next on the list is Amberiotis; but before the two detectives can question him, he dies of an overdose of adrenalin and procaine administered (so it appears) by Morley!

Japp feels certain that the dentist, realizing too late that he had made a dreadful mistake while treating the Greek's teeth, had killed himself. But Poirot does not agree with him; and, in search of important data pertaining to the case, he calls on a mysterious "Mr. Barnes." Mr. Barnes informs him that powerful conspirators are trying to undermine the existent order in England by killing off various

stalwart pillars of society. It is his theory that the plotters tried, without success, to bribe Morley to kill Alistair Blunt; that they did bribe Reilly, who shot his partner to silence him; that Amberiotis—an international spy and blackmailer—had been murdered for reasons known only to the conspirators.

The disappearance of Miss Sainsbury Seale, who walks out of her hotel and does not return, adds another curious angle to the case. And Poirot is convinced that Howard Raikes knows more than he may care to admit. He calls on Raikes. Introducing himself, the Belgian remarks that he, too, had gone to Morley, shortly before his death, to have his teeth treated. "You'll excuse me," Raikes exclaims, "if I say I can't believe it." Poirot stares at the American. Then: "May I ask, Mr. Raikes, what you were doing there?"

## IV

MR. RAIKES grinned suddenly and said: "Got you there! I was going to have my teeth seen also."

"You had, perhaps, the toothache," Poirot said.

"That's right, big boy."

"But, all the same, you went without having your teeth attended to."

"What if I did? That's my business."

He paused—then he said, with a savagery of tone, "Oh, what the use of all this slick talking? Were there to look after your big Well, he's all right, isn't he? No happened to your precious Mr. A. Blunt. You've nothing on me."

Poirot said, "Where did you go when you went so abruptly out of the room?"

"Left the house, of course."

"Ah!" Poirot looked up at the ceiling.

"But nobody saw you leave," Raikes.

"Does that matter?"

"It might. Somebody died in the house not long afterward, remember?"

Raikes said carelessly, "Oh, you mean the dentist."

Poirot's tone was hard as he said, "Yes, I mean the dentist."

Raikes stared.

"You trying to pin that on me? That the game? Well, you can't pin it on me. I've just read the account of the inquest yesterday. The poor devil shot himself because he'd made a mistake with the cal anesthetic and one of his patients died."

Poirot went on, unmoved: "Can you prove that you left the house when you say you did? Is there anyone who can say definitely where you were between twelve and one?"

The other's eyes narrowed.

"So you are trying to pin it on me? Suppose Blunt put you up to this?"

Poirot sighed.

"You will pardon me, but it seems an obsession with you—this persistent harping on Mr. Alistair Blunt. I am not employed by him, I never have been employed by him. I am concerned only with his safety, but with the death of a man who did good work in his profession."

Raikes shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "I don't believe you're Blunt's private dick, all right. His face hardened as he leaned over the table. "But you can't save him, you know. He's got to go—he and everything he stands for! There's got to be a new deal—the old, corrupt system of finance has got to go—this curse of bankers all over the world, this spider's web. They've got to be swept away. I've nothing against Blunt personally—but he's the type of man who He's mediocre—he's smug. He's the sort you can't move unless you use dynamite. He's the sort of man who says 'You can't disrupt the foundations of civilization.' Can't you, though? Let him wait and see! He's an obstacle in the way of progress and he's got to be removed."

"There's no room in the world for him."

(Continued on page 31)

She turned to face him. "What do you mean when you said you had been expecting me to call you?" she asked.







## Blow by Blow

Kyle Crichton

et Larry Adler, who blew himself into  
and fortune by making the lowly har-  
monica a respectable musical instrument

YOUNG man with the approxi-  
mate stature of a guy wire and the  
rapt look of a Brooklyn fan comes  
on the stage and begins playing a  
mouth organ. He is dressed in white tie  
and tails, delicately hand-tooled by Kil-  
land French, Savile Row, London.  
As he blows over his foolish instrument, he  
moves his hands about it in little fluting  
gestures. He inhales and exhales. He  
produces trills and pip-pips and chords  
that sound as if somebody had inad-  
vertently stepped on a pipe organ. This  
young man is Larry Adler of Baltimore, Maryland,  
and he has made the harmonica respectable.

Adler is not only the gentleman made the  
harmonica a natural inhabitant of the  
dressing room but he has succeeded in  
drawing from it sounds of such astonish-  
ing loveliness and unabated fury that  
many conductors have laid hard  
on the line for the sake of having  
him as soloist, and Fritz Kreisler has  
granted that Mr. Adler has his permission  
to play Caprice Viennois until he has  
turned himself green. He has played be-  
fore the king of England twice at com-  
missioned performances; he has been paid  
\$500 for one night to play for the king  
of Sweden; he was called before the late

Maurice Ravel to give an accounting on  
what he was doing to Bolero.

"Remarkable," cried the great com-  
poser, "but why do you play it so fast  
and why don't you play all of it?"

Mr. Adler replied rather tentatively  
that he played it fast because it was best  
fast on a mouth organ and didn't play  
it all because it tended to become re-  
petitive.

"I like it the way it is," said M. Ravel,  
who died shortly after but not, it is be-  
lieved, because of this.

What the young man (he is still only  
twenty-nine) started out to be was a  
pianist, but his formal career in this art  
ceased on that hot day in Baltimore  
when his mamma took him to a teacher  
and made the mistake of saying that the  
little man had already acquired some  
dubious mastery over the instrument.  
The teacher beamed upon the genius  
and asked him to play something. He  
responded with Yes, We Have No Ba-  
nanas, upon which the pedagogue re-  
coiled as if she had been attacked by a  
bevy of demented moths and screamed:  
"Take the little brat away!"

Thus thwarted, the little man waited  
until he saw a harmonica contest an-

nounced by a local paper. He had never  
played the strange object but nothing of  
this sort ever daunted Larry Adler.  
He conquered the free-breather in two  
weeks' time and, naturally, won the city  
championship. This did nothing but un-  
settle the young wizard's mind. It ob-  
viously made it impossible for him to  
follow in his father's footsteps, which  
were those of a plumber, and it just as  
clearly indicated that a man of his talent  
couldn't remain mute and inglorious.  
He came up to New York with his mouth  
organ in his hip pocket and started on  
the career of being a nuisance.

This spring our boy was playing in  
Keep Off the Grass with Jimmy Du-  
rante and Ray Bolger, but in 1928 he  
was a seventeen-year-old kid in New  
York over the week end with \$10.70 in  
his pocket. Ma and Pa Adler wanted  
him to be a doctor or a lawyer but they  
gave him this one fling. If he could make  
it in New York, fine; otherwise back to  
a fate worse than death, to wit: Balti-  
more. He interviewed three theater  
managers and eight booking agents in  
one afternoon and was only saved from  
violence by his age.

Rudy Vallee had his own night club

in those days and was somewhat startled  
to come into his dressing room after the  
first show and find himself confronted  
by a junior wraith who was playing a  
harmonica at him like a madman. Be-  
ing on the crest of the wave at that  
period and slightly balmy from prosper-  
ity, Rudy was touched by the spectacle  
and put the kid on at the midnight  
show. The audience, narcotized by  
Vallee's voice and prohibition gin,  
thought the little tot was great. After  
several weeks, however, Vallee, obsessed  
by the notion that he was going to have  
this infant on his hands for life, palmed  
him off on Paul Ash, then master of  
ceremonies at the New York Para-  
mount. Ash, being no sucker, passed  
him along to the nabobs of the Para-  
mount Circuit, who hired him for thirty-  
six weeks to be a local boy in thirty-six  
different theaters from coast to coast.

"Ragged little urchin," says Larry.  
"I'd be dragged up out of the audience  
in time to save the honor of Toledo.

(Continued on page 30)

MONAHAN



# Daring Young Man

Struggle for supremacy on the flying trapeze—ten minutes of tense drama, high in the air

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

"Isn't it all true, Georgie?" she asked him, her eyes shining. She could be sly, coquettish, perverse

Litfin put his coffee cup down and to leave. He was almost at the door when he turned and walked back to Marty.

"Listen," he said. He seemed uncomfortable. "I didn't take your job. Nothing like that."

"I'm not asking you," Marty said, even looking at him.

"It's not the way it looks. I know it looks, but I didn't go out to get the job. Lucy Roche came to me and there was a spot in the act. She told me to go see Roche. He had a plan for me. So I went. I didn't know I had to go. I just thought Roche was a new man."

Marty glanced up at him. "You mean me out," he said quietly. "You want half my price. That's all there is in it."

"Listen, if you want to get sore, get sore at me. I haven't even got the old job in the act. Ferdie got it. I moved him up a week ago and put him down with the bunch of monkeys sends flying around for the preliminary stuff. So, as a matter of plain fact, I can't even say I got your job." His face had risen but now he calmed down and held himself stiff, in control. "No, it makes any difference to me what you think. Not that I care if you're sore, just wanted to say it, so you'd know."

"All right. You said it. I'm out. Goodby."

The boy halted a moment longer.

"You want money? Twenty bucks? Thirty? I could help you out. I—"

Marty cut him short. "No!" he said. "No! Get the hell off me. Beat it!"

Litfin smiled. His whole manner changed, becoming easy and contemptuous. He wasn't trying to make anything of it to Marty any longer.

"Okay," he said. "Any way you want to have it. I don't care." He hitched his pants up, smiled again and started for the door. He kept his shoulders high and there was something cocky swagger to his walk.

SARTO came up, his face showing relief that nothing had happened. He scolded Marty in the good-natured, fatherly way he had with the gym boys who ate at his place.

"What's the matter with you, Georgie?" he said. "What do you want to get mad at Nick Litfin for? He doesn't know what it's all about. He's just a fresh rooster, a kid first starting out. Don't be that way, Georgie. Don't get sore at the whole world."

"Maybe I feel like getting sore," Marty said.

"Ah, shut up, shut up," Sarto said, poking him in the ribs, but then his face changed. He knew it was almost a month that Marty had been out of the job with Roche and before that, before the summer season began, he had had little or no work at all that year. "Wait it out, feller," Sarto said earnestly. "You'll get a break. Sure thing."

"All right, I'm waiting," Marty said.

The café proprietor switched on the radio as he went back to work, and somebody with an accordion filled the room with a tune by Victor Herbert.

Marty looked around at the men sitting under the wall calendars which showed pictures of ladies with big breasts, half uncovered. Most of the acrobats here were out of work and they looked at the tabloids or foreign-language newspapers or else they just stared at the bright sidewalk outside. The trouble about them was their pride, in themselves and in their work, and that was funny because nobody wanted them to do what they could do. There were no tumbler acts. Nobody came to see skill on the trapeze any longer. It was a dying art, whichever you wanted to call it, maybe that was why these men were so proud and stubborn.

(Continued on page 42)

GEORGE MARTY walked into the Jersey Café promptly at noon, on time, but Cornling wasn't there for the appointment. Sarto, kneading dough near the ovens, saw who it was and came forward, looking worried. The café proprietor dusted the flour off his hands on his hips as he trotted up. He was so nervous that he seemed half comical. "Come on, Marty. Be a good guy," he said, coaxing softly to attract no attention. "No trouble now. No rough stuff in here, if you please." Marty didn't know what he was talking about at first. There were eight or ten other men in the place—trapeze workers like himself, tumblers, men with high-wire acts—and among them was Nick Litfin. The boy was finishing his breakfast. That was what it was, then. Sarto thought Marty was looking for the kid, to beat him up.

"I didn't come in for Litfin," Marty said. "Don't worry."

He walked away and sat down at one of the round-topped tables in a corner. Litfin had seen him, knew he was there, but went on with his meal, eating deliberately. Back at the stoves, Sarto smacked the lump of dough he was working up for the big Italian pies later on.

He kept his eyes fixed on the two of them. Marty forgot him, forgot Litfin, and wondered why Cornling had called him over from New York.



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# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer, marries Paul Lesser, part owner with Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, of the night club at which she works in Berlin. A short time later, her young husband is killed in a mysterious "accident"—which she strongly suspects had been planned by Blaerchen!

Three years later, while she is in Rome, Blaerchen (who has become a power in the Foreign Office) forces her to return to Berlin and become a Foreign Office spy. She has one trusted friend—Karl Dietrich, with whom she presently falls in love. Working with Franz Ranke, Hans Klauss, Schebeler and others, Dietrich is plotting against the Hitler regime. Blaerchen (who professes to love Carola) loathes him.

Shocked by Blaerchen's brutalities, Carola finally rebels. Dietrich's employer, Franz Wagner, is opening a night club, Sans Souci. To his delight, she accepts an offer he has made her; then, "resigning" her espionage job, she begins rehearsing for her Sans Souci debut. . . . Karl Dietrich is arrested. Carola implores Blaerchen to order his release. And Blaerchen does so—but only after she has promised to make an engagement with Herr Praut, an important Nazi official.

By this time, Dietrich knows that Blaerchen is thoroughly dishonest—a conscienceless scoundrel. Working with von Maurer, a loyal Nazi; Froscetti, a member of the Italian embassy; Schebeler (who works at the Foreign Office) and others, he sets a trap for the crook. Knowing that Blaerchen will be at the Sans

Souci opening, he tells Carola to sing one of her favorite songs that evening: The Handsome Widow. Then he sends an unsigned letter to Blaerchen—a letter in which he hints at a money-making possibility for the Nazi. He suggests that Blaerchen reply in a small newspaper advertisement reading, "Handsome widow, with brown hair and eyes," and give a box number.

His cupidity aroused, Blaerchen replies as directed. And von Maurer (whom he has never seen) meets him and, on the day of the nightclub opening, offers to purchase important secret Foreign Office data from him. To von Maurer's horror, Blaerchen leaps at the bait—says he will be glad to co-operate! . . .

The great night arrives. A brilliant crowd gathers at Sans Souci. Carola, nervous, excited, waits in her dressing room. A call boy enters. "Five minutes, Fräulein Dirling!"

## VIII

KARL could not take his glance from Carola.

She smiled at him, for him. "I wish you were going on with me."

"I wish I were!"

"Wish me good luck, Karl!"

"The best of luck," he said.

"Stand near me, stand near," she said. She held fast to his arm as they stood

for a moment in the wings. She seemed happy now, unconcerned, humming a song that Karl recognized very well. Then she kissed him again, lightly. "Remember, stand where I can see you!"

The curtain was up. Ritter, the master of ceremonies, said, "And now—!" He got no further. The audience knew what was coming and applause began at fortissimo. Carola smiled again and walked slowly to the stage. Now she was smiling for the audience.

The applause was louder, almost painful in the low-ceilinged room.

Karl looked at the audience. As if it were a planned entrance, carefully timed, Blaerchen and Praut, in green-gray Foreign Office uniforms, came to their front-row table. If Carola saw them she paid no attention. Karl chose a place behind the curtain, not fifteen feet from Carola, where she could see him and, more important, where he could watch Blaerchen, where he could search that face for some sign when Carola sang of the handsome widow.

As the applause quieted, Karl looked at Carola, expecting some sign of nervousness. He saw none. In her simplicity there was no place for fear. That beautiful simplicity was her strength and the audience saw it now and remembered. There was no need to be afraid of her. Not even the presence of Blaerchen and Praut a dozen feet away, where Carola had to see them, affected her. Blaerchen was smiling, laughing, turning to his friends with an air of proprietorship. The little, ugly fat man by his side did not smile. He just stared at Carola.

Then there was quiet, complete quiet, broken by a first chord from the piano. Looking into the room, Karl could see every face set, expectant, waiting. Carola began her first song, an old Austrian folk tune and the audience noticeably relaxed, settling back contentedly. Carola's voice did not waver once. Not once did she move or gesture or change the expression on her face, using perfectly her gift of making her audience think of the song and not the singer. The audience knew what she sang, and Karl could see the happy smiles on their faces.

When she finished, she glanced at him, to smile warmly, confidently.

Then Carola sang of the wife of the Hamburg fisherman. That had been the popular song of Berlin in 1934 and the audience cheered as if to entice back some small part of the past. Carola sang to repeat the song. Then she passed to Berlin songs, in the street dialect. Her smile was laughter now. Now she sang of a saucy street girl talking back to a cab driver, now a tired housewife arguing over a place at a bargain counter, now a perplexed mother with a string of small children, trying to shepherd them through a picnic at Wannsee. With these songs she was more than a singer. She was the saucy street girl, the tired housewife, the perplexed mother, one completely with the songs she sang.

SHE had only one more program song to sing, the story of a provincial and his wife in Berlin for a February holiday, of the husband's attempt to get off by himself for a little unchaperoned tour. Half the women in the audience looked at their own husbands.

Karl caught sight of Blaerchen, laughing. He could laugh now. He would laugh long.

Carola began the last verse and finished it. Then the piano's last chord sounded and Carola held a note over as soft and as fleeting as bird-flight.

Voices crying "Bravo" were louder than handclapping.

She had three encores to sing and did them, coming to the wings between each song. When she returned after the last one, Karl took her hand, held it a moment, and said, "Now, sing the Widow."

Carola moved toward the footlights as if to come closer to something that was going to enjoy. Karl did not watch her now; he was concentrated on Blaerchen. As the piano began an intro-

"You must not be worried," he said. "Other ladies have gone alone and gotten through." "Alone?" she asked.





**CAUSE:** *Good old-fashioned Bulking*



**EFFECT: PALL MALL IS A SMOOTHER CIGARETTE**

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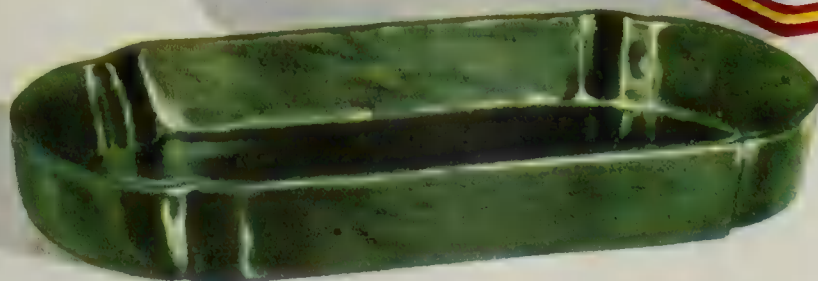
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**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



tion Carola focused her attention somewhere out in the audience. She sang one verse. Then the chorus:

*"Handsome widow,  
Hair and eyes of brown,  
Only twenty,  
House in town—!"*

To Karl, intent on watching Blaerchen's face, the song was far away. As the chorus began, Blaerchen was whispering to Praut. If he heard the words, they meant nothing. His face did not change expression.

*"Seeks life's comrade,  
Loyal, true.  
Please send photo,  
No postage due!"*

The audience laughed and Karl frowned in annoyance. More verses and more choruses would follow.

Carola finished the second verse. Again the chorus. Blaerchen was smiling as if he were enjoying this song more than any other.

Then, at the third line of the chorus Karl saw him jolt back in his chair. The smile was on his face but it was dried, like a withered remnant. Karl could smile now. Now Blaerchen was on the edge of his chair, not missing a word that Carola sang.

When the chorus was finished he glanced from side to side, looking quickly at his neighbors.

Karl did smile now almost sure that Blaerchen caught all that that chorus implied!

Without concern, Carola went into the third verse, the third and last chorus. There was no doubt about Blaerchen understanding now. He sat motionless, staring at Carola. And there was no trace of smile on his face.

Guards were put at the doors to keep the crowd backstage from getting any larger. Karl helped Carola find a way through and for a brief moment they were together in the dressing room. "Did you see Blaerchen?" she asked delightedly. "He knew, Karl, he knew!"

Wagner came in, followed by a dozen other people. In a moment the dressing room was as crowded as the rest of backstage. Karl could draw to one side contentedly. The next move was Blaerchen's but the song should have him checkmated.

After a little while the room cleared and Carola was ready to dress. "I'm tired now," she said simply. "I'd like to go and get a bite to eat. Then I want to sleep for a whole day!" She frowned. "What shall I tell Praut when he comes?"

"Tell him you aren't going with him!" He started to the door. "I'll wait for you outside." But before he could leave there was a little knock and the door opened without waiting for an answer. Blaerchen came in. He nodded to Karl then to Carola and said, "May I have a word alone with you?"

"Certainly."

Karl withdrew, and Carola sent the maid out. Blaerchen seemed cool, unconcerned, determined on something.

Blaerchen lit a cigarette and said carelessly, "You never sang more beautifully."

"Thank you!" Carola had not expected to have to face him alone.

She could not anticipate what he would say but she expected a storm of questions.

Instead Blaerchen said pleasantly, "I never heard such an audience reception!"

"Thank you!" Perhaps, in spite of everything, the implications of that song had passed him by. In that case she had reason to be afraid. But something searching in his glance made her sure he knew what that song meant. Something studied in his manner made her certain that he was here to ask about it.

"You are just as lovely as you used to be at the Krokodil," he continued, while she tried to weigh each word he said. Then, too sudden to be as casual as it sounded, he said, "You sang a song tonight I never heard you sing before!"

Carola nodded.

"What was it called?"

"The Handsome Widow."

"I never heard it before." His glance never left her face. "Where did you find it?"

"It's an old street song, like the others I sang."

"Interesting that you should sing it! How did the chorus go?"

That was unexpected! She could not repeat those words with that unwavering glance on her. "Don't you think I've sung enough tonight?" She tried to sound as if it were a totally unimportant matter.

His glance sharpened, then wavered. In the uncertainty of his glance she lost all fear. He did not know what else to ask! Unsure of himself, he did not know what to say, to do, and he could not conceal his dilemma. He began to pace the room, like an animal wanting a way to attack but not sure where to find it, not sure how it would be resisted.

Uncertainty was what Karl's scheme was planned to create. Its success was in Blaerchen's face, in his manner, even in his walk up and down the narrow dressing room.

"You were very kind to come back to see me," Carola said sweetly. She had to hold back a smile. "You'll excuse me now?" For the first time in their relationship Blaerchen was no longer the master, the man who could say, "Do this," or "Don't do that!"

A knock at the door interrupted them, a loud, demanding knock. Carola answered it and let in Herr Praut. He looked puffy in his Foreign Office uniform. Mopping the perspiration from his forehead and grinning at the same time he said, "You were wonderful! *Wunderbar! Wunderbar!*" He glanced knowingly at Blaerchen. Then, coming closer to Carola, "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed this evening. You'll be ready soon? I have the nicest party arranged."

Blaerchen was no longer the master and here was a chance to show it! Carola folded her hands like an obedient child, stepped back slightly, to face both men and said quietly, "I'm sorry, Herr Praut, but I'm not going."

"Wie?" Praut looked astonished. "But—!" He sounded astonished. "Herr Blaerchen—!" His face was red and perspiration broke on his forehead.

"I'm not going," Carola repeated, more clearly. "Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I must dress."

"Not going?" Praut reacted slowly. Then he turned from Carola to Blaerchen: "But Herr Blaerchen assured me—!"

"Herr Blaerchen does not make my engagements!"

"But before this evening began you said you were eager—!" Then, as if he had reached a sudden conclusion: "Why have you changed your mind?"

"I see no reason why I should explain that," Carola answered with a sharp glance at Blaerchen.

He was trying to appear unconcerned.

Praut rather swelled than straightened up. He clicked his heels. "Very well. Shall we go, Herr Blaerchen?"

Blaerchen started to say something, and checked himself. He followed Praut from the room.

Carola called back her maid and closed the door. She began to dance around. "Hurry, hurry," she said to the maid.

"Tonight was a great success, *nicht wahr?*" The maid beamed. "You were magnificent."

"It was an astounding success," Car-

ola laughed. "And I was terrific!"

An hour later, alone with Karl in a little restaurant, she was jubilant. "It worked, Karl, it worked!" She laughed. "He was afraid of me!" Then she asked, "Is there nothing he can do to us?"

"What can he do? Arrest you? Arrest me? Then he has to risk having you tell the police what your song hints at."

"I wish you could have seen Praut's face!"

"I was outside waiting when they left your room," Karl said. "I saw his face, and Blaerchen's too. I'm sure Praut will demand some explanation from Blaerchen."

She sighed deeply. "It's unbelievable—no more threats!"

Karl smiled at her. There were other threats, from von Maurer, and, indirectly from Ranke. They were for another day. All that mattered tonight was that Carola was happy. . . .

Carola woke the next morning, to find sunlight and a pleasant day. It was luxury to lie abed, not to have to worry, and to remember every detail of the opening. She had Karl and they were in love and that would work out, somehow. Ahead was the success she had hoped for, ahead was a little more certainty about life, even in a cold, grim Berlin.

The telephone rang sharply. It was Wagner. He said gruffly, "Please come to my office at once."

"What's the matter?"

"Hurry! Please come!"

She had to make herself believe that nothing had happened to Karl. She hurried into her clothes, angry at herself for even thinking that a moment in this city would be free from worry.

She was relieved to see Karl waiting in Wagner's office. He said, "Hello," quietly. Wagner was pacing the floor.

"What's the matter?"

Wagner turned almost brutally. "We have an order from the police this morning to close the Sans Souci at once!"

For a moment she did not understand. Then she looked at Karl and saw the answer on his face. This was Blaerchen, doing something that could not be traced directly to him, an indirect hurt but a telling one.

Before she could say anything Wagner continued, "And I have an order to take all the artists I have on contract to Warsaw tomorrow."

"Why Warsaw?"

"To entertain the army of occupation there."

She heard it, understood it, but she was too confused to think clearly now.

"You see, Carola," Karl said gently, coming to her, "Warsaw is closed to the private German citizen. No one can go there without army permission."

"I don't understand!" She looked at him helplessly.

He explained for her: "I will not be permitted to go! You must go alone!"

"But I can't, I can't! I won't go!"

"You have no choice," Wagner said. "It's army orders." He began to pace nervously. "Everything is ruined! I'm going out for headache medicine!"

To be separated from Karl, in a strange city—! Carola asked simply, "Blaerchen?"

Karl nodded.

"Why can't we use what we know against him?"

"Blaerchen is clever," Karl said. "He gambles that we won't use it because the police would question us too. To have a threat over him is one thing, to have to use that threat—well, that makes it difficult for us."

Carola understood.

"I never expected we'd have to use what we know," Karl added.

"There must be something we can do. I can't go to Warsaw—!"

"There is one way we can be together, one way you'll be safe."

"I'll do anything," she said ately.

"I know that." Then, slowly must try to get out of Germany today!"

Karl had to walk some distance he found a public telephone chance to call Klaus. When he a woman answered in an old voice, "Herr Klaus is not well."

"May I speak to him?" It was not to sound desperate.

"Herr Klaus is not well." The connection was broken off.

He did not hesitate for a moment a decision. He had to go to his apartment, no matter what he might find there. Minutes were valuable, no matter how dangerous it might be, and Carola had to arrange to find him at once.

He found Klaus's apartment, in a house by the Spree. No one answered the knock. Usually Klaus was there and the silence now inflamed his nerves.

He had always taken Klaus for granted; it was unbelievable that anything should happen to him. He had courage, tenacity, the ability to turn fear aside, knowing that it did not in tight circumstances.

Again Karl knocked, and again waited. Then the door opened and an old woman looked out suspiciously.

"Who do you want?"

"Herr Klaus, bitte."

"He is not in."

"I must see him," Karl said desperately. Every minute counted. "Where is he?"

The woman was about to shut the door without answering when Karl heard Klaus call from a room, "It's all right, Berthe. Let the young man in."

Karl followed her into the study. A few minutes later Klaus came and as he walked into the light Karl was a different man. Once he had been young, unaging, as impervious to emotion as a slide rule. Now, in old slippers, his shirt open at the collar, he looked like an old man, his face deeply lined with years in the passing of hours.

"You'll excuse my coming," Klaus began. Then he forgot why he had come. "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Before Klaus could answer another man came into the room, a young, attractive man. It was Kuhlmann. He had met him at the railroad station.

"You've met," Klaus said without looking at Kuhlmann.

"Herr Kuhlmann is from the Gestapo."

The room whirled about.

"He is in the Gestapo," Klaus continued, "but he has been one of my loyal assistants, an invaluable source of information."

Karl felt steadier. He managed to smile at Kuhlmann.

In a monotone Klaus continued. He just brought me news. Dr. Rankin's son-in-law—!"

"What about him?" Karl could not catch in his throat.

"He is dead!"

Karl fumbled for something to say, and said nothing.

"He killed himself." In a cold voice Klaus continued, "Some of his friends set fire to a munitions factory in Treptow on Sunday. My son-in-law was not caught and Herr Kuhlmann says he was not even suspected but felt that he might be cornered and killed himself, to avoid being forced to give information." Klaus wavered little under the strain. "Thanks to the Gestapo has not got our trail time."

The old man could be proud and was pride in his grief.

Kuhlmann excused himself.

"Let me know what you can," Klaus said gravely. "And thank you!"

When Kuhlmann had gone Karl



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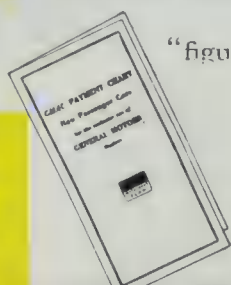
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silent, remembering the man's kindness to him, angry at having nothing to say that could soothe or comfort. This was the morning that he had to come, to discuss plans for going abroad.

Klauss sat up a little straighter. "Thanks to what my son-in-law did, the police have gotten no trail to me. But I feel like an old man now and this is work for younger men. If younger men do not do it, then, when we old men go, the work will stop. And for Germany and, perhaps, for the world, too, there will be no hope."

In a moment Karl would have to ask about arrangements for going abroad!

He walked to the window and looked down on the little Spree River. The world outside was washed clean by a blowing cold rain, as clean as if a thousand *Hausfrauen* had scrubbed since dawn.

Not far away Carola was waiting nervously. Here, in a book-lined room, an old man sat mutely with his grief. And in two or three days, with luck, Karl and Carola, too, might be abroad, free from the pressures of German life. He had a right to that. He had had three years in concentration camp, he had to think of Carola, facing something worse than concentration camp.

Klauss broke the silence: "I didn't expect you, Karl. Is there something I can do for you?"

He had to risk the old man's reproof. "I asked you some time ago about arrangements for getting abroad. Things have happened to us very fast. We must risk the journey."

"Certainly." The old man answered without reproof. "I can help you. At once?"

"At once." It was hard to answer his questions, harder to expect some rebuke, some criticism, and not to hear it.

"Very well." Klauss said firmly, "Take the train to Stettin. At eight o'clock tonight go into Schwartz's bar, near the waterfront. After a short time the proprietor will come to you; ask about 'Cousin Heinrich.' Fishing boats leave each night and he will get you on one of them and out past Wollen Island to the Baltic. Then, if they can make any contact with Swedish fishing boats, they will transfer you. Take nothing with you, no baggage at all, but take money. It will cost you about a thousand marks."

Karl looked for something in Klauss' voice but it was not there. If Klauss felt that this was desertion, he gave no sign.

"Good luck, my boy," Klauss added. He stood up. "You will excuse me now, Karl. I must lie down and sleep for a little while. Later I have much work to do. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Not one word of criticism, of complaint, of disappointment!

**T**HEN Karl understood. There was no place in the Underground for those who had to be asked to do its work. Those people were valueless. "Take no baggage," Klauss had said, but Karl knew he would have to take something else abroad, something heavy and not as easily put aside as a valise. He would remember on quiet nights, in a foreign land, the old man who said simply, "I have much work to do." With that memory and the memory of flight there would be no peace in those quiet nights, with or without Carola. There would be quiet and safety, but there would be no peace.

"I shall telegraph my friends in Stettin to expect two people tonight," Klauss concluded.

Karl hesitated for a moment. Then he shook his head. "No! Just one person!"

Klauss looked up. His sad eyes showed that he understood. . . .

Karl pushed through the blowing rain on his way to Carola's. She could get along in Stockholm without him; she

could find work in a night club there some day, in some happier time, she could meet again. She might not understand now; she might even refuse by herself. He was sure that if he told her the truth she would say, "I stay, I shall stay, too."

The fine rain beat like netting on his face.

He could not tell her the truth. She had to go or be hounded by Blaerchen by Praut. It was difficult to plan what to say to her but he would in of something.

**C**AROLA was eager but not impatient. "Have you made the arrangements?"

"Yes." It would be hard to lie to her but it had to be done and it would be acting. He told her all that Klauss had said about what to do in Stettin. He did not mention Ranke.

She did not ask one word about the journey. "We had better go at once," she said. "Blaerchen called me a little while ago. He wants to see me this afternoon. He sounded angry."

Karl agreed. "Have you money?" "Wagner has been generous. I have several thousand marks."

"Good! There is a train for Stettin in an hour or so." He paused. He had sounded truthful, yet without any special effort. "Take that train. I will be there this afternoon."

"Shan't we go together?" She seemed to have missed the implication.

"We may attract attention if we go together, if anyone is watching us."

"When will you come?"

"I shall arrive in Stettin before eight o'clock tonight, my dearest."

Carola rose from her chair and went to the window. Karl watched, feeling like an inexperienced actor alone on a large stage, his lines lost. Not for a minute did she say anything. The old man didn't like that. I hate to be separated from you!"

"We must do it."

"But if something should happen to you in the next few hours and I was in Stettin and you do not come? I would know what I shall do!"

"Nothing can happen." He was sure that she was grasping at any excuse to hide her uneasiness. "Let's be realistic. If I should be delayed, you must go through with all plans. Promise me that! I'll come and meet you at the gleezer in Stockholm."

She turned around quickly and looked at him. "I can't go alone!"

"You must, dearest. Believe me, it's best!"

She looked at him with a look that went through him. "And you will be low this afternoon?"

"I will follow." He kept a steady set face.

"I don't think I have the courage to go, Karl. I'm so afraid, I don't want to go alone." She clung to him, without any suspicion that he was deceiving her but feeling something unusual in his insistence.

"There's little time," Karl said mechanically. "You must not pack anything. Just leave things as they are."

"I can't take anything?" She looked around the apartment, at the pile of music, the clothes in the closets, the little ornaments on the dressing table.

"Nothing but money and whatever jewelry you have."

"I have no jewelry." Her voice trembled and she began to cry. "I can't go out you, Karl, I can't!"

He had not anticipated this and felt helpless as he held her close to him.

The telephone bell startled her. She watched as she went to answer, mechanically, her face pale, her eyes fixed.

She said nothing but, "Yes, yes," giving Karl no clue to the conversation. Then, before putting down the receiver,



ed one phrase. "Yes, Herr Praut,"  
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Stettin! If you say I must go  
shall go. Praut's voice reminded  
things I had forgotten. You'll take  
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"Each repeated falsehood was  
difficult.

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all be frantic until I see you."

n't worry. I love you, Carola."

ve you." She held to him. Her  
as soft against his cheek and the  
her flesh was fresh and sweet.  
was their parting.

throughout the day increased at  
tfall. Just before eight, Carola  
toward the harbor at Stettin. She  
ert and awake now, conscious of  
d, of the wind from the north.  
had passed in dazed uneasiness  
e would be with Karl soon and  
i no more.

had arrived in Stettin in the late  
oon and had walked the streets.  
to a hotel might attract attention  
the Gestapo flourished in the  
cial cities. Twice she walked down  
harbor. The gray water looked  
but it was a road to freedom and  
ier world. She found Schwartz's  
little place, with empty, dirty  
in an unwashed window. She  
enter, but as night came quickly  
e black-out seemed more dense

than in Berlin she was glad she had  
learned the way.

The thought of leaving Germany for-  
ever, in a few hours, was of no impor-  
tance to her. Her return from Rome had  
brought her close to Karl and she was  
glad for that. It had brought proof for  
herself that Blaerchen knew about  
Paul's murder but that knowledge was  
in no form to be used against him. She  
had never felt any desire for revenge.  
The best possible revenge would be to  
escape from his hold on her and forever.  
More fervent than any thought of re-  
venge was her hatred of him, at what he  
had just done to her, because he pre-  
vented her and Karl from living quietly,  
because he had forced them to this dan-  
gerous flight.

It was a moment before eight. Some-  
where, through this same blackness  
Karl would be hurrying toward her.

She went into Schwartz's, half expect-  
ing to find him there waiting. The only  
person in the place was the proprietor  
who stood behind a small bar. He was  
short, fat man, wearing a vest over an  
old shirt and a dirty apron. He nodded  
as she came in and followed her to a  
table. She sat facing the door, to see  
Karl as he came in sight.

"Good evening, Fräulein," Schwartz  
said.

She remembered what she had been  
told to say, "How is Cousin Heinrich?"

Schwartz smiled. "I expected you. I  
have something hot for you to drink and  
something to eat. You must be hungry."

"I am." She watched the door, not  
Schwartz. It was a few minutes after  
eight.

"Don't be uneasy," Schwartz said.  
"An old friend of mine will be here  
shortly to take you to his boat. You  
must not be worried." He was about to  
go to the kitchen. "Other ladies have  
gone alone and gotten through."

"Alone?"  
Schwartz looked surprised. "Is some-  
one with you?"

"Someone is coming!"  
"Aber—Fräulein is surely mistaken!  
No one else is coming."

Carola jumped up. "What do you  
mean?"

"I beg pardon, Fräulein." Schwartz  
was confused. "I had a telegram. It said  
just one person—!"

"Are you sure?" Carola's voice was  
hollow.

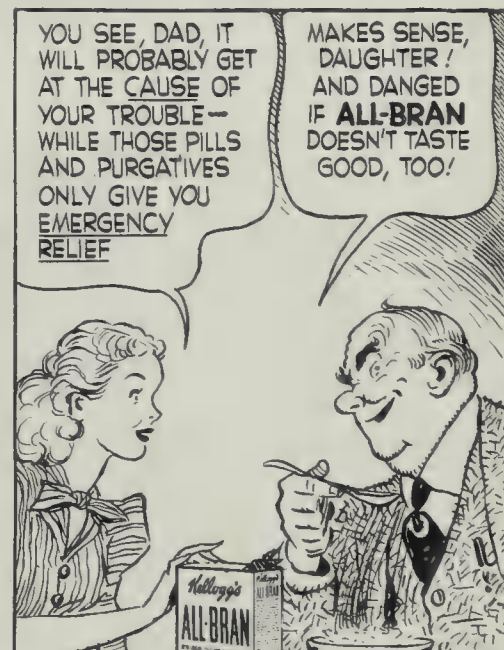
"Certain!" In a second everything was  
clear. That explained Karl's insistence  
on her coming alone.

Without a word, while Schwartz stood  
helplessly tugging at his vest, Carola  
wrapped her coat around her and ran  
out into the rain, into the street now  
filling with fog.

(To be concluded next week)

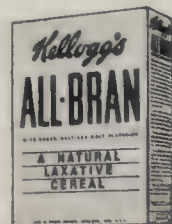
## ABBIE AN'SLATS

—by Raeburn Van Buren



PERRY BARLOW

**W**HY let yourself suffer those dull days due to constipation? Why bring on the need for emergency medicines, when there may be a far better way? That way is to **KEEP** regular by getting at the cause of the trouble. If it's common constipation, due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp crunchy cereal—**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**—will supply just what you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! **ALL-BRAN** is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

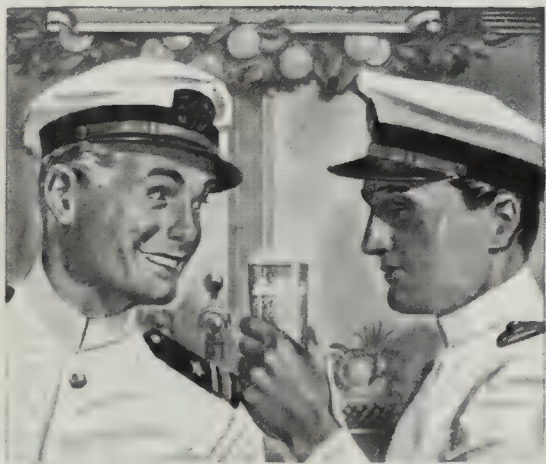
**Join the "Regulars" with  
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**



# Shore leave—and all was not well...



The second day ashore—the day of the Admiral's Ball—I developed a headache and a logy, sick feeling. I knew I needed a laxative. "There goes today's fun," I grumbled: "a laxative won't clear up this trouble for hours." "Take Sal Hepatica," advised my pal: "that'll help fix you up in a hurry."



So into the drugstore he piloted me and while the clerk mixed up a fizzy, sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, my friend explained. "Sal Hepatica helps you fast two ways. First, it acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, sweetens a sour stomach. You just try it." I did and...



Soon, my head clearer, my pep returning, I danced every dance at the Ball. And when I headed for the ship again, what do you think I had for cargo? A bottle of Sal Hepatica! "Why waste a whole day—on shore or at sea, feeling bad," opined I, "when Sal Hepatica can have you ship-shape in no time?"

## SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

## Blow by Blow

Continued from page 21

Terre Haute and Trenton. Cheers of local pride from all sides."

Finally, as was inevitable, he wound up at the Palace in New York, the ragged-newsboy harmonica player in a Gus Edwards unit. This would have meant nothing except that somebody told Eddie Cantor there was a kid down at the Palace imitating him and he came down on the run to tell the thief to lay off. After catching the act, Cantor installed himself in young Larry's life as a sort of Dutch uncle, which he remains to this day.

Cantor got him a job in Ziegfeld's Smiles, with the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, and this was a considerable step upward because it gave him a chance to get rid of the newsboy costume and also of the harmonica technique which was making the nights horrid in American variety houses. Instead of fox chases and imitations of birds and locomotives, he started to concentrate on making music. He went into a Lou Holtz revue and then into Flying Colors and then night descended upon Mr. Adler, vaudeville, stage and America. In short, the depression.

Stranded in Chicago, Larry had another inspiration: He wired Sid Grauman in Hollywood: "Larry Adler is great stop sign him without further delay. Signed Lou Lipstone." Next morning he went into Lipstone's office to submit to arrest; but Lipstone was no dope. He answered a phone call from Grauman and said the telegram meant just what it said. Larry Adler was great; sign him without further delay; get him out of Cook County. Larry went out to Hollywood, appeared in the Grauman stage show and was a riot.

### The English Fell Hard

But it was when C. B. Cochran took him over to London to star in Streamline that his fame really spread. The English went completely off their tops about him. In addition to the show, he did four club engagements a night, playing at the Embassy Club, the Trocadero, the Savoy Hotel and the Berkeley Hotel. His recording of Smoke Gets in Your Eyes sold 200,000 copies. The Larry Adler harmonica sold 360,000 instruments through advance advertising before the first mouth organ rolled out of the factory. He put on his own revue, backed by his own money, and played forty-four weeks to tremendous business. His recordings of classical music by Kreisler, de Falla and Ravel sold as well as his popular numbers.

At twenty-three the kid from Bryant Avenue, Baltimore, was famous and wealthy. To settle the standing of the harmonica once and for all, he gave a concert in Grotian Hall, featuring the music of Vivaldi, Frank Bridge (English modernist), Kreisler and improvisations on three themes by Duke Ellington. And, finally, with the composer Cyril Scott at the piano, he gave the premiere performance of Scott's Serenade for harmonica and piano. He played his recital in tails, like Heifetz.

William Walton, the noted English composer, was moved to declare: "There are only two great instrumentalists in the world—Yehudi Menuhin and Larry Adler." Larry bowed his head in humility and thought of Gus Edwards and Baltimore. He toured the Continent and was a sensation in Paris. Albert Coates began writing a concerto for harmonica and orchestra for him. His empire tour was a series of triumphs, ending with his appearance with the Sydney Symphony, playing selected arrangements of the

Brahms, Vivaldi and Bach etc. Adler is no longer a cherub but an extremely young-looking man, thin, very large-eyed and very looking somewhat like an Arab. He is accounted sharp of tongue. He is married to an English girl who is a good-looking. They have a five-month-old baby and the family have no plans for the little one.

But it is about the harmonica that man has views.

"Anybody can learn it," he says, a magnanimous liar. In truth, a complicated instrument. In addition to breathing both ways almost simultaneously, the operator has to hold a gadget at the side which regulates sharps and flats. For any decent player must be able to cover the holes of the instrument with his fingers but manipulate the tongue so that it may come through one of the apertures. Simple indeed!

### An Expert in One Key

Larry can make your hair stand on end with the Bolero or with George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. When he is playing the piano, he plays the piano method acquired almost by instinct. He can't read a note and his fingering is much like Harpo Marx's harp technique but the proper tunes come forth. He can play in the key of C. He once had a controversy with Fred Astaire, another self-made pianist who keeps within the limits of mediocrity. He was to accompany sister Adele on Alexander Woollcott's radio program and she showed up with a demand that the number should not be done in one-half tone higher.

"Seven sharps!" moaned the pianist. "Nothing but the black keys."

Nevertheless Adele insisted, the program was about to go on the air and Larry was stuck. It was much like asking a man to run out and complete the Beethoven Cycle. Experts say this will probably go down as the only time in history that an accompanist finished a program without hitting a single right note.

Mr. Adler, complete with tails, was exhibiting his art at the Starlight Room of the Waldorf-Astoria for the remainder of the summer. After that he plans to tour a concert tour with Paul Draper. They will dance, Larry will harmonica and they will both be dressed to the nines. Draper is a great one for doing the fugal fugues of Bach and the madrigals of Purcell. Larry can play anything set down on a piece of music—provided it is played over enough times. He will hand on the phonograph until the hang of it. They will be very surprised if people are not overwhelmed.





## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 20

like Blunt—men who hark back to the past—men who want to live as their fathers lived or even as their fathers lived! You've got a lot of old men in England—crusted old diehards—useless, worn-out symbols of a bygone era. And they've got to go! They've got to be a new world. Do you see a new world, see?"

He sighed and rose. He said, "I know, Raikes, that you are an idealist."

"What if I am?"

"I'm much of an idealist to care about the death of a dentist."

Raikes said scornfully, "What a death of one miserable dentist!"

Poirot said, "It does not matter. It matters to me. That is the difference between us."

He arrived home to be informed by George that a lady was waiting to see him.

"Is—ahem—a little nervous, sir," said George.

The lady had given no name, but Poirot was at liberty to guess. He was wrong, for the young woman came agitatedly from the sofa as he was the late Mr. Morley's secretary, Miss Gladys Nevill.

"Dear, M. Poirot. I am so sorry to trouble you like this—and really I don't know how I had the courage to come to you—I'm afraid you'll think it very silly of me—and I'm sure I don't want to waste your time—I know what time is to a busy professional man—but I have been so unhappy—only I know you will think it all a waste of time."

By a long experience of the people, Poirot suggested a cup of tea. Miss Nevill's reaction was all that could be hoped for.

"Really, M. Poirot, that's very kind of you. Not that it's so very long, but one can always do without a cup of tea, can't one?"

Poirot, who could always do without tea, assented mendaciously. George, instructed to this effect and in a very short time Poirot and his guest faced each other across a tea table.

"I must apologize to you," said Miss Nevill, regaining her usual aplomb under the influence of the beverage, "but the matter of fact the inquest yesterday was a good deal."

"I'm sure it must have," said Poirot.

"There was no question of my giving evidence, or anything like that. But I'm sure I ought to go with Miss Reilly."

"Mr. Reilly was there, of course, but he meant a woman. Besides, Miss Reilly doesn't like Mr. Reilly. So I'm sure it was my duty to go."

"It was very kind of you," said Poirot, encouragingly.

"No, I just felt I had to. You see, I worked for Mr. Morley for quite a number of years now—and the whole thing was a great shock to me—and, of course, the inquest made it worse—I'm afraid it must have."

Nevill leaned forward earnestly. "It's all wrong, M. Poirot. It's all wrong."

"What is wrong, Mademoiselle?"

"Well, it just couldn't have happened the way they make out—giving a man an overdose in injecting the gum."

"Think not?"

"I'm sure about it. Occasionally people suffer ill effects, but that is because they are physiologically unfit"

subjects—their heart action isn't normal. But I'm sure that an overdose is a very rare thing. You see practitioners get so into the habit of giving the regulation amount that it is absolutely mechanical—they'd give the right dose automatically."

Poirot nodded approvingly. He said, "That is what I thought myself, yes."

"It's so standardized, you see. It's not like a chemist who is making up different amounts the whole time, or multiplying dosage where an error might creep in through inattention. Or a doctor who writes a great many different prescriptions. But a dentist isn't like that at all."

"You did not ask to be allowed to make these observations in the coroner's court?"

Gladys Nevill shook her head. She twisted her fingers uncertainly.

"You see," she broke out at last, "I was afraid of—of making things worse. Of course I know that Mr. Morley wouldn't do such a thing—but it might make people think that he—that he had done it deliberately."

Poirot nodded.

"That's why I came to you, M. Poirot. Because with you it—it wouldn't be official in any way. But I do think somebody ought to know how—how unconvincing the whole thing is!"

"Nobody wants to know," said Poirot. She stared at him, puzzled.

Poirot said, "I should like to know a little more about that telegram you received summoning you away that day."

"Honestly, I don't know what to think about that, M. Poirot. It does seem so queer. You see, it must have been sent by someone who knew all about me—and Aunt—where she lived and everything."

"Yes, it would seem as though it must have been sent by one of your intimate friends, or by someone who lived in the house and knew all about you."

"None of my friends would do such a thing, M. Poirot."

"You have no ideas yourself on the subject?"

The girl hesitated. She said slowly, "Just at first, when I realized that Mr. Morley had shot himself, I wondered if he could possibly have sent it."

"You mean, out of consideration for you, to get you out of the way?"

The girl nodded.

"BUT that really seemed a fantastic idea, even if he had got the idea of suicide in his mind that morning. It's really very odd. Frank—my friend, you know—was quite absurd at first about it. He accused me of wanting to go off for the day with somebody else—as though I would do such a thing."

"Is there a somebody else?"

Miss Nevill blushed.

"No, of course there isn't. But Frank has been so different lately—so moody and suspicious. Really, you know, it was losing his job and not being able to get another. Just hanging about is so bad for a man. I've been very worried about Frank."

"He was upset, was he not, to find you had gone away that day?"

"Yes, you see, he came round to tell me he had got a new job—a marvelous job—ten pounds a week. And he couldn't wait. He wanted me to know right away. And I think he wanted Mr. Morley to know too, because he'd been very hurt at the way Mr. Morley didn't appreciate him, and he suspected Mr. Morley of trying to influence me against him."

"Which was true, was it not?"

"Well, yes, it was, in a way! Of

"Not a Bite"

...Velvet  
smokes MILD  
and COOL



JACK CLAYTON  
Former Surf-Casting  
Champion

A fisherman with Velvet is a fisherman with luck. That mellow Burley flavor takes the "bite" out of a pipe and makes a cigarette smoke right. Whether you catch 'em or whether you don't, Velvet smoking's the best to be had!

# Velvet

the Right Word  
for Smooth Smoking

MILD and COOL  
Positively NO "BITE"



"Names...familiar as household words, freshly remembered!"

—Shakespeare (King Henry V, iv. 3)

# What's in a Name?

By ALEXANDER McQUEEN

MANY WORDS commonly used in our everyday speech can be traced back to the names of famous men and places. Here are a few "tributes to greatness" with which the English language has been enriched. Who can tell? Your own name may become a part of the language of future generations.



## SAXOPHONE

Most people don't know that the inventor of the saxophone, exactly 100 years ago, was Adolphe Sax; but they repeat his name whenever they mention that melodious instrument. So you see, its nickname of "sax" is really right after all.

## LA VALLIÈRE

She flourished in the time of Louis XIV, but lives on today in the name of a type of necklace which she made famous—Louise Françoise de La Vallière, whose picture you see above.

## TRUDGEN

Swimmers who use the trudgen stroke—the predecessor of the Australian crawl—might give a

thought to John Trudgen, the man who devised the stroke in 1863. It is wrong to spell it "trudgeon".

## BOBBY

It's the name of Sir Robert Peel, who in 1823 made a good job of reorganizing the London Police Force.

## SILHOUETTE

"Etienne de Silhouette is stingy!" That's what folks said in France, two hundred years ago, about the man in charge of the nation's money-bags. Today the artist who draws a "silhouette" uses the fewest possible lines to make his picture.



## CEREAL

Ceres, goddess of vegetation and grain, gave us the word for breakfast food, and supplied the name of the chief ingredient used in the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

## FAHRENHEIT

Thanks to Mr. Gabriel D. Fahrenheit, born in Danzig on May 14, 1686, the freezing point for most of us is 32 degrees above



*Louise de La Vallière*

zero. What *would* we talk about if we didn't know how hot it was?

## BLANKET

Thomas Blanket loomed fine fabrics in Bristol, England, in the middle of the fourteenth century. His nice, warm woolly cloth became famous; some say that's where we get our word "blanket".

## POINSETTIA

When you admire the large scarlet leaves of the poinsettia, just remember its noted sponsor, a gentleman named Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina. He brought it from Mexico 100 years ago.



## SIDEBURNS

Time has left untouched one of the lesser monuments of General Ambrose E. Burnside—the use of his name, usually transposed as "sideburns", to denote the kind of whiskers he wore.

## TARIFF

On the southernmost tip of Spain, beyond Gibraltar, there lies the town of Tariffa, where (legend tells us) a tax or toll was once collected from every ship that passed through the narrow neck of the Mediterranean. Some





town's name was the  
today's word, "tariff".

any years ago, a Mr.  
Plantagenet Guppy,  
in the British West In-  
some small tropical fish  
British Museum. Today  
these poor fish Guppies.

#### PURIZE

you speak of a beverage  
pasteurized, you render  
to Louis Pasteur, who

# ning!

probably contributed more to  
public health than any other man  
who ever lived.

#### POMPADOUR

Men and women who comb  
their locks straight up from the  
forehead are following a style set  
and named two hundred years ago  
by Madame de Pompadour.

#### VANDYKE

A neat style of pointed beard  
was made popular in the seven-  
teenth century by Anthony Van  
Dyck, Flemish  
portrait painter,  
whose name we  
still apply to a  
neatly trimmed  
"Vandyke".

#### SANDWICH

In 1762, John  
Montagu, Fourth



Earl of Sandwich, sat in a card  
game that lasted twenty-four  
hours. He called for layers of beef  
between slices of bread. Hence  
the word "sandwich".

\* \* \*

There are some words, used  
everywhere, which have  
acquired such wealth of  
meaning that the thought  
they convey can be ex-  
pressed in no other way.  
These words are the names  
of great products.

So great has the name

and fame of one product become  
that it has made a city famous.

This name is SCHLITZ.

And no wonder this grand old  
brew is known as "The Beer That  
Made Milwaukee Famous"! Served and preferred in more than  
61 countries of the world—asked  
for by name in far-away places  
from Nome to Calcutta—Schlitz  
has long been acclaimed the  
greatest name in beer.

#### An Even Finer SCHLITZ

And today an even finer Schlitz,  
in the famous brown bottle, with  
its distinguished new label, carries  
on the tradition of leadership.

Truly, Schlitz is the beer to  
drink in celebration of the great  
occasions of life when nothing but  
the finest will do.

Order Schlitz today and dis-  
cover for yourself how really good  
a bottle of beer can be.

Visit the Schlitz Palm Garden, New York World's Fair

# EATEST

# NAME IN BEER



# Schlitz



For almost a century the supreme quality  
of Schlitz Draught Beer has made it the  
choice of those who love real draught beer

Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

# THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS





### HERE'S DAGGER-TOOTHED TYRAN-

**NOSAURUS**, who lived 60 million years ago. But even before that, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair lubricants. These oldest crudes make such fine lubricants that...

### ...AIRLINERS IN THE U. S. FLY OVER 78,000 MILES DAILY ON SINCLAIR

Pennsylvania Motor Oil, a distance equal to more than 3 times around the world. This is the same quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil sold by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Opaline or Sinclair Pennsylvania in your car. You'll find they last so long they save you money.



"Miss American Aviation" — 1940 — Stewardess Margaret Mellon of Chicago & Southern Air Lines was awarded the title at this year's National Air Carnival.

course Frank has lost a good many jobs and he hasn't been, perhaps, what most people would call very *steady*. But it will be different now. I think one can do so much by influence, don't you, M. Poirot? If a man feels a woman expects a lot of him, he tries to live up to her ideal of him."

Poirot sighed. But he did not argue. He had heard many hundreds of women produce that same argument, with the same blithe belief in the redeeming power of a woman's love. Once in a thousand times, he supposed, cynically, it *might* be true.

He merely said, "I should like to meet this friend of yours."

"I'd love to have you meet him, M. Poirot. But just at present Sunday is his only free day. He's away in the country all the week, you see."

"Ah, on the new job. What is the job, by the way?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, M. Poirot. Something in the secretarial line, I imagine. Some government department. Things are so hush-hush nowadays. I know I have to send letters to Frank's London address and they get forwarded."

"That is a little odd, is it not?"

"Well, I thought so—but Frank says it is often done." Her voice lowered mysteriously. "I think, you know, it may be something in the *Intelligence*."

Poirot looked at her for a moment or two without speaking.

Then he said deliberately, "Tomorrow is Sunday, is it not? Perhaps you would both give me the pleasure of lunching with me—at Logan's Corner House? I should like to discuss this sad business with you both."

"Well—thank you, M. Poirot. I—yes, I'm sure we'd like to lunch with you very much."

**FRANK CARTER** was a fair young man of medium height. His appearance was cheaply smart. He talked readily and fluently. His eyes were set rather close together and they had a way of shifting uneasily from side to side when he was embarrassed.

He was inclined to be suspicious and slightly hostile.

"I'd no idea we were to have the pleasure of lunching with *you*, M. Poirot. Gladys didn't tell me anything about it."

He shot her a rather annoyed glance as he spoke.

"It was only arranged yesterday," said Poirot, smiling. "Miss Nevill is very upset by the circumstances of Mr. Morley's death and I wondered if we put our heads together—"

Frank Carter interrupted him rudely: "Morley's death? I'm sick of Morley's death! A lot of better men than he are being killed every day now. Why can't you forget him, Gladys? There wasn't anything so wonderful about him that I can see."

"Oh, Frank, I don't think you ought to say *that*. Why, he left me a hundred pounds. I got the letter about it last night."

"That's all right," admitted Frank grudgingly. "But after all, why shouldn't he? Look how he worked you—and who pocketed all the fat fees? Why, he did!"

"Well, of course he did—he paid me a very good salary."

"Not according to *my* ideas! You're too humble altogether, Gladys, my girl, you let yourself be put upon, you know. I sized Morley up all right. You know as well as I do that he tried his best to get you to give me the chuck."

"He didn't understand."

"He understood all right. The man's dead now—otherwise I can tell you I'd have given him a piece of my mind."

"You actually came around to do so on the morning of his death, did you not?" Hercule Poirot inquired gently.

Frank Carter said angrily, "What's been saying so?"

"You did come around, did you not?"

"What if I did? I wanted to see Miss Nevill here."

"But they told you she was away so?"

"**YES**, and that made me pretty suspicious, I can tell you. I told that headed oaf I'd wait and see Miss Nevill myself. This business of putting Gladys against me had gone on long enough, meant to tell Morley that instead of being a poor, unemployed rotter, I'd landed a good job and that it was about Gladys handed in her notice and the details about her trousseau."

"But you did not actually tell me so?"

"No, I got tired of waiting in that dingy mausoleum. I went away."

"What time did you leave?"

"I can't remember."

"What time did you arrive then?"

"I don't know. Soon after twelve should imagine."

"And you stayed half an hour or longer—or less than half an hour?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I'm not the sort of chap who's always looking at a clock."

"Was there anyone in the waiting room while you were there?"

"There was an oily, fat bloke who went in, but he wasn't there long. He said that I was alone."

"Then you must have left before about past twelve—for at that time a detective arrived."

"Dare say I did. The place got very nervous, as I tell you."

Poirot eyed him thoughtfully.

The bluster was uneasy—it did not ring quite true. And yet that might be explained by mere nervousness.

Poirot's manner was simple and friendly.

"Miss Nevill tells me that you have been very fortunate and have found a very good job indeed."

"The pay's good."

"Ten pounds a week, she tells me."

"That's right. Not too dusty, it shows I can pull it off when I set my mind to it."

He swaggered a little.

"Yes, indeed. And the work is not too arduous?"

Frank Carter said shortly, "Not too bad."

"And interesting?"

"Oh, yes, quite interesting. Talk of jobs, I've always been, interested to know how you private detective go about things? I suppose there's not much of the Sherlock Holmes in it really, mostly divorce nowadays?"

"I do not concern myself with divorce."

"Really? Then I don't see how you live?"

"I manage, my friend, I manage."

"But you're right at the top of the tree, aren't you, M. Poirot?" said Gladys Nevill. "Mr. Morley used to pay me so. I mean you're the sort of person who gets royalty calls in, or the Home Office duchesses."

Poirot smiled upon her.

"You flatter me," he said.

**POIROT** walked home through the deserted streets in a thoughtful frame of mind.

When he got in, he rang up Japp. "Forgive my troubling you, my friend, but did you ever do anything in the matter of tracing that telegram that was sent to Gladys Nevill?"

"Still harping on the subject? Yes, I did, as a matter of fact. There was a telegram and—rather clever—the man lives at Richbourne in Somerset. The telegram was handed in at Richbourne, you know, the London suburb."

Hercule Poirot said appreciatively: "That was clever—yes, that was."



ver. If the recipient happened to  
ice at where the telegram was  
ded in, the word would look suffi-  
tly like Richbourne to carry convic-  
." He paused.  
Do you know what I think, Japp?"  
Well?"  
There are signs of brains in this busi-  
s."  
Hercule Poirot wants it to be mur-  
so it's got to be murder."  
How do you explain that telegram?"  
Coincidence. Someone was hoaxing  
girl."  
Why should they?"  
Oh, my goodness, Poirot, why do  
ple do things? Practical jokes,  
kes. Misplaced sense of humor,  
s all."  
And somebody felt like being funny  
on the day that Morley was going  
make a mistake over an injection."  
There may have been a certain  
unt of cause and effect. Because  
s Nevill was away, Morley was more  
ed than usual and consequently was  
likely to make a mistake."  
I am still not satisfied."  
I dare say—but don't you see where  
view is leading you? If anybody  
a Nevill out of the way, it was prob-  
Morley himself. Making his killing  
Amberiotis deliberate and not an ac-  
ent."  
Poirot was silent. Japp said, "You  
Poirot said, "Amberiotis might have  
killed some other way."  
Not he. Nobody came to see him at  
Savoy. He lunched up in his room.  
the doctors say the stuff was defi-  
ly injected, not taken by mouth—it  
n't in the stomach. So there you are.  
a clear case."  
That is what we are meant to think.  
the disappearing lady?"  
The Case of the Vanishing Seale?  
He still working on that. That wom-  
got to be somewhere. You can't just  
out into the street and disappear."  
He seems to have done so."  
For the moment. But don't worry,  
boy. We'll find your missing beauty  
you—woolen underwear and all."  
He hung up.  
George entered the room with his  
al noiseless tread. He set down on a  
table a steaming pot of chocolate  
some sugar biscuits.  
Will there be anything else, sir?"  
I am in great perplexity of mind,  
erge."  
Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear it."

Hercule Poirot poured himself some  
chocolate and stirred his cup thought-  
fully.

George stood deferentially waiting,  
recognizing the signs. There were mo-  
ments when Hercule Poirot discussed  
his cases with his valet. He always said  
that he found George's comments singu-  
larly helpful.

"You are aware, no doubt, George, of  
the death of my dentist?"

"Mr. Morley, sir? Yes, sir. Very dis-  
tressing, sir. He shot himself, I under-  
stand."

"That is the general understanding.  
If he did not shoot himself, he was mur-  
dered."

"Yes, sir."

"THE question is, if he was murdered,  
who murdered him?"

"Quite so, sir."

"There are only a certain number of  
people, George, who *could* have mur-  
dered him. That is to say the people  
who were actually in, or *could have been*  
in the house at the time."

"Quite so, sir."

"Those people are: a cook and house-  
maid, amiable domestics and highly un-  
likely to do anything of the kind. A  
devoted sister, also highly unlikely, but  
who does inherit her brother's money  
such as it was—and one can never en-  
tirely neglect the financial aspect. An  
able and efficient partner—no motive  
known. A somewhat boneheaded page-  
boy addicted to cheap crime stories.  
And lastly, a Greek gentleman of some-  
what doubtful antecedents."

George coughed.

"These foreigners, sir—"

"Exactly. I agree perfectly. The  
Greek gentleman is decidedly indicated.  
But you see, George, the Greek gentle-  
man also died and apparently it was Mr.  
Morley who killed him—whether by in-  
tention or as the result of an unfortunate  
error we cannot be sure."

"It might be, sir, that they killed  
each other. I mean, sir, each gentle-  
man had formed the idea of doing the  
other gentleman in, though, of course,  
each gentleman was unaware of the  
other gentleman's intention."

Hercule Poirot purred approvingly

"Very ingenious, George. The dentist  
murders the unfortunate gentleman who  
sits in the chair, not realizing that the  
said victim is at that moment meditat-  
ing exactly at what moment to whip out  
his pistol. It could, of course, be so, but  
it seems to me, George, extremely un-  
likely. And we have not come to the



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economy."

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starts. Don't blame piston rings for oil  
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ings can be badly worn without a single  
warning knock in the engine! See the  
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expert near you. He can quickly check the  
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needed to stop oil waste, re-  
store fine performance! He  
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there is no magic cure-all for  
oil pumping—he will give you  
the facts! Look for this sign!

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pumping! Ask for the Federal-  
Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test,  
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to check internal engine con-  
ditions in a few minutes, with-  
out opening up engine. See for  
yourself what causes oil pump-  
ing, how to stop it!



"We shouldn't have stopped to look at the parade"

KAY KARAFFA

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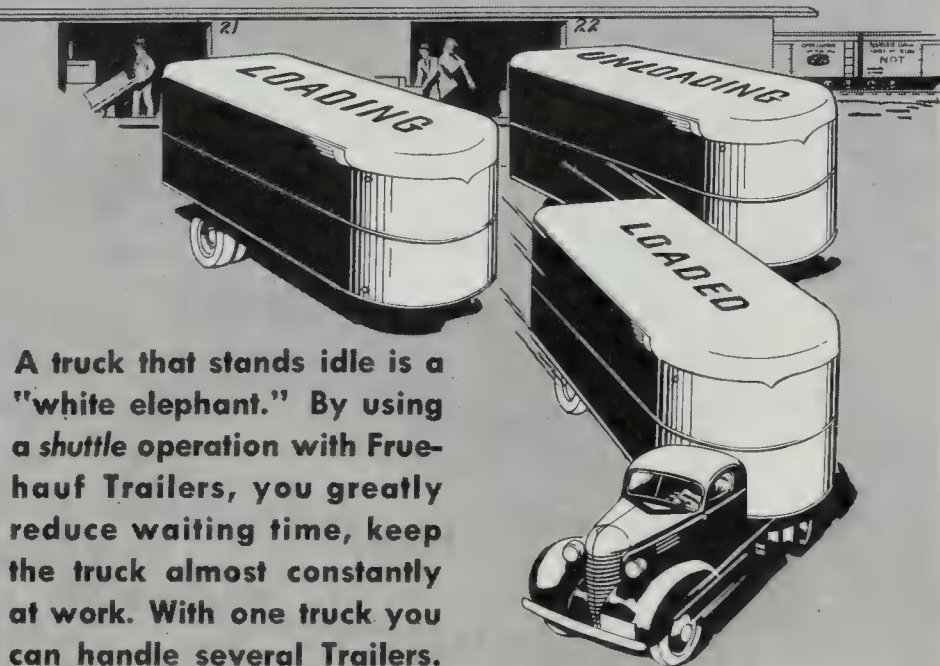
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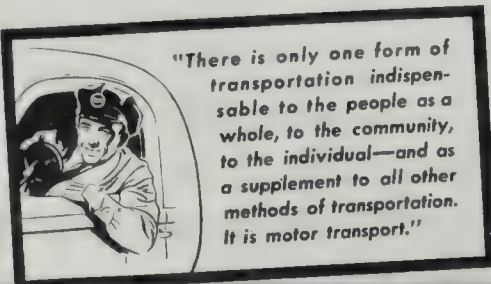
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end of our list yet. There are still two other people who might possibly have been in the house at the given moment. Every patient before Mr. Amberiotis was actually seen to leave the house with the exception of one—a young American gentleman. He left the waiting room at about twenty minutes to twelve, but no one actually saw him leave the house. We must, therefore, count him as a possibility. The other possibility is a certain Mr. Frank Carter (not a patient) who came to the house at a little after twelve with the intention of seeing Mr. Morley. Nobody saw him leave, either. Those, my good George, are the facts; what do you think of them?"

He looked encouragingly at George.

"Now, my good George, what have you to say about the matter?"

George pondered. He said, "It strikes me, sir—"

"Yes, George?"

"You will have to find another dentist to attend to your teeth in future, sir."

Hercule Poirot said, "You surpass yourself, George. That aspect of the matter had not as yet occurred to me!"

Looking gratified, George left the room.

Hercule Poirot remained sipping his chocolate and going over the facts he had just outlined. He felt satisfied that they were as he had stated them. Within that circle of persons was the hand that had actually done the deed—no matter whose the inspiration had been.

Then his eyebrows shot up as he realized that the list was incomplete. He had left out one name.

And no one must be left out—not even the most unlikely person.

There had been one other person in the house at the time of the murder.

He wrote down, "Mr. Barnes."

**G**EORGE announced, "A lady to speak to you on the telephone, sir."

A week ago, Poirot had guessed wrongly the identity of a visitor. This time his guess was right.

He recognized the voice at once.

"M. Hercule Poirot?"

"Speaking."

"This is Jane Olivera—Mr. Alistair Blunt's niece."

"Yes, Miss Olivera."

"Could you come to the Gothic House, please? There is something I feel you ought to know."

"Certainly. What time would be convenient?"

"At six-thirty, please."

"I will be there."

For a moment the autocratic note wavered.

"I—I hope I am not interrupting your work?"

"Not at all. I was expecting you to call me."

He put down the receiver quickly. He moved away from it smiling. He wondered what excuse Jane Olivera had found for summoning him.

On arrival at the Gothic House he was shown straight into the big library overlooking the river. Alistair Blunt was sitting at the writing table playing absent-mindedly with a paper knife.

Jane Olivera was standing by the mantelpiece. A plump, middle-aged woman was speaking fretfully as Poirot entered—"and I really think my feelings should be considered in the matter, Alistair."

"Yes, Julia, of course, of course."

Alistair Blunt spoke soothingly as he rose to greet Poirot.

"And if you're going to talk horrors I shall leave the room," added the good lady.

"I should, Mother," said Jane Olivera.

Mrs. Olivera swept from the room without condescending to take any notice of Poirot.

Alistair Blunt said, "It's very good of you to come, M. Poirot. You've met Miss Olivera, I think? It was she who sent for you—"

Jane said abruptly, "It's about the missing woman that the papers are full of. Miss Something Seale."

"Sainsbury Seale? Yes?"

"It's such a pompous name, that I remember. Shall I tell him, or will you?"

"My dear, it's your story."

Jane turned once more to Poirot. "It mayn't be important in the least, but I thought you ought to know."

"Yes?"

"It was the last time Uncle Alistair went to the dentist's—I don't mean the other day—I mean about three months ago. I went with him to Queen Charlotte Street in the car and it was to take him on to some friends in Regents Park. He came back for him. We stopped and Uncle got out, and just as he was about to get in, a woman came out of 58—a middle-aged woman with fussy hair and rather shabby clothes. She made a beeline for him and said—"Jane Olivera's voice rang in an affected squeak—"Oh, Mr. Blunt, you don't remember me, I'm sure!" Of course, I could see by Uncle's face that he didn't remember her in the slightest—"

Alistair Blunt sighed.

"I never do. People are always saying it—"

"He put on his special face," we heard Jane. "I know it well. Kind of a smile and make believe. It wouldn't do for a baby. He said in a most unconvincing voice: 'Oh—er—of course.' The woman went on: 'I was a great friend of your wife's, you know!'"

"They usually say that, too," said Alistair Blunt. "It always ends the same way! A subscription to something or other. I got off this time with five pounds to a mission or something."

"Had she really known your wife?"

"Well, her being interested in missions made me think that, if so, it would have been in India. We were married about ten years ago. But, of course, she couldn't have been a great friend. I'd have known about it."

Poirot said, "She did not try to find it up in any way?"

Blunt shook his head.

"I never thought of her again. I'd forgotten her name till Jane spotted it in the paper."

Jane said a little unconvincedly. "Well, I thought M. Poirot ought to be told!"

Poirot said politely, "Thank you, Mademoiselle."

He added: "I must not keep you, M. Blunt. You are a busy man."

Jane said quickly, "I'll come with you."

Under his mustaches, Hercule Poirot smiled to himself.

**O**N THE ground floor, Jane said abruptly. She said, "Come in here."

They went into a room off the hall. She turned to face him.

"What did you mean on the telephone when you said that you had been expecting me to call you?"

Poirot smiled. He spread out his hands.

"Just that, Mademoiselle. I was expecting a call from you—and the same."

"You mean that you knew I'd risk about this Sainsbury Seale woman?"

Poirot shook his head.

"That was only the pretext. You have found something else if not a sary."

"Why the hell should I call you?"

"Why should you deliver this tid information about Miss Sainsbury Seale to me instead of giving it to Scooby? That would have been the rational thing to do."



"All right, Mr. Know-All, how much do you know?"

"I know that you are interested in me. You heard that I paid a visit to the Elborn Palace Hotel the other day. It was so white that it startled him. He did not believe that that deep tan changed to such a greenish hue."

"He went on, quietly and steadily, not me to come here today because you wanted to pump me—that is, expression, is it not?—yes, to pump the subject of Mr. Howard Raikes."

"What's he, anyway?"

"I'm not a very successful parry. I do not need to pump me, Mademoiselle. I will tell you what I know—what I guessed. That first day I came here, Inspector Japp and I, we were startled to see us—alarmed. I thought something had happened to my uncle. Why?"

"He's the kind of man things happen to. He had a bomb by his side one day. And he gets lots of threats."

"He went on, 'Chief Inspector Japp told me that a certain dentist, Mr. Morley, had been shot. You may recollect the answer. You said 'But that's ab-

normal to her lip."

"I? That was rather absurd of me, wasn't it?"

"That was a curious remark, Mademoiselle. It revealed that you knew of the name of Mr. Morley, that you had expected something to happen—something to happen to him—but possibly to happen in his house."

"I do like telling yourself stories, don't you?"

"I paid no attention."

"I had expected—or rather you had—that something might happen at Morley's house. You had feared that something would have happened to your uncle. But if so, you must have known something that we did not know. I had been on the people who had been in Morley's house that day, and I had met once on the one person who possibly have a connection with which was that young American, Howard Raikes."

"Just like a serial, isn't it? What's the thrilling installment?"

"I went to see Mr. Howard Raikes. He was a dangerous and attractive young man."

"I paused expressively."

"I said meditatively, 'He is, isn't he?' He smiled. 'All right! You win! I'm scared stiff.'"

"I leaned forward."

"I was going to tell you things, M. Poirot. You're not the kind one can just go along. I'd rather tell you than have you snooping around finding out. That man, Howard Raikes. I'm crazy about him. I have been for years. My mother brought me over to get me away from him. That and partly because she hopes Alistair might get fond enough

of me to leave me his money when he dies."

"Mother is his niece by marriage. Her mother was Rebecca Arnholt's sister. He's my great-uncle-in-law. Only he hasn't got any near relatives of his own, so Mother doesn't see why we shouldn't be his residuary legatees. She cadges off him pretty freely too."

"You see, I'm being frank with you, M. Poirot. That's the kind of people we are. Actually we've got plenty of money ourselves—an indecent amount according to Howard's ideas—but we're not in Uncle Alistair's class."

SHE paused. She struck with one hand fiercely on a table.

"How can I make you understand? Everything I've been brought up to believe in Howard abominates and wants to do away with. And sometimes, you know, I feel like he does. I'm fond of Uncle Alistair, but he gets on my nerves sometimes. He's so stodgy—so British—so cautious and conservative. I feel sometimes that he and his kind ought to be swept away, that they are blocking progress—that without them we'd get things done!"

"You are a convert to Mr. Raikes' ideas?"

"I am—and I'm not. Howard is—is wilder than most of his crowd. There are people, you know, who—who agree with Howard up to a point. They would be willing to—to try things—if Uncle Alistair and his crowd would agree. But they never will! They just sit back and shake their heads and say, 'We could never risk that.' And 'It wouldn't be sound economically.' And 'We've got to consider our responsibility.' And 'Look at history.' But I think that one mustn't look at history. That's looking back. One must look forward all the time."

Poirot said gently, "It is an attractive vision."

Jane looked at him scornfully.

"You say that too!"

"Perhaps because I am old. Their old men dream dreams—only dreams, you see."

He paused and then asked in a matter-of-fact voice, "Why did Mr. Howard Raikes make that appointment in Queen Charlotte Street?"

"Because I wanted him to meet Uncle Alistair and I couldn't see otherwise how to manage it. He'd been so bitter about Uncle Alistair—so full of—of—well, of hate really, that I felt if he could only see him—see what a nice, kindly, unassuming person he was—that—that he would feel differently. . . I couldn't arrange a meeting here because of Mother—she would have spoiled everything."

"But after having made that arrangement, you were—afraid."

Her eyes grew wide and dark.

"Yes. Because—because—sometimes Howard gets carried away. He—he—"

"He wants to take a short cut. To exterminate—"

Jane Olivera cried, "Don't!"

(To be continued next week)



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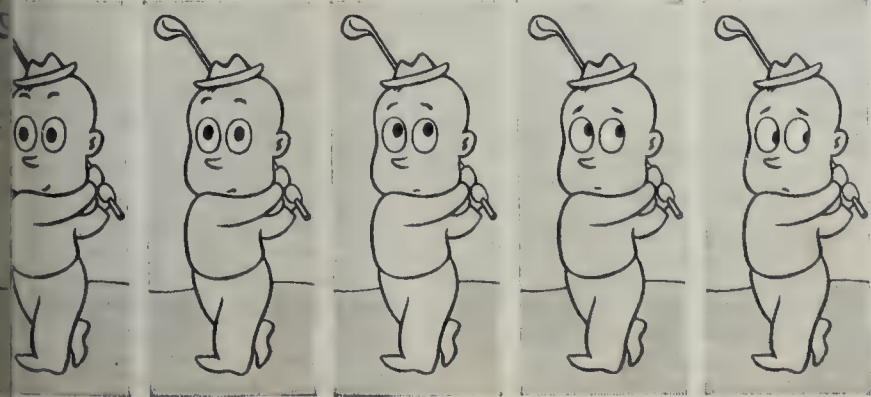
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Hook

CROCKETT JOHNSON



## Errand in Bangor

Continued from page 19



That boy and his mother, on the opposite page — know that the

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each other for so long. He said, quickly, "Lola—where can I—where do you live here in this place?"

Her eyes flashed to his. She shook her head. Her voice was urgent.

"Don't look for me, Burk. Promise me. Don't try to find me."

Burk looked at her, remembering now the thing that had driven her from home. He said, "That's all past, Lola. No one would think twice about it now. Those things are forgotten."

"I'll never go back again. Why should I? There's no one there now—no near kin. I've nothing to go home to."

He thought of her father in the pen up at Thomaston. He had heard in Upson Bay that old Mel was due out any time this month—but he felt it would be better not to say anything to Lola about it now.

She put her hand out and touched Burk's sleeve. "Don't tell anyone that I am here, Burk. I don't want them to know that I am so near home. You understand?"

"Why did you come to Bangor, Lola?"

"I don't know—I wasn't planning to, but I got here one day and then I got a job the next. So I stayed on. I've been here only three, four weeks."

"You're working?"

"Yes."

"What you doing?"

She looked at him—her eyes level, defensive. Then she shook her head. "Forget it. It's a job—a living."

For an instant her eyes held his, as if she wanted to say something more. Then, suddenly, she said, "Goodby, Burk."

She turned away and started walking rapidly down the street.

TENNANT stood there folding and unfolding his cap. He kept thinking about her as he had just seen her. She wasn't the same Lola Ward he had known in Upson Bay—the girl who liked to go out with him in his boat on fishing trips—the girl who was a part of that land—who belonged there and knew all the ways and tides of the Bay. This Lola Ward was just a swell-looking girl walking along a city street—something worth turning around for. She knew her way around, all right. She knew too much, probably. It disturbed him.

Tennant didn't go to Nate's bar that night. Instead, feeling lost, feeling unsatisfied, he drove the car back to Upson Bay.

It was dark crossing the water to his camp on the upper end of Harbor Island. He kept the engine of his converted twenty-six-foot lobsterman throttled down.

This reduced speed was not for fear—but for a mood, unconsciously acknowledged by him. Tennant was like an animal—feeling through his senses. Long before his mind knew, his body had reacted. Now that he was in his own environment, his mind had taken over this meeting with Lola Ward and was turning it about. And gradually, as he watched for the shape of an island, or a ledge, a new thought took possession of his mind. If he had seen this change in Lola Ward seven years ago, it would have hurt him like the cut of a jag-tooth knife. But now, with the years between, finding this change in Lola stirred him sensually. It was like discovering that the thing you had always taken for granted had suddenly been endowed with new and exciting possibilities.

Automatically he kicked the throttle into full speed and sent the boat through the black water with a recklessness that made him feel good. He stood up now, hand on wheel, wanting to sing.

He had decided something then. He was going to get Lola Ward back to Upson Bay. He didn't know how—or for what purpose—but he knew that what had been between him and Lola Ward wasn't yet finished.

He looked across the bow of his boat toward the twin hills of Harbor Island. Then, suddenly, he saw a light near lower cove where the old Ward camp stood. Probably some boys from town, down for flounder fishing in the morning. And then, like a shock, it occurred to him that that light might mean that Mel Ward had come back home to the Bay. But the thought was short-lived—Mel would want to pass the time of day in town for a while, basking in the notoriety of his return. He shrugged his shoulders. In the morning he would know soon enough.

HE FOUND Mel Ward the next day sitting in the sun outside the old camp. Tennant felt a curious excitement knowing now that Mel was really back.

Ward was a huge shell of a man with broad shoulders without any flesh. His eyes searched Burk, waiting to see what brought him to the camp.

Burk said, "Well, well—this looks natural—seeing you here again. How're things, Mel?"

Ward looked down into the grass and poked around with long, big-jointed fingers. He said, "All right."

That was all for the moment. Then Burk said, "Don't talk so much, you old buzzard." He squatted on the edge of the path and picked up a piece of yellow grass and began chewing it. He could feel the good, hot sun working on his back and the muscles of his arms warmed up and slackened after the hard morning haul.

He glanced at the broken shack. No one had lived in that camp for seven years.

Burk remembered it as it had been—a well-built two-room house when Mel Ward and his family lived there in the summer months before Mel got caught running rum. They had had a fine house uptown, too, with a radio and an electric refrigerator and a complete bathroom, and Mel had had the fastest boat on the Bay. The Wards had had everything in those days—everybody in town looked up to them and envied them. That was why it hurt so much when people found out where their money came from. Mrs. Ward and Lola left town one night soon after the federal men sent Mel up to Thomaston. They weren't the kind that could stay and take the pity and patronage of the people of Upson Bay.

Mrs. Ward hadn't lived long after that—they said the shock brought on her death. Most everybody knew why Mel had fallen for slick and easy money, and even some of the other fishermen of the Bay would have done the same if they'd had the fast boat Mel had. Winters were hard and lean, and lobstering, never a fortune-making way of living, was bad then—and Lola, the best-looking girl in high school, should have everything a girl could want. What Mel himself felt, no one could guess. It was just as hard to know what the old man was feeling now that he was home again. Burk had a restless urge to shake him out of his obstinate silence. He said, suddenly:

"How did you like jail, Mel? Did they treat you good?"

Ward looked startled.

"You want to know, or are you just making talk?"

Burk laughed. "I don't give a hoot.

You're here now with us again and I want you to know that I'm glad to see you back."

Mel said, "Took you a long time to get around to it."

Burk was shocked at the way Mel was living. The old man had come into the camp without making any attempt to clean out the place. He had down-river all his worldly goods—a lot of tools, a few fathoms of line, some mangy blankets, a little food and clothing rented from Ira Walters.

He asked Burk to have a cup of coffee with him. "If you can take my coffee in." The coffee was terrible. Mel boiled it in was rusted and wasn't enough coffee to darken the water. He had seen the bumbling way Mel handled over the stove, fussing without any sense anywhere.

Burk was sitting on the bench at the lower bunk. He said, "How do you traps you fishing, Mel?"

"Eight, nine."

Burk picked up a piece of scum and began whittling. "Nine traps, Mel said. "Can't do much with the traps of gear."

"Do fine," Mel said.

"Sure, talk that way all you want but it won't catch enough lobsters for your bait."

Ward turned to him. He didn't say anything, but he looked carefully at Burk's face. Then he went back to whittling the head for a lobster trap.

Burk was silent, for a time. Then he said: "I got a lot of extra gear. I'm glad to let you have the loan of it."

Ward turned quickly, his fingers flying at a knot. He held the shank of his other hand. "Thank you just the same, but I don't need 'em."

"All right," Burk said, "suit you or not."

"I'll do just that," Ward said.

AFTER a minute or so Burk said, "I use letting it rot on the bank. I got forty-five traps, twelve to each trap. Might as well use them. I'll give you a hand with them this morning after we haul from my boat. Use in your pushing around that critter of Ira Walters'. My boat's on a top."

Ward kept on working on the head, his back to Burk.

Burk said, "You need some paint here. And five, six panes of glass. There's a good stove I know about at Lord's Point, we can load it in a scow and tow her down. I got some boards for the floor and four square new spruce shingles kicking around to Aunt Millie's. Patch this shack and she'll do. You'll be all set for one thing, Mel. What this place will need is a woman."

Ward said, turning smartly, dropping the heading twine, "I wasn't figuring about it, but you've pushed me into it. I'm going to speak, now. I'm into trouble once. That mess of my wife, my daughter, all I own in seven years. What I aim to do now is keep myself to myself. I don't want why you're fishing around in my mess. It's going to get you now!"

"Maybe I have a reason." Burk was silent for a moment. Then: "Lola yesterday in Bangor."

"Lola!" Ward eased himself in a backless chair. He drew his big eyes slowly across his face, as if he were coming out of a dream. "Lola?" repeated. "In Bangor?"

"What did you think happened to Mel?"

"I dunno. I thought she was go-



# The child who wouldn't go home



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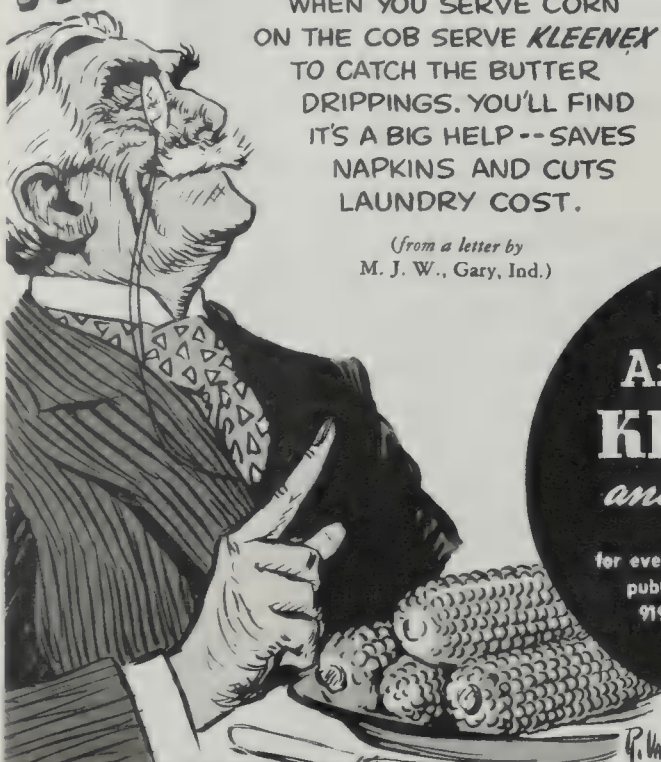
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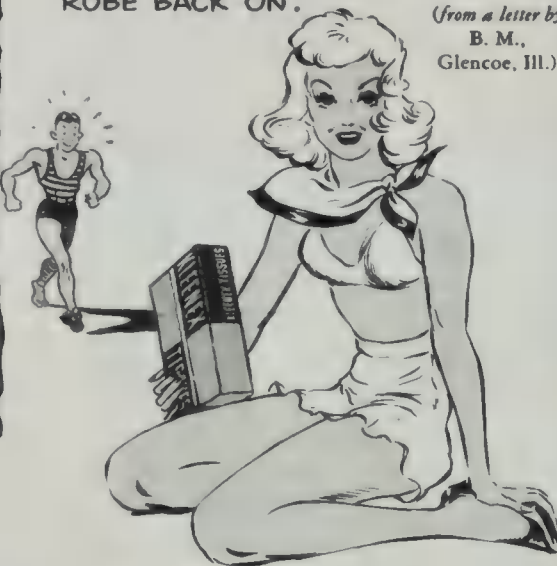


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(from a letter by  
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## Daring Young Man

Continued from page 22

Marty thought of the cheap, cut-throat tactics people used nowadays to get what jobs there were. He thought of the lunatic stunt acts good men were making themselves do—shooting themselves out of cannons, running motorcycles around circular tracks seventy feet in the air, standing on their heads without nets below them to make the thrill better. The music rasped. "Hey, Sarto, shut the damn' thing off," Marty said. The accordion stopped. His lips felt dry and he licked them with his tongue.

**CORNLING** didn't come in for another half-hour. He was a short, square man and he ran the amusement park up the Hudson where Roche worked his trapeze act. Cornling squinted around until he found Marty and then told him at once, even as he sat down, that there might be a job for him. He was too abrupt. Marty resented it. Roche hired the men he wanted but it was Cornling who signed the pay roll. Marty made a point of refusing to let the fat man get away with anything because of it. He called him down for being late.

"Don't get fancy," Cornling said. "Roche held me up an hour. I said I think there's a job for you, didn't I?"

"The hell with you and your job," Marty told him. "You said twelve o'clock. It's past one."

"I apologize," Cornling said, bitterly. "I get down on my knees and beg your pardon." He scowled and took his hat off. "I never saw people like that any place. All you guys ever do is stand up on your dignity and yap." He waved his hand at the men in the café. "Everybody sits around with a private gripe. Everybody waits for the lucky break, for a phone call or telegram telling them, hey, hurry up, there's a million dollars waiting for you, come get it quick. They lay around all day and do nothing, and if somebody offers them a job, they get insulted."

He spoke with the quick anger of a man who was losing money every week and couldn't help himself. He went on and on. Marty let him talk. Cornling had thought up some kind of stunt he called The Leap of Death. It would be a financial lifesaver for him, he said, but he couldn't find anyone willing to do it. It involved the heavy tape piano-movers used, and the idea was to pack the tape away so that it wouldn't open for a second or two while the aerialist seemed to go spinning out without support. As the fat man described the stunt, he lost himself and forgot to complain. He spoke eagerly, apparently hoping Marty might consider doing it.

"See, you swing out thirty, forty feet. The impression is maybe here is a guy who's going to get his neck broken. But, of course, you don't."

"That's nice. Thanks."

"What do you say, Marty? It's a million-dollar thrill. It ought to go over big."

"Nut stuff. It isn't my line. You know that. Is this the job you called me over for?"

"It would be a feature act all by itself," Cornling said, persisting. "Good dough goes with it. How about it?"

"If this is the job," Marty said, and began to get up, but Cornling put his hand out to stop him.

"Sit down," he said. The sour scowl went back on his face. "It's not that. Roche sent me. He wants you back in the act."

"Roche sent you?"

"Yes."

Marty couldn't understand it. Corn-

ling clearly enough hated to do it, and if he was here it was only because Roche must have insisted. But there wasn't much sense in firing him and then asking him to come back.

"I didn't think I stood in so good a chance," he said. "I didn't know you took the trouble to fix a spot for me."

"It's not Lucy," Cornling said. "This is an idea of my own. I want you to have a new idea, but Roche says he was with him for it. If you're reasonable, you can put you on."

"Who's getting fired this time, Marty?"

"Nobody's getting fired. The four-man act—you, Ferdie, Luc, Roche doing the catching. That's the way you have to be reasonable about it," Cornling said. He blinked unhappily and spoke slowly, carefully. "It's a new man on the pay roll, a new load. You'll have to take less."

"Eighty bucks a week," Marty said. "Nuts!" The fat man stood up and grabbed his hat. "You'll starve before I pay you eighty. I—" he hurried out.

"Ah, you crazy Georgie," Sarto came up as soon as Cornling was gone. The café man had been listening to all. Now he shook his head as he approached Marty. He wouldn't leave the place.

"Hang around," he said. "Wait till he goes back and sees Roche. Roche pays but Roche does the hiring and it looks like he really wants you. Maybe he'll call up looking for you. Maybe it's not all over."

Marty realized there was something in what Sarto said. He kept sitting at the table and twenty minutes later the phone rang. It was Roche, asking Marty was still there. Sarto was talking.

"Yes, yes," he said over the phone. "I'll tell him right away." He hung up and ran over to Marty. "Roche wants to see you. Now be sensible, Cornling. Don't get chesty. It don't pay to need money for the winter. You need a job." He shoved Marty up out of his chair. "Hurry up there!"

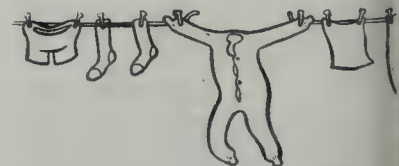
**HE FOUND** Roche in his room under the outdoor stage. The big man was ready to go out for the noon show and there wasn't much time.

"We'll see Cornling after the show," he said as he went to the door. "He wants me to use Litfin but the show will be there in his office and we have it out all together. Maybe I can fix it for you. You wait."

"Sure," Marty said, nodding. "Lucy?"

He asked only out of politeness. Roche looked at him, a puzzling glance, and then waved his hand out answering. It was a gesture of disgust more than anything else. He knew enough to keep silent.

Outside Roche had a half-dozen young ones already flying in the air among them. Marty stood on the yards and watched. They worked the bars and didn't have a good deal of time.





than their gay spirits and a lot of Litfin was a born gymnast but it took Marty long to understand Roche wouldn't use him in the act or in the four-man combination way Cornling wanted it. It was order Roche didn't like the boy.

was standing on the platform of age, waiting in her wrap to go on, every time Litfin finished a trick, the thing he did was to look down how she had liked it. It was a for her he was putting on, not for audience. Roche was standing by time, his face clouding and getting as he took it all in, but Litfin didn't see him or else just are.

kids swarmed down and then Ferdie and Roche climbed up the ladders to the higher trapezes they

stuff," Marty said as Litfin went on his way to the dressing room. "I have to hand it to you." "Don't break your heart," Litfin said. "You had to smile. 'But why don't you keep your mind on your work? You think of what you're doing.' I don't think. I just do it. I don't think."

apped out the words and then along.

picked up Marty as soon as the performance was over and the two went to the office. Litfin was already standing straight with his hands in his pockets.

use bringing him around," Cornling stepped out as soon as they came. "It's too swell. You got to get a just to talk to him."

ay didn't say anything, deciding to let it all to Roche.

wants his regular price, that's the big man said. "I told you that you went to see him."

Litfin!" Cornling was shouting, and and helpless to know how to himself. "Litfin's good enough!" "en," Roche said quietly, reasonably. "This was your idea—this Duel of

stuff. Not mine. You want to be showy, a thrill. Two guys doing tricks up there like it's a fight thing. Well, they got to be two men, Cornling. I won't have it unless they're both good."

about me?" Litfin said, stepping forward.

turned smiling to him. He was kindly, but Marty didn't miss the eyes suddenly seemed to light

as though the big man was going to enjoy himself.

ore good, sonny," Roche said. "Don't it, don't worry. But you'll be a lot better four, five years from now, that's why I asked Cornling to have you here now. So you'd understand no hard feelings. It's just that you've been around longer than you. A few years longer. You can't take it like that personally."

can't get it at all," Litfin cried.

First you knock me down for it. Now a new chance turns up, and you want me, and you bring in a man from the outside—"

it easy," Roche said, still patient. "Marty's really not from the outside. He was here before you and he's a man who can do things you know nothing about. Full twisting somersaults, and double. On a good day, if he can do it, he can do a triple."

had to pause. "A full, twisting, somersault?" he said. He didn't want to.

can do it, sonny."

the biggest thing on the trapeze. anywhere could top it. There are many men who could do it and don't try it often.

a minute," Cornling spoke up, interested. His anger was gone.

"Will he do it?" he asked Roche. "Will he guarantee it?"

Roche looked at Marty, waiting for him to answer.

"You think I'm crazy?" Marty said. "I'm not breaking my head for nothing. If I feel like it, maybe I'll do it, some time. If not, not."

Litfin laughed out sharply at once. "If he feels like it," he crowed. "Maybe. Some time. He can do it, yes, sure, but he won't." He faced Marty. "Four-flusher!" he said.

Marty raised his eyebrows. "Pip, pip," he said. "Look at the kid go."

"Listen!" The boy seemed to go blind with fury. He planted himself on the floor, legs apart. "Anything you can do, I can do it better. Anything! On the bar, on the ground."

"You like yourself," Marty said.

"I'm not bragging. I'm just saying it as a plain fact."

ROCHE had been listening to the two of them, liking it, but now he brought the talk to a close. He went up to Cornling's desk.

"Yes or no," he said, as quietly as ever. "You want this Duel of the Air or you don't. It's all the same to me. But we don't go up without Marty."

Cornling took a moment longer. He frowned and looked worried and weak as he thought it over.

"All right," he said. "You can have him. I'll put him on. . ."

Roche didn't wait to hear more. He led Marty outside.

"When do you want to start?" he asked as they went down the steps.

"Tonight," Marty said. "I practice every day whether I'm working or not. I'm always ready."

"All right." The big man told him to find some work clothes and go down to the barn where the aerialists drilled. "You limber up," he said. "I'll come down later and catch you for a while, so we can get to working together again. And I'll be able to see what you've got." He went off.

He was taking pains. Marty didn't understand it but it was clear enough at least why he had his job back. Roche was using him, keeping him around because it annoyed Litfin. He had probably fixed it for Marty to meet the boy at Sarto's, knowing there'd be bad feeling. Certainly he had arranged the mix-up at Cornling's office. He had really worked the whole thing, egging Litfin on.

Roche was a peculiar sort of man. Even when you were with him, you had the feeling that he kept to himself. He didn't talk much if he didn't have to, and you could never tell exactly what was going on in his mind.

Roche came into the barn and worked Marty forty minutes before he was satisfied.

"Okay," he said finally and prepared to leave. "You'll do for tonight."

"Hey, Roche, what's going on?" Marty asked.

The big man was some distance from him but he stopped. "Nothing," he said, annoyance in his voice. "You just got your job back, didn't you? Then what the hell are you asking questions for?"

He walked out of the place without another word. He'd get the boy, Marty knew. He'd hurt him bad, in his own time and way, but Marty told himself that wasn't his worry. He still had an hour's practicing to get through and he swung out on the bar.

But later, when he started out for the bus to New York to get his stuff, he had to pass Lucy and Litfin outside the dressing rooms. Lucy was talking along glibly, details out of her past life, and the boy listened eagerly, believing everything she told him.

"Yes," she went on. "I am really trained for the ballet. I was entered in

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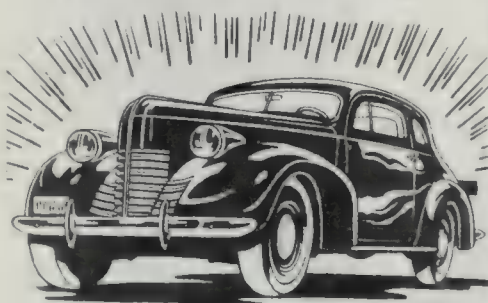
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the Imperial school when I was five years old. . . ." She stopped. She had seen the smile on Marty's face. "Isn't it all true, Georgie?" she asked him, her eyes shining. She could be sly, coquettish, perverse. "Wasn't I supposed to be a prima ballerina?"

"Anything you want to say," Marty said. "Any kind of baloney you feel like telling the kid."

Litfin went black and started forward but Lucy held him back. "Oh, goodby, goodby, you," she called out and Marty kept on going.

He was halfway down the road to the bus station when Litfin caught up with him. The boy grabbed his shoulder and turned him around.

"I took enough," he said. "I got all I want out of you. Sarto's, the office before, now when I'm talking to Lucy Roche . . ."

Marty brushed the boy's hand off his shoulder without getting mad about it. "You want to watch your step, kid," he said. "That girl's got a lot of serious trouble in her."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. She's Roche's baby."

"That's what you think," Litfin snapped. "It's not true. She told me."

"Told you what?"

"They're not married. He's her father. He don't want people to know he's so old, so they keep it a secret like that. Professional reasons."

Marty laughed. He couldn't help it. "Did you ever hear him tell you himself he's her father?"

"No!" the boy said. "Naturally!"

"Well, she gave you a bum steer, kid. She lied."

LITFIN'S face was nasty, threatening. "You think they're married?"

"I don't say they're married, but she's not his daughter." He paused. "If you want the real truth, kid, she's his mother."

The boy cursed, blazing. "You've been looking to louse me up from the start," he shouted. "You're riding me and you don't care what you say or do. That's the only reason you make up this bunk now about Lucy and Roche. You found out I'm going up in the main act tonight and you're sore!"

"What?" Marty stared at him. "You mean to say you're working the main act? You're going up with Roche?"

"You knew it before you started this! You knew Ferdie got boils on his wrists and I was taking his place. That's why you came looking for me again."

Marty whistled. "You certainly picked yourself a beautiful spot to get a guy sore at you," he said.

The boy went wild, still thinking Marty was riding him. He lunged in, punching. Marty tied his arms up and shoved him to the ground, but the boy got up and flailed away again, crying out crazily. Marty had to hit him. The boy kept coming in for more, kicking himself up off the ground each time Marty knocked him down, and he didn't stop until the strength was all gone out of him.

Marty told himself he wasn't going to trouble his head over Litfin, but when he finished packing his valise, he found himself going up to the hotel on Seventieth Street where Ferdie lived. He walked into the room, dropped his bag, and took hold of the other gymnast's wrists. If he really had boils, he would have cried out in pain, but all he did was stand there and wonder what Marty was doing.

"What's the matter?" Marty said. "Why can't you work tonight?"

"Ask Roche," Ferdie said. "I got bad boils."

"What happened?"

"What happened?" The man snickered. "A guy, a big guy, comes in and

tells me my boils are getting worse by the minute. I can't work and I have to rest and lay low. I go to the phone and get Roche. That's right, he says, you need a rest. Better do everything just like the guy tells you, he says. So I got boils," Ferdie said. "I lay low."

Marty sat down on the bed, thinking. Cornling's screwy stunt fitted in perfectly. It was all clear now. That was why Roche had been so anxious to make sure Marty had his stuff. Roche knew Litfin couldn't match it but he also knew the boy would eat his heart out trying, out of pride, because of his grudge against Marty.

HE'D take chances until he slipped and missed for a bad, jarring fall into the net. Or, more probably, Roche would wait until he had a good excuse for juggling him on the catch. He'd pull crosswise so that the boy in falling would hit the edge of the net and bounce off altogether. That was better, surer. It might mean weeks in the hospital, months out of work. It might mean worse. Roche would make it look good. Marty could see it. After the fall, the big man would pull himself up, sitting on the bar and swinging with it, sad but helpless. He had done his best, he would seem to say. Nobody could really blame him. It was all the boy's fault.

Ferdie was standing at the window, watching Marty.

"You going to tell the boy?" he asked. "You're going to tip him off?"

"No," Marty said, wondering. "Why should I tip him off?"

Ferdie pursed his lips, blowing air cheerfully. "Maybe it'll rain," he said, glancing out the window. "Maybe they'll call the show off tonight."

"It won't rain," Marty said.

Ferdie started to grin, showing his teeth. "Some fun," he said.

Marty didn't feel like going outside in the cool evening air and he waited alone in the dressing room for the youngsters to get through with their preliminary fireworks. A man stuck his head inside the door to yell it was time, but when Marty reached the alley outside he saw Roche coming to him.

"Ferdie's not working. We go up with Litfin."

"I know," Marty said, and a flicker of irritation passed over the big man's face. Apparently the less Marty knew, the better Roche liked it.

"Come on," he said, and they went ahead to join Lucy and Litfin.

The first thing Marty noticed was that men were dismantling the nets. They were kicking out the rigging underneath and lowering the drops at the sides, hauling the whole business over the far edge of the stage platform. Marty turned to Roche.

"Hey?"

The big man smiled. "Cornling's idea again, not mine. He wants it dramatic, a regular duel to the death. I had no part in it, naturally."

"Well, I don't like it," Marty said.



Roche shrugged his shoulders. "net's down. How about you?" he asked Litfin. "You got objections? A afraid too?"

The boy had been standing silent, head straight. He was serious and determined. He hadn't looked at Marty once. Now he wouldn't even answer Roche's question. "What do?" he asked.

"The regular first part of the routine. The double passes ending up with Lucy's one and a half when I catch Then Cornling's Duel stuff." His voice turned oddly lazy. "You anything you like, the second time ways topping the first, of course. ever has enough first, he quits a game's over. It's entirely up to Now it's just a stunt, an act," he said quietly. "You boys don't want it too serious, you know."

He stopped talking and studied faces. He seemed happy, grimly enjoying every moment, and Marty could be surprised by it. The whole set beautifully neat. The way Roche worked out, it was automatic. The man didn't even have to juggle the catch to make him miss the net. There was no net.

Marty climbed the ladder, going with them. The show began and there was no way of stopping it now. It breezed through the old routine, a lence except for a brief signal or two when they had to speak. They moved along as though they were patient to get this part of it out of way.

LUCY knew what was happening. Marty could tell. Her eyes were nervously from Litfin to Roche on the other side. She was excited, agitated, but at the same time Marty knew whether she wasn't enjoying it. Then she swung out for her final sault. Roche caught her by the hand, helped her to the ladder and the men were up there by themselves. The spotlight picked up Litfin for the jump. The white glare lingered on moments, was abruptly turned on the boy reached out for the bar.

They started with the simpler working slowly into fancy stuff. times they used Roche to catch at his end or else they waved him calling for him to send the bar to meet them as they came in. Litfin his jaws set. His eyes didn't show whatever he felt, he didn't show the smallest trace of fear or indecision.

The people below soon became a vague spread of red dots created cigarettes they smoked. Little flashes of yellow sprung up all among them as they constantly matches to light new ones. Cornling had it figured out well. The audience certainly holding them. Marty felt a tenseness in the audience but each he followed the boy, he told him he only had to do his trick as perfectly as he knew how. It was his job, getting paid for it, and that was a didn't have to know anything else.

But once or twice, when Litfin in at the other end for the finish trick, Marty caught himself belly-aching as he watched, praying the boy safe landing. It was a habit of many aerialists had while their partners were in the air. It was almost instinctive but Marty had to realize that it.

"Quit, kid, quit," he told him as they stood together. He spoke impulsively. They had been at it eight or ten minutes now, beginning to reach stunts a ster with Litfin's lack of experience no right to try, even with a net him.

Another two or three minutes the boy would be shooting hope over his head. "You've got



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enough," Marty said. "Climb down after I get through this one. Quit!"

"Nice for you if I did," Litfin said. He was sneering, all confidence and contempt. "Quit if you want to. After me."

"You dumb idiot! Don't you see it? Roche worked this specially to get you. The whole thing's a fake, a trap!"

"Bunk," the boy said. "You're supposed to be a big shot. Do you need this kind of baloney to beat me?"

It was a waste of time. Litfin was altogether too sure of himself to listen to reason. The boy was asking for it. Marty told himself he had done all he could and more, and he pulled in the bar. Nettled, angry, he changed his mind as he swung out. Instead of the trick he had planned to do, he went over for a full twisting single somersault. Roche let the trapeze slip out to him.

"You hurried it with that one," he said as Marty came up. "You passed up a couple of them, didn't you?"

"What about it?"

"Oh, nothing," Roche said. "I don't mind, not at all." He was elaborately innocent, but the strange satisfaction in his eyes was dirty, obscene.

Marty crossed back so that Litfin could go out if he was insane enough to try it again. The boy couldn't expect to top a full twisting single without trouble and even if he managed to get away with it, he'd surely fall on the next one or the one after that.

"Get down!" Marty said, speaking in spite of himself. "Quit! You'll break your neck."

Litfin glanced carelessly over his shoulder at him and then faced the bar again. He was smiling, easy and calm. He'd go through with it, Marty knew. So long as there was a trick in existence to beat the one Marty had done, the boy would try it, every time. He'd never stop until he fell and smashed himself. Marty watched helplessly. Litfin set himself to draw in the trapeze, ready to go out again.

And then, suddenly, almost without realizing what he was doing, Marty had stepped close and elbowed him aside. It all came so quickly that the boy was caught off guard. Before Litfin knew exactly what was happening, Marty had taken the bar himself.

IT WAS a dumb, crazy chance to take but it was the only thing he could do now. Litfin was one of them, a true workman with all the stiff-necked pride and stubbornness that went with it, and the only possible way of making him stop was to do something absolutely unbeatable—something the boy would have to admit couldn't be topped, whether he wanted to admit it or not. Marty swung out to attempt a full twisting triple somersault and all he could do now was to hope he'd finish it.

A startled murmur went up in the audience but he didn't care what they thought. He didn't care what Roche thought. Hanging on the bar, he swung back and forth, taking his time. He had built up all the momentum he wanted. He released his hold and went up into the air. Bundled up tightly, he went over and over, and then straightened himself out, twisting separately to meet the trapeze.

ROCHE had to send it out but he had hated Marty fiercely. He had hated what the full twisting triple somersault had to end any show.

"What's the idea?" he growled furiously as he saw Marty hook up the trapeze to the stand rope. Marty hooked it up for good that night.

"It's all over," he said. "It's a trick. Litfin can't beat it. No one can beat that."

"Who the hell asked you?" he said. "You know that." "Who the hell asked you?" he said. "You know that."

He had been cheated at the last moment. Now his face was distorted with rage.

"You didn't really want to do that kid," Marty said softly. "I know. A nifty little worker like him."

"Get out," Roche said. "You're through!"

Marty brought his finger tip to his forehead, a wry salute. He was done. It didn't take long to shower his street clothes and get his things together. He started out for the bar. Winter was ahead of him. He had a job and now he'd have to go hunting for one by himself again, waiting until a call might come in for an extra man to replace some aerialist working in the team.

He was moving along down the street when he noticed a man behind him. He stopped and waited. It was Litfin.

"What are you following me?" Marty said.

The boy seemed clumsy. The man came hard. "I guess I was a sap," he said. "I see it now. You got fired. I just followed you out."

"So what?"

"Well..." He faltered again. "We work in good together. A good team you and me. We could find a job easy. That is, if you want it."

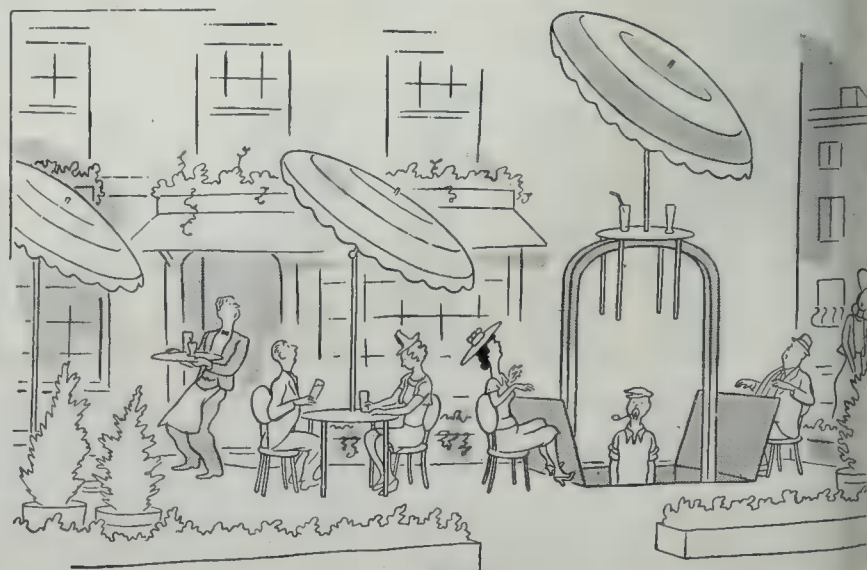
Marty looked at him without speaking. "All right," he said finally, turned his face away as he started walking again. "Stick around, then. We'll make out."

The two men walked together in silence for a time until Litfin spoke.

"You might have killed yourself," he blurted out. "There was no need. You could've broken your own neck."

Marty grinned. "Who, me?"

He was good. "I never miss, kid," he said. "I never fall."





## What Good is West Point?

Continued from page 17

stated number of times each season. Of the total of 131 during four years, hardly a third are courses directly related to being an officer in the Army. The rest are "cultural subjects," science, engineering.

In the summer months, it is true, the courses are suspended and the cadets are sent on something, at least, about work in the field. They go out on what are called "hikes," expeditions of twenty to fifty miles a day on which various problems are studied. They study such engineering problems as the design of pontoon bridges and they get practical field-artillery training. Many maneuvers are also staged. A point cadet knows how to deploy. He knows the rudiments of tactics.

In the summer months the young men at West Point grow hard and brown and cannot be overemphasized, I think, that an Academy graduate is a well-co-ordinated physical specimen in addition to being a well-educated, disciplined, honorable man. That the summer work at West Point is more immediately related to modern war is not entirely the fault of the Academy authorities. For decades the physical work has been limited by the size of the reservation. Now this has been expanded. For the field work is of very great value, aside from the training, however, such equipment as tanks, motorized units and modern guns must be supplied. There must also be a change of viewpoint as to the true function of West

Point. West Pointers have, themselves, recently suggested some changes, but have been brushed aside on the grounds that they are not familiar with West Point of today. Occasional officers have had the temerity to suggest that radical changes should be made. Would it not be wise, they have asked, to make West Point a graduate school with enrollment limited to men who have college degrees? Then the academic work could be curtailed, a thorough education substituted and commissions as second lieutenants granted after two years. Twice as many cadets could thereby be graduated to the Army.

### Wars Spoil the Routine

The United States Military Academy is friendly, gracious and hospitable. All questions are frankly answered. But complacency and self-satisfaction are not absent. West Point is a institution was not greatly disturbed by the Civil War, although the years were marked by heartache and bitterness between Northern and Southern cadets and although West Point officers fought bravely and with distinction on both sides, the four-year routine was maintained. The war with Spain, too, hardly disturbed the tranquility of the Academy, although two classes were graduated ahead of time. In the World War, in the words of an officer by the Academy's department of economics, government and history, "there was an upheaval."

But, "every war in which the United States has been involved . . . has brought some disturbance to the normal routine of the Military Academy's activities." The Academy does not like upheavals; a normal tenor is vastly preferable.

The "upheaval" of the World War was particularly severe. Memory of it often resistance of the older offi-

cers at West Point to similar changes now that the nation is again confronted with danger. The class of 1917 was graduated two months ahead of time—which was regarded as proper enough. But the other three classes were also assigned to active duty in short order; the class of 1921 was graduated thirty-two months ahead. The distress of the Academy administration was not that these young men were sent to fight, some to die. What bothered them was the disorganization of West Point when the war ended.

"No second- or first-year men were on hand to teach the plebes the tradition of the Academy," I was solemnly told.

All of which is partly sound and partly bunk. The upper classmen, it might be noted, take a vast amount of work off the shoulders of the regularly assigned tactical and military officers at West Point. They get, themselves, some training in teaching close-order drill. But a degree, at least, of the work of the upper classmen is about as vital as that of a sophomore hazing a freshman at any college. He sees to it that the plebes ascend and descend stairs two steps at a time without touching the banister. He keeps the plebes from speaking unless spoken to.

### Outside Criticism Might Help

West Point might benefit from outside inspection. The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis is inspected annually by a Board of Visitors on which habitually serve such distinguished men as the presidents of Northwestern University, the University of California, the University of Wisconsin and of Lafayette College. Also on the Board of Visitors are members of the House and Senate. To Annapolis journeys this distinguished body of men each year. It spends about a week in exhaustive inquiry and drafts a comprehensive report.

West Point, too, has a Board of Visitors; made up of a dozen or more members of the Senate and House Military Affairs committees. Two years ago three members of the Senate appeared for the annual inspection and last year three members of the House! They were tendered a luncheon by the superintendent, watched the glamorous dress parade and went home at the end of the day. A report of a few hundred words was drafted and printed in the Congressional Record where nobody saw it. The truth is that West Point has no desire for stringent outside supervision. A proposal by Senator Sheppard of Texas to add five educators to the Board of Visitors was opposed by the then superintendent, Major General William D. Connor. Brig. Gen. Jay L. Benedict, now the superintendent, has said he would welcome investigation by any specially drafted commission, but that he has small faith in routine boards. Anyway, nothing is done. West Point still runs itself.

In theory, the Academy is run by the superintendent and his staff under the supervision of the War Department. Actually, I am convinced, it is run by a permanent group of officers called the Academic Board. This is composed of the heads of the various collegiate departments, the superintendent and two or three other officers. Their devotion to West Point is sincere and complete. So, I suspect, is their control. I don't think any superintendent, whose assignment to the institution is normally for four years, would cross swords with the Academic Board. I doubt that the

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War Department would oppose its will.

A brief historical note will throw some light on today's West Point. As far back as 1777 Congress authorized the establishment of a military school for "young gentlemen." George Washington energetically supported the plan, but it was not until 1802 that the Academy became a permanent institution. The United States, needless to say, was a far different nation in 1802 than today. No college of first rank existed west of the Allegheny Mountains and there were few in the East. High schools were almost as rare. It was essential that a military school for "young gentlemen" provide for their higher education in cultural subjects, and this was done. Today there are colleges throughout the land, yet at West Point, save in the summer months when the cadets are sent on maneuvers or to camp, collegiate subjects take up most of the time. During the academic year, military drill is limited to two hours per week! It is not unusual for men with two and three years of college to be admitted to West Point. College graduates sometimes become cadets. But so rigid is the Academy system that men with degrees are forced to take the identical courses with boys who have just left high school. They must go back over all their French, their Spanish, their elementary English composition and their mathematics.

German, incidentally, is not taught at West Point. Its authorities admit, somewhat lugubriously, that instruction in German might be a good idea and it is being "considered."

### An Expert Speaks

I have encountered no West Point graduate, nor any outsider familiar with the Academy, who casts the slightest doubt on the sincerity of its administrative officers.

The criticism of West Point rises from its distaste for change when warfare has changed. Modern warfare demands in young officers the highest development of personal initiative and resourcefulness. A method of training the cadets in excessive accuracy in shoulder-to-shoulder marching is not conducive to developing the type of officer now demanded.

Among the leading critics of some features of West Point's elementary training in discipline and in military affairs is Major General William C. Rivers, now retired, who graduated with the class of 1887. General Rivers fought in the later Indian wars, at Santiago and in the Philippines, and in France had a line-of-battle command in all our major combats.

When the name of General Rivers was mentioned at West Point there was a discernable tendency to belittle his knowledge of the Academy and to discount his suggestions for change. But it seems to me, on the contrary, that the general has made a thorough and intelligent study of the institution and that he is scrupulously fair. Before making any of his suggestions for changes at the Military Academy, General Rivers spent ten days at West Point, in a quiet season, in order to freshen his knowledge of the school. He then went to Annapolis and spent a fortnight in detailed and careful study of the Naval Academy. General Rivers had the unusual privilege of being, as a young officer, twice ordered from the Indian country for duty at West Point. He has, therefore, passed ten years of his life at his Alma Mater.

"Some things about West Point I believe we all agree on," he told the House Committee on Military Affairs a few years ago. "Among these are that it is one of the noblest and most valuable assets of America. . . ."

But General Rivers believes, as he

told the House Committee, that the cadets "are too closely confined." He thinks they are not given enough vacations. The midshipmen at Annapolis "have perhaps double the vacation time in four years—aside from the cruises." Greater freedom "would result in better work and in better physical and general development."

"Too much segregation and too many rules and regulations," General Rivers added, "do not aid the development of character, in my opinion. These merely add unnecessarily to the nervous strain and to the minor frictions of cadet life. The best means for developing personal initiative and personal resourcefulness are of paramount importance since the World War."

In short, war had changed even in 1918 and West Point had not—or too little. General Rivers went on:

"Many of us graduates—who have had extended battle work in war—believe that it is important gradually to modify and rationalize West Point's method of elementary disciplinary training in order to meet the modern demand for officers possessing the highest degree of personal initiative."

It was "disturbing," he said, to see

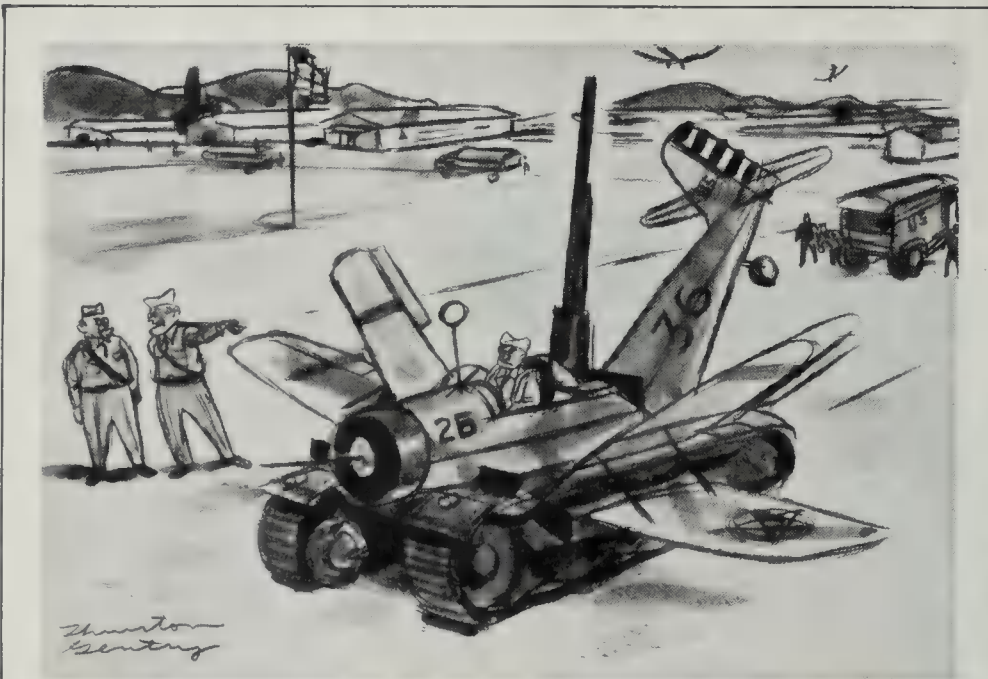
to discard the same baggage when training and commanding the conscripts of 1917, 1918."

Colonel Mott thinks that "discipline is not really taught at West Point; it is merely enforced." He does not think the second lieutenants who emerge from the Academy can deal out any such discipline to free Americans in an army. Colonel Mott disagrees, too, with the educational system at West Point, where the vast majority of the teachers—even those who teach "cultural subjects"—are Army officers. But his main objection is that so little military knowledge is imparted. Says Colonel Mott:

### Anyway, They're Educated

"Boys are accepted at West Point and are educated there for the simple purpose of making them useful soldiers, and yet during the first three years hardly one military subject is taught in the classroom. Intellectually they are, during those years, as little in contact with military ideas as the girls in Miss Spence's School."

That crack seems a little unfair. I don't wonder that mention of Colonel Mott arouses no enthusiasm at West



"I knew something like this would happen the way Congress is rushing things!"

THURSTON GENTRY

that none of the graduating cadets could execute "simple maneuvers with a training airplane, and that the chief daily military exhibition in June week remains the formal dress parade. Why not release the seniors from the ranks after two years shoulder-to-shoulder training, some of which is suited for mass maneuvers and for attacking hollow squares at close quarters?"

Even more drastic criticism has been offered by Colonel T. Bentley Mott, who graduated from West Point in 1886, served as an instructor in tactics from 1890 to 1894, was on General Pershing's staff in France and then military attaché at the American Embassy in Paris. Colonel Mott, too, is severely condemned at the Academy on the ground that he is not familiar with the West Point of today. He insists, however, that he has repeatedly interviewed recent graduates, young instructors and officers whose sons are at the Academy.

"From this examination," Colonel Mott wrote in his book, *Twenty Years as Military Attaché*, "there comes out the uncomfortable fact that West Point has not adapted its conception of military discipline to the conditions which have existed in our country since the Spanish War period. In the next great conflict its graduates of today will have to unlearn much of what they are absorbing, just as those of yesterday had

Point. My own guess would be that West Point's system of instruction is better than at the majority of colleges. The classes are small, only fourteen men. Each cadet recites every day. The relationship between the students and teachers seems close and harmonious. But sharp criticism of West Point's educational system has been made, too. Professor Leroy T. Patton of Texas Technical College wrote in the *Journal of Higher Education* that West Point officers, in his judgment, did not make adequate professors. Too few had proper training in the subjects they taught. A minority held advanced degrees. There was small incentive for an officer, holding a teaching post for only four years and then returning to active duty, to exert himself.

But West Point men are brave. West Point men tell the truth. West Point men are gentlemen. To suggestions that the Academy be made a graduate school, the authorities answer that it takes four years to instill these qualities. To suggestions that less English literature be taught and more military science, it is answered that an officer must be an informed and intelligent man.

Abroad, the military schools are far more closely geared to the art of war. At England's Royal Military College (Sandhurst) and Royal Military Academy (Woolwich) the course is only

eighteen months and the education strictly military and professional. It is, naturally, to speak of schools today. They are doubtless the Nazis have ordered. But until the collapse of France the cadets spent two years at the famous L'Ecole Supérieure Militaire at St. Cyr or at the Polytechnique in Paris. German five academies just before the war. Candidates for admission had to show "proof of Aryan descent," and had the equivalent of two years' college. The courses at all of them lasted about a year and a quarter. Italy has a two-year course. West Point, as I can learn, is the only military academy except the Royal Military College in Canada which gives a full college education. At Sandhurst, indeed, desperate exigencies of war have reduced a reduction of the normal eighteen months course to sixteen weeks.

It was late afternoon as we prepared to leave West Point after our final inspection and crowds were gathering to watch the dress parade, famous throughout the world. The sun was still hot. It was a warm day. I wondered, as the military band began, how the cadets could stand it in their high, tight collared, stiff uniforms. These, too, were a symbol of a day that has passed. They fit young men, however. They gave no sign of discomfort or fatigue. The ranks were mathematically precise. Near me stood an elderly couple who had obviously driven in from the city to see the spectacle.

"How do they ever learn to do that well?" I asked the man.

"I dunno," he answered. "The cadettes at the Music Hall in New York are just as good, though."

### It Depends on What You Want

That, too, was an unfair crack. Rockettes' precision dancing may be accurate, in its way, as the dress parade at West Point. But the dress parade is only an outward symbol of what is wrong at the United States Military Academy. Is West Point any good? That depends on what you want. Is it an institution which turns out men of honor, men of intelligence, men who believe in tradition, men with cultural background, men who will do their duty, men who are brave—why then, West Point is very good indeed. West Point doesn't pretend to train for today's war. Possibly it doesn't even build men for tomorrow's war. It sends out men who, the course of further training and years of service, will become competent officers.

"Every war," to quote again the official history of the institution, "has brought some disturbance to the maintenance of the Military Academy's activities." If you want a West Point cadet up to immediate combat, to tank warfare, parachute troops and totalitarian efficiency and lightning thrusts and modernization and horror and death—then, West Point is not much good.

Some statistics: The total number of the graduates of West Point from 1802 to date is 12,238. From 1802 until the Civil War the Academy turned out 1,887 graduates. About 1,250 of these all ages, were living in 1861. There were about 100,000 officers on both sides in the Civil War. However, during the years of conflict there were 445 graduates—on both sides—from the number of West Pointers living in 1861. At the close of the Civil War armies on both sides were commanded by graduates of West Point. Also commanders of nearly all the corps divisions in the Union army and Confederate army were West Point graduates. The above is a truly remarkable record of men who had no special political influence or prestige to them in being given army commands.



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## The Big Mistake

Continued from page 15

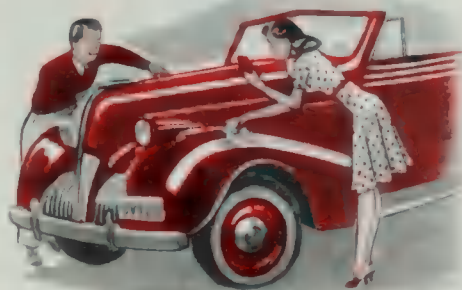
"Does he mean  
— ME?"



The Heart Throb was helping me plot how to pop the question to the old folks . . . when this floated out the window: "A rather untidy, careless young man, I'd say, Martha. Look at his car, for instance."



The H. T. nudged me. "Come on out to the garage," she whispered. "I've an idea." She rummaged a bit, then handed me a can. "This is Pa's private Du Pont No. 7 Polish," she said. "Let's change his ideas right now!"



Well, I never dreamed polishing could be that easy! In no time at all my old car was outshining the moon! Then we parked her out front, where her Pa just happened to see it a little later. One surprised look at the dazzling car, and he said, "Har-rumph! Er—how are you getting along at the office, Jim?"



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vided with can. Dries in 30 minutes.

Ronnie was on the point of refusal. But just as she started to shake her head Mrs. Peter Jeffries pulled her blue sedan out of the space in front and Dick Hendricks promptly pulled in his old jalopy.

Ronnie stared. Frieda Lewis was Dick's companion. But now Dick was jumping out. He was rushing around to open the door for Frieda and to help her to the curb. Not until he was assured of Frieda's complete safety did he send an inclusive glance toward Ronnie and Roger, and it was a pretty satirical glance.

Roger was amused.

"Well, Frieda!" he said. "You don't seem any too particular what you ride in, these days!"

Frieda put her hand over Dick's arm and hung on him.

"Why!" she said, "I'm simply crazy about that little old car!"

"Some girls," Dick explained, "happen to be a lot more particular about the company they're with than the car they're in. If you know what I mean."

That was final. A few minutes later Ronnie and Roger seated themselves at the soda fountain where Dick and Frieda were perched side by side. Dick, Ronnie noticed, was talking a lot and Frieda was laughing.

"Look—" Roger was saying. "You know that dance on the sixteenth—the one for the senior class—"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "how about going with me?"

Ronnie hesitated. She glanced at Dick, but Dick was still making Frieda Lewis laugh.

"The only thing is," Roger went on, "I hope you wouldn't mind if—well, it's a kind of a long run for a taxi. . . ."

"Oh, well—" Ronnie told him, "we could go in my car as far as that's concerned. . . . But I don't know. I had a sort of a date—"

Roger looked at her possessively.

"Forget it," he said.

It was at that very moment that Dick leaned toward Frieda Lewis and asked her if she wouldn't like another root beer. Ronnie actually heard him. She turned back to Roger.

"Maybe I will forget it!"

"Sure you will," he said, picking up the check in a lordly way. "But now maybe you'd like me to drive you home."

And he did drive her—in her car. He was, it seemed, a fool about driving. . . .

SO IT was that Roger Perry came into her life. Ronnie herself was a little surprised and not too pleased to find him there. But Roger was putting himself out to be pleasant—making a point, too, of being almost sensationally polite to Ronnie's parents.

He came over late one afternoon to find John Ferguson perfecting his putting on the newly clipped lawn.

"That's form, sir!" he cried enthusiastically. "That's what I call form!"

John Ferguson straightened his back and stared at the young man.

"There's one thing about that opinion," he admitted. "It's unique."

But Ronnie's mother turned, smiling, from her precious rose bushes.

"Don't let him tease you, Roger!"

She need not have bothered. Roger had a great deal of aplomb for one of his tender years. He smiled benevolently at Ronnie's parents and then he turned to Ronnie:

"I'm supposed to go over to Helm City this afternoon—pick up some fool package for my mother at the railway

express. I sort of thought you might like to come along."

"No," Ronnie said. "Helm City is no particular thrill for me."

He hesitated a second.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd be speaking out of turn if I—well, Ronnie, you wouldn't really mind lending me the car, would you?"

Ronnie looked a bit startled. Then she took the keys out of her pocket.

"Of course not!" she said. "Take it away!"

So Roger took the car away, turning very sedately around the corner of Wynperle Avenue. Marcia Ferguson smiled.

"That boy," she said, "has delightful manners!"

John Ferguson tapped his golf ball into the sunken cup.

"Well—yes," he agreed. "He's a regular Chesterfield. But what's happened to the Hendricks kid, Ronnie? I kind of miss falling over his feet every time I come up on the porch."

"Well, I don't!" cried Ronnie, with vehemence. "Because if a person doesn't care enough about another person than to mind the person having a darned old 1937 automobile—"

"Oh! I see. But this young Perry is being pretty big about it."

"Well, yes—he is."

"Just the same, I'd rather you didn't lend him your car, Ronnie."

"Well, all right," mumbled Ronnie, "but what are you supposed to say when people want to borrow your car?"

"Say no."

"Well, all right," Ronnie said again, consolately, "but I don't see why a car has to *complicate* a person's life the way it does!"

The beautiful summer afternoon continued to drag along in a dreadful, leaden way. Ronnie dispiritedly thumbed her way through several magazines—until the telephone rang.

She ran into the house and listened, her face gone very white, to the incoherent outburst at the other end of the line. She turned helplessly to her father, standing in the doorway.

"It's Roger—" she stammered. "It's the car—"

He took the telephone away from her. A few seconds later he put it down and stared at Ronnie.

"He's got a few cuts around his head. And he's skinned his knee, he says. Knee!"

Marcia Ferguson's eyes were widened over an armful of red roses.

"What—" she faltered. "Oh, John—"

"His knee! His knee! His knee!" shouted John Ferguson. "The coal truck runs into a coal truck—wrecks it—and gets out of it with a knee!"

He stalked into the living room, his wife and daughter trailed after him.

"Roger said," Ronnie put in, "the coal truck ran into him."

"Of course—" John Ferguson choked. "Oh, of course! . . . I'd better get hold of that con-

insurance agent—"

"Yes," Ronnie's mother said. "But, oh, bad—this whole thing— But, oh, isn't it a wonderful thing that he didn't really hurt himself!"

ROGER himself concurred more fully in this opinion. He was none the worse for his experience. His knee was not bothering him at all, the neat little white strips over his knee and cheekbones merely gave him a mildly adventurous look. He saw the top step of the front porch and Ronnie how quick-witted he had been.

"The thing I don't get," he admitted, "is this attitude your father seems to have. Anybody would almost think it's my fault! And besides, the car was practically covered, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ronnie said. "My father says it's not his fault."

He says he just isn't exact about a thing like that happening to a car."

"Anyway," Roger said, "you've been swell about it."

"Well, but my mother seems awfully glad you're still alive."

"I should think anybody would be," he assented warmly. "But, look, are they doing to that car?"

"Oh! The insurance company."



"It sure is good to see people still having fun in these horrid times."







# The Man She Loved

By John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Dexters loved their daughter Lila. So did Lord Devereaux. So did Joe. And so, apparently, did a horse in the sixth at Saratoga



MRS. DEXTER overheard Joe ordering chop. That was the way it began. They were late in going up to the diner and the tables were taken. The waiter gave them the occupied chairs at Joe's table. They nodded the way strangers nod to one another in a dining room and then everybody sat down and stared at them. The waiter returned a few minutes later and ordered the pork chop. "But, young man, you shouldn't eat pork," Mrs. Dexter told him, "you don't look well and you shouldn't eat pork—fried pork."

Lila broke the embarrassed silence that followed her mother's exclamation. "Tilly, darling," she said, "let the gentleman eat what he wants." She gave an apologetic smile. "Yes, Tilly," Charles said, "it's really none of your business, you know." That was how the Dexters met him. They spent the trip together in the club car. That was about the time the race-track special pounding through the mill north of Albany on its way to Saratoga.

Joe Clancy was a good-looking Irishman with an apprehensive scowl of a man watching his horse on the stretch. Years of gambling had drawn fine lines in his forehead that even sleep failed to erase. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter were a well-dressed middle-aged couple. Lila, their daughter, was not quite as beautiful as her mother. Her fine features, her long lashes and blue eyes were less noticeable than the impression of youth and confidence she gave. They were a confused and friendly couple and when the train drew into Saratoga Mrs. Dexter told Joe: "It was very nice to have met you. Will you be at the track tomorrow, and come up to the hotel for dinner on the first evening you're free." That was the last they saw of him. He turned and began to wave at a policeman and a crowd of people. "Redcap! Redcap! Redcap!" She was quite startled.

Twenty years earlier the Dexters had made a trip from the Saratoga depot to the Grand Hotel in a private carriage. It had been partly to commemorate the fact that they had returned. In the intervening years they had seen a great deal of change. On their first trip they had been people of wealth and position. People of extravagance and reckless speculation had introduced them to living in a modest apartment off the main street. Charles made money from selling cars.

Lila had finished secretarial school that spring and was going to work in the fall. Both her parents had owed her at least one glimpse of a world that was known rather well. They were giving it to her as a birthday present. It was largely for this reason that they were making a trip they could not afford to make in the world they had tried to forget.

"They haven't changed a thing," Mrs. Dexter said that evening, gesturing around the dining room of the Grand Hotel. Lila noticed a dark-haired man in a tuxedo approaching their table. "The same windows, Mrs. Dexter rattled on, "the same decorations—"

SHE stopped speaking when she became conscious of someone standing at their table. It was the man Lila had noticed. Mrs. Dexter gave him the rudeness of those who are very nearsighted. Then he smiled. "Lord Devereaux! Lord Devereaux! How young you look! Why, how young you've grown! You've grown so much younger since I saw you last. You've—"

She seemed confused. Then she smiled again with even more enthusiasm. "But you're Percy Devereaux, are you? You're Napier Devereaux! Little Napier Devereaux! For a minute I thought you were your dear father. How you've grown! How you've grown! Charles! Charles this is Percy Devereaux. My daughter, Lila."

The Englishman sat down at their table. He was a man in his thirties with a sharp, aristocratic face, a thin chin and dark, wet hair. He waited for the Dexters to finish their coffee and he joined them after dinner on the veranda. "Isn't it extraordinary, meeting you here?" Mrs. Dexter was saying. "Of all the places in the world, of all the people! You're here for the first time of course."

"No," Napier said quietly. "I abominate the East. I'm up here to take the cure. To drink the waters. My physician recommends them. I've been out to India y'know. Joined the Ragi cult. Done a lot of good. Made a new man out of me."

"That sounds wonderful," Mrs. Dexter said. "Doesn't that sound wonderful, Charles? Ragi is a very serious."

"Mysterious in a way," Napier went on. "But I'll tell you a series of sound hygienic (Continued on page 53)

We said goodbye. Out by the closed paddock. We kissed, but then he turned and walked off.



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sand lots everywhere, from factories and corporations with sponsored teams, from playground outfits, athletic clubs, and neighborhood groups. The first "national championship" in 1935 was a bit on the makeshift side, but in early 1936 Dumont had obtained sixteen responsible commissioners to supervise state and regional tournaments and, in Cleveland, he organized the National Semipro Baseball Congress.

There was devised a system of national semipro player contracts to prevent team-jumping and proselyting. This was followed by the formation of leagues to be self-supporting by a strict apportioning of gate receipts from regular playing schedules. He arranged state championships, regional title tournaments. He regimented umpiring ability by instituting a local training system. The best of these officials are rewarded annually with a trip to Wichita to work the tournament games under the appraising eye of Ernest Quigley, supervisor of umpires for the National League.

Dumont's rules for membership were so simple and costs so low that no one could step in and make a racket of any branch of the organization. State commissioners from the beginning were beyond reproach, and he points with pride to factors like Arthur B. Corey, Massachusetts commissioner, who is sheriff of the city of Concord; E. T. Williams, of Greenville, Arkansas, a medical doctor who finds time to act as semipro commissioner for the state; and Honorable Earl Welch, Oklahoma commissioner, who is also a judge in the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

### Professional Semipros

The free-for-all quality of the Dumont setup was particularly welcome because of the stranglehold on independent baseball in the big cities. The mere mention of semiprofessional baseball around New York City means Brooklyn's famed and prosperous Bushwicks and their limited number of opponents in the Metropolitan Baseball League; or the colored Pittsburgh Crawfords with their memorable battery of Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson; and the many bewhiskered House of David outfits.

The semipro booking situation in Metropolitan New York approximates a territorial monopoly. Most independent bookings must be made through the office of the late Nat Strong, and Max Rosner, two pioneers who grew wealthy by controlling semiprofessional baseball in the East for almost thirty years. They book traveling dates for the Cuban Stars, of Havana, and the Puerto Rico Stars, and collect booking fees from teams of the Metropolitan Baseball League.

Chicago's counterpart of the Strong-Rosner office is the A. M. Spaperstein's Sports Enterprises, which books for the Chicago American Giants, Cleveland Bears, Jacksonville Red Caps, Mohawk Giants of Schenectady, New Orleans Crescent Stars, Norfolk Virginia Grays, the bearded Davidites, the Puerto Rico Botafogos, and several nontraveling Chicago units.

These bottlenecks at Chicago and New York made the semiprofessional situation ripe for combat, because thousands of other strong teams went begging for dates in territories dominated by out-and-out professional players. Dazzy Vance received more from the Brooklyn Bushwicks in one season than he did for his last year with the Brook-

## Part-Time Baseball

Continued from page 18

lyn Dodgers. They paid Waite Hoyt \$150 a game, and not much less to George Earnshaw, another world-series hero, for two seasons after he quit big-league ball. The average salary of the line-up regulars approximates \$350 a month. Genuine semipros, who work and play, point to this as professional baseball, possible only at a sacrifice of open competition.

The Semipro Congress members pass up this high finance and the opportunity of playing headline heroes. They will sign a player from organized baseball, but none after June 1st. Thus the rosters are never top-heavy with big names of ability, and no team can head for the Wichita tournament with too-recent member of the professional leagues.

While some have tried to set him up as a czar of the semipros, a sort of Lan-

players have been spied and signed organized-baseball contracts, at prize pickup is Freddie Hutchinson, big right-handed pitcher. He left Wichita for a Tacoma team and then went to the Detroit Tigers via a \$50,000 and \$25,000 worth of

Joe Gordon, now with the N. Yankees, starred on two semipros in Portland, Oregon, the Wolfe Feders, before Scout Joe Devine placed him at the University of Oregon for the N. Yankees.

There is one drawback here, —the age of the players. They are grown men with steady jobs and families to maintain. Earning \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year at work can pick up from \$300 to \$500 playing the semipro schedule. Organized-baseball law rules that a player signed by a big-league team must be sent to a minor-league team at least a year, and that produce

Minor-league salary limits, et law, can't compare with the year-round job plus the semipro pickup since the regular job would have to be abandoned during the summer. In the smallest leagues, Class E, average pay per season, with a \$1,000 maximum. Class D pay averages \$900 a season, while Class C leagues pay a maximum of \$1,800 for stars, an average of \$1,200.

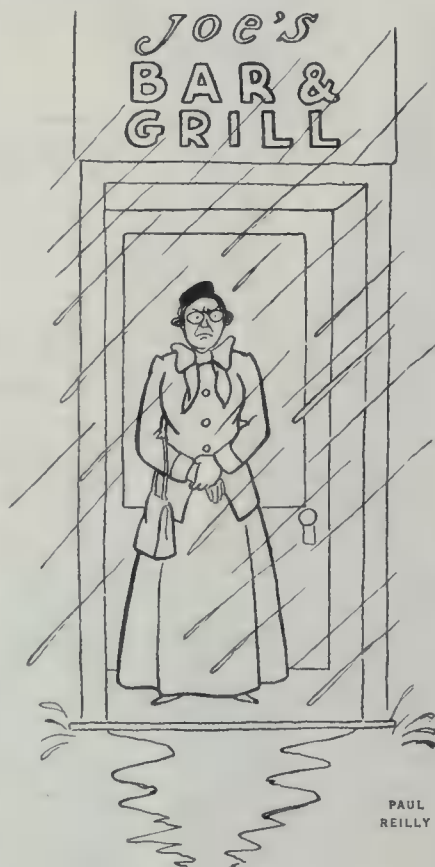
### A Really National Pastime

With a full schedule extending from early May to late August and thanks to little Dumont, the player of today considers himself in most instances than the kid in the smaller leagues, with or without the chain-store baseball. There are more than 150 member teams in the Baltimore alone. Down in Texas hail the Semipro Congress for a restored life to a game that had been as softball advanced. New York contains more than 100 teams along with the congress. Canada has clubs from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario.

The congress runs smoother than anything ever tried. There are no black and white rules, no Disobey and out you go, that's all if the players pay their quarterly dues (\$10 annually for a full year) carry their membership cards and follow the schedule according to ordinary ball rules—which is what has been thus far—all goes well.

The major leagues have blessed the idea through their promotion and by ready co-operation. Old Wagner, baseball immortal, helped the start as a high commissioner, which George Sisler now holds. Men of organized baseball watch madhouse tournament at Wichita year and gasped in amazement at the freshness, pace and relentless competition.

"That's because they have been too long in the delusion that baseball was confined to their little world of major and minor leagues," Dumont explains. "They called it the pastime, and never paused to think that kids and grownups need open competition, regular schedule, places to play. Well, some day we'll see the semipros using the parks when their teams are on the field. Then we'll really grow. Up to now just a half a million baseball nuts are having lots of fun. And, as president, having the most fun!"



dis with a final say in the destiny of sandlotters, Ray Dumont is anything but this.

"Somebody would've done it sooner or later," Dumont explains. "The country's full of baseball nuts like me—guys who either play the game or wish they could. Well, back in '31 there were too many who only wished they could. Then softball started to prove it. So now we have so many teams and leagues organized that no club anywhere in the United States or Canada goes begging for opponents, and we're only beginning."

"The program brings out all kinds of players—from the rich boys right down to the teams of CCC and WPA workers. It's loaded with color and fierce competition, because nobody's life or livelihood is at stake. Most of our players are everyday workers—earning from eighty to one-hundred-fifty a month steady as butchers, bakers, lumberjacks, factory hands and what not. They pick up from two to five bucks a game and play three times a week—two twilight contests and one on Sunday."

The big-league scouts are watching this baseball baby. Dumont reserves a special section for them during the Wichita tournament. Jack Ryan, of the St. Louis Cardinals, hasn't missed one since the first. Other scouts have found it an oasis of talent.

More than 200 Semipro Congress



## What Happened to France

Continued from page 10

provinces wrote to thank him for having saved their country from war, from bombs and their children's death. Old women on French streets knitted mittens for him "so that," as they wrote in their letters, written in a trembling hand, "he would not be cold on his airplane. . . ." All this apparently touching to Mrs. Chamberlain, a sweet and tender woman, who encouraged us and to persevere in the path of duty.

After Munich, ceased to be a popular one in England. English opinion had been forced to swallow Munich, for want of preparation in the air force. But she said that medicine very bitter and satisfaction less than honorable. She determined at once to make all the necessary in order never again exposed to such humiliation. In May, 1939, I went to Great Britain for a series of conferences that took me to the corners of the country. There I found that public opinion was now in the government. The latter was eager to adopt conscription; the government was energetically demanding it. I was English men and women of this said to me:

"We must not allow this man Hitler to dominate Europe; we must have a strong and a strong air force."

When I returned to Paris I wrote an article in which I declared that England would institute conscription in 1940. At that time most of my French friends said I was crazy, that Great Britain would never impose obligatory military service because one of her most cherished traditions was against it. But in March, 1939, conscription was introduced.

The entrance of the Germans into France was a painful blow to Neville Chamberlain and to all those who, with the support of a policy of appeasement, the British prime minister was and profoundly shocked. He determinedly hoped, in the face of the possibility, that Hitler would never attack German peoples. Now he was proved to the contrary. He became convinced—a fact of which many people were aware—one of Hitler's most determined opponents in England. It was the influence of this emotion and the fact that he unexpectedly gave me a guarantee. I was in America at the moment. Immediately I said to him: "This means war." For it was, on the one hand, that Germany would continue her policy of expansion, would attack Poland, and, on the other, that England would remain as she always has throughout history, to her formal, written com-

prompt return of England to the European political co-operation was necessary to a closer understanding of France. In June, 1939, the British alliance gave a formal dinner in Paris at which were present Hore-Belisha, British minister of war; Bonnet, French minister of foreign affairs; and General Gamelin. On that occasion Hore-Belisha announced that in time of war the British would be under the orders of the commander and that he was able to say "our General Bonnet." The latter remained impassive through prolonged applause. At the banquet we went with Hore-Belisha to the Polish embassy, where a great ball was being given; he showed by his presence the new

bond between England and Poland.

I retain a tragic memory of that occasion. It was a beautiful summer night. In the gardens of the embassy (formerly the de Sagan residence) the white marble sphinxes gleamed beneath the stars; an orchestra was playing Chopin waltzes and pots of red fire threw on the scene the glow of a conflagration. On the lawn beautiful women in crinolines (among them the two lovely daughters of the German ambassador) were dancing with Polish and French officers. We all thought the war was near, that Poland would be the first to be attacked and that this ball resembled the one given by Wellington in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Negligently sipping champagne, members of society discussed trifling subjects. There was talk of the maiden voyage of the Pasteur, and some of the persons present spoke of trips they were planning to South America.

A few days later Hore-Belisha returned, with Winston Churchill, for the review of July 14th. It was a magnificent occasion—Paris' last happy day. Never had the French army been more magnificent. We had assembled in that parade everything that constituted our glory; the chasseurs, the zouaves, the marines, the Foreign Legion and the regular infantry. Winston Churchill beamed. "Thank God for the French army," he said. We did not know at that time that the courage of men, their military virtues and the traditions of even the finest regiments are powerless when the mechanical equipment is not worthy of the army. The procession of tanks reassured the onlookers in the Champs Elysées and filled them with enthusiasm, but the latter were uninformed of the situation in Germany; they did not know that the Germans possessed many more tanks, more heavily armored, and invulnerable to our cannon.

IN THE afternoon Hore-Belisha came to see me at Neuilly with a colonel who was his aide-de-camp. He talked to me of the difficulties he was encountering in building up a British army:

"Conscription," he said, "is all well and good, but for the moment it is more a formula than a reality. I cannot call up all the men who have registered because I have neither equipment to give them nor officers to train them."

"What about the officers from the last war?" I asked.

"They do not understand the new weapons."

"And if the war were to break out tomorrow, how many divisions could you send us?"

"Right away? Not more than six."

That figure frightened me. I was even more terrified when I learned, a short while later, that our general staff had asked from England for the whole duration of a European war only thirty-two divisions. I remembered that in 1918 we had had as many as eighty-five British divisions and at that time the Americans, the Russians, the Italians and the Japanese were our allies; nevertheless, we won the war only by a hairbreadth. Here was cause for grave alarm.

Such was the opinion also of Georges Bonnet, who was then minister of foreign affairs. I heard him recount the following incident:

"A few days before the war," he said, "toward the end of August, 1939, I called into my office two of the commanders who were responsible for our army and our air force. I told them that we were drifting toward war and that if

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# BASIC COLLEGE WARDROBE

## HATS

- 1 snap brim for campus
- 1 snap brim for town
- 1 opera
- Optional: Cap or rain hat

## COATS

- Camel's hair polo coat or reversible balmacaan or tweed or covert
- Double-breasted gabardine with sheepskin lining
- Single- or double-breasted town coat
- Raincoat or finger-tip corduroy

## SUITS

- 1 covert, single-breasted, three-button notched lapel or tweed
- 1 worsted town suit, single- or double-breasted
- 1 flannel, single- or double-breasted
- 1 odd sports jacket

## SLACKS

- 1 covert
- 1 gray flannel

## SHIRTS

- 8 colored; 2 white
- 2 dress (stiff bosom for tails; pleated or soft collar-attached for dinner jacket)
- 2 wing collars

## GARTERS

- 2 pairs, solid color or striped

## HOSE

- 5 heavy wool
- 5 lisle or lightweight wool or silk
- 2 black silk for evening wear

## SHOES

- Heavy brogues of polished or reverse calf with gum rubber soles or black and white saddle shoes with rubber soles
- Black or brown town shoes
- Black patent leather oxfords or pumps
- Norwegian peasant slippers

## HANDKERCHIEFS

- 1 dozen white
- 1 dozen colored
- 3 silk foulard

## BELTS

- 1 narrow pigskin
- 1 club striped, or calf, etc.

## SUSPENDERS

- 2 for general wear
- 1 for evening wear

## TIES

- 1 dozen foulard, wool and stripe ties
- 2 bow ties
- 2 knit ties
- 2 black dress ties
- 2 white dress ties

## WAISTCOATS

- 1 white washable waistcoat with tail coat
- 1 black silk waistcoat with single-breasted dinner jacket
- 1 black silk cummerbund with double-breasted dinner jacket and white summer dinner jacket
- 1 fattersall flannel

## UNDERWEAR

- 6 shirts
- 6 shorts
- 1 robe, flannel or lightweight silk
- 3 pairs of pajamas

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Crew-neck Shetland sweater
- Dress set for tail coat and dinner jacket
- Collar pin
- Key chain
- Tie clasp
- Cuff links
- Wool or knitted muffler for cold weather
- White muffler for evening wear
- Leather jacket
- Knitted or fur-type gloves
- Pigskin gloves for town

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Your correct guide to college dress—all around the clock. Copies are available at ten cents each. Send coin or stamps to Collier's, The National Weekly, Department M.W., 250 Park Avenue, New York City, New York

Poland did not give in that war would be inevitable within a short period. 'Nevertheless,' I added, 'if you, the commanders of our armies, tell me that we have no serious chance of being victors, then I shall ask Poland to cede Danzig and the Corridor to the Germans. I know that in doing this I shall run grave risks. People will say that I have betrayed Poland after having betrayed Czechoslovakia. But that makes no difference to me. I prefer anything to the destruction of my country, which, moreover, would carry with it the destruction of Poland. Do not make the mistake of thinking that I have any illusions about the Germans' willingness to fight. Germany has been preparing for seven years for a European war and sooner or later she will make it, if she

cannot win by simple threat of war the hegemony she desires. But it might be to our interest to delay the outbreak. It might be to our interest to gain six months or a year which we could devote to an intense effort at rearmament. That's why I turn to you and ask: "Are there pressing military reasons for demanding this sacrifice from Poland?" They answered me, each one separately, that they saw no military reason for postponing the outbreak of war and that a delay would be as useful to Germany as to ourselves. In these circumstances there was nothing more I could do."

Nevertheless, he made a final effort. On the thirty-first of August, at one o'clock in the afternoon, François-Poncet, who had been appointed French ambassador to Rome, telephoned him

that Count Ciano had offered to call a conference to settle the Polish problem and also the other disputed claims. Georges Bonnet believed that the sincerity of Count Ciano was above question. Italy was not ready to engage in a campaign; her treaty with Germany still allowed her three years' respite; Italian public opinion was averse to war; the last interview between Count Ciano and Mr. von Ribbentrop was said to have been less than cordial; Italy could obtain without fighting, in the course of a conference, a large part of what she desired. Such a conference, therefore, seemed as much in Italy's interests as in those of France and England. Bonnet determined to do everything in his power to support this project. He went, so he told me, to see Daladier, informed him of the affair and added: "There is a meeting of the Council of Ministers at six o'clock this evening; I shall recommend the acceptance of the Italian proposal. I ask you to support me. In this way we shall confront Germany with a *fait accompli*."

Daladier promised. But Bonnet knew only too well the character of the premier. That evening at the meeting, Daladier, far from supporting him, fought against him. The Italian proposal was not definitely rejected but the council expressed the desire first to see the direct negotiations between Poland and the Reich continued. The official communiqué, published at nine o'clock in the evening, said simply: "The council took a unanimous stand in support of France's commitments." On the first of September at dawn the German army marched into Poland.

THE next day at 2:15 P. M. Bonnet, who was in his office at the Quai D'orsay, heard his telephone ring, picked up the instrument and was astounded to hear, with no preliminaries: "This is Count Ciano. I have in my office Mr. François-Poncet and Sir Percy Lorraine. I believe that it is still possible to take up the subject of a conference. . . ."

Georges Bonnet promised Count Ciano not to send a definite ultimatum to Germany until the next day, Sunday, at noon. At this point there occurred a very strange episode which, I believe, has never been explained until now. It is known that France, in conformity with the promise given by Georges Bonnet, waited before sending her ultimatum until Sunday at noon and, before declaring war, until five o'clock. England, on the contrary, declared war on September third at eleven o'clock in the morning. Here is the reason for this strange procedure:

Contrary to the state of affairs at the time of Munich, English public opinion in 1939 was extremely hostile to the idea of a new capitulation. The members of Parliament who had just had the opportunity during their vacations of talking with their constituents had been struck by the extraordinary determination of the whole population. Convinced that war was inevitable, the English masses thought it better to get it over with quickly. The members of Parliament had been much impressed by this state of popular opinion and they were determined not to let Mr. Chamberlain show the same weakness as in the preceding summer. The result was that on the third of September at nine o'clock in the morning, Lord Halifax called Georges Bonnet by telephone and said to him:

"I am aware of the reasons which prevent you from sending your ultimatum before noon, but we have not made the same promises to Count Ciano and we are obliged to send ours this morning. The House of Commons convenes at noon and if the prime minister appears there without having fulfilled his promises to Poland he may be over-

thrown by a unanimous motion of indignation. . . ."

This is why two allied nations declared war at an interval of five hours. Thus on the third of September war began for which Germany had been preparing for a long time, while England and France were unready and which Germany, by its premeditated adroitness, contrived to make France and England declare.

Today one can say that the war was lost, so far as France was concerned, at the very moment it was begun.

IT WAS lost because we did not have enough airplanes, or enough anti-aircraft guns, or enough armor, or enough reserves of men and riches. It was because our ally had only a tiny part of what we lacked. It was because we did not possess the means of which would have permitted us to take quick advantage of his reserves of men and riches.

In the course of the war, about which I spoke at the beginning of this article, Winston Churchill gave a figure of speech that was striking. When I asked him, in London, at the time of the San Remo conference, given in and allowed the Italians to have their way.

"Have you ever," he asked me, "served the habits of lobsters? They plied that the habits of lobsters have never been one of my principal occupations."

"Well," he said, "if you have the opportunity, study them. They are interesting. At various periods of life, the lobster loses his protective armor. At this moment of molting the crustacean retires into a crevice, the rock and there waits patiently for a new carapace has time to form. As this new armor has grown, the lobster sallies out of the crevice and is once more a fighter, lord of the sea. In England, through the fault of its and cowardly ministers, has lost its place; we must wait in our crevice until the new one has had time to grow."

Circumstances, alas, were such that France and England to sally out of their crevices, without a carapace, to fight against the most terrible of enemies.

In the following articles we shall explain why the Allies failed to take advantage of the eight months' respite granted them to rebuild and strengthen their armaments.

We shall show how Hitler, by his "I'll make their war fall to their hands," succeeded in doing that; how the clash of personalities, particularly the rivalry between Daladier and Reynaud—impeded the conduct of the war, and why the troops were not trained for the kind of combat in which they would be upon to engage.

We shall see why the German army met with such stunning success. We shall describe the life in Paris during the last days of the campaign and tell how England learned the armistice and how the British leaders reacted to the news.

Circumstances, unhappily, did not allow the author to observe the whole of this tragic venture at firsthand—in the armies in the field where he was a son officer, and in part in Paris, where he chanced to know some of the political leaders.

Painful though it is for a Frenchman to recall events that have brought terrible consequences to his country, he considers the truth, which he sets forth, less harmful to France than certain unfounded stories that have gained currency.

He will tell only what he has seen, withholding nothing.

The second of this series of articles will appear next week.





# Mr. and Mrs. Jim Post add up the cost of their World's Fair Vacation

... and Jim wins an argument

... and Mrs. Jim a new dress!



**Jim:** It was grand, Jim—like a second honeymoon. But I told you before we left it would cost us at least \$100. You're wrong there, Amy. Wait 'til I see the figures. First, two round trip tickets to New York on the Pennsylvania Railroad from Canton, Ohio—\$32.50. Right?



**Mrs. Jim:** Yes, but what about that wonderful first day in Washington? That must have cost plenty.

**Jim:** Free stopover, my dear, on the Pennsylvania—so that cost us nothing. Hotel, \$4; three meals for two, \$4.50; sightseeing, \$3.10. \$11.60 altogether—dirt-cheap!



**Mrs. Jim:** But Ben Franklin would never have called us thrifty in Philadelphia.

**Jim:** Only extravagance there, Amy, was extra portions of that Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Hotel, meals, seeing the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, Betsy Ross House, everything—\$10.00, that's all.



**Mrs. Jim:** Yes, but what about those three heavenly days in New York?

**Jim:** Saw everything, didn't we? Our hotel right near the Pennsylvania Station. You gadding about the stores, I giving Broadway the once-over. \$23.35 for 3 days—yep, the whole shooting match!



**Jim:** But Jim! You didn't add in the air.

**Shucks!** County fairs have cost us \$100. Four admission tickets—\$2. "Rail-on Parade"—25c each. Hot dogs, sandwiches, ice cream—a dollar. That's all!



**Mrs. Jim:** All right, now add it up. It still sounds like \$100 to me.

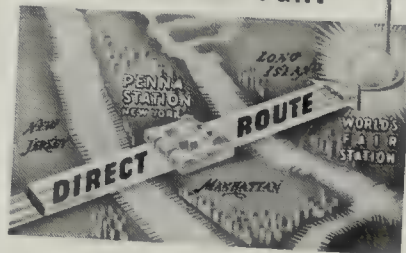
**Jim:** This is one time I win. Thirty-two fifty ... \$11.60 ... \$10.00 ... \$23.35 ... \$3.50 ... \$5.00 for incidentals ... grand total World's Fair visit: \$85.95\*!



**Mrs. Jim:** Wonderful, dear! And the difference will buy me a nice new dress. You don't mind, do you, dear?

**Jim:** No-o-o-o. Fact is, I never thought myself a Fair visit would cost so little.

And this "Direct Route" made it so convenient for "Mr. and Mrs. Jim" to go to the Fair.



As your Pennsylvania train glides into Pennsylvania Station, New York, merely step to waiting electric train... and in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair! No confusion or inconvenience.

See how little Fares to the Fair are!

Examples of 60-day Round-Trip Coach Fares to New York

From Chicago	\$27.25
From Cleveland	\$17.15
From St. Louis	\$31.75
From Cincinnati	\$22.55

Still lower fares on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

Ask about low Pullman fares

**Hard to believe** that you can enjoy a World's Fair vacation—and cover so much of scenic and historic interest—for so little money. But it's a fact. Look into the low fares Pennsylvania Railroad quotes for both Pullman and Coach travel. Go straight to the gate by its "Direct Route" or via Washington, Philadelphia, Niagara Falls at

**NO EXTRA COST** from many western points. New Travel Credit Plan for purchasing railroad tickets and new low all-expense tours make World's Fair vacations possible for everybody—ask Ticket or Travel Agents about them. Above all, go to the Fair—there's no attraction that offers so much in fun, thrills and education for so little money!

\*Cost figures are given as examples only and are subject to variation depending upon hotels and restaurants selected.

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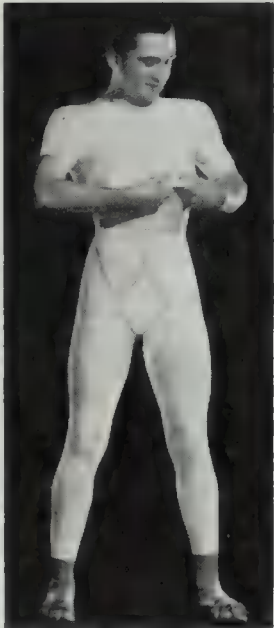
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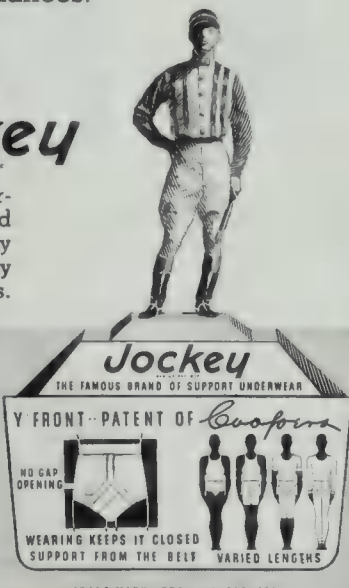
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A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions

Right  
**JOCKEY OVER-KNEE**  
Keeps trousers from wrinkling



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## The Man She Loved

Continued from page 52

laws though. Breathing exercises in the morning. Strict diet. No tobacco. Nothing worldly. Seat of the soul in the diaphragm and all that sort of thing."

"Lila, did you hear that?" Mrs. Dexter asked. "Napier has joined the Ragi cult. I'm sure Lila would love to hear about the Ragi cult." She stood. There was something hurried about her departure that even she could not conceal. "Come along, Charles, come along. You know we have a lot to do. Let Napier tell Lila all about the Ragi cult. Good night, Napier. Good night, Lila." Then she disappeared into the lobby, followed by her confused husband.

ONCE upstairs Mrs. Dexter spent a long time pacing the floor of her bedroom. She had begun to imagine a birthday present that was more spectacular and enduring than any month at Saratoga. Her days were numbered, she knew, and her funds were limited, but on her side was an old and distinguished family that would be as important to Napier as the color of Lila's eyes.

Fate was generous, she thought, and she felt her eyes smarting with tears. She had been dealt an unexpected hand and she knew exactly how to play it.

"That's him, sir," Joe whispered. "Look, Miss Dexter, look, that's Juan."

In Manhattan the milk wagons would still be making their rounds. It was very early. The wet grass spotted Lila's riding boots. The breath of the horses who were crossing the road and coming up toward the track smoked on the cool air. "Look, Miss Dexter, look," Joe whispered. "They sold him last year. For nine hundred dollars. I saw him in Havana. Look at his legs. Look at that chest. Did you ever see anything like it?"

They moved over to the rail. Juan, Joe's favorite, entered the track. He took two furlongs easily and then their hands tightened on the rail when they heard that faint, profound pounding rise up from the homestretch on the other side of the field. He was going then, rocketing down the track, pounding the loose dirt for everyone to hear. They eased him off again. "Nobody knows who he is," Joe said, "oh, glory be!"

"Where's Casanova?" Charles asked. "Over there," Joe said, "the black one with the blinders."

"That's mine," Charles said, "that black one's mine."

"Aren't they beautiful, Miss Dexter?" Joe said. "Did you ever see anything as beautiful?"

The sun was higher. More and more horses, blanketed and bandaged like feudal mounts, were filing across the road. That was early in the second week of the Dexters' stay at Saratoga and Joe and Lila and Charles were already familiar figures at the morning workouts.

Mrs. Dexter did not join them. She had her own work to do. She spent her morning walking up and down the drink hall of the spa with Napier, drinking a glass of saline water. She began with the long and distinguished history of her family. Then she turned her talk to more personal subjects. "Lila is such a lonely child, such a lonely and sensitive child," she said. "Of course you wouldn't think it to see her, but a great deal of her gaiety is bravado, sheer bravado. She feels that so few people understand her. She enjoys talking with you. She found you so different from the men, mere boys, that she knows."

"Really," Napier said.

"It's unkind of me," she said, "to burden you with my troubles. But I'm

not a young woman any longer. and there are so few people I care to confide in. But I do worry about Lila. She needs someone to take care of someone understanding. Beneath that gaiety is a great sadness and ing. She tries to conceal it from me. She's so considerate. But I know!"

In the evenings Mrs. Dexter saw Napier and Lila were left together. She felt assured of the success of her plan in Lila's frequent references to Napier and in the covetous and melancholy glances Napier gave her daughter.

Joe Clancy had rented a car for a month and he usually drove the Dexters out to the track. In those few weeks he had come to feel that he was a member of their family. It was a casual and unself-conscious relationship whose strength he would not know until it came time to say goodbye.

One day when Lila and Joe and Charles were in the paddock, Mrs. Dexter accepted a dinner invitation for herself and her husband. She forgave until the end of the seventh race. They were working their way out to the parking lot when she remembered the engagement. She and Charles were already there. Lila and Joe were following. They turned and called over the heads of the crowd: "You take Lila home, Joe. We're driving out with the Van Kirk. For dinner. You eat dinner with Napier, darling. He'd like that. You take her home, Joe, take good care of her." Then her voice grew faint and she was carried off by the crowd.

The main road to town was choked with traffic and Joe took a back-country road.

"Do you want me to leave you at the hotel, Miss Dexter?" he asked.

"Don't call me Miss Dexter."

"All right," he said.

"My name is Lila," she said. "Come Lila. And don't take me back to the hotel. Take me for a ride. A long ride. She slumped in the seat and crossed her legs and lit a cigarette.

JOE raced the car over the dirt road of the Saratoga plain for some time before he spoke again. He finally moved a question: "What about Lord Deaux?"

"Oh, he'll be all right. He's not expecting me." She moved closer in the seat to Joe. It was not a flirtatious move. It was candid and friendly. "Tell me about yourself," she said. "Tell me about where you come from and where you want to do and where you're going."

"I come from Chicago," he said abruptly. "I'm a gambler. When I'm not I wait on table. I like horses. I—"

His voice lapsed into something that seemed static. "You don't want to know about me," he said.

They drove another five miles without speaking. They passed through a small village. When they passed a saloon Lila made Joe stop.

"You don't want to go into a place like that," he said.

"Oh, yes I do," she said. He followed her and she ordered drinks for both of them.

After a few beers Joe felt more at ease. He began to talk. He told her he was an orphan, that he had worked as a street boy, an exercise boy and a bookie's runner and that he occasionally ran enough to live as a gambler. He made a killing that spring in Belmont. He told her the story of his life, long history of rooming houses and fortune, without an interruption. He was going to wait and see Juan run in



My stakes," he said, "and then, win or lose I'm going to drop it all. It's a bad racket and I'm just beginning to see it. I'm tired." His story ended abruptly as it had begun.

They drove back in the dusk.

"What about Lord Devereaux?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I like him," Lila said. "He's very nice. Mother likes him too. As a matter of fact, I may marry him—if he asks me."

The sun had set. From the distance came the hooting of a train and the rumble of freight cars.

"Napier has a big house in England," Lila said. "Mother's been there. She likes it."

They crossed a bridge and at the next crossing they found the striped awnings down, the lanterns still swinging. A locomotive rounded the bend. Freight cars passed slowly through the glare of Joe's headlights.

"Mother says his house has a moat and it," Lila was saying. "And it has towers and—"

"What's the matter, kid?" Joe asked. "What's the matter?" He put his arm around her shoulder. He was awkward. "Nothing. I was just thinking how you must be. Never staying in one place. Traveling all the time. Oh, stupid; I'm such a fool." She wiped her eyes with a handkerchief. The car rumbled past. The gates went up. They started back to town.

They finished the ride without speaking. She said good night to him in front of the hotel and there was something something self-conscious in the way she spoke, the way they avoided facing each other.

"OLD still," Mrs. Dexter said, "hold still." She was tying her husband's tie. "Stop sticking your neck out." "I've got a hunch on that horse," Lila said, "the black one."

"Stop talking about horses," she said, "tell me what Napier told you. You don't told me a thing yet."

"Oh, he said the usual things. He said I ought to tell me."

"Tell you what?" "That he liked Lila. That he would consider it an honor to marry into your family. Does he know we're broke, by any chance?"

"Of course he knows we're broke. He and well-connected. I've told him."

"Well, he said he would consider it an honor to marry into your family. He didn't say anything about my family. And he said he felt that he ought to tell me his intentions were serious. That's all."

She gave the tie a last touch and stepped away.

"That's fine," she said.

"I don't think it's so fine," he said. "I can't help it, darling, but I've never liked that sort of Englishman."

"I didn't mean that. I meant the tie. But I think it's fine about Napier too. It really is, Charles."

Mrs. Dexter sat down at her dressing table and began to comb out her hair.

"That black devil," Charles said, "Casanova. I've got a hunch. I had a dream about him."

"Casanova who, dear?"

"The horse. The one that ran Tuesday. The big black one."

"Yes, it's fine," she said. "It will be such a nice change for Lila, living in England."

MRS. DEXTER was patient. Morning after morning she discussed her distinguished antecedents. Napier told her he was tired of cattle millionaires and theatrical people and that her modest and well-born family was a relief. It was her best card with an English nobleman, she knew, and she played it shrewdly. In the third week her patience was rewarded. Napier told her the nature of his intentions and outlined his plans. He would cancel his passage to England and spend the fall and winter in New York. Their engagement could be announced after Christmas if Lila were willing, and they could be married in the summer. He asked Mrs. Dexter to notify Lila and he arranged to meet them all at the hotel at four that afternoon for a discussion of the situation.

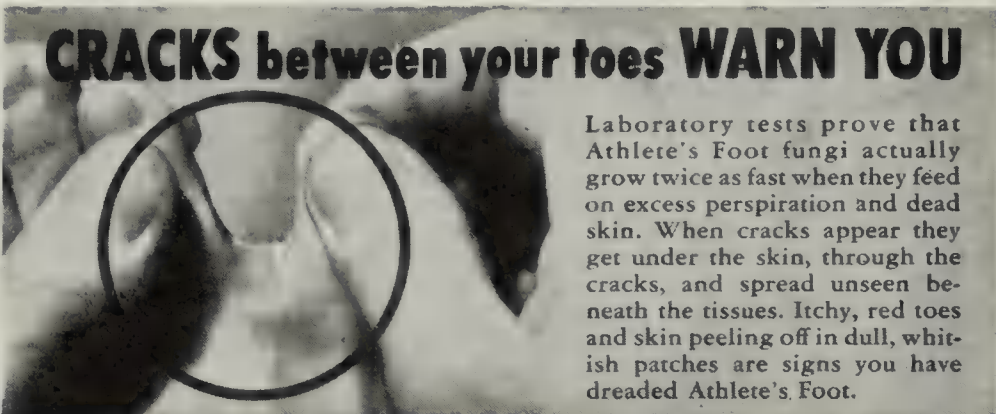
Returning to the hotel that morning, Mrs. Dexter felt a happiness she had never known before. In the taxi she anticipated the scene over lunch when she would announce the good news. But when she hurried into their suite she found a note propped up on the parlor mantel. "Lunching with Joe," it read. "See you out at the track. Love, L."...

The usual things that delayed Mrs. Dexter, the loss of her glasses and the fact that her watch had stopped, kept her from getting out to the track that



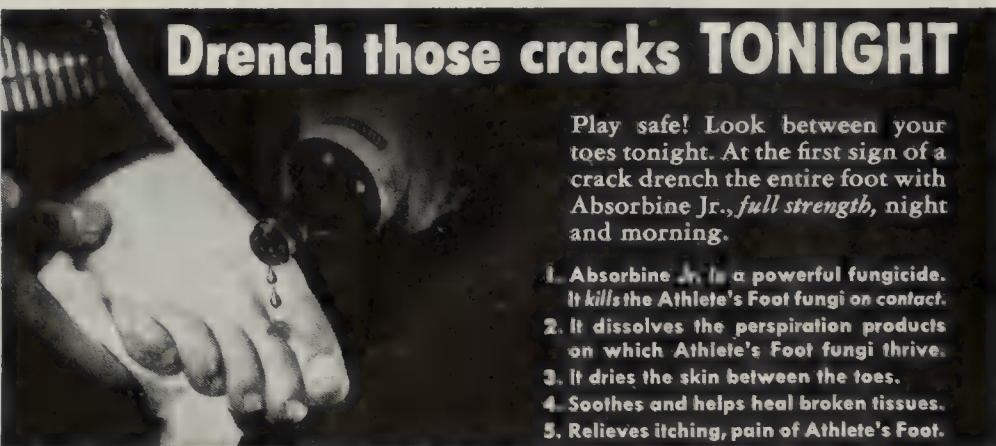
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## CRACKS between your toes WARN YOU

Laboratory tests prove that Athlete's Foot fungi actually grow twice as fast when they feed on excess perspiration and dead skin. When cracks appear they get under the skin, through the cracks, and spread unseen beneath the tissues. Itchy, red toes and skin peeling off in dull, whitish patches are signs you have dreaded Athlete's Foot.



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Play safe! Look between your toes tonight. At the first sign of a crack drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

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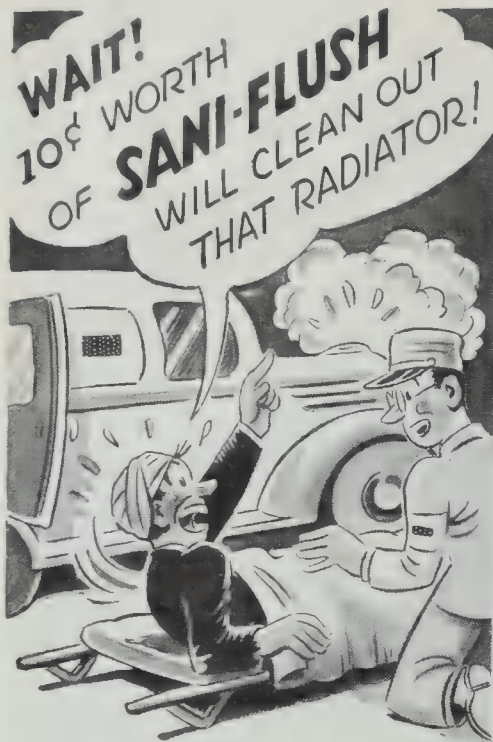
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"He makes it look easier than it really is"

CHARLES PEARSON





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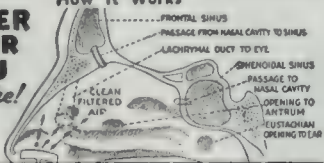
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afternoon in time for the first race. Charles had gone on ahead and when her taxi entered the grounds they were saddling the horses for the second. She gave the driver a large tip and hurried onto the terrace. Lila and Joe and Charles were sitting there quietly. "Hello, hello, hello," Mrs. Dexter sang. Charles and Joe stood. "Hello, Charles. Hello, Joe. Hello, Lila. I expected to have lunch with you today, Lila. I have something very important to tell you. Vermouth, un peu de vermouth," she told a waiter. "What are you looking so glum about, Charles? And you, Joe. You look ill, both of you."

"Shall we go?" Charles asked Joe.

"All right."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"To bet."

"Well, wait a minute. I want to pick a horse. It's no fun watching a race unless you have some money on it. Or is it?" She rapped the program with her glasses and scanned the entries. "Crepe," she said. "That's a pretty name. Don't you think that's a pretty name, Lila? Put two dollars on Crepe for me."

The two men walked off.

"WELL what are they looking so glum about?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Oh, Dad has a hunch," Lila said. "A horse named Casanova. He's putting his bank book on the nose."

"But why should that make him glum?"

"I don't know. He's not sure. The price is too good and a hunch is a hunch."

"What's the matter with Joe?"

"Same trouble. He's got a horse running in the Holly stakes. Sixth race. A horse named Juan. He's been watching him all year. A long shot."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why the men come out to the track if it's going to make them so unhappy," Mrs. Dexter said. "Oh, I forgot. I've a very important message for you from Napier. Terribly important. I wanted to tell you at lunch but I missed you. I went out to the spa with Napier this morning. And—"

Joe and Charles returned to the table. They sat down. They were very unhappy.

"Well, to get back to Napier," Mrs. Dexter said. "I went out to the spa with him this morning and—"

"There they go," Charles groaned. He was leaning forward a little as if his stomach pained him.

The sweet, desultory fall of hoofs came to them there as the entries filed up from the paddock. The jockey's silks burned in the sun.

"Which is he?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Which is he?"

"Number four," Joe said.

"That black one? Well, I don't think Crepe is an awfully good name for that horse. Do you, Charles? Do you think they ought to name a black horse Crepe? Why, I think that's gruesome."

"That's not Crepe," Charles said. For one of the few times in his life he spoke to his wife with impatience. "That's Casanova. The one with my money. Crepe is the bay. Number six."

"Oh, I see."

Checked, bridling, the entries paraded up by the clubhouse. They turned and cantered over toward the barrier.

"Well, as I was saying," Mrs. Dexter began again, "I went out to the spa with Napier. He wants to see us all. This afternoon. I told him we'd meet him at the hotel at four. He said—" She stopped speaking when she realized that her rather penetrating voice was falling on an unnatural silence. Everyone was watching the horses. They were at the barrier.

The bell rang. That profound, heart-breaking mutter of *they're off* went up like an articulate roll of thunder and was

heard by the farmers cultivating their gardens two miles away. The backstretch smoked, the entries streaking, drumming the loose dirt, going faster than anything you can imagine and somehow not fast enough. The numbers went up: the favorite, a horse named Morristown, Crepe, and then Casanova. At the far turn a horse named Battlebridge came up.

Charles said nothing. His hat was drawn down over his eyes. At the turn the favorite rode way out and then it was a horse named Lairdson, Crepe, Casanova, and Battlebridge. Then Lairdson lost out and it was Crepe, Casanova, with Crepe on the rail, and then it was Crepe and Battlebridge, with Casanova nearly seven lengths behind, and then it was Crepe.

The excited roar of the crowd died down into a few heated arguments. A silence settled over the Dexters' table. Charles was staring into his empty glass. Joe was examining his shoes. Lila looked sick. Mrs. Dexter was the only one who seemed unconcerned, but it was a long time before even she spoke. "Well, I've won twenty dollars," she said quietly. "Here, Joe, take my ticket and get the money. Whisky for the men," she told a waiter, "and I'll have vermouth."

When the drinks were finished, Charles and Mrs. Dexter left. Lila promised to leave after the next race and meet them at the hotel. It was not until they were alone together in the taxi that Mrs. Dexter asked Charles how much he had lost.

"A thousand. All we have. I don't know how we'll pay the hotel bill. Poor Lila. We'll have to go back tomorrow. Poor kid."

"I have my jewelry."

"Yes."

They rode for sometime without speaking. They were both thinking the same thing. She was the one who mentioned it. "There's always Lord Devereaux," she said; "he'll stake us."

"Yes," he said tiredly, "there's always Lord Devereaux."

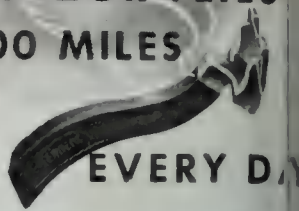
THEY were back at the hotel, counting their change, when they heard the metallic sound of a key in the lock. The door shot open, banging the wall, and Lila came in. She looked as if she had been running. Her hair was loose and she was carrying her hat. She ran through the parlor into the bedroom. "I'll go," Mrs. Dexter said.

"It's Joe," Lila sobbed. "After you and Dad left we just sat there and had a drink and I made a two-dollar bet on the next race. Then I said I ought to go, and he said all right. Then he said he thought we ought to make it goodby. He said he was going to leave the track for good, win or lose. He said we wouldn't see each other any more. So then he walked out toward the gates with me. We said goodby. Out there by the closed paddock. You know. We kissed but then he turned and walked off and I felt as if they were tearing my arm away from me. I didn't know it could be like that. I can't live without him."

Mrs. Dexter said nothing. She let her arm rest on her daughter's shoulders. Then she stood and left the room, closing the door after her. She hesitated in the corridor between the parlor and the bedroom. It was the time to make a decision, but she was too bewildered, too stunned, to think. Her hard work had been mistaken and in vain. She was unprepared for this. When she entered the parlor Charles was shouting into the telephone: "I don't care if they haven't run the sixth yet. Get him for me, get Joe for me and tell him to come to Charlie Dexter's hotel. Tell him it's important. No. It's nothing about a horse." He slammed down the receiver.

Fifteen minutes later Joe came into

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om. "She's in there," Mrs. Dexter gesturing toward the bedroom. He in and she closed the door after her. The telephone began ringing. Charles answered it.

Lord Devereaux calling on Mr. and Mrs. Dexter," the clerk said.

and him up," Charles said.

They retreated to their chairs and waited. They heard the creak of the elevator mounting its shaft. They heard a rap on the door. "Come in," Mrs. Dexter said. "Oh, Napier!"

Napier stood by the door, waiting for someone to take his hat and stick. Then he stepped on the floor, the hat upturned like a receptacle.

"Don't people ever put ashes in it?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"What?"

"Your hat?"

"Nonsense, no!"

"Stop it, Charles, stop it!" Mrs. Dexter said impatiently. "It's the heat," she explained, fanning herself with a handkerchief; "it's the frightful heat. It made us all ill-tempered. Can I order some iced tea, Napier?"

"Thank you, no," he said. "Never mind. Frightful stuff. Is Lila here?"

"Lila?" Mrs. Dexter asked first her husband. Her time was wasted. It was the decision of her life that she should have the greatest consequences, the strain of making it told on her.

"Lila? No, she's not here right now. Her voice was lifeless. 'She went out a minute.'"

She began fanning herself again. In the silence she heard Joe and Lila's voices from behind the closed door.

"I wonder where Lila is?" she said, raising her voice. "She's not exuberant. There's something you don't know, Napier. I should have known before. Lila has never been so punctilious."

"I—" Napier began.

"No, no," she sang, "don't interfere. I feel that I ought to tell you that Lila is frequently late. Sometimes as much as a day late. She's not the sort of person you can depend upon. In New York we never know where she is. Sometimes gone for days at a time. Sometimes for weeks. Last winter she disappeared for three weeks. In the city. We never tell the police. It's something you must remember if you're married. Never call in the city. You can't tell where you're going to find her. Frightfully embarrassing." Mrs. Dexter's face blanched and his mouth opened as she spun. Mrs. Dexter had been circling the room slowly, picking up and blowing imaginary dust from the loose object she passed. "I've always thought of it as amnesia," she went on, arching her harried imagination for a moment. "Personally, I've always thought

of it as amnesia. At least, that's the most discreet way of looking at it. Don't you think? There's nothing hereditary about amnesia. Or is there? Personally, I've always thought of it as amnesia.

"Now when we were playing Reading, Pennsylvania," she said, and her flagging imagination seemed to have taken on new strength, "when we were playing Reading, Pennsylvania, she disappeared for nearly a month. Remember, Charles? We were playing a theater there called the Opera House. I did a little number with a rose between my teeth. Charles did a buck-and-wing. Did you know Charles can do a buck-and-wing? Or perhaps we haven't told you about our theatrical life. Or have we?"

"You haven't." The voice was the voice of an outraged man.

"Yes," she said tiredly, airily, "we were in the theater for years and years. Lila was born backstage. In a theater called the Strand. That was in Omaha, Nebraska. Her middle name is Strand. Lila Strand Dexter. Nice, don't you think? We were playing the intermission at a burlesque house then. Remember my costume, Charles? And that little number I sang." She stood in the center of the floor, swaying a little to some remembered melody.

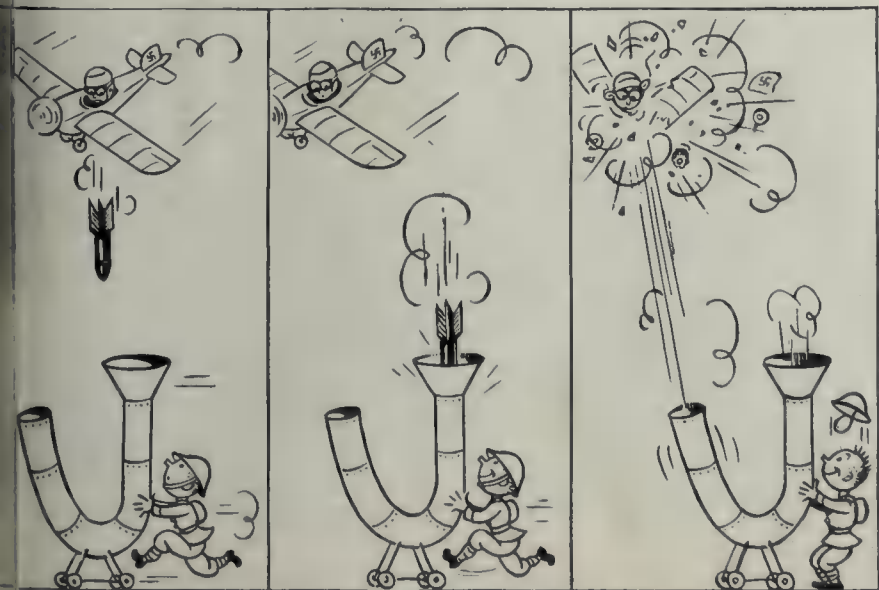
For all her chattering, her absent-mindedness, her indiscriminate collection of friends, no one, until then, could ever have accused Tilly Dexter of anything that was either comic or undignified. She was a woman who cherished her dignity, and now that she was destroying it, it was with a great effort. She took three steps, first to the left, then to the right and made a frank attempt to kick. Her face was flushed with the exertion and her hair was coming loose. She began to sing:

"I'm not too young and I'm not too old,  
I'm not too hot and I'm not too cold—"

The door slammed on Lord Devereaux.

IT WAS in the prolonged silence that followed Lord Devereaux's departure that they became conscious of the silence from the further room. Lila and Joe had stopped talking. Then Mrs. Dexter began to cry. She wept quietly, bitterly. Charles went to her and he felt her thin shoulders shaking under his arm. "There's no reason to cry, Tilly," he said quietly. "She has what she wants. That's what we came for. There's no reason to cry."

He stood and went to the window. The races were over and the crowds in their summer clothes were coming back into town. "Extra! Extra!" a newsboy was crowing. "Long shot takes Holly stakes by four lengths! Juan wins Holly stakes! Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"



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## HEMISPHERE OR QUARTER-SPHERE

**C**ONSIDERABLE crawfishing on the Monroe Doctrine is being suggested here and there.

It's argued that the South American countries below the Brazil bulge are more in tune with Europe than with the United States; that if we undertake hemisphere defense it will be an ungrateful task at best, so we'd better be careful how we team up with South American countries whose political views don't match ours. We're urged to retire to a policy of quarter-sphere defense—try to hook Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Central America and Mexico into our defense orbit, and let the rest of South America go by. We seem to sense a confusion of thought in all this. Are we out to spread democracy just now, or are we out to defend our own democracy?

The Monroe Doctrine was first thundered in a time of blood and terror much like the present; and it was not based on idealism, or on the proposition that it is our duty to spread democracy like a gospel. The idea was to keep this nation strong in the Western Hemisphere.

James Monroe was not telling the South American republics what kind of government to establish when he uttered the famous Doctrine. He was thinking about protecting the United States against European interference. Curiously, the same kind of ideas that the Austrian Hitler is preaching today, another Austrian, Prince Metternich, was urging more than a century ago. We didn't want Europe's battles to be fought on American soil in 1824 and we still don't in 1940. What sort of government our neighbors arrange for themselves is their business. Any expeditionary force from Europe that seeks to impose a European system upon American people, North or South, is our business by the Monroe Doctrine.

Defense should come first, for the present. We can go back to spreading the gospel of democracy after we've insured our own democracy.

## STATE SPLITTERS WEAKENING

**W**E QUOTE from a recent issue of Highway Highlights, a valuable publication got out by the National Highway Users' Conference, Washington, D. C.:

Kansas guardians of the ports of entry, the border patrol, have been asked by the chief executive to go out of their way to build good will with tourists. The governor is quoted as "requesting the patrol to take off their coats and help a tourist change a tire if necessary," asserting that many reports about the Kansas port-of-entry system are tending to discourage motorist travel.

A far better way for Kansas to build good will, of course, would be simply to abolish the port-of-entry system—that state-border scrofula which has been spreading alarmingly, and which, if it isn't stopped, will break up this country into a lot of hostile nations, Balkan style.

We're hoping such abolition will come in time, not only on the Kansas borders but also on the borders of all states now maintaining little camouflaged customhouses for the bleeding of "foreign" trucks and the annoyance of tourists.

The fact that the Kansas governor is telling his border patrolmen to mind their manners is an encouraging sign. When little job holders get orders from big job holders to act as if the public was composed of ladies and gentlemen, it usually means the big job holders are afraid of something. In this case, we suspect the Kansas big shots fear that the port-of-entry racket is in danger of being rubbed out by an enraged public opinion.

Hope so, anyway—and that friends of the interstate free-trade system that made the United States the world's wealthiest country will redouble the fight to restore interstate free trade.

## LADIES AT THE WHEEL

**I**T'S no doubt cruel to stab at popular delusions; stirs up so many people to the disagreeable activity of thinking. Here goes, though:

Dr. Harry R. DeSilva, research expert, has just finished a study of 3,000 motorists, picked practically at random from among Connecticut's motoring population, in an effort to find out how much there really is in the popular belief that women are far worse drivers than men.

Dr. DeSilva's statistics boil down to this: That in this cross section of 3,000 motorists, women drive about half as much mileage as men but get into only one third as many accidents.

Which shows, the doctor unfeelingly points out, "that women are still safer drivers, and that they do not have fewer accidents merely because there are fewer women drivers."

In case it's objected that the doctor didn't study enough drivers to get a true picture, there is the gritty fact that in the auto accidents which took about 32,600 lives in this country last year only 6.6% of the drivers involved were women.

Here's one crumb of comfort for the gents, though. From our observation, when you do see a bum lady driver leaping from lane to lane and performing signals that aren't, she's worse than any man driver you ever see, anywhere.



## THE RLA IS STILL WORKING

**E**ARLY in July, about 30,000 employees of the Railway Labor Agency decided to strike. Writing, fair betting odds against strike of these rail workers are 5 to 1.

What happened was what has happened since the Railway Labor Act of 1926 (amended 1934) was passed. President appointed a board of men to look into the dispute and back within thirty days. A strike bidden for sixty days after a strike. In this interlude there is a lot of grievances, a chance for all to blow off steam, and so on—the habitual outcome is that there is a strike.

What constantly irritates us in connection is the fact that we don't have labor laws that will operate in the manner in all labor disputes.

Why can't a hold-everything-talk-it-over amendment be dubbed the Wagner Act, to apply to industries engaged in interstate commerce? Can't a constitutional amendment be under way, aimed at intrastate commerce industries? Meanwhile, while all states have delay-and-discuss laws applying to threatened strikes within their borders?

The main answer to those questions is that labor leaders generally oppose reforms. Laws like the Railway Labor Act cut down labor leaders' influence though they by no means make labor leaders unnecessary; and such laws make unjustified strikes almost inevitable.

This is tough on the racketeer labor leader. It is a lot easier, on the general public and on those who don't want to be rushed into action without fair warning and full explanation. We hope the highly probable success of the RLA in avoiding the particular strike may increase the pressure on our lawmakers for abolition of the delay-and-discuss policy throughout American industry.



August 31, 1940

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# Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

**Britain's Labor Boss By Quent**

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dandruff's annoyances; just as other letters praise its results against colds and sore throat.

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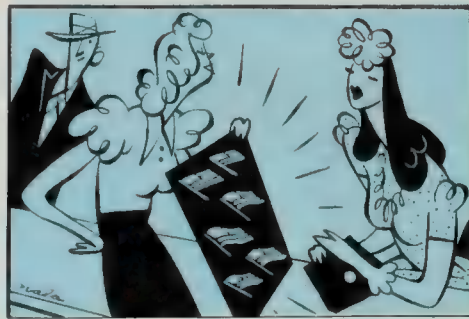
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### COVER

ALAN FOSTER

## ANY WEEK

WE HAVE a number of spirited yet less than gay letters from Europe. They have to do with a wide variety of subjects—from the plight of that most pathetic of men, the aged Henri Philippe Petain, to the furious potentialities of the possible Nazi invasion of South Ireland. The latter picture, vividly drawn by Mr. Jeremiah Stewart Grant O'Feragh of Limerick, Eire, is a sort of delayed-pass warning to Mr. Hitler. Mr. O'Feragh admits that the appearance of the Nazis in Ireland would touch off a bit of internal trouble, the furiosos of the Irish Republican Army being better than ready, indirectly, to assist any enemy of England in whatever way it will add to England's discomfort. "Nevertheless," writes Mr. O'Feragh, "it's likely to be a bad time for visitors. I'm reminded of a passing incident in the festivities attending the christening of my twin nieces, Nora and Moira, not two years since. It was at the height of the merrymaking that a misguided young man, a stranger in the country, tried to make off with one of the many beautiful lady guests. Caught, he was dispatched with great thoroughness. At the ensuing inquiry, the chief constable after lecturing the culprits on the seriousness of murder, said: "Did you not have the courtesy to ask the poor young man what he wanted?"



BUT WE shall pass over the misery of old Marshal Petain and the wretched whimperings of crooked French politicians and military poltroons who are now licking the boots of a conqueror who quite rightly despises them for it. If you'll continue to read this admittedly superior magazine, as of course you will, you'll be armed with the whole truth and remain free. Therefore we'll tell you, without guarantee, that one of our ever-dependable agents, Mr. Richard Randy English of Hollywood, California, was shopping for trinkets not long ago. While waiting to be served, Mr. English overheard a lady ask for one of those enameled and jeweled American flags to be worn on the lapel. The salesgirl got out the tray and the lady, after looking them over, asked: "Have you got them in any other colors?"

AS WE say, we give you Mr. English's report as we received it. We were not present. We pass it on hoping that it will not offend Mr. Francis A. Adams,

director general of The Minute Men of America. From his office in New York City, Mr. Adams asks for an explanation of how the word "guff" was used in one of our recent editorials—The Big Job for Americans—which otherwise has tetched us a considerable number of congratulatory letters. It was, we thought, a pretty skillful piece of common-denominator writing, bidding ourselves be rational and steadfast in our patriotism and not physical. The paragraph Mr. Adams objects to with the unerring swiftness of the ever-alert minute man was: "Professional patriots are yawping that we've all got to take to saluting the flag at the drop of a hat—any hat, anywhere—and the Supreme Court, no less, fell for one aspect of this guff in the recent Jehovah's Witnesses decision." Mr. Adams deserves a more intelligent answer but we don't seem to be able to get any further than a reinforced conviction that guff's guff. And we ought to know.

SOME time ago we seem to have said something over-airy about that tree-planting program in the Great Plains sector, a desert-rescuing shelter belt from Canada to Mexico. Mr. E. L. Perry of Lincoln, Nebraska, in the United States Forest Service, read it and bided his time. He now writes that the Forest Service has planted some hundred and fifty thousand trees on 25,000 prairie farms and "in spite of dismal prophecies, drought, jack rabbits and grasshoppers, the plantations have done right well. No Jack-and-the-beanstalk stuff, you understand, but certainly good enough to kill the argument of a grizzled Texan during the early days of the project. I was making a speech," goes on Mr. Perry, "when the old boy demanded the floor and got it. 'Listen to me, young feller,' he roared, 'if God A'mighty had fingered trees'd grow on these here damn' plains, He'd done the plantin'.'"

SOBERED by a series of bad guesses, we're refusing numerous demands that we predict the outcome of the forthcoming elections. Nevertheless the battle's on and while lying low we're content to let you do the prophesying and labeling. Thus far we can't say much for your reasoning and less for the aptness of the tags you are tying to the two candidates. Mr. Willkie is called The Huey Long of the Station Wagon Set and Mr. Roosevelt a Coy Caesar. Bad, very bad—and we refuse to give the names of the guilty correspondents for which we hope they thank us. However, we don't look forward to much inspired sloganeering this year, with the world in the dismals. But maybe we got off to a bad start. We asked one of Mr. Roosevelt's best skills to explain that Chicago convention to us—the shanghaiing of those bemused delegates, for example, and why, if it was an un-

bossed gathering, Jim Farley's sober contemplation and a of reckoning was ignored. "The truth," said he, "the American through those fine, enthusiastic gates, were so insistent that nate the boss that we had to quickly. We were afraid we can people, through their gates, would take matters into their own hands." We recovered pretty quickly, and asked matters into their own nominate Mr. Roosevelt?" said: "Exactly."

IN ANSWER to a large number of demands that this magazine publish a few pages of facts about our progress toward preparedness, we only say be patient, continue upon us and inevitably be. But the customary calm of Elmo Thackera of Washington is upset. "What happens, Thackera, 'if by the time we get to lick somebody, this unredeemed Hitler, has quit fighting and trying to find the answer?'" he has won that he pays no attention to us, all dressed up in airplane battleships and bombs? Does he pose he's low enough to look the lurch like that?"



WE WOULDN'T be surprised if Mr. Thackera be the grined one. We got to talking recruiting sergeant the other asked him about the stories that it was becoming harder to recruit volunteers. Thackera admitted that business was denied that this indicated ingness of our young men. "The trouble is," said he, "a fight but that they don't want any of the fancy peacetime had two mugs in this month told me they'd sign up if we guarantee them they would to do any parading. One of them that his old man served two years in the Army and spent half his life parading up and down all the Streets in the country whooping for something and being a politician. This kid had a job. He wanted to know why he didn't review the politician while."

GUFF again. . . .

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# Should you be on the lookout for Diabetes?

do not have the disease. If the possibility of diabetes is indicated, then a study of sugar in the blood can help the doctor detect the condition early—frequently before other symptoms appear. Thus, you can be guided to prompt control of the disease with diet and insulin before it has made much progress.

The most common signs of diabetes, frequently not recognized by those who have the disease in early stages, are: Excessive thirst; excessive appetite; loss of weight; constant weariness and unaccountable irritability; and, in older people, boils and carbuncles.

► Naturally, definite symptoms should call for immediate medical attention.

It is encouraging to realize that a healthy, active life is not only possible but probable for most diabetics who promptly discover their ailment and follow competent medical guidance. They easily become adjusted to the four vital conditions necessary for diabetes control: 1. Proper diet, 2. Insulin as prescribed, 3. Exercise, 4. Cleanliness.

For further helpful information concerning this disease and its control, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Diabetes."

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OLKS should be especially on their guard against diabetes, as a tendency to this disease often runs in certain families.

Furthermore, the people it strikes are usually middle-aged and between the ages of 40 and 60. It occurs most frequently among people leading sedentary and inactive lives, and is more common among women than among men.

If you have reason to be on the alert for diabetes, it is particularly important for you to have regular physical examinations at regular intervals.

These examinations may reassure you that you



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**KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD**  
**By Freling Foster**

America now has more than three hundred Western dude ranches, ranging in size from 640 to 50,000 acres, where about 13,000 Eastern vacationists are spending approximately \$3,000,000 this summer.

In the playing of certain classical compositions on the piano, the notes and fingering, accidentals, interpretations, pauses, phrasing, pedaling, meter and rhythm may demand as many as sixty mental operations a second.

Owing to the migration of population and business to outlying districts and the subsequent demolition of old buildings during the past decade, at least one third of the private land, in hundreds of American cities, is in the form of vacant lots.

The first execution in the electric chair in 1890 immediately created eighteen words, including electrocution, for this new method of capital punishment. The seventeen words, now obsolete, included: Electricide, electromort, fulmen, thanelectrize and voltacuss.

According to decisions of the United States Supreme Court, no one has a vested legal right to a government pension. Pensions are bounties that Congress may give, withhold or recall at its discretion.

The train of a peacock is not its tail. The beautiful, long plumes that the bird raises into a large, fan-shaped shield are in front of the short tail feathers that are used as a support.

Every queen bee imported into the United States must undergo an examination for parasitic mites in the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in Washington, D. C.

The quantity of current consumed by the average electric clock is so little that it does not register on the meter when all other electrical devices and lights are turned off.—By Evelyn Kuelich, Union City, New Jersey.

Those who contributed gas year to the Crypt of Civilization at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, have been given a "perishable" metal card to the titles any descendant, of the generation, to attend the opening at noon on May 28, 8113.—By B. E. Bailey, Madison, Wisconsin.

In Algeria, as many as four Berbers may own a single trunk and the other two or three various branches.—By Marie Ger, Evansville, Indiana.

Based on prewar areas, Holland colonial empire is sixty times larger as the Netherlands, the Belgian Congo is eighty times as large as Belgium, the French possessions are twenty-two times as large as France, and British territories throughout the world is one hundred and forty times as large as Great Britain.

"Arab" is a loosely applied term as it is not a designation for any one race or religion. There are 35,000,000 Arabs in the world, being of numerous creeds and native to a score of countries.—By Frances Brandenburg, Louisville, Kentucky.

The following item, recently published inaccurately, is here corrected: Several states limit the amount of insurance that can be collected on the lives of children of various ages. For example, in New York, regardless of the number of policies, only \$1,000 can be collected when the child is under six months, only \$200 when between six months and one year, only \$300 when between one and a half years, only \$400 when between two and a half years, and only \$500 when over two and a half years.

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# "More Auto Insurance for your money!"



How a remarkable common sense insurance plan has spread to benefit more than a million car owners—

a statement by

*G. J. Mecherle*



G. J. Mecherle, Chairman of the Board,  
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

These 4 State Farm Economies help make Auto Insurance available at Low Cost... help budget-minded drivers get more protection for their families and homes...

## 1 Six-Month Policies

State Farm introduced six-month policies to make auto insurance easier to buy. You need not pay a full year's premium in advance. This practice also makes it possible for State Farm to adjust rates at frequent intervals to keep rates as nearly on an actual cost basis as possible.

## 2 Only One Acquisition Cost

State Farm policyholders pay the acquisition cost of an auto insurance policy *only once*—not once a year, but once a lifetime! Savings made possible by renewing same policy are passed on to policyholders. Renewal premiums are therefore lower than charged by most companies.

## 3 Overhead Costs Lowered

All routine work in the issuance of State Farm auto insurance policies is handled in the State Farm office building in Bloomington, Ill. (pictured below) and in the branch office in Berkeley, Cal. Local agents are not burdened with this expense. The savings made possible are passed on to policyholders.

## 4 Only Careful Drivers Insured

Careless drivers raise the cost of insurance. Because every State Farm policyholder must be a *safe* driver, full value automobile insurance is made possible at the lowest rates consistent with sound operation.  
Note: State Farm has 7,000 representatives strategically located across the nation to serve you promptly and intelligently.

"Why not price auto insurance so low that *every one* can enjoy the security and peace of mind it brings?"

"Why not deliver *more auto insurance for the money* by giving broader service and greater protection?"

"That was my aim 18 years ago. To do this, a group of us in Bloomington, Illinois, founded the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922.

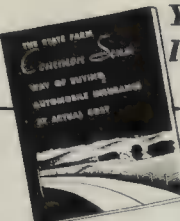
"Since then, our common sense planning has made State Farm one of the largest insurance companies in the world.

"We threw overboard certain costly practices. Our modern methods have made it possible, over a period of time, to save our policyholders more than \$40,000,000 in the cost of their insurance.

"State Farm is a mutual company—operated solely for the benefit of our policyholders.

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ANOTHER history-making invention is here from the laboratories of Philco engineers . . . a new kind of radio-phonograph that plays any record on a *beam of light*! For the first time, a Photo-Electric Cell is used in the reproduction of records . . . a brand-new principle that brings you new delights in the enjoyment of recorded music.

The old-fashioned, heavy crystal pick-up with its pointed steel needle that *scrapes* the music from the record is now a thing of the past. In the sensational Philco PHOTO-ELECTRIC Radio-Phonograph, a floating reproducer with a rounded jewel glides gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a light beam from a tiny, fluttering mirror

to a Photo-Electric Cell. *Only Philco*

Utterly new in principle, you enjoy beauty you have never known before. The floating jewel lasts for 8 to 10 years . . . *no need to change!* You can enjoy your valuable records for 700 playings without fear of wear . . . *times longer than before!* And you get the beauty of the record, unmarred by scratches and needle talk . . . you hear the mellow "lows" without sacrifice of clear, brilliant "highs" . . . *glorious new purity of*

#### Make Your Own Records at Home

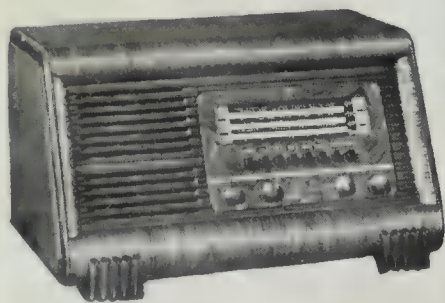
The Philco Home Recording Unit is optional equipment with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Record the voices of family and friends, permanent records of radio programs, mail "letters" to friends. Many fascinating uses. Easy

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A new kind of radio-phonograph cabinet, too . . . created by Philco. No need to remove ornaments and raise a lid to reach the phonograph. No dark, awkward, hard-to-get-at compartments. Just tilt forward the grille and the record turntable comes out automatically, in full view, easy to reach and convenient to use. *Only Philco has it!*

(Left) Philco 608P, only \$12.95 down

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In radios, too, Philco for 1941 brings you startling new inventions . . . more tubes for the money, bigger finer speakers, a complete variety of lovely console and table model cabinets . . . *the greatest values in Philco history!* See and hear the new 1941 Philco radios, radio-phonographs and auto radios today.

**PHILCO 255T.** The finest table model radio money can buy in tone, performance and beauty. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. Lovely Walnut cabinet. *Only \$5.95 down.*

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# No Summer Love

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The girl said: "I don't go in for summer love, Duke." She was wise. So was he

DUKE WAYNE hesitated on the steps, gazing down on the long blue pool and the gay canvas of the cabanas. The pool looked cool and inviting with the tennis courts stretching out behind it, nestling there in the Colorado mountains. The Bristol itself was on the terraced hillside, white and imposing against the rugged purple of the horizon. It was a nice layout, he thought, and he should know. In the four years since he had won the Olympic four-hundred-meter championship he had seen them all.

"Down here," Pam cried. "Down here at the end, Duke!"


He smiled when he saw the crowd loafing before her cabana. No matter whether it was Miami or Sun Valley you could count on Pam Norton having sorted out the people who were fun or well-known, and while you were at that resort they were the crowd you ran with. They always had more money than they needed and the men were hard-drinking and easygoing, while the girls had too much time and too little to do. And because you were Duke Wayne and had fame instead of money, you fitted in as if you had always belonged: as if you had learned to swim in some exclusive club instead of a neighborhood Y.M.C.A.

He made his way through the people sunning themselves beside the pool and there were the whispers as they told one another that he looked just like his pictures. There was the dark hair curling around his forehead, the rather prominent jaw and the long, swelling biceps that you expected in a great swimmer. Duke could feel their eyes and it neither pleased him nor displeased him. It was just something that went with the championship.

Pam came running up and he grinned down on her, one big hand rumpling the honey-colored bob that was so smart against her summer tan. It was nice to see the cool blue eyes again, to watch the lips that were always a perfect, vivid arch. "How are you, Pam?"

"Fine," she said. And then, accusingly: "It's about time you got here. Staying over for that silly meet in Omaha!"

He glanced at her, wondering why she could never understand that it was at those silly meets that he picked up enough expense money to drift around the country; keeping in shape to retain his title and



"I think we'd better stay in our own leagues," she said. "Isn't it rather obvious? I'm sure no working girl could really afford you"





at the same time having a lot of fun that he would never have had otherwise.

"I had to stay over," he said easily. "I'd promised the brass hats."

He had cracked the national record there but he didn't have to tell Pam that. She knew such things and it slid out in her conversation when others were around. She was introducing him to the others then and some of them he already knew. There were Tommy and Edie Farrell whom he had met at the Bristol the year before and there were Bob Miller and Dobie Renwick whom you ran into everywhere. He shook hands with them all and then stretched out in the sun.

Pam was sitting beside him and her eyes were never off him for long.

"I missed you, handsome," she said. "You might have written."

"I'm sorry, Pam. I keep meaning to write but by the time I get around to it you've gone somewhere else and I'm right back where I started."

SHE glanced at him, wondering if he really believed that. She had met Duke in Miami and at first he had been just another cute boy until she realized that he was content to leave things that way. While he hadn't said anything yet, he would. Things could go on building themselves up only so long.

"You've caught me now, Duke," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Wrap you in cellophane," he said. "I'm no fool."

She made a face at him and he grinned. Presently he remembered that he would have to look up Bob Appleby in the next day or so. Bob handled the Bristol's promotion and he would want some publicity tie-up to write off against Duke's room and board.

The waiters were setting up a buffet lunch in the cabana. Duke shook his head when Pam wanted him to eat with the others. "Not yet," he said, stretching. "I'm going to take a plunge."

He wandered over to the springboard and it was then, for the first time, that he saw the girl in the red suit. She was sitting beside the board, her head thrown back to catch the sun. There was a fine, full mouth and lovely chestnut-colored hair but a lot of girls had that. It was her eyes that made you wonder who she was.

They were almost a sea-green and there was none of that casual invitation in them that most pretty girls had. She glanced at him and at the Olympic shield on his trunks and then she closed her eyes again, tilting her head back to the sun. There was that and nothing more.

His body arched in a clean dive and a moment later his head bobbed up some twenty feet beyond the board. The water was just cold enough for that familiar tingling feeling to begin flowing through him. His long, flat muscles responded and he was sliding up the pool, so easily and so smoothly that there was hardly a ripple.

He was still stiff from his long drive and it was a good half-hour before he felt limbered up. He floated there a while, and just when he was about to call it a day he saw the girl splashing her way up the pool. She was digging in too deep and her arms were threshing in awkward arcs.

When her face was turned to his he smiled. "You make hard work of it," he said. "Keep your feet up and you won't have to paddle so hard."

He made his way through and there were whispers as they told one another that he looked just like his pictures

Most girls would have liked Wayne's noticing them and they have shown it. But not this one. Water was dripping off her high, cheekbones and her eyes were amused than interested.

"Thanks," she said, "but I've so many faults that I'm afraid working one of them won't help much."

He looked at her a moment. "On down to the shallow end and I'll show you." He wasn't in the habit of things like that but this girl was it. She wasn't just a pickup and could tell it.

He must have spent twenty minutes showing her how to get her feet in, making her hold on to the ledge while she practiced. She was about twenty-four, he decided, and she was different from any of the girls he knew. She was pleasant but not the kind you move in on. Her name was Gerry Andrews. He told her he had just arrived and she nodded but didn't ask any questions. She didn't even ask him how he was going to stay.

"Duke," Pam called, "Duke, he's going in now."

"I'll be along," he said. "See you at the bar."

Pam still didn't leave and the girl at the pool glanced at Duke. "Perhaps you'd better run along," she said. "Your friends seem to be waiting."

He could feel the amusement in her voice and it annoyed him. "When I get through," he said shortly. "Let's go kick right before we call it a day."

She glanced at the clock over the entrance courts. "I'm afraid I'm through now," she said pleasantly. "I'll have to go in."

He followed her to the ladder. "Do you want to come down some more?"

"I couldn't promise," she said. "I'm not always free."

"Free?"

Her eyes were openly amused. "That's right," she said. "You can happen to work here."

SHE didn't show up at the pool and so one day Duke wandered over to the Bristol garage. A stocky mechanic was checking over the wiring system of an expensive roadster and he was sweating under his breath. Duke dug a finger in his ribs, and when he saw who it was Mike grinned.

"Hello, kid," he said, wiping his hands on some waste. "I heard you blew it. What goes?"

"Nothing much," said Duke. "V goes with you?"

"I got my two week's notice in," said Mike. "I caught a job with an airport outfit in Burbank and we're driving to the coast. The wife's pretty excited. She's always wanted to see California."

"She'll like it," said Duke. There was the familiar heavy smell of oil and cars that were in for repairs and it made him think of the trade school. He had always been interested in motors and was in his last year at the school when he won his first national title.

"What's wrong with that baby?"

"She keeps shorting out," Mike said. Duke nodded. You could spend ten hours on those big jobs looking for a lousy little short.

"Let me have the light," he said. He was holding it while Mike checked the ignition. It wasn't in there and both frowned. "How about the generator?" Duke asked.

Mike was still frowning. "I don't think so," he said, "but maybe it's hurt to check it."

In ten minutes he had located the short. It was in the generator itself.

He was working on it when Duke remembered what had brought him there.

"Mike, do you know a girl named"

(Continued on page 39)





land overwhelmed her soldiers with attention to prevent boredom. Above, Gracie Fields entertaining troops in France

© BRITISH COMBINE

# What Happened in France

by André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The author, appointed "Official French Eyewitness" with the British army, sees the futile, brave efforts of the Allied soldiers trying to dig in against a war that never happens

## THE FIRST EIGHT MONTHS OF THE WAR WERE WASTED

THE beginning of October, 1939, a short time after the first English troops arrived in France, I received a letter from the British Army inviting me to come to the Headquarters of that army as "Official Eyewitness." My duties were to follow the course of operations to maintain contact between British troops and the French people by varied means as articles, lectures and on the radio.

During the four years of the last war I was liaison officer attached to the British Army; I retained the pleasantest memories of my English and Scotch friends; I had, in fact, written my first book about them, and so I was naturally attracted by this offer which was made with a great deal of warmth and cordiality. I accepted a reserve officer in the French Army and transmitted the letter to my superior and at once received an order to go. Thus it was that I went to Arras as a lieutenant's uniform (my rank was not yet known) to present myself to Lord Gort, commander in chief.

General Viscount Gort was staying at the Château d'Habarcq near Arras. I was received there by his aides-de-camp, a magnificent Scotch officer in a kilt with the Gordon tartan and a beautiful silver-hilted dagger in his beribboned stocking, the amiable Lord Munster, illegitimate descendant of William IV of England. In the small waiting room Gordon Munster offered me a strange and delicious cocktail which they called "the Horror." Then they said to me, "Now we'll take you to the chief." I had a generalissimo had a sim-

pler office. A scrawled card, affixed to the door by four thumbtacks, read: "Office of the C. in C." Inside the room, empty of all furniture, two trestles of white wood supported a bare plank. This was Lord Gort's worktable. The simplicity was intentional. Lord Gort believes that a chief should live in the same way as his men. Extremely active by nature, he found, in time of war, his only sport and relaxation in walking. He was to be seen at dawn on the muddy roads around Arras, his elbows close to his body, his head thrust forward, his red-and-gold cap defying the rain, followed by a panting aide-de-camp.

GORDON told me that one day his chief had taken him to the Hotel Crillon for a conference with General Gamelin. He, Gordon, had been delighted at the thought of passing a pleasant evening in Paris. But after dinner Lord Gort had said:

"Now we'll go for a walk."

Whereupon, elbows close to his body and head thrust forward, he made three very quick turns around the Louvre, by way of the Rue de Rivoli and the quays, and then went home to bed, still followed by the disconsolate Gordon.

The thing that struck me, on seeing Gort for the first time, was his air of youth, vigor and animation. Hore-Belisha had just rejuvenated the command of the British army and I think he had been right in doing so. The conversation was rapid and easy. Lord Gort spoke first of Hitler's plans.

"Will he attack through Belgium? I think he will," said the general, "because it is the only operation possible. You remember your Foch's dictum: 'In war you do what you can, making use of what you have!' Only I don't see how

Hitler can launch an offensive in winter in this Flanders mud, and if several months are to pass without fighting I'm afraid our men will become bored. It's no joke, you know, when darkness comes at four o'clock, to go back to a damp barn with no light but a candle."

"But, sir, in 1914 we spent all our time in dugouts and trenches."

"That was different," he said, "at that time we had an enemy in front of us who saw to it that we had enough to do. Here I am holding a line in front of Lille and Douai." (He got up abruptly to show me the line on the map.) "I have nothing in front of me except Belgium, a neutral country. It's not easy in these circumstances to maintain a fighting spirit. No, if this inaction is prolonged, a way will have to be found to distract the men. Lord Nuffield has offered me radio sets, but that's a problem in itself. Our soldiers can't use radios that require an outside source of current, because they have no electricity in their cantonments. And so we must have radios that work from storage batteries. But then the batteries will have to be recharged. I'm engaged at the moment in having some cars equipped to go from unit to unit to perform this service."

Then he described to me the fortified lines that, according to information he had received from the Intelligence Service, the Germans had constructed in Poland against the Russians. This was at the time when people still hoped that these two nations would not long remain on friendly terms—a tenacious illusion, like so many others. Then he talked to me about the work I was to do.

"I want you," he said, "to talk to my men a great deal about the French army and to the French soldiers about our army. Then, too, we must make op-

Lord Gort, British commander in chief, an extremely active man, found relaxation in the early part of the war in long walks accompanied by an aide

portunities for our regiments to meet each other. Yesterday my lancers had lunch with your cuirassiers. That's fine. I myself often see General Giraud, commander of your Seventh Army, stationed on my left. He's a splendid soldier."

The cigarette he had given me was starting to burn my fingers and I looked about for an ash tray.

"Oh, throw it on the floor," the general said.

For, as a matter of principle, Lord Gort, who discarded all useless objects when on a campaign, did not own an ash tray.

NEXT day I began my inspection of the front lines. These lines, as General Gort had said, had nothing opposite them except customs barriers and Belgian policemen, but they might, in the event that Germany invaded Belgium, become from one day to the next the scene of the great battle. I was horrified at their weakness.

I had known, to be sure, from hearing it often repeated, that the Maginot Line ended in the neighborhood of Montmédy, but I naively believed that it was prolonged along the Belgian frontier by a series of fortifications that were perhaps less strong but nevertheless formidable. I received one of the greatest and most painful shocks of my life when I saw the pathetic line which, on a part

(Continued on page 42)





# Shell Game

By Helen Hilcken



**The private life of the lobster is interesting, but gourmets prefer the post-mortem facts, with sauce**

**W**HEN you mention lobster to some people they launch into a detailed account of what happened the last time they ate lobster. It probably wasn't the lobster's fault at all. A three-year-old child can eat lobster that is properly cooked and not eaten with an assortment of other foods that impede digestion. It's as safe as chicken or steak or any other fish or meat.

So let's lift the veil of mystery and bring the lobster right out on our own dinner table where it belongs. It's really one of our first American foods, because the Pilgrims who settled in Massachusetts caught and enjoyed the edible crustacean that so closely resembled the lobsters they had once found off the coast of England.

Today the state of Maine produces seventy per cent of the lobster catch of the United States, although lobsters are found from Labrador to North Carolina in a short strip 1,300 miles long, 30 to 50 feet wide and 6 to 600 feet deep.

In Maine you'll find families with their own theories about broiling, boiling or steaming lobsters and their own favorite recipes for sauce or stew. And all along the roads in summer you see tourists' cars lined up outside the restaurants, while the visitors are exclaiming over the live lobsters moving nimbly about on the tips of their slender legs in the ponds where they are kept awaiting your order.

On Martha's Vineyard Island, eight miles off the coast of Massachusetts, the lobster fishermen set their traps in the water off Menemsha, baited with a piece of stale fish. The lobster usually looks for his food at night and by nature is a cannibal, feeding on the sculpin, the sea robin and even young lobsters two to four inches long. Clams and eel grass too are part of his diet.

These traps, or lobster pots, are

visited every two or three days, and are set in water 30 to 180 feet deep. The trap, with its funnel-shaped opening of tarred net, permits easy entrance, but prevents escape.

Huge fireplaces are the rule on Martha's Vineyard and much of the cooking is done in large kettles that hang on a trivet over a roaring fire. Usually the lobsters are steamed, because steaming makes them more tender than boiling. The lobsters are grabbed behind the claws and plunged whole and alive into an inch of water boiled in a kettle with a tight cover so no steam can escape. Lobsters weighing anywhere from a pound to two or three pounds are best for steaming. They are timed according to size—eight or ten minutes for the small ones and about fifteen to twenty minutes for the larger ones. After steaming they're taken out on the rocks, cracked, and the edible luscious meat from the shell piled into cups of melted butter.

At the west end of Martha's Vineyard is the Indian Reservation at Gay Head, where the sandy clay of the famous cliffs

takes on myriad colors ranging from purple red, blue, yellow and orange. The fore dipping into the ocean. Across the road from the cliffs stands an old, white house, high and alone, swept by winds that blow in three directions. On Martha's Vineyard Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. Here an Indian family, the Vans, live, opening their doors in summer to visitors who come to buy native handicraft and eat their famous lobster sandwiches. Big chunks of lobster go between buttered slices of white bread and a tasty mayonnaise dressing complements the flavor of the lobster.

Over on Nantucket Island they eat lobster salads and at the Roberts Hotel where many notables dine, it appears on the dinner menu several nights a week. The meaty lobster is removed from the shell and placed on crisp beds of lettuce with mayonnaise, sliced tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs. Soft hot rolls and steamed blueberry pudding round out the meal.

If you feel more comfortable eating lobster (Continued on page 45)





It was too late to do anything about it. George was looking into the muzzle of his own .38 special

## Friend of the Warden

By Harry Sylvester

A bad night for a guard in the prison ward  
—but it led to the dawn of a better day

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

FIVE minutes to midnight, George Burns, wearing his uniform of a prison keeper, walked the corridor leading to the prison on the sixth floor of the city hospital. Already the hospital corridors had, on the lighter, almost sinister stillness of the night, only an occasional in white moving silently through halls. Woody Olson got up from the bench in front of the ward and looked at George as he approached. "In time," Woody said, "and sober. He's Foley?"

"He's been detailed to take care of a wounded kid in a private room." "That's where my partner's been all night," Woody said. "You'll be alone. You got luck. Here, sign."

George Burns looked at the little slip of paper. The thing that caught his eye was the number on it, 14. "Fourteen," he said, signing the receipt. "Thirteen men and Langer," Olson

looked at it again?" George said. "When hasn't he been at it?" Olson said. "Abusing the nurses, dumping his things on the floor when he doesn't like it. Calling the doctors names."

"Why don't you do something about it?" George said, knowing well why nothing was done about it.

"Why the hell do you think?" Olson said. "He went off down the corridor, a big hulk of a man, earnest and confident."

George put his lawbook, Pleading and Practice, on the bench beside him as he sat down and thought of the receipt. Fourteen men, he thought, and he had taken receipts for them like many cattle in a stockyard. It was a busy business and he would be glad to get out of it this spring when he finished law school.

He put a small, leather cushion against one end of the bench and half reclined against it while he tried to study. Even now, after a year in the prison ward, the night stillness beat on his ears. In dimnesses at the end of the corridors his eyes caught the whiteness of uniforms flitting by, and occasionally a moan floated along the corridor to him. He could think of when he had been at Central three years ago; before the cleanup, when the cons ran the place and Langer's friend, Clovis, had been a head keeper there. Clovis was deputy warden in charge of the prison ward now, and so far it was as though there had been no past enmity between himself and George. With Langer here again, and himself and Clovis, George wondered if there would be trouble again.

He drowsed a little, then heard feet on the corridor. He knew Foley and Dr. Levy stood over him looking at him, but didn't open his eyes.

"There he is," Foley said. "I don't know how he does it. It's bad enough working here without trying to study law for class the next morning."

"I'll tell you how he does it," Dr. Levy said. "He puts whatever book he wants to study under his pillow and then sleeps on it. In an hour or two, if we don't disturb him for the crass affairs of the hospital, he has it."

GEORGE BURNS opened his eyes and looked at them. He had a pleasant, homely face, lined somewhat more than is good for a young man's, but intelligent and possessing even a kind of querulous humor. "I don't sleep," he said. "I was just resting my eyes."

"That's what they all tell the commissioner when they're brought up on charges," Dr. Levy said. He was short,

slight and dapper; in the hospital he always wore a stethoscope; in the street a small camera depended as regularly from his neck.

"How are you, Jake?" George said, sitting up. "You look rested and refreshed from your long vacation."

"You look like hell," Dr. Levy said. "What you been doing with yourself?"

George Burns put a slightly vacant look on his face and stared off into space while he enumerated on his fingers: "I work in the gow at night, go to law school in the morning and come home stiff in the afternoon. Simple, isn't it?"

"And sometime about evening one fine day," Dr. Levy said, "we'll be helping them bring you in in a strait jacket they've put on you to help stop you swinging at those blue alligators floating just over your head."

"Not I," George Burns said, "not I. What are you doing away from your post, Joe?"

"That kid died," Joe said. "I'm going back now to make out my report."

He left and George felt a slight, unreal sense of shock. "What's the matter?" Dr. Levy said.

"This kid, he got shot the first job he ever tried. I don't suppose I ought to feel bad about it."

"Oh, it's not a bad thing to feel bad about it. . . ." Dr. Levy said. Then, quickly: "I hear we have our friend, Langer, back? What's supposed to be the trouble with him? I haven't gone

on duty yet and haven't seen the charts."

"He's supposed to have stomach trouble," George Burns said. "Personally, I think he just likes the food here. They brought him over from Central a few days ago. He's at it again, abusing the nurses, throwing things at the orderlies and raising hell in general."

"What about some disciplining?" Dr. Levy said.

GEORGE looked at him. "It's a long story, but Mr. Al Langer is a good friend of the warden here."

Dr. Levy nodded, now grave. "That's right. I heard something about a jam you got into with them a while ago."

"That was before the cleanup at Central," George said. "The first year I was on the job they put me over there. I wasn't there a week when I saw how lousy things were. There were four separate mobs operating among the prisoners there, each one under a ring guy. Langer was ring guy for one of them. I found junk in his cell one day and took it to Clovis, who was head keeper there."

"Junk?"

"Dope. Heroin. Clovis said he'd take care of it and I left it with him and didn't think much more of it until two days later when Clovis had me up on charges before the commissioner for bringing junk into the prison."

Dr. Levy whistled soundlessly.

(Continued on page 37)



# The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

HENRY MORLEY, a London dentist, is found shot to death in his office. Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, says: "Suicide." Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, (one of the dentist's last patients), says: "Murder—probably."

Investigating the case, Japp and Poirot call on one Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek who had been Morley's very last patient. The Greek does not receive them, for the very good reason that he has died of an overdose of dental drugs!

Japp at once evolves a plausible theory: Having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley had killed himself, in a fit of remorse. But Poirot does not accept the theory. Calling on a mysterious "Mr. Barnes," he learns in the course of a long interview that a band of conspirators are trying to undermine the existent order in England by killing off certain leading persons. According to Mr. Barnes, the plotters had tried to bribe Morley to kill Alistair Blunt, an extremely wealthy patient; and, when the dentist had refused to co-operate, they had paid his partner, Reilly, to do away with him—to silence him. . . .

The mysterious disappearance of a woman—Miss Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death—adds another curious angle to the case. . . . Poirot (at times assisted by Japp) interviews various suspects: Howard Raikes, a young American radical who makes it clear that he would like to see a new order in England; Frank Carter, with whom Gladys Nevill, Morley's secretary, is in love; and others. Putting two and two together, he begins to formulate a theory. . . .

Jane Olivera, niece of Alistair Blunt, telephones Poirot and asks him if he will come to her uncle's home. Having learned certain things concerning the girl, Poirot says: "I was expecting you to call me." Then, going to Gothic House, where Mr. Blunt lives surrounded by servants, he has a talk with Jane—alone.

Jane wants to know what he had meant when he told her he had been expecting to hear from her. Poirot tells her that she had summoned him because she hopes to pump him about young Howard Raikes. He tells her that he knows she is in love with Raikes; and she admits that he is right. Poirot then accuses Raikes of being a radical. Jane does not debate the matter. "Sometimes," she says slowly, "he gets carried away. He—he—" Poirot smiles. He says: "He wants to take a short cut. To exterminate—" Jane stares at him. "Don't!" she cries.

V

TIME went on. It was over a month since Mr. Morley's death and there was still no news of Miss Sainsbury Seale.

Japp became increasingly wrathful on the subject.

"Dash it all, Poirot, the woman's got to be somewhere."

"Indubitably, *mon cher*."

"Either she's dead or alive. If she's dead, where's her body? Say, for instance, she committed suicide—"

"Another suicide?"

"Don't let's get back to that. You still say Morley was murdered—I say it was suicide."

"You haven't traced the pistol?"

"No, it's a foreign make."

"That is suggestive, is it not?"

"Not in the way you mean. Morley had been abroad. He went on cruises, he and his sister. Everybody in the British Isles goes on cruises. He may have picked it up abroad. Lots of people like a gun when they're abroad. They like to feel life's dangerous."

He paused, and said: "Don't sidetrack me. I was saying that *if*—only if, mind you—that blasted woman committed suicide, if she'd drowned herself, for instance, the body would have come ashore by now. If she was murdered,

we'd have found the body by now."

"Not if a weight was attached to the body and it was put into the Thames."

"From a cellar in Limehouse, I suppose! You're talking like a thriller writer, a lady novelist."

"I know—I know. I blush when I think of these things!"

"And she was done to death by a Greek spy or by an international gang of crooks, I suppose?"

Poirot sighed. He said, "I have told lately that there really are such things."

"Who told you so?"

"Mr. Reginald Barnes of Cassington Road, Ealing."

"Well, he might know," said Japp. "He dealt with aliens who were at the Home Office."

"And you do not agree?"

"It isn't my branch—oh, yes, there are such things—but they're rather rare as a rule."

There was a momentary silence. Poirot twirled his mustache.

JAPP said, "We've got one or two additional bits of information. She came home from India on the same boat as Amberiotis. But she was second class and he was first, so I don't suppose there's anything in that, although one of the waiters at the Savoy thin she lunched there with him about a week so before he died."

"So there may have been a connection between them?"

"There may—but I can't feel it's likely. I can't see a missionary and a being mixed up in any funny business."

"Was Amberiotis mixed up in a 'funny business' as you term it?"

"Yes, he was. He'd perfectly good business credentials and he was a genuine business over here—but he had other fish to fry. Espionage racket, you are sure of that?"

"Yes. Oh, he wasn't doing any dirty work himself. We wouldn't have been able to touch him. Organizing and receiving reports—that was his job."

Japp paused, and then went on. "That doesn't help us with the Sainsbury Seale. She wouldn't have been in on the racket."

"She had lived in India, remember. There was a lot of unrest there at that time."

"Amberiotis and the excellent Miss Sainsbury Seale—I can't feel they were likely teammates."

"Did you know that Miss Sainsbury Seale was a close friend of the late Alistair Blunt?"

"Who says so? I don't believe it in the same class."

"She said so."

"Who'd she say that to?"

"Mr. Alistair Blunt."

"Oh! That sort of thing. He must have used to that. Do you mean that Amberiotis was using her that way? It wouldn't work. Blunt would get her with a subscription. He would ask her down for a week end or something of that kind. He's not so stupid as that."

This was so palpably true that Poirot could only agree. After a minute or so Japp went on with his summing up of the Sainsbury Seale situation:

"I suppose her body might have been lowered into a tank of acid by a scientist—that's another solution theory."

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The shoe buckle had been clumsily sewed on. Poirot said: "It is that I am dreaming!"





No respecter of tradition or old school ties is dynamic Ernest Bevin

# CHURCHILL'S LABOR BOSS

million English workers  
take their orders from  
Bevin, minister of labor.  
their side and they  
a fact that gives him  
second only to Churchill's

Quentin Reynolds

BILL ADAMS is a printer who makes about twenty-eight dollars a week. Bill lives in a small house in a suburb of London. On Sunday night he has the same supper that several other Englishmen have. He has beef, tomatoes, boiled potatoes and pickled onions. Just as he was about to sit down to dinner last Sunday a telephone rang. A voice said, "This is the office of the minister of labor. Bill Adams, in a moment there came a voice Bill Adams knew well. It was a voice with a strong West-country accent, a voice belonging to the second most powerful man in England. The voice said apologetically, "Bill, I'm Ernie. Could I come around for a bit of supper?" "Sure, Ernie, come along," Bill Adams said heartily. And then he went to the kitchen to tell the Missus to slice an onion and a tomato. Ernie likes tomatoes.

Within a few minutes his majesty's minister of labor entered the house. He sat down wearily, for though it was Sunday he had put in fourteen hours of work that day.

Bill Adams said, "You look tired, Ernie. Tell me just one thing. Are you on top of the job, have you got it in hand?"

Ernie Bevin nodded thoughtfully. "I think so, Bill. I really think so. There is only one thing that bothers me, Bill, I seldom get a chance to see the boys. They keep me working pretty hard, Bill."

Bill Adams told the story in his local pub a couple of days later and I heard it there. He and Ernie Bevin are old friends. Bill said that Ernie hadn't changed a bit since he had become a minister of the crown. Good people don't change, Bill Adams said. People like Ernie Bevin and his pal Dan Williams and Herbert Morrison. No, good people don't change. And, mark you,

Ernie Bevin is a good man, Bill Adams added to his friends in the local pub.

Today England is saying that Ernest Bevin is a good man. I think it is very likely that tomorrow England may say that Ernest Bevin is a great man. Not all of England likes Bevin. The mudlarks don't like him because he cuts right through the lovely red tape that they and their ancestors have taken so many years to wind about the machinery of governmental operation. The old-school-tie boys don't like Ernie Bevin because his rugged, devastating honesty and his admitted keen intelligence mocks everything that they and their class deem sacred. Bevin stopped going to school when he was eleven, but today he is the smartest practical economist in England. The Communists, of course, don't like him because he kicked them out of his trade union years ago. But the man in the street loves Ernie Bevin.

## Whose War is This?

The man in the street likes Bevin because he thinks that Bevin is going to make this a people's war, a war fought by the people and for the benefit of the people, not a war fought by one class for the benefit of one class.

The outsider, as he calls himself, is no respecter of school ties or tradition. The man in the street listens with intense excitement to the magnificent speeches of Winston Churchill and the

man in the street wants to believe in the prime minister. But, asks the man in the street, is Churchill going to realize that this war belongs to the Ernie Bevin of England, not to the old gang to whom Churchill so far has been true?

Why, asks the man in the street, is 71-year-old Neville Chamberlain still holding a position in the government? The man made every conceivable blunder possible for a diplomat to make. Instead of giving his country guns he gave England widows. Lord Halifax, the dignified and dreary foreign secretary, is still in the cabinet. Never once did he raise his voice to dissuade his former chief from perpetrating the gigantic mistakes of the past. Sir Kingsley Wood, the little man who wasn't there, is still governing the exchequer. Sir Kingsley, who during the peaceful days of last autumn made soporific speeches lulling the nation into sleepy quiescence and into the belief that airplane production was in every way satisfactory, is still a powerful minister. And dismal Sir Samuel Hoare, who is called Soapy Sam in Fleet Street, is the inept advocate of England's cause in Spain.

There is so much that is progressive and magnificent about Mr. Churchill's cabinet that the man in the street hates to see it held back by the legacies of failure whom Churchill still tolerates. The man in the street is proud of dynamic Herbert Morrison, minister of supply, and of Lord Beaverbrook, who

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# I Cherish that Sentiment

By Kyle Crichton

The dizzy career of a baseball player named  
Dopey Gamback. MacPhail shook his hand

THE Dodgers knew they had something special in Dopey Gamback even before he reached training camp at Clearwater. The first inkling came the day after they checked in and began limbering up. It was in the form of a telegram from Yankton, S.D.: *Slight delay had blowout bumped into truck arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

They had to look up the roster of the club to find who the guy was.

"That's the outfielder Swatsy Milligan picked up in Wink, Texas," reported John McDonald, the secretary.

"Now all we got to do," said Leo Durocher, the manager, "is find Wink, Texas. Isn't that a hell of a jump for a guy to be making in one season?"

McDonald was still looking at the roster, his eyes bugging out.

"Say-y-y," he cried in astonishment. "This must be a misprint or something. It says this bird hit .612 in one hundred twenty-five games last year."

"That isn't a misprint," said Mr. Durocher ironically. "That's just a great big terrible lie. Nobody ever hit .612 in one hundred twenty-five games anywhere, anytime."

The next day another telegram arrived: *Please wire ten dollars need new tire arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Next day there was another one: *Slight delay heavy snow big drifts arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Mr. McDonald brought these tidings to Mr. Durocher on the field.

"Wire the bum to burn that jalopy and come the rest of the way on skis," hollered Durocher, not much caring whether the guy ever arrived or not.

It was a week before Mr. Gamback showed up. Meanwhile he kept the world informed of his progress: *Slight delay hit by bus wire five dollars arrive soon. H. Gamback.*

Then came a wire from Lake Wales, Florida, in the opposite direction from Clearwater entirely: *Have just seen Singing Tower very artistically pretty. H. Gamback.*

"Who's coming here, anyhow!" howled Durocher. "Little mister slap-my-wrist?"

Finally, Mr. Gamback made it. The players were sitting on the veranda of the hotel after supper when the car drove up. It was an old wreck with variegated portions of household ware sticking out all over it.

"It's the Oakies," said somebody from the shadows of the porch, but the others paid no attention because they were looking boggle-eyed at the girl in the seat with Mr. Gamback. Rookies simply don't bring their wives to training camp, being lucky to be there alone.

By this time our hero had climbed out from under the wheel of the car and was starting to unload. There was a bellhop standing in the door of the hotel but he made no move to go out.

"Why don't you help the guy with his stuff!" demanded one of the players.

"Why don't you?" asked the bellhop, but after a pause he started down the steps. As he went along the walk, he met Mr. Gamback coming toward the hotel with the first load. The bellhop,

spurred by a belated feeling of duty, made a move to relieve Mr. Gamback of his luggage. At this, Mr. Gamback lifted his right limb and kicked the bellhop severely on the leg.

"Yow!" howled the bellhop, grabbing his shin and making the twilight tremble with his anguish.

The yell that went up from the Dodgers on the porch was even louder. They thought it was immense. Here was a man after their own hearts. As a unit they came down off the porch to greet the Gambacks.

"Come on in," they cried. "We've been waiting for you. Everybody's been waiting for you. Is this your wife?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Gamback proudly. "This is Sarah and that there right rear tire is the one you gentlemen bought for me."

"What's that your wife is carrying?" asked somebody.

"That there," said Mr. Gamback. "That there is a easel—a paintin' easel. Sarah she paints pictures."

They looked at the easel and at Sarah and at the right rear tire and then they looked at one another. Everything seemed to be in fine shape.

TWO things of importance happened next day. First, Mr. Gamback had the honor to be interviewed by Mr. Leland Stanford MacPhail, big boss of the Brooklyn club. What Mr. MacPhail had in mind was Mrs. Gamback. He intimated that it wasn't customary for a first-year man to bring his wife to camp. To this Mr. Gamback merely answered:

"Withouten Sarah, I just couldn't stay . . ."

The discussion dwindled away to nothing almost immediately.

The next thing was when Durocher ordered Mr. Gamback into right field to shag flies and noted with horror, fifteen minutes later, that Mr. Gamback was nowhere to be seen. They found him finally out behind the stands, sitting comfortably on the ground with his back against the fence.

"Bring that big dope in here!" bel-lowed Mr. Durocher.

When Mr. Gamback arrived, Mr. Durocher took a deep breath and was about to start his yowls when Mr. Gamback intercepted him.

"I don't like to do no fieldin'," he said simply. "Hittin's what I like."

It stopped Mr. Durocher where he stood. When he recovered he said sarcastically, "Oh, you don't like to field, eh?"

"No, sir; I just like to stand up there and hit."

"Well, you can't just stand up there and hit," said Durocher. "Two teams play this game and sometimes the other guys like to hit. Go on out there and shag like I told you or I'll beat you over the head with something."

This seemed very proper of Mr. Durocher and everybody agreed that it would be a sad case if a manager couldn't discipline his own men, so Mr. Gamback went out to right field again and Chuck Dressen started hitting flies to him. Mr. Gamback put up his hands for the first one and it fell ten feet away.

He put up his hands for the next one and ducked just in time to keep from getting hit on the head. He put up his hands for the third one and seemed amazed when it soared about thirty feet over his head and disappeared over the fence. "Come on in here!" howled Durocher and when Mr. Gamback got close Mr. Durocher added in the falsely consoling voice of the spider welcoming his fly, "Will you tell me how you managed to play one hundred and twenty-five games last year without getting killed?"



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



They had a pretty near fence," said Gamback, "and the ball either went or it bounced against it and I got it." "Did you ever catch any of the—?" Mr. Durocher sought for beautiful words. "Any of the—uh—innocent short ones?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Gamback. "This Mr. Durocher threw his cap in the air, kicked at a pile of bats and began running around in a circle, making a fool of himself. When he recovered sufficiently, he yelled in a loud voice, 'Go on up

there and hit!' By which he meant Mr. Gamback had better hit or he would soon be on his way back to South Dakota.

Mr. Gamback picked up a bat, strode to the plate, planted his feet in a wide stance, and waited for the pitch.

WYATT was on the mound and let go with his hard one. Fortunately he ducked at the same time. The ball went past his ear with the speed of a meteor that has fallen through the roof of a barn. The second pitch landed up against the left field fence with a thud

that could be heard in parts of Miami Beach. The third one went over the left center fence, four hundred and twelve feet away.

"Throw him your hook!" howled Durocher.

"That was my hook," answered Mr. Wyatt, not very pleasantly.

Then Durocher hurled Tamulis, the left-hander, into the breach. His first toss was hit so hard down the third base line that Cookie Lavagetto was still talking at eleven o'clock that night about how the Lord was on his side, he man-

aging to drop to safety just before the projectile went over him.

"That's enough!" yelled Durocher, fearful that he wasn't going to have any team left if that bird stayed up there. "Three laps around the track!"

"I'd druther not do no runnin'," said Mr. Gamback. "Too much exercise this time of day always seems to ruin my stummick."

And that is how Dopey Gamback made the jump from Wink to Brooklyn in one short semester. But if Dopey  
(Continued on page 46)

Mr. Magerkurth, approaching with a look in his eye, the demonstration could only be aimed at the majesty of the law. If he had been red with anger before, he now became apoplectic

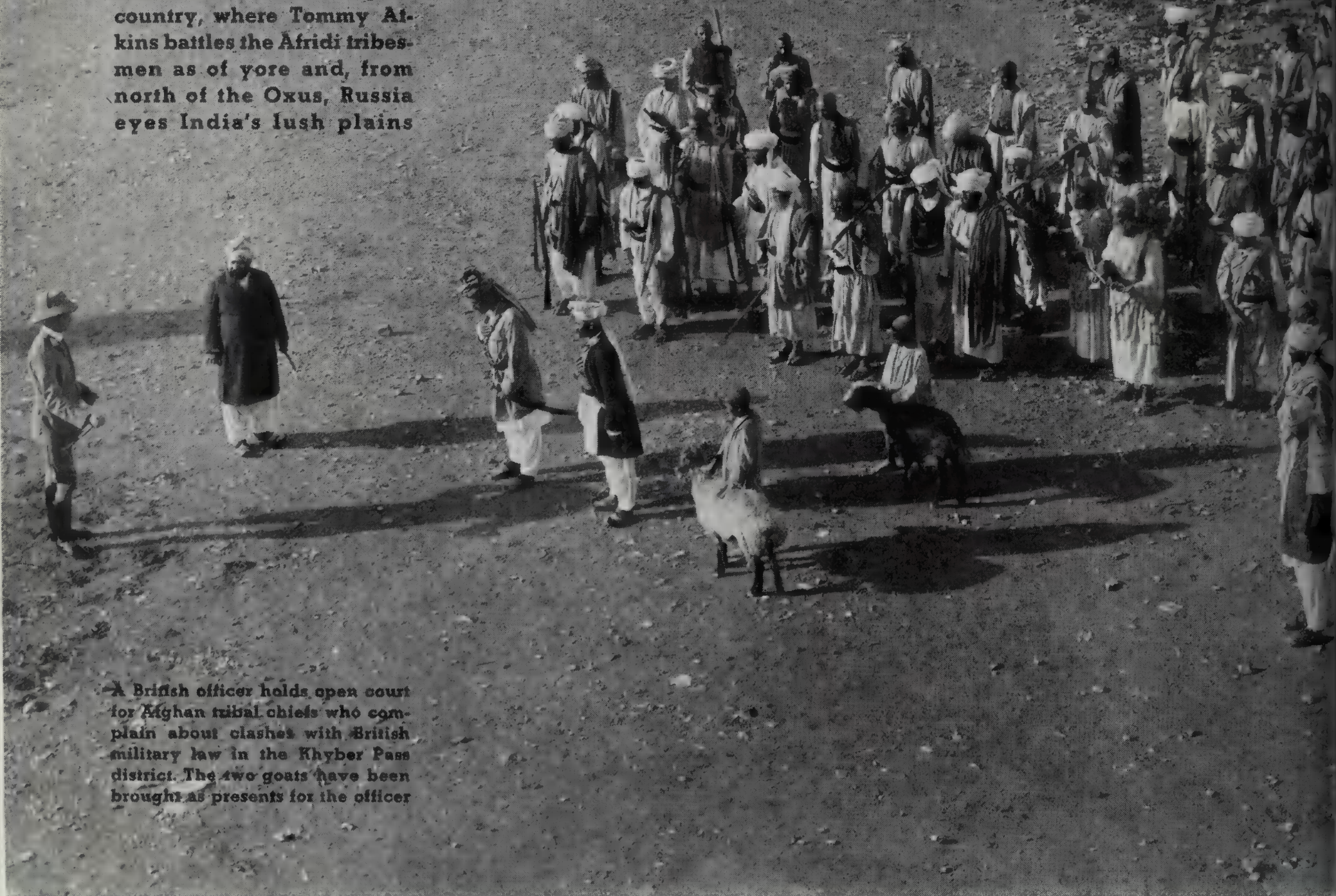




# The Bear Looks Over the Mountain

By Jim Marshall

Trouble ahead in the Khyber country, where Tommy Atkins battles the Afridi tribesmen as of yore and, from north of the Oxus, Russia eyes India's lush plains



A British officer holds open court for Afghan tribal chiefs who complain about clashes with British military law in the Khyber Pass district. The two goats have been brought as presents for the officer

THE armored car went first, grumbling along the narrow, winding road between the hot shale slopes of the Kohat Pass. Gun muzzles poked out of slits in the brown steel shields, searching the hills and gulches of the Hindu Kush. After the car came lorry loads of small, trim Gurkha soldiers in gray shirts and brown shorts, kukris on their hips, stubby Lee-Enfields between their knees. The Gurkhas were clearing the road from Kohat to Bannu, eighty miles.

For two days each week the might of the British Empire kept open this slim winding strip of highway through Tribal Territory on India's bloody Northwest Frontier. The territory is a wind-lashed, sun-baked strip of godforsaken hills and gulches jammed in between Afghanistan to the west and north, and British India, to the south and east. It is the scene of the world's longest nonstop war—a tangled mass of shale, sand and rock, four hundred miles long, from ten to a hundred miles wide.

In this wild territory a hundred thousand dead-shot Pathans battle for the freedom of a million people. Year after year, they battle grimly against civilization, against artillery and airplanes and modern scientific weapons of death—for their freedom.

If they would surrender and take the vow of allegiance to the king-emperor in faraway London, the British would allow them to come down into the fertile plains of India, acquire land, grow crops, own goats and sheep and buffaloes. They prefer to remain free in their barren hills, living in caves or among the ruins of their bombed villages, half starved, always dodging death. They have preferred it that way for four thousand years, or more.

The sharp crack of a rifle cut through the exhaust barking of the armored car and from a ridge ahead the echoes rang in the blazing heat of the pass. A slim young British lieutenant jumped from the car and in a bored Bond Street voice sang commands. The rifle cracked again and dust spurted beneath the car. The Gurkhas piled out of the lorries and took cover behind the baking rocks. A machine gun in the car brrrrp-brrrrp'd and shale and dust jumped on the hillside. The ridge ahead was silent again. You looked in vain for the tribesmen who must be there—somewhere.

The Gurkhas moved forward, spread out, rifles ready, taking advantage of every bit of cover. The crisped shale burned knees and elbows. The little soldiers moved ahead from shadow to shadow.

Then, nine figures appeared momentarily in silhouette against the blue sky, and disappeared over the ridge top a hundred yards away. The Gurkhas chuckled and grinned and sent a volley that made little dust explosions along the sky line. An Afridi tribesman on the crest twisted slowly, fell and came tumbling down the slope, his rifle clattering on the rocks.

"Good shootin'," said the little lieutenant. "Up the hill, men, and we'll catch them on the next slope."

## Ten Lives for One

He stood up, swept the hillside with his glasses and strolled forward with the little soldiers from Nepal, far away to the eastward in the Himalayan foothills where the rain forests are all full of butterflies and orchids—and death. The Gurkhas are the world's best trackers.

The machine gun spoke from the car, back in the road, and the ridge top exploded in dust and flying rock chips. The Gurkhas went forward up the slippery shale, stopping just short of the top. The young lieutenant climbed nonchalantly. Just short of the top he wriggled ahead between two rocks. The Gurkhas inched forward. Warily, they topped the ridge

and looked over down the reverse slope. It was as silent as a tomb in the heat. The gully was about fifty yards wide; half that deep. Somewhere there, or on the farther slope, ought to be eight tribesmen—enough to make good the old hill rule: Ten lives for every tribesman drilled by a nickel-jacketed .303. The Gurkhas had the same rule.

The little brown men wriggled forward and shoved rifle muzzles through the cracks between rocks. A buzzard wheeled in the blue sky. A shot came from the far slope. A Gurkha made a little sobbing noise and slowly collapsed in a heap. The others, straining to find the hidden enemy, fired slowly and carefully. The far slope was silent in the sun.

"Gone away," said the boy. His men sent a final volley into the air and crept back down the hill to the taking the wounded man with the the hills you do not leave wounded—or dead men either—because unpleasant things happen to them. You get captured alive—because if you are the Afridi or the Wazirs or the wari will bury you up to your nose in sand and then pigstick you from the chest. The camels lurch and sway and sometimes it takes a very long while un-



Since we are going up into these passes to have a look at the oldest war in the world we might as well understand the layout. You can get an idea of India's frontier by imagining our own northern border consisted of a long mountain chain, running from California to North Dakota and then down to Virginia.

The western leg of this range is the Hindu Kush; the eastern is the Himalayas. The Hindu Kush peaks run up to about eight thousand feet and the passes through them are about four thousand feet high. The Himalayas run well over twenty thousand feet and the passes through them are fifteen and sixteen thousand feet high, usually snow-filled.

Up in the corner where these two ranges merge is the most famous pass in Asia—the Khyber. There are remains of forts and old rock walls in the Khyber that history sharps say are 3,500 years old. Men were fighting, even back in those dim years, to force—and to hold

—the barren hills. Except for short intervals, they have never stopped.

Up along the Northwest Frontier there are four layers of country. South, there is the fertile Indian plain. That belongs to England. Then there is the Tribal Territory. That belongs to the tribes, but the British maintain roads through it by force of arms. North of this, there is Afghanistan, a despotism in which Britain, Russia and now Germany fight for domination—not with guns, but with cold cash, diplomacy and intrigue. North of Afghanistan again there is the Soviet Union, just across the Oxus River.

#### Training Camp for the Troops

For years, England has made believe she feared an invasion of India by Russia, and at the same time has said such an invasion was impossible. Military men on the frontier today say that, with modern defense weapons and methods, Russia could not force the passes. They say they have the tribesmen united

against such an invasion, and that they would like nothing better than to see a Russian army in mass formation marching down to the northern entrance of the Khyber. We will go up into the Khyber in a few minutes and see why.

For a century or more England has kept alive the Russian menace story for two main reasons: First, she keeps 60,000 white and 250,000 native troops under arms in India and she has to have a reason—because every penny of the expense is paid for by the Indians, and there has to be an excuse. Second, the frontier is a first-class practice ground on which to train troops. England, in normal times, manages to give nearly every regiment a taste of battle, murder and sudden death on the frontier.

If you ask army chiefs in India why England long ago didn't conquer the tribes, as she has conquered tribes elsewhere, they will tell you cynically: "We keep the tribesmen to practice on." You think this is a gag and take the story to political agents, doubting it. No, they say, that's British policy, as made by the army. The civilian government would like the hills pacified; it would like to disarm the warriors and make farmers and traders out of them—but the army won't have it. Just now, it is costing the army about forty casualties a month to run its training school.

The tribesmen—and their women and children—are trapped in their barren, almost waterless hills. Sometimes they come raiding down onto the plains, but they are always driven back. On the north, the Afghans stop them. There is nothing for them to do but fight—or surrender. A few of them surrender temporarily, when the going gets too tough. They hire out to the army as road builders, or *khasadars*—road patrolmen. But usually they go back to their hills and their eternal feud with civilization.

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Britain's Gurkha troops crossing a shallow river during maneuvers. The men in the foreground pause to put on their boots after the crossing

An officer of the tank corps on patrol obtains information from an Afridi tribesman of the Khyber Khasadar force, which guards the pass

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gets you fairly and squarely and your torture.

When the British army wants to open the roads through some of the frontiers it sends out armored cars and soldiers under white officers. They fight their way along, manning the forts set atop ridges in enemy territory—that is, Tribal Territory. After the forts are manned, trucks, busses and cars roll through the pass between strongly defended cantonments surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. Two days, the troops hold open the pass. Then they retire and the tribesmen come back.

The British are comparative newcomers to these wars. In their methodical wars they have recorded seventy-four wars in seventy-five years. In early wars, each war had an objective, but of late the fighting has become so confused that one war ends each December 31 and another one starts January 1.

Long centuries before there was an English nation, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, Alexander and his Macedonians, Mahmud of Ghazni, Nadir Shah and many another half-forgotten conqueror fought through these mountains—fought through them, but never conquered their black-haired warriors.



# Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

## The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer at a Berlin night club, marries Paul Lesser, part owner with Rolf Blaerchen of the club. A short time later, Lesser is killed in a mysterious accident—planned (so Carola believes) by Blaerchen!

Three years pass. Learning that Carola is in Rome, Blaerchen—now a prominent Nazi—forces her to return to Berlin where he puts her to work as a Foreign Office spy. Loathing the man, who makes violent love to her, and shocked by his brutalities, she finally rebels and, leaving the apartment he has given her, begins rehearsing a singing role for the Sans Souci, a night club that will soon be opened.

By this time she has fallen in love with an old friend: Karl Dietrich. Dietrich, once a

noted comedian, is deep in an anti-Hitler plot. Persecuted savagely by Blaerchen, who is jealous of him, he decides to obtain evidence that the fellow is a crook—evidence that, presented to Nazi headquarters, would ruin Blaerchen.

Making his plans with infinite care, Dietrich succeeds in inveigling Blaerchen into selling certain secret documents taken from the Foreign Office files. Then, when the Sans Souci has a brilliant opening, with Blaerchen and many other well-known Nazis present, he has Carola sing a song that makes it quite clear to the Nazi that he has fallen into a cleverly devised trap.

The following day, however, Carola and Dietrich receive a rude shock. Franz Wagner, owner of the Sans Souci, is ordered to close the

club at once; and he is informed by the authorities that he must send his artists to Warsaw!

Realizing that the woman he loves will never be safe in Germany, Dietrich makes arrangements for her escape—on a fishing boat sailing from Stettin. Believing that Dietrich is to accompany her (he has told her that he is fleeing with her, although he has no intention of deserting his anti-Hitler friends), she goes to Stettin. Arriving on a disagreeable, foggy day, she reports to one Schwartz who is to tell her what to do.

Schwartz tells her that she is to sail alone. Carola is stunned. "Are you sure?" she gasps. "Certain," Schwartz says. Without another word, Carola turns, and walks out into the fog.

## Conclusion

KARL spent most of that evening with Klauss, behind windows heavily curtained. They reviewed the damage done by Ranke's imprisonment. It was considerable. Kuhlmann from the Gestapo, came for a little while to report that seven men who had worked in the factory and who had contacts with men in other factories were now arrested.

"It is too bad," Klauss said factually. "We need help so badly." He outlined activities that astonished Karl; he had thought of Underground work as something extremely limited. "We have a press and we are able to print materials. We have our ways of getting information here and of sending information abroad to keep in touch with friends who are freer to act than we. We have manufactured false credentials, we have painted signs on walls during black-outs, we have distributed pamphlets in letter boxes, in desk drawers—they even got to Berchtesgaden! Soldiers find them in pockets of new uniforms just issued by the quartermasters'. And where do you suppose we learned many of our methods?"

Karl shook his head. "I haven't an idea."

"From the Nazis. We do the things they did before they came to power. We can use all their tricks but we have honesty and unselfishness on our side—which the Nazis have never had. We are not out for pillage! And if we are cornered, we will do as Ranke did. When the Nazis are cornered, and they will be cornered, they will turn on each other."

"Even if Germany wins the war?"

"Especially if she wins! Can you imagine Ribbentrop and Goering finding a satisfactory way to divide spoils? A split runs through the Nazi party! There is the split between Army and politicians—and victory will not bridge that."

When Karl was about to leave Klauss said, "We must meet every day. Meet at the Friedrichstrasse station at eight tomorrow night."

Back in his room Karl faced the problem of his job with Wagner. He would have to find something else, to cover his increased activity for Klauss. This was hard to think about a job. In his imagination he was with Carola, happy, she was safe. Of his own loss he would not think but it took will power not to remember the touch of her hair on his cheek, the softness of her hands. From his little window he could see a moon and a sarcastic comment on a black-out. Karl hoped that the skipper of a small fishing boat on the Baltic was not catching the bright moon and the brilliant sky.

At the office in the morning Karl found Wagner at his desk, trying to make some sense of the order to close. "I can't understand it," he said, and a depressive look of helplessness on his face. "I can't understand it." He stared at Karl as if remembering some unpleasant fact. "Blaerchen is responsible, *nicht wahr?* Answer me! Isn't that right?" He shook his head vigorously.

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Stissing pulled a chair near the door. Werner sat beside him. For once did suspicion leave their faces.



THE woman stood in the doorway and looked at the sea. She folded her arms over her breast and leaned back and watched and waited.

Across the granite shoulder of the hill the river was talking. The spring storm had broken the ice in the river and the old yellow creases were marching out to sea. She could hear them groaning, muttering as they ground against each other on the hurrying ebb tide.

She was a strong-looking woman and her face held youth—but lines of waiting and work showed under the eyes and jaws. The hands she folded were bare from the soft snows and powdered with the flour of the bread she had made. Her color was high from the fire of the stove and when she breathed it was like smoke in the cold mid-morning air.

In the house behind her the radio music stopped and the station's call letters were pronounced.

The man she was waiting for came up the path, walking slowly in turned-down boots. The oilskin coat was still glistening with the wet of the sea and stiff with the cold as he moved his arms. His heavy feet dragged over the granite shoulder and the burden on his back bent him down. He looked up as the path he walked on joined the other from the spring hole, and his eyes stayed for a moment on the woman in the doorway. Not a single line in his face showed recognition—a sign of greeting. He walked on heavily toward his home.

He was a squarebuilt man and his layer of clothing made him a hulk of a man. He walked on—as if momentum carried him.

The radio spoke of the time and the man glanced in at the clock on the shelf by the bunk. Then, having seen that her man was safe, she turned and went inside. Even as she moved from stove to table, her eyes watched him through the window and she read the bitterness and fatigue on his face. She saw him stop a few yards from the house—throw off the burlap sack of rope and fishing gear, and turn toward the sea. He stood there, his broad back to her, his shoulders sagging, his legs bent at the knees; and she felt his resentment toward life—the bitterness he must feel toward defeat—her heart went out to him.

He came in and fumbled for a chair. He sat down and his legs went out straight. He pushed the door closed with a hand which cramped back without bones.

The radio was going. He stared at it blankly. The voice talked of the war in Europe, of famine, of death. But if the man heard he showed no interest.

He looked up at his wife. His eyes were hidden far under his sandy brows. They looked like an animal's, the film gathering tears at the corners. He lifted his hand to his face and drew it slowly over his forehead, across his nose, and pulled at his jaw. His face showed white at the marks of his fingers. The hand fell back to his knee, where it seemed to crumple. For a moment he didn't move. The radio's voice droned on and blurred in the room.

"FRANK!" the woman said sharply.

He raised his head—then shook it—as if to break the spell of sleepiness. He said, "Is it ready?"

"Take off your clothes, you can't eat with them on."

He said, "All right, all right. Don't get leveled."

He lifted one foot and placed its heel on the toe of the other and worked the boot loose. For the other, he put the heel in the loop of the brace under the sink and pulled. The boot fell to the floor. He peeled off the oilskin coat, a leather jacket, a grease-darkened sweater. With a stockinged foot he moved all to the corner near the door.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Quit foolin' around."

She placed in front of him a large bowl of fish chowder, yellow with floating gobs of butter fat and dotted with pepper. He moved in close to the table. But he waited.

Not for ceremony. Not for prayer. But for his bread.

The slices she dealt on the plate, like cards, were still warm and the powder of the flour whitened the brown crusts. She watched his battered, broad-fingered hand reach out, slide the slice toward him and lay on the butter.

"How is it?" she asked.

Swallowing, he said, "Good. It's hot."

He looked up then. A slow recognition came to his spray-burned eyes.

Instinctively, without study, her hand went out to him and touched his arm.

"Was it bad out in the bay?"

He pulled his shoulders together and leaned over the plate. He scooped up a spoonful of milk and flakes of fish. "Wicked," he said.

"I heard the ice," she said.

He tore at the bread, his teeth on the crust. Then, with his mouth full, he said, "I lost my dory. It got smashed to bits in the ice."

She inclined her head in sympathy. But the loss of a dory doesn't mean much to a woman when her man is safe. She said, "Any fish?"

"Nothing. There's no fish in the bay. The storm's drove them out."

WHEN he was through he pushed back the plate and searched his pocket for a cigarette. He drank coffee and sat there staring at the radio. The urgent voice was still talking, telling of the war in Europe, of famine, of death.

He said after a minute, "I'm going out again this noon."

She started. "No, Frank. No. You're tired. You've been out since three this morning. Rest now."

He shook his head. "I can't."

He reached for his gray sweater, the leather vest, the coat and his boots from the corner by the door. He put on his clothes. Then he put on his boots.

She said, "No—Frank. It's still bad out. I can't stand for you to go out again."

He rubbed the back of his neck. A smile came to his face.

"I got to go," he said.

He was standing now—looking at her. He moved toward her. She came to him, her arms lifted and put her arms around his broad chest. He could feel her hands on his back. Her hands couldn't meet around him. She kissed him. They held to each other for a moment—then he backed away. The tired film on his eyes was gone. His head lifted. His hands went out quickly, with life, and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll be back," he said. "Early."

She stood there watching him buckle up the oilskin coat. He laughed. "Don't get scared. This isn't war. This is just plain work."

He went out. She saw him through the window. He walked with a quick step down the path on which she had seen him come and go so many times. He walked with his head up. Once she saw him stop and look out to sea—his arms akimbo—his legs spread apart, defiantly. Then he leaned down and touched the ground. He seemed to pat the ground—feel it.

He looked back, embarrassed to see if she saw him. He must have caught her at the window, for he waved and shouted something she couldn't hear. She went to the door. He was laughing. "I feel good," he shouted back to her. "There's no war over here. I'll be sure to get back before sundown. So long. . . ."

He turned and walked to the shore.

She stood there watching him from the doorway—her arms folded across her breast. She thought, smiling to herself, "He sure likes his bread."

The tired film on his eyes was gone. His head lifted. His hands went out quickly, with life, and patted her shoulder. "I'll be back," he said

# His Daily Bread

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE







## GUN SMOKE

Romantic interlude in the life of a young man who didn't know that a killer can never escape his past

By Clifford Dowdey

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

**O**F THE town they ruled with bright gold and hot guns, nothing is left now except scattered adobe walls, roofless and broken, hidden in a mesquite thicket. Even the main street is as trackless as the desert to which the town has returned.

Because no spot marks their deeds, the men seem as transient and as legendary as the abandoned town. As it sprang full-grown from the desert, lived its awful and sudden hour, so did they. Living only in and for that hour, they were unknown before and lost afterward, gone with the smoke of their guns.

Those guns were smoking and the men

behind them were kings for that moment, when the thin line of Confederate soldiers straggled west after Appomattox in search of a new life. Some had never gone home, but kept walking west from the little Virginia court town across the hot miles to Texas. Some had gone to the place where home had stood, but the Yankees had been there first, and then they fell into the line of march where the other defeated men had passed.

Johnny Malvern was one of those, only twenty-one when he reached Texas. There the ex-Rebs were making trouble with the Yankee peace officers and he

pushed on west into New Mexico. He was tired of fighting after four years in Jeb Stuart's cavalry. He worked on ranches, trying hard to be a good cowboy, until he landed with Tom Langhorn's big spread. It was a gun outfit and they took him for his fighting experience, but he didn't know that, not at first.

He didn't find out until Langhorn sent him and twenty others to another outfit in a northern county, and his work ended in a gun battle with the cowboys of Jed Withington's spread. Langhorn's foreman was killed and the men beaten off, and Johnny scattered with the rest. He rode hard all day with an older cow hand named Slim, and at dusk they emerged from a rocky canyon where a thin stream trickled through a wash.

They dismounted and drank, and watered their horses. Then they stared ahead, where sandy flats rolled for miles toward a ridge, smudgy black against the fire of the falling sun.

"We can make that by dark," Slim said, "and cross it in the morning. Then we'll be in another county, and safe."

Johnny turned to him in surprise: "Ain't we goin' south first, for to collect our pay from Langhorn?"

"Johnny," Slim said in a deliberate voice, "Langhorn don't figure he owes us anything. He sent us up here to fight for this other outfit, and if we'd 'a' won we'd 'a' collected from this outfit up here. But

we lost, and when you lose Langhorn don't know you."

Johnny thought that over and slow shook his head. "Maybe he figures that way, but I don't. We was working for him and he never said nothing about win or lose to me."

"Son, you're new to the West but I'm an old hand here, too old to be fighting for other men any more. I'm going over to Arizona, come spring, and start a little outfit of my own. I want you to stick along with me, because you got the makings of a good cowboy, and I want to get you out of this ruckus."

**J**OHNNY'S face set in stubborn line. "I ain't made like that, Slim. I got winter ahead of me and not a Confederate dollar in my jeans. Langhorn owes me and I aim for to collect. I'll see you in Arizona in the spring and . . . and thanks for all you've learned me."

"Thanks nothin'!" Slim's seamy face set in lines as hard as Johnny's and his bleached eyes lit. "I've seen a heap of you unreconstructed Rebs out here, still trying to do things like they was in the South, but you're one what's gone. Listen to me. You was hired on a gun outfit, and all that learnin' you about quick draw that I done was on Langhorn's orders. He was fighting it out with Withington for control of this country around here and we lost. Withington owns it now and Langhorn's got t



**"You're Johnny Malvern" were the words, but they sounded like some kind of insult**

selves. Out here the boys in the outfit did the fighting, and they stuck together like one of Jeb Stuart's troops, but the man behind them disowned them if they didn't win. He wasn't going to be disowned by any rustling cattle king.

**T**HAT was the way Johnny felt when he walked into the ranch house and faced Tom Langhorn. He was a red-faced man with skin as tough as cactus and eyes that had never been afraid of anything and never would be. Johnny told him, politely but stoutly, what he was there for.

Langhorn had been sitting behind a table he used as a desk. He jumped up and a pearl-handled revolver showed on his belt.

"You was working for that northern outfit, even if I did send you up there. It's broken up and can't pay you. I don't see as I owe you a Mex dollar."

"You owe me, sir, because we both know I was working for you all the time. That outfit was really yours, up there to fight Withington, and I risked my life in that fight, which is more than I had bargained for. All I'm asking for is my pay as a cowpuncher."

**L**ANGHORN'S face grew harder. "You're asking the wrong man then. If you value your hide, get out!" He was shouting and his skin was purple and his eyes had no color in them at all; they were just a hot light.

Johnny knew he had to go, or else stay and fight as Slim had said. Then, no longer curbing his anger, he said steadily, "Well, I ain't going!"

"And I say you are," Langhorn bellowed and went for his gun.

Johnny went for his, too, sweeping it up, just as he had practiced, and squeezing trigger when the barrel cleared the holster. He had no worry about shooting straight, because he'd used the pistol in the cavalry. Everything in him was bent toward shooting before Langhorn, and he must have been a shade quicker, for he heard Langhorn's bullet thud into the floor at his feet and he saw the older man drop his gun and clutch at his groin with both hands. He went down slowly, pitching forward.

A groin wound is mean and the grizzled rancher had a hard time dying. In the three days he lingered, he cursed the Southern cowboy from hell to breakfast. But Johnny Malvern made a great reputation killing his first man, because Langhorn was a famous cattle king with more killings on his record than any man wanted to count.

Johnny heard nothing about his reputation. He crossed two wide counties by hard riding and holed up in the hills for the winter. It was a hard time for the boy, cold and hungry and lonely all the time, and he was a harder man when he came down in the spring. He got a job right off. He would have held it too, because he was becoming a good cowboy, only the inevitable thing happened. The other cow hands said a deputy sheriff came up to Johnny one morning, in front of the bunkhouse, and after asking Johnny his name he went right for his gun. That was the second man Johnny Malvern killed.

That talk spread over the whole range and Johnny heard some of it, even though he had taken to the brush and crossed three more counties to get away from it. He turned up in northern Arizona on good outfits, but somehow his name followed him and he kept moving on. They say he was crowded into a

dance-hall brawl by a bad man named Red Echols and killed him, and he shot a gambler in Prescott. He was never asked and he never told. It was nearly two years after the Langhorn fight that he turned up at Slim's ranch in southern Arizona.

It was in one of those fat valleys running south to the border, about twenty miles from the bad town that today has gone back to the brush. Then it was a sanctuary for desperadoes, a Broadway in the desert, and, as Slim said afterward, "If you wanted to act tough there, it took a tough man to get away with it." Johnny's reputation hit the town the day after he hit the ranch.

**T**HIS was bad news for Slim on two counts. He wasn't running a gun outfit and he didn't want the outlaws in the valley to think he was trying to. Then, Jed Withington had moved into the valley from New Mexico and he would remember that Johnny had fought against him with Langhorn.

But Slim had promised Johnny a job, and besides he liked the boy. He took him on and got Johnny to promise he would keep out of saloons and dance halls, where some of the gunmen might crowd him into a fight (as they said Red Echols had) just to boost their own reputations.

Johnny did nothing to rile anybody. He made friends with the men in Slim's outfit and mostly kept close to the ranch. When the men galloped into town to squander their forty dollars in saloons and dance halls, Johnny went alone. He spent his time buying clothes. He had more shirts and the finest shop-made boots of any cowboy in the valley, and

his chaps and hat were surpassed by none he ever saw. The other cow hands told him the bad men of the town were waiting for him to show, because the more he kept to himself the greater grew his reputation as a killer, but he knew it would mean a fight and he was very tired of fighting. He kept buying clothes and it was in his restless search for new ones that he met Esther Miller.

**E**STHER MILLER'S father was one of the Confederate officers who did not tarry long at the ruins of his home after the surrender. His wife had died during the war, as a result of being moved while sick, and Esther had refugeeed with some kinspeople in Richmond. From the wreckage of his plantation, Mr. Miller salvaged a wagon and team of horses, some odd pieces of furniture and some silver that had been buried.

With those, he and Esther fell in with the remnants of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia moving west on its last retreat.

He didn't stop until he found the bad town in the Arizona valley. The town needed a good general store and Mr. Miller had started one. Slim bought all his supplies there. He had been thrown by too many broncs to have any heart for sprees any more, and when he came to town he spent most of his time haranguing Mr. Miller. While they argued, Johnny talked to Esther.

They had a natural bond in having been born in the same section of Virginia, though Johnny's plantation had not been one of the great places like the Millers'. Back home he had seen girls like her riding past in carriages, or in

(Continued on page 30)

**"You make me feel better," he told her. "I thought something was wrong, that maybe you didn't like me any more." "I love you," she said**

low. He wouldn't even let on he knew you. You go poking around him and you'll be in worse trouble than you are now. He'd just as soon kill you as would a snake, sooner because a snake don't put no notches on his gun." Johnny gathered up his reins. "That's the chance I'll have to take."

"But it ain't no chance, Johnny. He'll kill you or you'll have to kill him."

"Then I'll play it that way. Killing isn't nothing new to me. I've just come out of four years of it and I saw my mother go down beside me when I was sixteen years old." He swung up in the saddle.

THE light was dimming. Already the purple haze was spreading over the hills. Slim moved over beside Johnny. Killing one man personally is different, and remember that they never kill just once."

Johnny Malvern wasn't remembering that as he rode south toward the main house of Tom Langhorn. He was remembering the pile of ashes in Virginia that had been his home, and he was remembering what it looked like before the war, when his father and brothers had been alive and they raised the fastest horses in Hanover County. They'd taken those horses into the cavalry, where no man asked others to fight his battles for him. The generals never told you where they wouldn't go them-





# TOUGH On and Off

By John Durant

The movie tough guys, Humphrey Bogart and James Cagney, take time out for—of all things—ice-cream cones



ONE evening Humphrey Bogart and his wife were sitting in the taproom of a New York hotel having a nightcap before retiring. A man walked across the room, stopped at Bogart's table and leaned over so that his face was inches away from the screen's perennial heavy.

"Bogart, they tell me you're a tough guy. Well, you don't look so tough to me."

Bogart knew what not to do. He had

learned that before. "Sit down, chum, and have a drink." He grinned amiably at the stranger.

"Okay, Bogart, I will. Rye and ginger ale, waiter. I hear you don't like to sign them autographs for the kids, that you brush off the kids because you want to be tough all the time. Is that right, Bogart?"

Humphrey turned to his wife, Mayo, and said, "Honey, you look a little tired. Don't you think we'd better go up and

turn in?" But now the stranger had Bogart by the arm.

"Just what I thought. Trying to run out. Tough, eh? That's a laugh."

The man was not drunk. He resented Bogart and wanted to be able to tell the boys next day what he'd said to that movie actor who is supposed to be so tough. A fine spot for Bogart. He isn't a fighter but he was beginning to get enough of his guest, who was now becoming menacing.

The movies' professional tough guys have to prove they can knock down the fans who want a fight instead of an autograph

Mayo was about to give her husband the green light to GO, when the stranger unraveled a right from somewhere beneath the table and threw it in the general direction of his host. It landed and caused no damage but the battle was on. The men fell into a bear hug, knocked over two tables and wound up rolling about on the floor like two school boys enjoying their recess. Mayo, trained in such emergencies, quickly removed her shoes and beat a tattoo on the stranger's noggin like a woodpecker attacking an old oak. The Bogart family was on its way to a clean-cut decision when the management stepped in and ended the contest.

In the elevator, Mayo turned to her husband and coyly said: "Darling, it must be wonderful to be a movie star and receive such recognition from your admirers."

## Pity the Villain

The tough guys of the screen are constantly subjected to such attacks by known antagonists. Jimmy Cagney and George Raft receive their share, and have been forced many times to fend themselves from surprise assault. Whatever causes this ire, it is a fact that it has existed since the beginning of drama whenever the villain was cast off stage. Even in Elizabethan days, heavy was booed and attacked for leaving the theater. And more recently on the American stage, especially in touring companies on the small-theater circuit, it was dangerous to play the villain. The local boys used to wait outside the stage door for their man, and when he reluctantly appeared he had no choice but to run the gantlet.

Jimmy Cagney was a tough kid. Like Raft and Bogart, he was born and raised in New York City. His was a neighborhood of Irish, Jews and Germans on the upper East Side and Jimmy had to be his dukes as soon as he could walk to public school. He can still fight. In fact, he boxes to keep in shape but Jimmy is no longer tough. He likes books and has a passion for Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts where he has an ancient New England home. No more fights for Jimmy. He had his share as a Yorkville kid.

But now and again Jimmy is forced into a situation where he must either fight or retreat. Once he was almost catching a late bite in a Hollywood cafeteria one night. Jimmy was at the counter waiting for his order when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned around to face a big guy.

"Mr. Cagney," he said, "I got a ten-year-old boy who thinks you're just about the best thing in pictures. A real admirer of yours, Mr. Cagney. Thanks you're swell."

"Well, that's nice. Say hello to him for me, will you?"

"Sure. He thinks you're swell. But don't, Cagney. I think you stink. How do you like that?"

With that he let a roundhouse go at Cagney, who ducked under it and came up with his right hand cocked and aimed at the big guy's jaw. A perfect shot. He knew he had the big guy. All he had to do was to touch the hair trigger to score an easy knockdown. But in the split second the Yorkville kid lost the decision to the mature Cagney, Jimmy dropped his hands to his sides.

"All right, guy. I could take you right now if I wanted to. But I won't. E

(Continued on page 49)





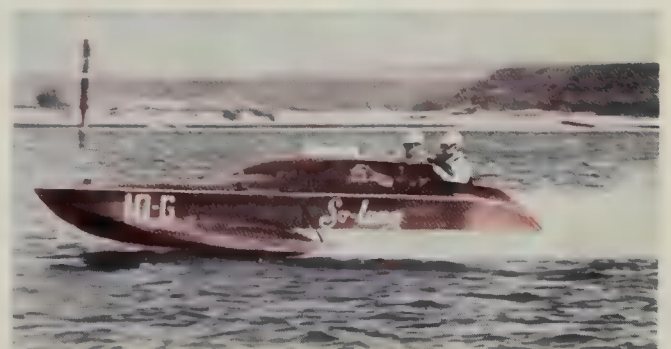
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## Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 20

"But don't tell me, I don't want to know!" He stood up quickly and happened to see a few handbills announcing Carola's opening. He threw them savagely in the wastebasket. "What shall I do?" he asked repeatedly. "What shall I do?"

A secretary interrupted: "A gentleman to see Herr Dietrich!"

Karl went to the outer office. Standing there, impatient and nervous, was von Maurer. He said anxiously, "I must talk to you."

"Certainly." He had to get Maurer outdoors, before anyone could notice him too carefully. Not sure where to go, Karl decided it would be best to walk the streets.

They walked along rapidly. Von Maurer began at once: "I can't forget Blaerchen. Such a man in an important government position can do Germany a lot of harm. I ask myself, will he sell Foreign Office secrets next?" As if it were a decision carefully made, he said, "He must be exposed at once."

KARL trembled for a second, as he guessed where this conversation was going. "There will be some way to punish him."

"That's too indefinite," von Maurer said finally. "I am going at once to the Foreign Office and tell the whole story. And I shall show them the contents of that envelope."

"And chance arrest for false pretense, by having him reveal that the whole thing was only a scheme?" That was the one argument that Karl could use.

It did not impress von Maurer. "A question of ethics is involved. No matter what my fate, or yours, as loyal Germans it is our duty to report him!"

At least, Carola was safely out of this!

"Believe me, there will be some way to have him punished," Karl said, trying desperately to think of any restraining argument. Without that restraint Blaerchen might be punished but the Gestapo would come swiftly for von Maurer and Karl, too. "Let me speak from experience," he said slowly. "Concentration camps are ugly places only a little better than execution blocks. Why risk either?"

"This is duty," von Maurer snapped, annoyed. "For all we know, Blaerchen might agree to sell Foreign Office secrets to foreigners."

Might agree? Karl remembered that Wagner had spoken of Blaerchen's underhand activities; he had mentioned an American dancer who carried material to the British. If Wagner was angry enough now to give details, Blaerchen might be reported for that and punished, without involving von Maurer or himself. "If you'll wait twenty-four hours," Karl said desperately. "You would not object if there were some other way to punish Blaerchen?"

"Of course not. But can you promise that in twenty-four hours—?"

"I can't promise," Karl said honestly. "I can only try."

Von Maurer considered the request from every side. "Very well," he agreed. "Twenty-four hours—"

They walked aimlessly, in silence. Then von Maurer said, "I've begun to wonder how many Nazis there are like Blaerchen. There may be others."

"Maybe," Karl said carelessly. If Karl could find some way to satisfy von Maurer in the next twenty-four hours, then, at a later date, carefully pointed conclusions might bring von Maurer on Klauss' side. He would be valuable. But what mattered now was the twenty-four hours.

When they separated Karl hurried to Wagner's office. Every hope had to hang on Wagner's willingness to tell what he knew and Karl could not be too optimistic about that.

Wagner was still at his desk. He looked up angrily at Karl.

"I need help," Karl began.

"You need help? What do I need?"

"This concerns politics." It would be best to be frank.

"I want nothing to do with politics,"

Wagner shook his head violently. "They've ruined me! *Nein, nein*, I can do nothing. Nothing!"

"But—"

"Leave my office. You're fired, Karl."

"Don't you think that an odd question to ask me?" Karl said coldly.

"Now, see here, Karl! You and I haven't gotten along well in the past but we can be friends."

He must need her very badly and Karl wanted to know why.

"WHERE have you looked for her?" "Everywhere. She wasn't at her apartment last night. You know where she is."

Karl nodded. He knew approximately where he hoped she was, in mid-Baltic! "I don't see why I should tell you." He had to know why Blaerchen needed her. "You'll only annoy her further."

like to see her before Herr Praut.

"Yes," Blaerchen snapped.

That was why he needed her. The moment Praut was probably somewhere around, trying to find her. In some way Karl was sure, their reason for her concerned the broken engagement at the Sans Souci. What was important was that each one was in the middle. Like a mouse caught in a mountain crevice, sharp, unassailable walls, he might find his way up one by pressure against the other. And he had only twenty-four hours!

Increasing the tension between two rivals might help. "I'm sure I would do you a great deal of damage if I could," Karl said carelessly. "Carola has told me some things that Praut said to her on the telephone about you."

Blaerchen laughed but his glance was poorly worn. "What?"

A little knowledge gained from last conversation with Schebelew fit here nicely! "She heard about you going down you got at the Foreign Office just a few days ago."

Blaerchen's face reddened. In his heart was hatred and with it fear, fear of damage that Praut could do him. But it, Karl was sure, was an eagerness to forestall Praut in any way.

"One could gossip about me," Blaerchen began. Then, checking himself, he asked impatiently, "What do you expect Carola?"

"I'm not sure." From this conversation an idea was developing.

"Tell her to see me before she sees Praut."

That was a sardonically simple promise. "Very well."

AS HE was leaving Blaerchen said, "I'm obliged to you, Karl. In any way, I'll see that the Sans Souci is committed to reopen at once."

As if that mattered now!

When he had gone Karl sat in Wagner's large chair, gripping it and holding tight to keep down nervous excitement. He had used well some part of the twenty-four hours but he had to plan what to do next. Somewhere, he was sure, Praut was waiting to find Carola; at this moment, perhaps, he was at her apartment, with no answer to his insistent knocking. Blaerchen, Nazis! Klauss had said: "The characters of the Nazis are their best weapons against them!"

He sat, undecided, for twenty minutes. Wagner's secretary interrupted him then. "There's a telephone call."

"For me?"

"For Fräulein Dirling!"

"I'll take it." He picked up the phone, hoping, hoping. "Hello."

A man's voice answered, "This is Praut. Can you tell me where I can reach Fräulein Dirling?"

"She isn't here," Karl said pleasantly.

"I didn't ask that, *Dummkopf!* Where can I reach her? Who's the man?"

"Karl Dietrich." He could be pleasant.

"I beg pardon." Praut recognized the name. "It is vital for me to reach Fräulein Dirling at once!"

"She won't be here for some time," Karl said frankly. He wished he could talk with the man.

"Can you tell me where she is?"

"If you could meet me—!"

"At once!"

Fifteen minutes later Karl was with Praut in the lobby of the Sans Souci.

"Carola's out of town," Karl



"Look. . . I'll show yuh what I mean by 'deff'!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

Here was more than a blank wall!

Then a secretary knocked and entered. "There is a gentleman here, a Herr Blaerchen from the Foreign Office."

Wagner looked angrily at Karl. "To see me?"

"He wishes to see Herr Dietrich."

That brought Wagner to his feet. "I suppose this means more trouble. You might as well take over my office." He barked at the secretary, "Tell Herr Blaerchen to come in!"

WAGNER greeted him coldly as he passed, on his way out.

Blaerchen sat down quickly and wasted no time. "Where is Carola?"

It was an unexpected question and it took Karl by surprise. Perhaps Blaerchen had found out about the Stettin plan. Perhaps Carola had been caught and this question was a trap.

"I must find her," Blaerchen continued. "Where is she?" The imperiousness, the tone of balanced insult, was gone from his voice. He was asking the question as a man in need would ask it.

Blaerchen did not like that. "I could have you arrested at once."

"If you think threats will answer your questions," Karl said, equally blunt, "perhaps you'd like me to call the police for you."

"I'm sorry, Karl," Blaerchen repeated at once. "There is no need for threats." Then, innocently: "Is Carola out of town?"

"Why shouldn't she go out of town, after she had been ordered to go to Warsaw, alone?" He could think of no way to get from Blaerchen what he wanted to know.

"That order was a mistake," Blaerchen said. "It will be countermanded."

Karl remembered a telephone call to Carola the morning before. "Herr Praut has already promised to do that."

"Praut!" Blaerchen lost whatever composure he had. "Did he see Carola yesterday?"

When Karl shook his head, Blaerchen looked relieved. Praut was Blaerchen's reason for wanting to get to Carola! To test that, Karl asked, "You would





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him. "We'll have news from her shortly."

"Will you please have her get in touch with me immediately?"

Karl smiled. "That's the second such request."

Praut flared up. "Who else asked you?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Herr Praut." This was dangerous but not as dangerous as waiting for von Maurer to call the police. "Herr Blaerchen asked the same thing."

"What did he say?" Praut asked brusquely.

"I scarcely think I should break ■ confidence." It was not hard to pretend decent modesty. Praut was no dramatic critic.

"There are ways of forcing—!" Praut said heavily.

All these Nazis worked alike, with bluff and threat! "I'm sure there are." Karl smiled pleasantly. "But by the time you forced the knowledge out, it might be too late, *nicht wahr?*"

"Pardon me!" Praut smiled pleasantly. "I think we can get further by being friendly."

"I'm sure of it."

"Did Blaerchen tell you why he wanted to see her?"

Karl shook his head.

Praut leaned forward, to speak in confidence: "You were backstage the night of her opening—I saw you waiting outside her dressing room after the performance. How long was Blaerchen in there alone with her?"

"Possibly ten minutes!"

Praut nodded his head. Karl was sure he had guessed right; this eagerness to find Carola came from that broken engagement. Then Praut looked at the time and prepared to leave. "Be sure you tell Carola to see me before talking to anyone. Anyone!"

**P**RAUT spoke like a man commanding the lowest menial. Here was the moment for Karl to jump in and direct the conversation. "I assume that you and Blaerchen are not friendly."

"Why should you think that?"

"Because of things he has said about you."

"To Carola?" In his face was hatred and with it eagerness, eagerness to dominate. With it, Karl was sure, was a deep sense of inferiority whenever he compared himself with Blaerchen. That could well explain his infatuation for Carola and the jealousy of Blaerchen that went with it. "What did Blaerchen say?"

"I know none of the details."

"There are a great many things that could be said about Blaerchen." Then, in a pleasanter voice: "Please tell Carola to see me before seeing anyone else."

Karl agreed and the men separated. It was almost noon. Karl walked to Wagner's office slowly, pushing through crowds out for lunch, ignoring them. Again and again he reviewed a plan, a plan that was dangerous; but waiting for von Maurer to report in the morning was more dangerous. From that there would be no hope of escape. Karl's plan had one slender hope. These two men, Praut and Blaerchen, were like two chemicals, waiting for ■ catalyst to explode them. Karl could smile; he knew that catalyst! What was missing was ■ way to bring the two men together. It had to be found somewhere, somehow. And at once! Before noon tomorrow, von Maurer would report.

He came into Wagner's office. The secretary was about to say something but got nowhere. Out of the inner office came Carola, her arms open wide, her eyes moist.

"I couldn't do it, dearest," she said. "I couldn't!"

Not letting go of her for a moment Karl took her into the inner office and closed the door. "I'm so glad you're

here. So glad!" But he stopped and the smile vanished. She had come back into a greater danger than before.

She did not notice his worry. "You weren't coming, were you?"

Karl could not look her in the face.

"Klauss?"

He nodded.

"You are brave. But when I guessed I could not go."

And now she was back—! He held her tight and kissed her roughly. She had to be told of von Maurer. Then, as if suddenly berserk, he stepped away, laughing. With her here he had what was missing from the plan! "Listen! Don't ask questions now, sweetheart, but do just as I tell you. Call Blaerchen at once, at once! Tell him to meet you at your apartment at five. Then call Praut."

"Praut?" She looked bewildered.

"Tell him to meet you at your apart-

ment. will insist on your explaining a wild-goose chase to them and they will not be gentle with you. You'll be under arrest tonight." Significantly he added: "And I shall be unable to help or to intercede for you or Carola."

"I understand," Karl said. That was a risk that had to be taken.

He hurried to Carola's apartment. "Are Praut and Blaerchen coming?"

"They will be here at five. Won't you explain?"

"I'll explain just what I want you to do. Now, listen, and don't be afraid!"

**A** QUARTER-HOUR before five two Gestapo men arrived, an old one, Stissing, a younger one, Werner. They were hard-faced men, with the preoccupation of surgeons, men to whom it would be difficult to have to explain any failure.

Stissing looked around the apartment

A few minutes after five the doorbell rang and Stissing glanced significantly at Werner. Listening intently Karl heard Carola open the door. Then he heard Blaerchen say, "It's nice to see you, Carola."

"You're very prompt," Carola answered. "Won't you sit down?"

Until Karl heard Blaerchen around the room he had not realized how he would have to depend on Stissing not only to know what was going on but whether anything threatened or frightened Carola and shook her courage. He was there alone; he could not help. He would have to stand here and his hearing to catch every modulation, every shade of meaning, like a manager caught behind scenery during opening night.

The doorbell rang again. Karl pondered if Carola looked nervous, elegant, amused. As she went to the door the two Gestapo men leaned forward lightly.

Karl wished he could see Blaerchen's face. "It's nice to see you," Praut was saying. Then, in a changed voice: "Herr Blaerchen! What are you doing here?"

"I could ask the same question," Blaerchen said coldly. "Perhaps Herr Dirling will be good enough to explain."

**K**ARL heard her say quietly, "Will you please sit down?" She was excited as she said, "I understood that you both wanted to see me."

That was the opening line! Skillfully played, if Carola could control the conversation, the dialogue would lead to the things that Karl wanted Stissing and Werner to hear.

"I was most eager to see you." Karl took the lead as Karl had been sure he would. "I presume that Herr Blaerchen has been here long enough to be able to tell you what he wants you to answer."

"He has only been here a moment," Carola said quickly. "And I am perfectly able to decide for myself what to answer."

There was a moment of silence, in which each man were trying to decide who should speak first. Stissing moved uncomfortably in his chair.

Praut began again, more politely: "I want to ask why you broke your engagement with me the night before last."

Karl had been sure that that was what Praut wanted to know! He would have liked to smile but, with two Gestapo men liable to glance at him at any time, he knew he could not show any reason to anything said.

"Why should I give you any explanation?" Carola asked coolly. That answer should anger Praut and make Blaerchen confident for a moment. His turn would come later, abruptly.

Praut tried another approach: "In the early evening you told me that you were looking forward to our engagement."

"And later I changed my mind," Carola said bluntly.

"Why?"

The Gestapo men moved uneasily as if restless and not interested in what seemed to be a trivial quarrel. Karl had to hope they would be patient.

"Why did you change your mind?" Praut repeated.

Karl was sure that Blaerchen was sitting stolidly now, wondering if Carola would mention her song.

"Blaerchen was in your dressing room when you finished singing," Praut continued. He sounded more angry at Carola than at Blaerchen. "Did you mention your engagement with me?"

"No!" To Karl she sounded uncertain.

"Did he know that you had changed your mind?"

"No," Carola said, no less pleasantly. Blaerchen interrupted harshly. "I



ment at five." He kissed her again. "Now I must go on an errand. I'll come to your apartment as soon as I can."

She held to him. "Where are you going?"

He smiled, he even looked happy. "To call a friend of mine at the Gestapo!"

It took time to arrange a meeting with Kuhlmann, through Klauss, and time was valuable. When Kuhlmann did meet him, near the Lehrter Bahnhof, he listened to Karl for a few minutes. Then he shook his head firmly and decisively.

"I can't help, Karl," he said. "The whole thing is too dangerous! It isn't myself—I could explain to my superiors how I happened to become acquainted with you, and I should have to explain that. But for yourself—what guarantee of success have you?"

"None," Karl said cheerfully. "But tomorrow at this time Carola and I will both be under arrest, so what does danger matter? And I'd like to be spared, to help Klauss, if for no other reason."

That persuaded Kuhlmann. "I will see that two men are sent," he agreed, "but if you're unsuccessful, those men

as if surveying an operating chamber. "Are you sure we can hear from the bedroom?"

"Certain," Karl said confidently.

Stissing and his colleague walked to the bedroom without a word.

It was nearly five o'clock. Karl turned to the bedroom, smiling at Carola. She would be alone here, in her most important performance. She smiled back, no less confidently. She had been uncertain at first but Karl had reassured her, "We must assume that you can get them angry enough, not at you but at each other. Then, knowing what sort of men they are, you need only mention the murder of Paul—! Praut will jump at it!"

She had nodded, not asking what would happen if that was wrong.

He closed the bedroom door. Stissing sat down at once, pulling ■ chair near the door. Werner sat beside him. Not once did suspicion leave their faces. Karl stood behind them, glad there was no conversation, not letting himself think of what would happen if anything miscarried.



big to her about it if that's what he's hinting." Prout ignored him. "What was said when you were alone with him?" Karl could hear no nervousness as she said, "We talked about my singing, the audience, about a new song I wrote, 'The Handsome Widow. Didn't you like it, Herr Blaerchen?"

As the most delicate point of the conversation. If Blaerchen, in conversation, should question her about singing and what she implied by it, Gestapo men might become curious about Carola's motives. Stissing jumped up at Karl.

Carola continued, as if gossiping, "I told him that I'd changed my mind about going with you, Herr Prout." Blaerchen argued with you or Stissing?"

"Did you, Herr Blaerchen?" Prout's answer was all important and he held his breath. He said, "Why not?"

Karl heard a chair pushed back. His voice trembling, Prout said, "I made promises, Blaerchen—you tried me!"

Carola wanted to smile. Prout's anger was increasing!

She heard Carola's voice, calm and clear. "I ought to know about promises that concern me." As if she were talking with her warmest, friendliest, she asked, "Don't you think so, Prout? What promises were there?"

The sound of chairs scraping made Carola smile. The men were staying! Blaerchen assured me that he would not, Prout hunted carefully for words, "to become better acquainted with you."

"Really?" Carola sounded as if she found an opening. "Blaerchen could only have been sincere after the way he spoke of you to me."

"That was Blaerchen, suddenly." Prout snapped. Then, he said this morning that—"

They were now to mention the conversation with Karl, then Blaerchen said the same thing. The two men guessed that there was something suspiciously artificial in all this.

Carola interrupted at once: "I'm sure that you were taken in by anyone from Herr Blaerchen!" She saw the danger and she was avert- ing it. "He told me that such an ugly, active man—!"

That hit right at Prout's vanity! Prout will talk facts, Blaerchen." Prout's voice white-hot. "I paid you a sum of money for your promises, Fraulein Dirling. Where is it?"

Two Gestapo men leaned forward. This was the climax and Karl hoped Carola would see it. She had Prout under her control. "A moment, Prout! I believe your story about anything is possible from a man who murdered my husband."

"Murdered?" Prout repeated. "I wanted to embrace Carola. She was at just the right second. Murdered!"

"It's nonsense," Blaerchen shouted. "Murdered!" Prout repeated to him- self. "That's very interesting. What have you?"

"I have no proof," Blaerchen inter- rupted savagely. "It's nonsense!"

"Of?" Carola was scornful. "Look at this!"

"What about it, Blaerchen?" Prout said at the opening. "What about something, probably Blaer- chen's face, convinced him. "This will be investigated at once," he roared.

"You dare to mention this ridiculous accusation to anyone I'll tell what I know about some of your activities.

That won't be murder, Prout, that's treason!"

"Treason!" Prout's voice cracked. "What about things you have done?"

Karl was startled when Stissing jumped up quickly. "That's enough," he said. "We'll see that they have a chance to tell, specifically, of treason." The two men were out of the bedroom in one quick move. Karl followed, almost dazed.

Prout and Blaerchen were facing each other angrily, wholly intent on their fight. Carola stood beside them, as innocent as a passer-by. Then Blaerchen swung around, saw two strange men, and understood at once. He looked all his hatred at Carola. Prout squeaked something and collapsed.

"Meine Herren!" Stissing said coldly. "You have spoken of treason. Please come with us!"

THAT night they ate a quick supper before Carola was due at the Sans Souci. With permission to reopen, Wagner had not wanted to miss one evening.

Now they could sit side by side, freed from the fear of Blaerchen's agents. "I can't believe we're free," Carola said for the tenth time. "Won't the Gestapo men question us?"

"They'll set Prout and Blaerchen to accusing each other and finish with them quickly," Karl said. "They may question you about your accusation of murder but that will be nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worried," Carola said softly. Karl's arm was around her and she held tightly to his hand. "When I think of last night, in Stettin—"

"And tonight, in Berlin, for your last night of freedom! A year from tomorrow," he said gaily, "we'll celebrate our first wedding anniversary." He moved closer to her. Her hair was soft, her perfume sweet.

"We're lucky, Karl, so lucky." She smiled. "Against the war and everything else, our own troubles now seem so unimportant."

Karl shook his head. "They have a right to be important. For us they should be the most important thing in the world. That's what the Underground fights for, to let each individual be the most important person in the world, to himself."

A shadow passed quickly over Carola's face but it did not disturb her smile. "Come, we must go, dearest. We have less than an hour to get to the Sans Souci."

"Yes." Then Karl paused before saying something he had not told before. "I shan't be able to go. I have an appointment."

If Carola was disappointed, she did not show it. The appointment, she was certain, was with Klaus. There would be others. "Of course," she said gently. "Go, Karl, but be careful."

He did not need the warning. "I'll meet you at the Sans Souci when you're finished," he said lightly. "I must go now."

In the blackness on the street outside Karl kissed her gently. "You're smiling," he said. "I know it even if I can't see it."

"I'm smiling," she said. "I love you, Karl."

They separated.

He would go and she would await him and he would come. He would go again and again he would come. But one day he would go and that day he might not come. That had to be accepted, as a soldier's wife accepts what she never dares to put into words. Karl, at least, knew what he was fighting for.

He would go—! Until then, they would be together and she would not be lonely any more.

She hurried on, through the black-out.

THE END

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Sally: Of all the crust! Sending me a wilted lily and saying I should learn about pep appeal. It's signed "A Friend."

Polly: Your friend has imagination, anyway.



Sally: It's that cat who stole my Bill! Just wait till I get her on the phone!

Polly: Whoa there, impetuous! Maybe you ought to get even another way. Why not put on the pep and win back the boy? Quit living on cream puffs and get all your vitamins. Come down to the kitchen for a lesson.



Polly: Vitamins! We've got to have 'em and have 'em all for pep. And right in these delicious, crunchy wheat-flakes, called KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D.

Sally: But, gosh! Why didn't you tell me PEP tastes so good.



Sally: (another night) Am I going to turn on the pep tonight! That boy won't know what hit him.

Polly: Well—where there's pep there's hope.

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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## Gun Smoke

Continued from page 23

little groups at race meets, and out here he had seen none at all.

It was a long time before Johnny realized she wanted to know something about his past life. He figured out, from the way she led around to it, that she was waiting for him to tell her. That was one day around noon when they were in the store alone, and Mr. Miller was having his lunch in the back room. When he understood that hers wasn't curiosity, but a real interest, everything about the past two years just came pouring out. When he finished his story, he said:

"I've never shot a man except in self-defense and never would. I know that some people think of me as a killer, but there ain't nothing to that. I want to work the same as any other fellow."

"I know there's nothing to that, Johnny." She spoke softly, as if it were a secret. Then in that gentle way she had, so that no one could think she was prying, she went on: "What do you want to do?"

All at once Johnny felt choked up and he could only mutter, "Like I said, I want to be a good cowboy."

"Wouldn't you like to have your own outfit, like Slim?"

"Maybe when I'm old like Slim and can't ride herd any more." Then he shut up fast, feeling what a fool he was, and sure Esther would think he had no more brains than a locoed steer.

SHE just kept looking at him with her shining eyes. The way she looked made it seem as if they were the only people in the world and he would never want anyone else in it. He didn't know what he was doing, only suddenly they were in each other's arms, with her clinging to him, soft and strong too. Then he felt her quiver as if she might be crying.

"Good Lord," he said, jumping back, "have I been a worse fool than I figured and gone and hurt you?"

She shook her head, and she was crying a little, but smiling too. "It—it's just that I'm so happy."

Then they heard Mr. Miller opening the door. They moved apart and tried to look as if nothing had happened. From the way her father halted, it must have stood out all over them. He turned pale and his tired eyes looked scared. Seeing him, Johnny knew what he had to say, as if he had to push the words out.

"It kinda has taken me by surprise, Mr. Miller, else I'd've told you before . . . I mean about Esther and me . . . how, you see, sir . . . I want to marry her."

The man's eyes went to his daughter and she nodded, her eyes very steady, and she said simply, "We love each other, Father."

"Yes," he said, "yes." Then he sort of shook himself, as if he were throwing off a pack, and turned back to Johnny. "It takes me by surprise too, son, and . . . well, you understand it's nothing against you . . . but out here where we're strangers, away from our own kind, I've just to be sure of my daughter's future, and . . ."

"Sure, I understand, Mr. Miller. There's lots of time yet. I've got to see about a better job and all. I'll be going back to headquarters, to talk it over with Slim."

Johnny didn't tell Slim what was behind his questions, when he started asking about how soon Slim was going to have a bigger outfit and wouldn't he be needing a foreman for it. Slim could figure out what was going on when a cowboy started worrying about his future.

Not letting on a thing, he said, "Well, if the rustlers keep letting us alone, and if our neighbors keep acting peaceable, maybe in two-three years. I been a little worried about Withington, to tell you the truth, and it might be a good idea for you to feel things out over there. Why don't you mosey over to his line camp and ask the boys there to help you find that red colt of ours that took to the hills?"

Johnny said, "That might take more'n a week."

"That's the point. It'll give us plenty of chance to see how that outfit feels about us, and how Withington feels about you in particular. When I know that, I'll know more about when I can spread myself wider."

Johnny perked up a little at that, and started out cheerfully enough the next morning. No sooner had he disappeared over the hill than Slim was cutting the breeze to town. He went straight to Miller's store and almost knocked over

wouldn't have gone on. As it was, he blurted, "I'm goin' to tell Johnny, but I had to tell you what your pappy can't, on account of he just don't know about this country out here."

She started to say something that Slim figured he wouldn't have wanted to hear, only Mr. Miller cut her off: "You listen, Esther. Slim is doing something hard for him, for our own good. I will be grateful, Slim, for whatever you are kind enough to tell us."

"Well, sir—" he was scared to try Esther any more—"I told Johnny before he went down to beard Tom Langhorn that a man never kills just once, and he sure proved it. Once a man sheds human blood it gets easier for him the next time, and the more times he does it the more it gets like a habit, until after a while killing another man is just like killing a fly that buzzes too close."

"Johnny told me about those fights," Esther said, and Slim would never have thought such a sweet young lady could

ing every man a chance, especially a man like him, from home and after in our army. . . . No telling what love might do for him. We'll see and not say a word about this to and don't you either, Slim."

Slim said he wouldn't, though he would have said anything to get her there.

He hated to face Johnny when he came riding back with the red colt. He was more carefree than Slim had seen him and full of fine plans.

"The Withington boys were saying as soon as he dismounted that say Withington was wondering what was doing here when I first came since I've been laying low he don't bother about me no more. They say I be boss of the range, so I reckon I spread a heap wider, Slim, with my riding in his way. That fellow runs over fifty miles south of here, across the border, and if you go a few miles northward, he won't know it."

Slim said he'd think it over. Johnny headed for town. He was slicked up in a new silk shirt and a neckerchief loose around his throat. His newly shined boots bright with polish. When he went in the store, Esther and Mr. Miller were busy with customers and he felt foolish in all his fine new gear and bear grease on his hair. After the customers left he didn't feel much better because Esther and her father didn't seem glad to see him. It wasn't that they were sorry but they were flustered from the last time. Even Mr. Miller left them alone, Esther and Slim like herself. That soft light that had been remembering shone in her eyes and yet she looked as if she was trying to puzzle him out, as if all they had fore had never been.

"LOOK," he finally said, "I've been in the brush for nearly a week. I'm goin' to stay in town tonight. I got a lot to tell you and I was coming if you'd go with me to the Chance for supper."

"I'd love that, Johnny," and it sounded more the way he remembered it. "That's just what we need, a change together."

"You make me feel better," he grinned. "I thought something was wrong, that maybe you didn't want any more."

"I love you, Johnny, and I remember—it's just because you've been away so long. You go now and come back in a little while. You won't have to wait long now," and he touched her cheek quickly, so Mr. Miller wouldn't see. He was glad now he wore his bright neckerchief and yellow shirt, glad of everything. He placed his hat on his slicked hair and stepped to the board sidewalk.

He turned toward the corner where he could kill time until supper. He saw someone called "Hey!" The voice was unfamiliar but the tone was no longer swinging around with all his senses.

Three men were walking toward him and there was something funny about the way they walked. Two were hung back a little, one on each side of the big man in the middle. They had been with the cowboys he had met at Withington's line camp. He didn't speak to him and that was all right. Then he noticed, just before the big man reached him, that the street was nearly empty and there was no sound anywhere. All that silence



"Here's a 'beaut' run off by that Frisco mob. Boy, they're real competition!"

JAY IRVING

a customer coming out. Esther was behind the counter and Mr. Miller was standing in the middle of the room. They both looked at him as if to ask what was troubling him. Slim came right to the point:

"Miss Esther, from the way Johnny's talking, I know you and him are serious about each other. You might think this ain't no business of mine, but you're new out here and there's something about men like him you don't savvy. I've known the boy ever since he started punching cows and I like him, but it's too late for him to be marrying any girl like you. I hate to say this and I wouldn't outside of these walls, but Johnny is a killer—and once a man's a killer, he don't never stop."

ESTHER stood very still while he was talking and her color grew dark red. Then she came around the counter to face him close and her voice was not gentle as he'd always heard it before. "Slim," she said, "if you feel that way about your friend, you tell him—not me."

Slim stepped back a little at that. He said later that except for Mr. Miller looking so troubled, and still friendly, he

sound so cold. "He shot in self-defense, the same thing that could happen to any man anywhere."

"Not anywhere, ma'am, because this is the only place they fight with guns, and not to any man either, because you know some men are always having fights, only where you come from they fight with fists. It looks as if trouble knows when a man ain't running from it and Johnny Malvern is one of them men. Trouble'll always find him and then somebody's goin' to be daid, and most likely it won't be Johnny. He'll just keep moving on until the day somebody shoots faster than he does . . . and that's goin' to happen to every man if he keeps at it."

Esther was silent after that, and Slim started to go. But Mr. Miller gestured weakly for him to stop. "Slim," he said in a voice not much more than a whisper, "don't you think we should at least give the boy a chance?"

Seeing the despairing hope in the gentle man's eyes, Slim could only think that he wished he had made it to the door. He swallowed and half nodded, and Esther said, "Then you will give him a chance, Father?"

"Certainly, Daughter, I believe in giv-



with the big man's booming voice. Johnny Malvern were the ones that they sounded like some kind of thing at all, Johnny nodded, his king in the important way the cried himself, the way Tom had.

"Withington," he said then. "I know you know who I am."

Johnny nodded again. "I want to know what you were doing last week for nearly a week, hills by yourself?"

Johnny's glance flickered to the two men who had laughed with when he had left their camp. Now they fanned the air from their boss, their faces and their eyes measuring him as he had been measured before. He was next words carefully: "I'm looking for a red colt of ours. I'll send him to your men and they'll know and knew he was wearing our hat. There was a week because it took that long to find him."

Withington reared back, bracing his hips. His coat fell back, a gun on his belt, and somehow it was just the way Tom Langhorn had when Johnny went to ask for his

"You tell your boss that no one's working again. I know you're against me before and I know your reputation now, and I'm not taking chances on gun outfits fooling me any day range. Tom Langhorn was a good one and I've just learned that your outfit is with him too, and there's too much rustling around here for me to take outfits like yours. You got

that, but do I get it straight or are you saying we're a rustling outfit, Withington?"

Johnny didn't say what you are. It's your boss that you tell your boss to get his hired killers off my land, or come again, to come shooting. "Come on, men."

"It ain't all," Johnny said. He was keeping his voice low, so he couldn't hear inside the store. It was lower now but it carried more, it was hot. "I went on your range looking for a cowboy and I been talking to one, but this talk of hired killers is something else. No man is calling that unless he proves it—or back."

Withington paused, half turned away, his hands hanging by his sides again. "I'll tell you all I have to say to you."

"You're wrong, mister. Maybe you're singing low because you got men with you. That wa'n't the way. If you had two thousand, they'd shoot me any quicker than I can say 'u'."

Withington turned fully back to face Johnny, his lips twisted for some reason that he never said. All at once he was looking into different eyes. They were gray and quiet, now there was a color at all. There was just a little, merciless hunger. Withington backed back at his two men. He was looking at the same Johnny Malvern's eyes that he had seen they must be thinking too that way he looked before he killed Langhorn and all the others.

Johnny was empty, and the whole street was filled with a waiting silence. At the moment they had waited for the faro dealers and the bartender-cowboys and the miners, the men and the honky-tonk women. Johnny Malvern came to town. He had given it to them with his words, because he wanted to be the biggest man in the valley. He could kick the famous killer off the main street with his words. He had them and the man was still

there and everybody knew what the man was waiting for. He called on all his self-importance, all his bluster. With the eyes of the town on him, he said in his loudest voice, "Nobody's talking about shooting."

"Yes, they are. You started it and you're going to finish it—one way or another."

Then Withington knew it was too late for words. What had been the face of a quiet cowboy wasn't even a man any more. It was a mask. The only thing alive in it were those merciless eyes. Now he had to go ahead, or his men would lose respect for him. He would be laughed out of town, the town that, silent and unseen, waited on him now, to see if he was as big as his words, to see where death would strike.

He smelled the death himself as he took a backward step, tried a smile, tried to signal to his men. He listened and there was only silence. From the mask before him he knew his men had not moved. Then he clawed at his gun. It barely cleared the holster.

The cowboy to his left got his gun out and Johnny Malvern's second bullet smashed his shoulder and knocked him flat. The man to the inside of Withington never went for his gun. He dived for the door into Miller's store.

Inside the store, Esther and her father had been talking of Johnny and heard nothing of the argument. Esther had just turned to go back and dress when they heard the two shots almost together and then a terrified man came plunging through the door. He took one wild look around and scrambled for the back door. The next moment Johnny came in, a smoking gun in front of him and above the gun a face she had never seen.

They all stood staring at one another, and slowly Johnny's eyes changed.

"I didn't want to do it," he said.

Esther just shook her head. Before his eyes changed, Esther had seen what Withington saw just before the slug hit him an inch below his heart.

"I can't come back for supper," Johnny said. "I—I'll see you later."

"No . . . no . . ." She was standing rigid, fighting back the horror that filled her. Then yells broke outside and they could hear the wooden doors in the adobe buildings banging as the crowds came out of their hiding. Johnny backed to the door.

HE MUST have seen the way she felt, for he turned away and glanced out into the street. He slipped two bullets in the cylinder and then glanced back once at her. She had seen Confederate soldiers look like that when they said goodbye in Richmond, on going back into the lines, and she knew he was going back into the lines again and always would, and life such as he had snatched these past weeks with her would be only interludes. Then he was gone, with a touch of his hand to his hat, and she was seeing him for the last time.

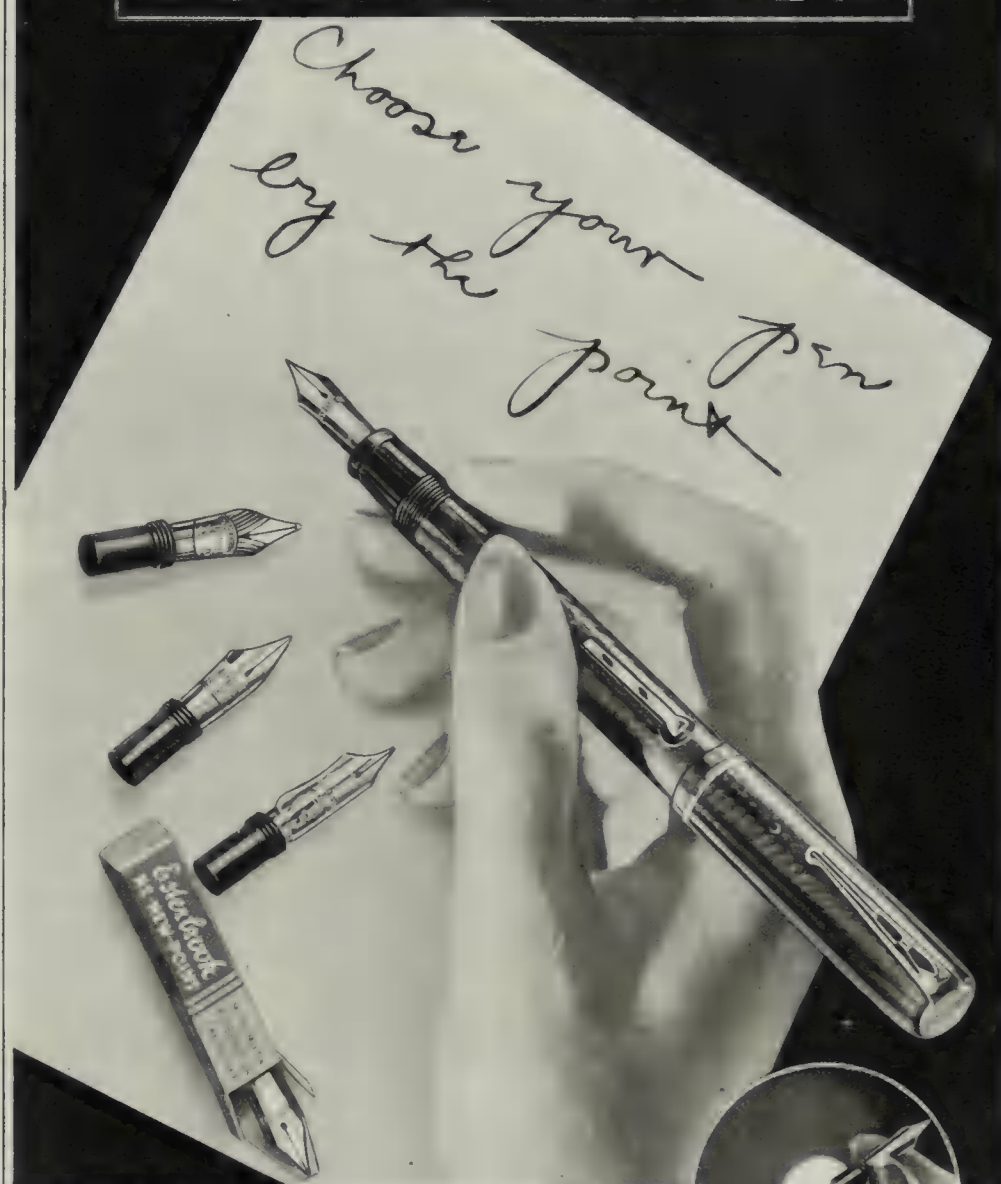
The yelling soared up with a rush and guns began to crack, as they had so often in this town, and then came the familiar thunder of a galloping horse heading for the brush. She had always shuddered before and gone into their home in the back room. This time she ran to the door and flung it open.

Men crouched in doorways and behind buildings, firing at the lone rider. He was leaning back and his big pistol flared and she heard bullets singing through the street. Then he was out of town, leaning forward in his saddle and urging his horse. His bright neckerchief fluttered in the wind. He was still dressed for their supper as he rode toward the Dragoon Mountains, where he would hide out . . . and then move on. None of it was his fault. He was a good cowboy but, as Slim said, they never killed just once.

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# The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 14

very fond of in books! But take my word for it, these things are all unbelievable. If the woman is dead, her body has just been quietly buried somewhere."

"But where?"

"Exactly. She disappeared in London. Nobody's got a garden there—not a proper one. A lonely chicken farm, that's what we want!"

A garden? Poirot's mind flashed suddenly to that neat, prim garden at Ealing with its formal beds. How fantastic if a dead woman should be buried *there*! He told himself not to be absurd.

"And if she *isn't* dead," went on Japp, "where is she? Over a month now, description published in the Press, circulated all over England—"

"And nobody has seen her?"

"Oh, yes, practically *everybody* has seen her! You've no idea how many middle-aged, faded-looking women wearing olive-green cardigan suits there are. She's been seen on Yorkshire moors, and in Liverpool hotels, in guest houses in Devon and on the beach at Ramsgate! My men have spent their time patiently investigating all these reports—and one and all they've led nowhere, except to getting us in wrong with a number of perfectly respectable, middle-aged ladies."

Poirot clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"And yet," went on Japp, "she's a real person all right. I mean sometimes you come across a dummy, so to speak—someone who just comes to a place and poses as a Miss Spinks—when all the time there *isn't* a Miss Spinks. But this woman's *genuine*—she's got a past, a background! We know all about her from her childhood upward! She'd led a perfectly normal reasonable life—and suddenly, hey, presto—vanish!"

"**T**HERE must be a reason," said Poirot.

"She didn't shoot Morley, if that's what you mean. Amberiotis saw him alive after she left—and we've checked up on her movements after she left Queen Charlotte Street that morning."

Poirot said impatiently:

"I am not suggesting for a moment that she shot Morley. Of course she did not. But all the same—"

Japp said, "If you are right about Morley, then it's far more likely that he told her something which, although she doesn't suspect it, gives a clue to his murderer. In that case, she *might* have been deliberately got out of the way."

Poirot said, "All this involves an organization, some big concern quite out of proportion to the death of a quiet dentist in Queen Charlotte Street."

"Don't you believe everything Reginald Barnes tells you! He's a funny old bird—got German spies and Communists on the brain."

Japp got up, and Poirot said: "Let me know if you have news."

When Japp had gone out, Poirot sat frowning down at the table in front of him.

What was holding him up? He knew the answer. He was waiting for something.

Something inevitable, foreordained, the next link in the chain. When it came—then—then he could go on. . . .

It was late evening a week later when the summons came.

Japp's voice was brusque over the telephone:

"That you, Poirot? We've found her. You'd better come around. King Leopold Mansions. Battersea Park. No. 45."

A quarter of an hour later a taxi deposited Poirot outside King Leopold Mansions.

It was a big block of mansion flats looking out over Battersea Park. No. 45 was on the second floor. Japp himself opened the door.

His face was set in grim lines.

"Come in," he said. "It's not particularly pleasant, but I expect you'll want to see for yourself."

Poirot said—but it was hardly a question: "Dead?"

"What you might describe as very dead!"

Japp led the way down the passage and Poirot followed him.

The room they went into was a small lumber and box room. In the middle of it was a big metal chest of the kind used for storing furs. The lid was open.

Poirot stepped forward and looked inside.

He saw the foot first, with the shabby shoe on it and the ornate buckle. His first sight of Miss Sainsbury Seale had been, he remembered, a shoe buckle.

His gaze traveled up, over the green

of forty-odd. Pays her bills, fond of an occasional game of bridge with her neighbors but keeps herself to herself more or less. No children. Mr. Chapman is a commercial traveler.

"Sainsbury Seale came here on the evening of our interview with her. About seven-fifteen. So she probably came straight here from the Glengowrie Court. She'd been here once before, so the porter says. You see, all perfectly clear and aboveboard—nice, friendly call. The porter took Miss Sainsbury Seale up in the lift to this flat. The last he saw of her was standing on the mat pressing the bell."

Poirot commented: "He has taken his time to remember this!"

"**H**ES had gastric trouble, it seems, been away in hospital while another man took on temporarily for him. It wasn't until about a week ago that he happened to notice in an old paper the description of a 'wanted woman' and he said to his wife, 'Sounds quite like that old cup of tea who came to see Mrs. Chapman on the second floor. She had

ily have come down the stairs and out without his seeing her. But the porter told him that Mrs. Chapman had gone away rather suddenly. There was just a big, printed notice on the door the next morning: 'NO MORE TELL NELLIE I AM AWAY.'

"Nellie was the daily maid for her. Mrs. Chapman had gone suddenly once or twice before the girl didn't think it odd, but what odd was the fact that she had for the porter to take her luggage or get her a taxi.

"Anyway, Beddoes decided to go to the flat. We got a search warrant and a passkey from the manager. Found nothing of interest except in the room. There had been some hair being done there. There was a pool of blood on the linoleum—in the corner where it had been missed when the floor was washed over. After that, it was a question of finding the body. Mrs. Chapman couldn't have left with her luggage or the porter would have noticed. Therefore, the body *must* still be in the flat. We soon spotted that fur box, airtight, you know—just the place where the body was. It was in the dressing-table drawer.

"We opened it up—and there was the missing lady!"

"What about Mrs. Chapman? Poirot asked.

"What indeed? Who is Sylvia? (name's Sylvia, by the way), what's the name? One thing is certain. Sylvia, or Sylvia's friends, murdered the lady and put her in the box."

Poirot nodded. He asked, "—was her face battered in? Or was it nice, that?"

"I'll say it isn't nice! As the body was well, one can only guess. She was a nice, pleasant woman, perhaps. Or it may have been with the idea of concealing her identity."

**POIROT** frowned. He said, "I don't conceal her identity."

"No, because not only had you a pretty good description of what Miss Sainsbury Seale was wearing when she disappeared, but her handbag had been stuffed into the fur box too, and the handbag there was actually a letter addressed to her at her home in Russell Square."

Poirot sat up. He said, "But that does not make the common sense. It certainly doesn't. I suppose it was a slip."

"Yes—perhaps—a slip. But—He got up.

"You have been over the flat."

"Pretty well. There's nothing missing. I should like to see Mr. Chapman's bedroom."

"Come along then."

The bedroom showed no sign of hasty departure. It was neat and tidy. The bed had not been slept in, but it was turned down ready for the night. There was a thick coating of dust everywhere.

Japp said, "No fingerprints, so far as we can see. There are some kitchen things, but I expect they belong to the maid's."

"That means that the place was dusted very carefully after the murder?"

"Yes."

Poirot's eyes swept slowly around the room. Like the sitting room it was furnished in the modern style—furnished, so he thought, by someone on a moderate income. The articles were expensive but not ultra-expensive. They were showy but not first-class. The color scheme was rose-pink. He



"Now if you can manage a high soprano, say: 'Get out of my boodwor!'"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

wool coat and skirt till it reached the head.

He made an inarticulate noise.

"I know," said Japp. "It's pretty horrible."

The face had been battered out of all recognizable shape. Add to that the natural processes of decomposition, and it was no wonder that both men looked a shade pea-green as they turned away.

"Oh, well," said Japp. "It's all in the day's work—our day's work. No doubt about it, ours is a lousy job sometimes. There's a spot of brandy in the other room. You'd better have some."

The living room was smartly furnished in an up-to-date style—a good deal of chromium and some large, square-looking easy chairs upholstered in a pale fawn geometric fabric.

Poirot found the decanter and helped himself to some brandy. As he finished drinking, he said:

"It was not pretty, that! Now tell me, my friend, all about it."

Japp said, "This flat belongs to a Mrs. Albert Chapman. Mrs. Chapman is, I gather, a well-upholstered, smart blonde

on a green wool suit and buckles on her shoes.' And after about another hour he registered again: 'Believe she had a name, too, something like that. Blimey, it was—Miss Something-or-other Seale!'

"After that," continued Japp, "it took him about four days to overcome his natural distrust of getting mixed up with the police and come along with his information."

"We didn't really think it would lead to anything. You've no idea of how many of these false alarms we've had. However, I sent Sergeant Beddoes along—he's a bright young fellow. A bit too much of this high-class education but he can't help that. It's fashionable now."

"Well, Beddoes got a hunch at once that we were on to something at last. For one thing this Mrs. Chapman hadn't been seen about for over a month. She'd gone away without leaving any address. That was a bit odd. In fact everything he could learn about Mr. and Mrs. Chapman seemed odd."



the built-in wardrobe and handled the clothes—smart clothes but again not first-class quality. His eyes fell to the shoes—they were largely of the sandal popular at the moment, some exaggerated cork soles. He balanced one in his hand, registered the fact that Mrs. Chapman had taken a 5 and put it down again. In an cupboard he found a pile of furs, piled in a heap.

"Come out of the fur chest," Japp nodded.

He was handling a gray squirrel coat. He remarked appreciatively: "First-class skins."

He said: "There's something worrying you, Poirot. What is it?"

Poirot said: "But, yes, I am worried. I'm very seriously worried. There is something you see, for me an insolvable problem."

Absolutely, he went once more into the room. . . .

## JUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits  
Collier's Cartoonists—No. 1



Laurence Reynolds began to shine on his artistic ability by putting his first drawings for Collier's, chewing gum and cigarette pictures in Mt. Vernon, N.Y., where he was born twenty-eight years ago. Knows what it's like to be a caddy, grocery clerk, carpet designer, ditch digger, cashier and hotel clerk; knows all sports, amateur photography, music and movies. Favorite actor: Donald Duck. Cartoon specialty: dumb burlesques. See opposite page.

He took hold of the shoe on the dead man's foot. It resisted and came off with difficulty.

He examined the buckle. It had been tightly sewed on by hand.

Mercule Poirot sighed. He said: "It is a dream!"

He said curiously:

"What are you trying to do—make the problem more difficult?"

"Exactly that."

He said: "One patent-leather shoe, complete with buckle. What's wrong with that?"

Mercule Poirot said: "Nothing—absolutely nothing. But all the same—I do understand."

Merton of No. 82 King Leopold Mansions had been designated by the police as Mrs. Chapman's closest friend.

It was, therefore, to No. 82 that Japp and Poirot betook themselves next.

Merton was a loquacious lady, snapping black eyes, and an elaborate coiffure.

He needed no pressure to make her

talk. She was only too ready to rise to a dramatic situation.

" Sylvia Chapman—well, of course, I don't know her really well—not intimately, so to speak. We had a few bridge evenings occasionally and we went to the pictures together, and, of course, shopping sometimes and we attended antigas lectures. But, oh, do tell me—she isn't dead, is she?"

Japp reassured her.

"Well, I'm sure I'm thankful to hear it! But the postman just now was all agog about a body having been found in one of the flats—but then one really can't believe half one hears, can one? I never do."

Japp asked a further question.

"No, I haven't heard anything of Mrs. Chapman—not since she went away. She must have gone away rather suddenly, because we were going to do our first-aid classes, and she said nothing about going away then. She's missed three of them—"

Mrs. Merton had never heard a Miss Sainsbury Seale mentioned. Mrs. Chapman had never spoken of anyone of that name.

"And yet, you know, the name is familiar to me, distinctly familiar. I seem to have seen it somewhere quite lately."

Japp said dryly, "It's been in all the papers for some weeks—"

"Of course—some missing person, wasn't it? And you thought Mrs. Chapman might have known her? No, I'm sure I've never heard Sylvia mention that name."

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Merton?"

A RATHER curious expression came over Mrs. Merton's face.

"He was a commercial traveler, I believe, so Mrs. Chapman told me," she said. "He traveled abroad for his firm—armaments, I believe. He went all over Europe."

"Did you ever meet him?"

"No, never. He was at home so seldom, and when he was at home he and Mrs. Chapman didn't want to bother with outsiders. Very naturally."

"Do you know if Mrs. Chapman had any near relations or friends?"

"I don't know about friends. I don't think she had any near relations. She never spoke of any."

"Was she ever in India?"

"Not that I know of."

Mrs. Merton paused, and then broke out:

"But please tell me—why are you asking all these questions? I quite understand that you come from Scotland Yard and all that, but there must be some special reason."

"Well, Mrs. Merton, you are bound to know some time. As a matter of fact, a dead body has been found in Mrs. Chapman's flat."

"Oh—?" Mrs. Merton looked for a moment like the dog whose eyes were as big as saucers.

"A dead body! It wasn't Mr. Chapman, was it? Or perhaps some foreigner?"

"It wasn't a man at all—it was a woman," Japp said.

"A woman?" Mrs. Merton seemed even more surprised.

Poirot said gently, "Why should you think it was a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed more likely somehow."

"But why? Was it because Mrs. Chapman was in the habit of receiving gentlemen visitors?"

"Oh, no—oh, no, indeed." Mrs. Merton was indignant. "I never meant anything of that kind. Sylvia Chapman wasn't in the least that kind of woman—not at all! It was just that, with Mr. Chapman—I mean—"

She came to a stop.

Poirot said, "I think, Madame, that



## "MUM pays you dividends in the hotel business—or any business"

"In my business—or any other—the man with perspiration odor has two strikes on him. I urge every man on our staff to follow my example . . . and make a daily habit of Mum!"

says Mr. Kenneth Lane, personnel director of the famous Hotel New Yorker

PERSPIRATION ODOR has doubled-crossed many a capable and able citizen. Socially or in business it's an unforgivable fault. And the tragic part of it all is that a man may offend and never know he's guilty.

"Too many men trust their shower alone to guard them from underarm odor. But smart men take no chances! They make sure they never offend . . . they make a regular daily habit of Mum!"

### Take No Chances Yourself!

That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is

quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember, a bath only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts . . . won't irritate your skin . . . prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop perspiration itself.

Ask the ladies, they know! Your wife, sister or mother uses a deodorant—probably Mum. But shy away from daily arguments and don't try to "borrow" theirs. Druggists are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence Mum brings—safety from underarm odor. Get yourself a jar of Mum, today!

# MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[ Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum! ]



Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration, but Mum prevents underarm odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.



The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.



you know a little more than you have told us."

Mrs. Merton said uncertainly:

"I don't know, I'm sure—*what* I ought to do! I mean, I don't exactly want to betray a confidence and, of course, I never have repeated what Sylvia told me—except just to one or two intimates whom I knew were really safe . . ."

Mrs. Merton paused to draw breath.

"What *did* Mrs. Chapman tell you?"

Japp asked.

Mrs. Merton leaned forward and lowered her voice.

"It just—slipped out, as it were, one day. When we were seeing a film—about the secret service and Mrs. Chapman said you could see that whoever had written it didn't know much about their subject, and then it came out—only she swore me to secrecy. Mr. Chapman was in the secret service, I mean. That was the real reason he had to go abroad so much. The armament firm was only a blind. And it was terribly worrying for Mrs. Chapman because she couldn't write to him or get letters from him while he was away. And, of course, it was terribly *dangerous*! I've often wondered—perhaps he's actually in Germany now—!"

As they went down the stairs again to No. 42 Japp ejaculated with feeling:

"Shades of E. Phillips Oppenheim and Valentine Williams, I think I'm going mad!"

**T**HAT smart young man, Sergeant Beddoes, was awaiting them.

He said respectfully:

"Haven't been able to get anything helpful from the maid, sir. Mrs. Chapman changed maids pretty often, it seems. This one had only worked for her a month or two. She says Mrs. Chapman was a nice lady, fond of the radio and pleasant-spoken. Girl was of opinion the husband was a gay deceiver but that Mrs. Chapman didn't suspect it. She got letters from abroad sometimes, some from Italy, two from America, one from Spain and one from Russia. The girl's young man collects stamps, and Mrs. Chapman used to give them to her off the letters."

"Anything among Mrs. Chapman's papers?"

"Absolutely nothing, sir. She didn't keep much. A few bills and receipted accounts—all local. Some old theater programs, one or two cookery recipes cut out of the papers. Some A.R.P. stuff and a pamphlet about the missions."

The divisional surgeon came out of the bathroom where he had been washing his hands.

"Most unsavory corpse," he said cheerfully. "Send her along when you're ready and I'll get down to brass tacks."

"No idea of the cause of death, Doctor?"

"Impossible to say until I've done the autopsy. Those face injuries were definitely inflicted after death, I should say. But I shall know better when I've got her at the mortuary. It may be a job to identify her—oh, you know who she is? That's splendid. What? Missing woman there's been all the fuss about? Well, you know, I never read the papers. Just do the crosswords."

Japp said bitterly, "And that's publicity for you!" as the doctor went out.

Poirot was hovering over the desk. He picked up a small, brown address book.

The indefatigable Beddoes said:

"Nothing of special interest there—mostly hairdressers, dressmakers, etc. I've noted down any private names and addresses."

Poirot opened the book at the letter D.

He read Dr. Davis, 17, Prince Albert Road; Drake and Pomponetti, Fishmongers. And below it: *Dentist. Mr. Morley, 58 Queen Charlotte Street.*

Miss Morley had moved to the country. She was living in a small country cottage near Hertford.

The Grenadier greeted Poirot amiably. Since her brother's death her face had perhaps grown slightly grimmer, her carriage more upright, her general attitude toward life more unyielding. She resented bitterly the slur cast upon her brother's professional name by the findings of the inquest.

Poirot, she had reason to believe, shared her view that the verdict of the coroner's court was untrue. Hence the Grenadier unbent a little.

She answered his questions readily enough and with competence. All Mr. Morley's professional papers had been carefully filed by Miss Nevill and had been handed over by her to Mr. Morley's successor. Some of the patients had transferred themselves to Mr. Reilly, others had accepted the new partner, others again had gone to other dentists elsewhere.

Miss Morley, after she had given what information she could, said:

"So you have found that woman who was Henry's patient—Miss Sainsbury Seale—and she was murdered, too."

The "too" was a little defiant. She stressed the word.

Poirot said, "Your brother never men-

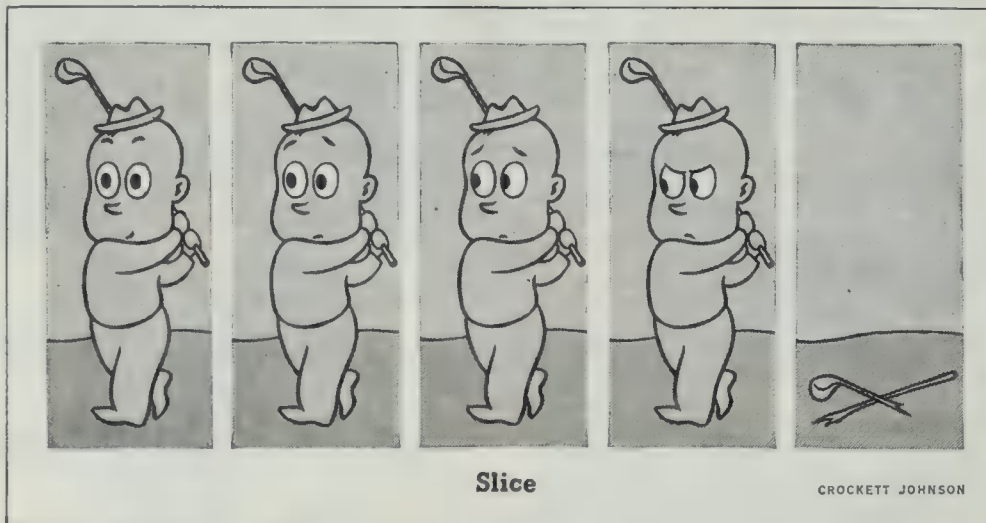
said: "That girl was with you in London, was she not?"

"Agnes? Yes, she was house parlor-maid. I let the cook go—she didn't want to come to the country anyway—and Agnes does everything for me. She is turning into quite a nice little cook."

Poirot nodded.

**H**E KNEW very accurately the domestic arrangements of 58 Queen Charlotte Street. They had been thoroughly gone into at the time of the tragedy. Mr. Morley and his sister had occupied the two top floors of the house as a maisonette. The basement had been shut up altogether, except for a narrow passage leading from the area to the back yard where a wire cage ran up to the top floor with the tradesmen's deliveries and where a speaking tube was installed. Therefore, the only entrance to the house was by the front door, which it was Alfred's business to answer. This had enabled the police to be sure that no outsider could have entered the house on that particular morning.

Both cook and house parlor-maid had been with the Morleys for some years and bore good characters. So, although it was theoretically possible that one or the other of them *might* have crept down to the second floor and shot her master,



tioned Miss Sainsbury Seale particularly to you?"

"No, I don't remember his doing so."

"Do you remember hearing of a Mrs. Chapman amongst your brother's patients?"

"Chapman? No, I don't think so. Miss Nevill is really the person to help you over all this."

"I am anxious to get in touch with her. Where is she now?"

"She has taken a post with a dentist in Ramsgate, I believe."

"She has not married that young man Frank Carter yet?"

"No. I rather hope that will never come off. I don't like that young man, M. Poirot. I really don't. There is something wrong about him. I still feel that he hasn't really any proper moral sense."

Poirot said, "Do you think it is possible that he could have shot your brother?"

Miss Morley said, slowly, "I do feel that he would be *capable* of it—he has a very uncontrollable temper. But I don't really see that he had any motive—nor opportunity, for that matter. You see, it wasn't as though Henry had succeeded in persuading Gladys to give him up. She was sticking to him in the most faithful way."

"Could he have been bribed, do you think?"

"Bribed? To kill my brother? What an extraordinary idea!"

A nice-looking, dark-haired girl brought in the tea at this moment. Miss Morley's parrot said: "A cup of tea, a nice cup of tea, a nice cup of hot tea," and added, "Ha, ha—to hell with Hitler." As the maid went out again, Poirot

the possibility had never been taken seriously into account. Neither of the two had appeared unduly flustered or upset at being questioned, and there certainly seemed no possible reason for connecting either of them with his death.

Nevertheless, as Agnes handed Poirot his hat and stick on leaving, she asked him with an unusually nervous abruptness: "Does—does anyone know anything more about the master's death, sir?"

Poirot turned to look at her. He said: "Nothing fresh has come to light."

"They're still quite sure as he *did* shoot himself because he'd made a mistake with that drug?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

Agnes pleaded her apron. Her face was averted. She said rather indistinctly: "The—the mistress doesn't think so."

"And you agree with her, perhaps?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know nothing, sir. I only—I only wanted to be *sure*."

Hercule Poirot said in his most gentle voice: "It would be a relief to you to feel beyond any possible doubt that it was suicide?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Agnes agreed quickly. "It would indeed."

"For a special reason, perhaps?"

Her startled eyes met his. She shrank back a little.

"I—I don't know anything about it, sir. I only just asked."

"But *why* did she ask?" Hercule Poirot demanded of himself as he walked down the path to the gate.

He felt sure that there was an answer to that question. But as yet he could not guess what it was.

All the same, he felt a step nearer.

When Poirot returned to his flat he was surprised to find an unexpected visitor awaiting him.

A bald head was visible above the back of a chair, and the small, neat figure of Mr. Barnes rose.

He had come, he explained, to turn M. Hercule Poirot's visit.

Poirot professed himself delighted to see Mr. Barnes. George was inclined to bring some coffee unless his visitor preferred tea or whisky and soda.

"Coffee will be admirable," said Barnes. "I imagine that your servant prepares it well. Most servants do not."

Presently, Mr. Barnes gave a cough and said:

"I will be frank with you, M. Poirot. It was sheer curiosity that brought me here. You, I imagined, would be posted in all the details of this curious case. I see by the paper that the missing Miss Sainsbury Seale has been found, that an inquest was held and adjourned for further evidence. Cause of death was stated to have been an overdose of medicinal."

"That is quite correct," said Poirot.

There was a pause, and then Barnes said, "Have you ever heard of Chapman, Mr. Barnes?"

"Ah, the husband of the lady in the flat Miss Sainsbury Seale came to see. Rather an elusive person."

"But hardly nonexistent?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Barnes. "He exists, yes, he exists—or *did* exist. I heard he was dead. But you can't trust these rumors."

"Who was he, Mr. Barnes?"

"I don't suppose they'll say at the inquest. Not if they can help it. They trot out the armaments firm's story."

"He was in the secret service, was he?"

"Of course he was. But he had no business to tell his wife so—no business at all. In fact, he ought not to have continued in the service after his marriage. It isn't usually done—not, that is, if you're one of the really honest people."

"AND Albert Chapman was?"

"Yes. Q.X.912. That's what he was known as. Using a name is most important. Oh, I don't mean that Q.X.912 is specially important—or anything of the kind. But he was useful because of an insignificant sort of chap—the one whose face isn't easily remembered. He was used a lot as a messenger in down Europe. You know the story. One dignified letter sent to the ambassador in Rumania—one official ditto containing the directions Q.X.912—that is to say: Mr. Chapman."

"Then he knew a lot of useful information?"

"Probably didn't know a thing," said Mr. Barnes cheerfully. "His job was just hopping in and out of trains, boats and airplanes and having the story to explain *why* he was going he was going!"

"And you heard he was dead?"

"That's what I heard," said Mr. Barnes. "But you can't believe a word I hear. I never do."

Looking at Mr. Barnes intently Poirot asked: "What do you think happened to his wife?"

"I can't imagine," said Mr. Barnes. He looked, wide-eyed, at Poirot.

Poirot said, "I had an idea—"

He said slowly: "It is very curious."

Mr. Barnes murmured sympathetically: "Anything worrying you in particular?"

Hercule Poirot said slowly: "The evidence of my own eyes. . ."

(To be continued next week)



## The Bear Looks Over the Mountain

Continued from page 19

We let's go up into the Khyber and the war. You crawl across the north-pins, through the badlands, in the not, dust-layered Frontier Mail, Chaklala and Rawal Pindi and Mellpur and other army posts, tling with guns and trucks and the very of war. You cross the Indus. station is a fort; every bridge is house-protected. The cantonments are ringed and here and there old ig gun-nests make little bumps on n. The hilltops have monuments n—monuments to forty men of iment, twenty-seven men of that on, fallen in some long-forgotten with the hillmen.

### Better Stick to the Roads

owshera you cross the frontier. ig, bearded Sikh infantrymen reg the station fort have their sained to them. A rifle is worth cross the border; without the rt was too easy for a Pathan to a Sikh, twist his gun from him, away like a shadow.

w miles farther on is the old city Peshawar, an important point on the caravan trail down through the

re the city towers the old fort, s King's Own Regiment, ready to at the drop of a hat. Peshawar, a sun-baked town of narrow alleys, cluttered bazaars, is ringed with wire, entered only through heav-guarded gates. At night, no white ay stay in the city. Through it occasional hillmen, guns slung on eying with interest the trim uniformed British Tommies. In re there is war, grim and deadly. re there is armed truce.

past Peshawar is the cantonment, ned camp, also wire-guarded. o, march its dusty streets. You roll ond in a car, through the heavily d gates, and ahead rise the brown f death. A few miles over the ind you come to Jamrud Fort and rewire barricades. Beyond the bar- ere are two roads—one for cars, her, winding along parallel, is for trains, herds of goats, foot soldiers. y had better stick to the car road, ny people tell you. That is all the ia Empire can make safe. If you a feet off the highway you are in

tribal territory. If you get pot-shotted, or kidnaped, there is nothing much anyone can do about it. If you are important enough the British government may enter into solemn negotiations with a tribal *malik* about your case. And maybe not.

Along with the highways runs the railroad, hacked and blasted and tunneled through solid rock. It cost nearly two million dollars—and a hundred lives—for each of its twenty-five miles from Jamrud to Landikhana, a few rods from the Afghan frontier. Its few stations are rock forts; every foot of it is patrolled by riflemen—for steel is worth its weight in silver in the hills.

Off the road, in Tribal Territory, are Afridi and Shinwari villages. Every few miles is a graveyard—filled with the bodies of those who were a little slow on the trigger. Natural death is a curiosity in these hills, where every mud and rock house is a loopholed fort, and where feuds linger on and rifles crack in endless fighting. Here and there the British have won a few square yards atop a ridge to plant a machine-gun emplacement and to establish a relay station for flag-signaling down to Peshawar if the hillmen cut the phone lines.

The road loops and twists upward through the pass. Sometimes the towering rocks come down and the ravine narrows to a few yards; elsewhere it widens out. You come to the army camp at Landikotal, with the little Gurkhas rattling away at machine-gun practice and the big Punjabis snapping to salute as the car goes by. The Tommies are there, too, bringing the usual home touch: At an intersection a sign says: Whitehall-Victoria Street.

### Ancient Land of Battle

The road winds upward and you come to the top of the pass. There is a fort there, and more wire and a barrier guarded by *khasadars*. Far below, a spot of green marks the frontier camp. Beyond, lifting up in range after range of dun hills, is Afghanistan, and far in the northern sky are the snow peaks of the main range. You roll down the hill, around the corners, past the rock-hewn memorials to half-forgotten Indian and British regiments that have held the pass, and come to a pipe gate across the road, and a notice board.

This is the famous frontier—and it is an anticlimax. There are no complicated fortifications—just a tumble-down barbed-wire fence and a pipe gate that swings up and down. On the Indian side lounges a tribal guard. His rifle leans against a rock. You pick it up and look at it and he grins broadly. Across the line, on a small flat beside a tin hut, a ragtag and bobtail Afghan soldier, bayonet fixed to his old rifle, ambles about in worn shoes. If you go too near the wire, he aims the gun at you.

Atop a hill near by is the last British fort. It looks down on the road through which Alexander's mounted bowmen came 2,277 years ago, a few short years before the Boy Conqueror died at Babylon sighing for the lack of opportunity. It looks down on the road up which British soldiers have marched to victory—and massacre—in Kabul, the Afghan capital. It looks across the other ridges, topped by the remnants of forts and walls so old that Alexander thought them ancient.

The modest notice board by the roadside says this is the Frontier of India. If you drive on, you twist and climb over a rough track, through Afghanistan, up past Jalalabad and Kabul, five hundred

CALOX  
MOVIE  
QUIZ  
NO.10

His Famous CALOX SMILE thrills  
millions in "A Date with Destiny"

... a new Paramount Picture

WHO  
IS HE?



CLUES by Sheilah Graham  
Hollywood Movie Reporter

1. What splendid English actor just celebrated his thirteenth wedding anniversary?
2. Who played Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"?
3. Like Bing Crosby and Cary Grant, he uses Calox, too. Who is he?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)

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FINGER-NAIL TEST  
—PROVE CALOX  
POLISHES  
SAFELY



A STUNNING SMILE... haven't you often wished for one? Then take a tip from the movie stars. Discover, as many of them already have, how Calox Tooth Powder helps to reveal the *natural* lustre of your teeth!

Prove this by pouring a little Calox on a nail buffer and rubbing your finger nails vigorously. Now look at their *high polish*. Proof that Calox CLEANS—without harming the softest tooth enamel! For Calox Tooth Powder contains not only 1 or 2, but 5 CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and surface stain. Brush your teeth with Calox for 30 DAYS. Get that "Hollywood Sparkle"!

### CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes  
the mouth, sweetens the breath

\*Basil Rathbone



Now Marie thanks that  
"HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!



1. Marie: "Hollywood at last! When are we seeing the sights, Uncle Harry?"  
Uncle: "Starting right now... come on. I'll show you how a picture is made."



2. Marie: "Gosh but she's beautiful. And her smile... it puts mine to shame!"  
Uncle: "Ah, my dear, that's the 'Hollywood Sparkle.' And the secret is Calox, the tooth powder with 5 cleansing agents. Why don't you try it, Marie?"



3. Bill: "Sa-a-y... take a look at Marie. Her Hollywood vacation sure has helped her smile!"  
Jack: "Sure has! And did you notice how attentive her old beau, Dick, is?"

Helps your "Teeth shine like  
the stars" by bringing  
out natural lustre

## THE TRUTH about Detroit's War Orders

NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

## Detroit's Defense Headache

By  
Walter Davenport



jarring miles to the Oxus—and Russia. We'll look at the northern border in a minute.

Afghanistan still is a primitive jumble of mountains, growing higher as they march northward. It is an autocracy, bone-dry because its people are Moslems, camera-shy, barely tolerating strangers. It has a conscript army, rigged out and armed with the castoffs of a dozen nations; its soldiers get a few dollars a year—if they get paid. The country boasts forty-six planes of varying types and has a small air force trained by an ex-Royal Air Force pilot. The RAF man says the Afghan boys are good fliers, and brave, their only weakness being a firm belief that you can train an airplane like a horse and that it will fly itself after a few lessons.

Afghanistan has a king with a solid chromium car, and a sort of newspaper—Islah—which means Improvement. The newspaper never carries any news except social items and so most Afghans know nothing of the bitter, hidden battle of three nations to control their country.

The British have always hankered to control Afghanistan as a sort of buffer state against Russia. They started back in 1838, sending in an army and establish Shah Shiya as king, hedged around by British bayonets. This move ended in disaster, with 16,000 British troops massacred. Punitive expeditions followed and the place was more or less a war zone for decades.

### The Russians Are Busy

During the World War the British made a great many promises to the Moslems, and afterward these promises were broken. In 1919, the Afghans went on the warpath, invaded India and, after some battling, won nominal independence. Then Russia started to intrigue—hampered by her antireligious policy. This policy today is the British hope for Afghan neutrality, or even hostility to the Soviets.

On the north, or Russian side of the Oxus, the country is lower than on the Afghan side. Thus, Afghan forts look down on Russian ones across the river. There are no bridges. Most of the crude ferries are run by Russians. From their troop concentration points north of the border, the Russians are busily building half a dozen roads to the river. There are plenty of Russian troops up there, well equipped with artillery and transport—and bombers.

British agents have had an eye on those Russian airfields and bombers for some time—but they are not much worried about them. They have done their own spot of bombing in the hills and know how futile it can be.

To bomb any Indian cities, the RAF boys tell you, the Russian planes would have to fly a thousand miles—and another thousand home. They don't make bombers with that range—yet. As for bombing the passes—well, the Russians can try that forever and a day. And there is nothing better British pilots would like than to see a Russian army trying to get through the Khyber or the Kohat or any of the other passes. It would just be a slaughter.

The British in the frontier country and in Delhi and in every army camp say that invasion from the north is impossible. But the fact is that India has been invaded through these passes for centuries. Army after army has battled a way through, against all the defenses the wit of the hillmen could contrive. Maybe things are different now; maybe defensive weapons are far in advance of offensive machines—but no one will know, until the trial comes.

That Russia would seriously try to take India the British do not believe. They fear, though, that she may try to create a diversion for Hitler's benefit.

Any Russian drive south through Afghanistan would force the British to rush troops, guns and planes up into the passes over the single rail line from Karachi. They might easily need a quarter of a million men for defense—at a time when every man is vitally necessary in Europe and every plane sent to the frontier fields is one less against the Germans.

Just what is going on along the Oxus is hard to find out. In Peshawar the bazaar rumors float around, correspondents file stories and military censorship blots them out. In the bazaar you hear of a score of masons, sent north to build a fort on an Afghan hill near Imam Sahib, overlooking the river. Relatives of some of them, you hear, have been told some of the masons will not come back. The Russians bombed the fort to rubble and dust ere it was built. You ask the tired, dusty British agent in Peshawar, just in from the north—and he smiles and says how about a drink; you can't get a drink, up there.

The British bomb the hill villages in Waziristan—and the fliers hate it. It

is mud and rock village beside the road. If you can get a pass to go inside the walls you will find there a complete rifle factory, operating right under the nose of the British army. When you ask how this can be, the big black-haired Afridi who shows you around will grin and say, well, if the British want us to fight against them and help train their army for war, they must allow us guns and shells. And beside, the tribesmen have joined forces before and gone raiding down onto the plains—slaying, burning and looting. And they can do it again.

### Frontier Diversions

Inside the gun factory are piles of stolen iron and steel—old car parts, steel bars, rusty odds and ends of metal. There is no power in the place. Everything is done by hand. It takes a dozen workmen three days to make a rifle—not a good rifle, but one that will take the standard British ammunition, and last for a few score shots until the shallow rifling wears away.

Only a few years ago, when the pass

there is no quarter in hill warfare. If you are a luckless trader and captured your relatives will shatter a demand for so many thousands of rupees. If the cash is not forthcoming, your friends quite likely will get a new age containing an ear, with the left on for identification purposes. This doesn't work, other parts of the body are taken. Some luckless kidnapes, who are particularly popular with their relatives, are considerably whittled down before they're released.

Kidnaped people, too, are a currency in the hills and sold around among the various tribes. The British don't interfere much—it's an old tribal custom.

But the Northwest border is the only one across which India may be invaded. Far to the westward lie the plateaus, intrigue goes on. Recently the New Dalai Lama, a bewildered figure, installed with ceremonies in the Potala at Lhasa. Both British and Chinese showered him with gifts—gold and rich embroidery, tame birds, priceless jade, silver and lacquer. Russians, too, sent down their gifts and with them soft-spoken messages around among the villages, talking the wonders of Communism.

### Proving It Can Be Done

In India they say invasion across the Himalayas and Tibet is impossible. It has been done. In 1904, when the Russian army started into Tibet, the British beat them to it and got up from the south side, over the 15,000-foot passes, to Lhasa. In 1910 a Chinese general, Chao Erh-feng, took a route up from Sinkiang, with horses and artillery, over tremendous, almost trackless passes, in midwinter. He captured Lhasa and held it and the roundabout until 1919, keeping communication open. Then he went back into western China.

So it has been proved that peace on both sides can be forced, despite the cold and icy winds and breathing precipices. In Tibet, on top of the world, the plots twist and thicken and dissolve—for here, too, Russia may force a diversion and hold British troops from the battlefields of Europe.

Up in the Kohat, on the road from an army base up to Bannu, the old mules are plodding along through the heat haze with the little 2.75 mule guns—one gun to four mules, no spare mule to take care of the cauldrons and the little five-foot Gurkha soldiers through the silences. The tribes have sent down a challenge, often do—and there will be blood. The baking rocks before the soldiers down across the Hindu Kush. Gurkhas and the Wazirs and the Afghans and the Shinwari know nothing of international politics—the pulling and hauling, the bribery and promises. German propaganda leaflets flood the Afghanistan cities, the soft-spoken Russians, talking, talking, talking south of the Oxus.

Up there, in the bloody corner where the great ranges join, the war, the war, the war that was history. Tamerlane and Genghis Khan and young Alexander came marching on.

Tommy Atkins marches as along the tree-lined Grand Trunk Road and up into the dusty, death hills. If them perishin' Roosians come, let 'em try coming down the blinkin' Khyber. Tommy, a phlegmatic soul, goes swinging along, packing back, rifle at the slope, singing the Barrel Polka and the one that has the last line: "Oh, ain't it grand to be well dead!"

Especially the last one.



"We have a date. I hope he gets knocked out of the box early"

BARBARA SHERMUND

is what the army chiefs, down at the base camps, call punitive—retribution for sudden raids and night attacks.

Because they are built from rocks on hillsides, and because half the people live in caves, it is hard to spot objectives and harder to hit them, even with the low flying that is possible because the tribes have no defense, except home-made rifles.

The bombs fall, crashing and booming through the hills. A heap of rubble marks the site of the village. Every poor possession of the hill people is destroyed. And in a waterless country, where food is scarce, this may mean slow death from hunger—and thirst.

The British claim that bombing is the only way to subdue the tribes, so that more roads may be hacked through the mountains and new airdromes laid out in the few high valleys—against the time the Russians come down. To accomplish these things, besides the bombing there is bribery, and propaganda—and in some cases strange compliance with tribal doings.

Up in Kohat pass, only a few miles from the armed camp at Peshawar, you will hear hammers ringing on anvils in

was not as well guarded as it is now, it was a favorite diversion of the hillmen to stop cars, strip the occupants of everything and turn them loose—and then melt down the cars for rifles. Now they steal metal anywhere they can find it—or buy it with silver rupees.

They make the rupees, too, in half a dozen counterfeiting plants in the grimy bazaars of Peshawar. Half the silver currency along the frontier is phony and no transaction is ever made until each separate coin is rung and rung again against the rock. Thirty rupees will buy an Afridi-made rifle in the Kohat—but production is so slow and the demand so great that elsewhere, traditionally, a British rifle is worth its weight in silver. Rifle shells, along the border, cost thirty cents each—and are seldom wasted.

When they are not battling the soldiery, the tribesmen go in for a spot of kidnaping as a revenue-getter. The British army has a story that the ransom for a British officer is 20,000 rupees—about \$6,000—and that the government will pay it and then take it out of the officer's pay.

But soldiers are seldom kidnaped, because they are all blood enemies and



## Friend of the Warden

Continued from page 13

there were no witnesses. It was against mine. And they don't do much of him at the office. I with a reprimand, which was the thing as an acquittal."

Levy stared down the corridor for a moment. "Clovis himself looks to me like he takes dope."

"Lies," George Burns said. "We're all junkies. But I never talk about superiors. At least not much. Besides, he might have me transferred to a different place and onto a night shift, and that would kick hell out of my schedule at law school."

"I've been meeting a blonde regular in the lobby," Dr. Levy said. "She's the wife of someone. I don't know the medical school I used to fancy as a cynic. But this place goes to my head. It's the screwiest setup I've ever seen."

"That's what they call us," George murmured, looking at his book. "Keepers are called screws and the screw driver is the screw driver. Ask me."

"Neither one of us is going to be here much longer," Dr. Levy said, looking at the Lord. "I'm going into private practice and you'll be in law. But I'm glad to have these few months of my income here."

"A few months here is enough," George said to the doctor's retreating back. "I've been here a full year."

EGAN to read again. The light, the steps now coming toward him in the hall were Mrs. Bracey's, he looked up. She was a pleasant-looking woman, verging on middle age, who had lost the death of her husband had retired from her profession of nursing to raise her two children. She had a colorless face that had once been bright and the hard, drawn look which the older employees of the hospital acquired, had, on her face, become one of sorrow and great

"Quiet tonight, isn't it, George?"

"I didn't notice, Mrs. Bracey," he said, getting up to unlock the door into the prison ward. "Want me to go in with you?"

"Don't bother," she said. "Go ahead and study. They'll be asleep, Langer, I hope. I just have to take temperatures and give that boy a shot in an injection. I'll be out in a few minutes."

George was out in not much more than a minute, paler than usual and shaken. He looked at her without getting up. "Again?"

Mrs. Bracey nodded, biting her lip. She got up and put the book down. "It's a dirty place," Mrs. Bracey said. "I didn't come to work here knowing it was that. But I've heard anyone say the things to me that a man says."

Before George could speak, Mrs. Bracey had walked away so that he could not see the tears that came unwillingly down her face. George drew a deep breath and blew it slowly out, trying to think the thing out. If he spoke to Langer, there was no telling what would happen. Langer had hit guards before now. If he hit Langer in return, Clovis wouldn't discipline Langer, George knew. He would discipline George.

ON THE other hand, George Burns recognized that certain sensibilities had been definitely blunted in the four years he had worked in the prisons. If he allowed what had happened to Mrs. Bracey to pass without any sort of word or gesture on his part, George realized that it would be just one more contribution to the blunting of those sensibilities.

Joe Foley came along the hall and George unstrapped the gun belt from his own waist and handed it to Joe.

"What are you going in for?" Joe said.

"Langer's been getting nasty with Mrs. Bracey."

"Let me go in," Joe said. "I'll take that ape apart."

"Sure, and get yourself suspended indefinitely on Clovis' recommendation." George unlocked the door of the prison ward again and stepped inside. It was a great, bare room, lit up by two dim lights. All but two of the sixteen beds were occupied, most of the prisoners asleep, but two or three followed George with their eyes as he approached the narrow bed on which Langer lay, propped up comfortably on pillows. Langer was a man of indeterminate age. His hair was white but his face seemed young, although hollowed and lined. The mouth was thin but prominent and his eyes were deep-set and seemed at times to burn.

He had been arrested and charged in his time with almost every known felony and had been convicted six times. He was the most hated con in prison; hated by both prisoners and keepers alike.

Watching George Burns come toward him now, Langer even sneered a little: "What the hell do you want, screw?"

"I've come in to tell you that if you bother Mrs. Bracey again, I'm going to report you."

"You wouldn't have the guts to," Langer said.

"And if that doesn't work we'll have charges brought against you."

"You'll get fat doing that," Langer said. "I've beaten tougher raps than that a dozen times." His voice dropped. "Listen, smart guy, why don't you get wise to yourself? You know I got connections and I can break you or any other screw. Now, get to hell out of here."

Anger, George Burns suddenly discovered, he had not known in a long time. He was unprepared for it now and had raised a hand as though to cuff Langer with the back of it. He caught himself, but Langer had seen the upraised hand and came up out of the bed, almost snarling. With his elbow George broke apart the hands aimed at his throat and swung his right fist at Langer. The convict went inside the swing and the two men grappled in silent rage.

Langer's wiry strength surprised George. If he was going to whip Langer it would take a while, George knew. There would be noise and confusion and possibly an attempt on the part of other prisoners to escape. He found that he



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would have liked to fight and whip Langer, although he had tried to divorce himself from any liking for violence since he had come to work in the prisons.

But that kind of fight would take too long. The strong, wiry fingers worked toward his own throat. George reached back, slipping the blackjack from his pocket. His fingers twined in the cord and he half struck, half drew it across the base of Langer's skull. It was an expert blow, designed to render a man unconscious without doing any serious injury or leaving a mark.

Langer sagged, George catching him and easing him onto the bed. George pulled out two pillows and put Langer's head on the third, covering him with the sheet and blanket. Langer breathed easily as in sleep. Leaving the ward, George felt the eyes of the other prisoners on him. He had been friendly, without any great effort on his part, with most of the prisoners he knew. Now, their eyes made him feel uncomfortable.

"I had to tap him," he told Joe.

"I hope you made it good," Joe said.

George shook his head vaguely. Joe saw he didn't want to talk about it.

The sounds of morning had begun in the corridors. George was suddenly tired. Joe said: "You should maybe've thought what Clovis could do before you busted Langer."

"I got tired of thinking of it," George said.

Dr. Jacob Levy came jauntily down the corridor, fresh and immaculate, attended by an orderly and two young and pretty nurses. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "Good morning. You both look as though the night had been long and weary."

"JUST routine stuff," Joe said. "But George had to nudge your friend Langer."

"Not gently, I trust, not gently," Dr. Levy said. "And you a lawyer." He clucked in mock sympathy.

"Not too gently," George said. "I wish you'd look at him. I don't think he's hurt much but look at him for luck."

"Presently," Dr. Levy said, "presently. There's a little matter of a suspected volvulus down the hall, and beyond that a touch of peritonitis. After I attend to these trivia, I shall see to your friend."

"He's a daisy, all right," Joe said, watching the dapper little figure move briskly away.

George sat down heavily, his face in his hands.

"Go down and get some coffee," Joe said, "before you have me feeling like you do. I'll be with you as soon as the morning-shift boys come on."

"I hope Jake looks at Langer before Clovis comes in."

"You should've thought of that before," Joe said.

In the refectory, the food was more tasteless than ever to George. Joe Foley came down at eight and ordered a hearty meal. "Clovis came in on time with the morning shift," he said.

"What did he say?"

"I didn't wait to find out."

George sat there out of sheer weariness until a quarter to nine, when it was time to change his clothes and leave for his first class uptown at nine-thirty. He had just stood up when Dr. Levy came into the room. The doctor was quite grave and motioned George to sit down again.

"We're having a time upstairs," Dr. Levy said, "and I think you'd better know about it, George. Langer knocked my orderly unconscious with a chair, broke a nurse's wrist and tried to get hold of my scalpel. Strangely enough, he's not a madman, at least not in the accepted sense. But by virtue of the strange setup, or influence he has in the prisons, he's become used to a freedom

—so to speak—in prison which he can't enjoy as fully even outside. It involves a number of psychological twists. I won't bother going into now.

"I can't put him in a strait jacket without a psychiatric prescription, and psychiatrists have already refused to accept Langer as psychotic. I've ordered 'restraints,' so-called, in the form of muslin strips, tied about him and anchored to the bed, but Clovis has countermanded this order. The delegation of authority in the prison ward is something that has never been cleared up. Langer has gotten away with this and worse in the past, so I have no illusions as to what I'm up against."

"If it's us for witnesses you want," Joe said, "we've got plenty. If we only get told that Clovis can't crack down on us."

Dr. Levy went on: "Clovis says I can't put 'restraints' on Langer because Langer is no longer violent. And that's true. When Clovis went in and spoke to Langer alone, Langer became quiet. Now, Clovis says that Langer is no

George hesitated but obeyed.

"Now go down and get the car warmed up," Clovis said.

The prisoners' entrance to the hospital opened on a narrow yard just big enough for one car to turn in. Waiting in the car, with the motor running, George saw a cheap coupé drive up and a flashily dressed blonde get out. He couldn't see where she went, but her face seemed familiar.

The car George was in was a black sedan, undistinguished except by a single heavy bracket fixed in either side of the rear seat to which a prisoner could be handcuffed in the event an emergency ever made it necessary to move a prisoner with only one guard, and that one driving.

Clovis and Langer came out and got into the back seat of the car. George Burns noticed how lonely and isolated the prisoners' entrance was . . . how no one had been there to see them get into the car. It was too late to do anything about it now, without laying himself

get into the cheap coupé driven by blonde George had seen at the hospital. The car swung around and headed toward the hospital. George turned to Langer. The handcuffs hadn't locked, George saw, but it was too late to do anything about it. George looking into the muzzle of his own special.

"All right," Langer said, "go screw."

George got out of the car. He thought that this was the way it feels to and tried to pray.

"Now get in the back of the car," Langer said.

George wondered whether he would be killed or just handcuffed in the back of the car, to be found that way, prisoner escaped. The weariness was strong in him and he could believe for a moment that it was a bad dream. The dream, even, Langer seemed to sway, his eyes to dilate and close naturally.

George was in the back of the car and Langer tossed him the handcuffs. "Snap them on, screw. If you don't, I'll snap them on you," Langer warned. Langer hesitated and the rage came in slowly to Langer's face. The guard's hand snapped up to point at George. Only then did George realize he had dropped. . . . "Quick," Langer said, the snarl in his voice was slow and though forced. . . .

ANGER and self-pity worried George. His heels had hooked under the lower edge of the doorway, and suddenly he had launched himself at Langer. He saw again, the sense of uneasiness strong in him, that Langer's guard had dropped and Langer himself was as though wilting. When George pressed with his shoulder it was like hitting an empty sack.

Langer lay unconscious under George. George got up and stared at him. He braked to a stop near by and tried to grab for the gun and duck behind his own car, all in one motion. Levy and Joe Foley got out of Langer's car. George stood up.

"Very nice indeed," Dr. Levy said, "even though I have to disillusion you. You probably think you're a tough and theoretically you are. But actually it was I and not you who did the work of our friend here."

"You're drunk, Jake," George said. "Or else the life at the ward finally gotten you."

"It's just the way he talks, Corbin," Joe Foley said. "He didn't like any of things this morning and just before he put some knockout drops in Langer's coffee."

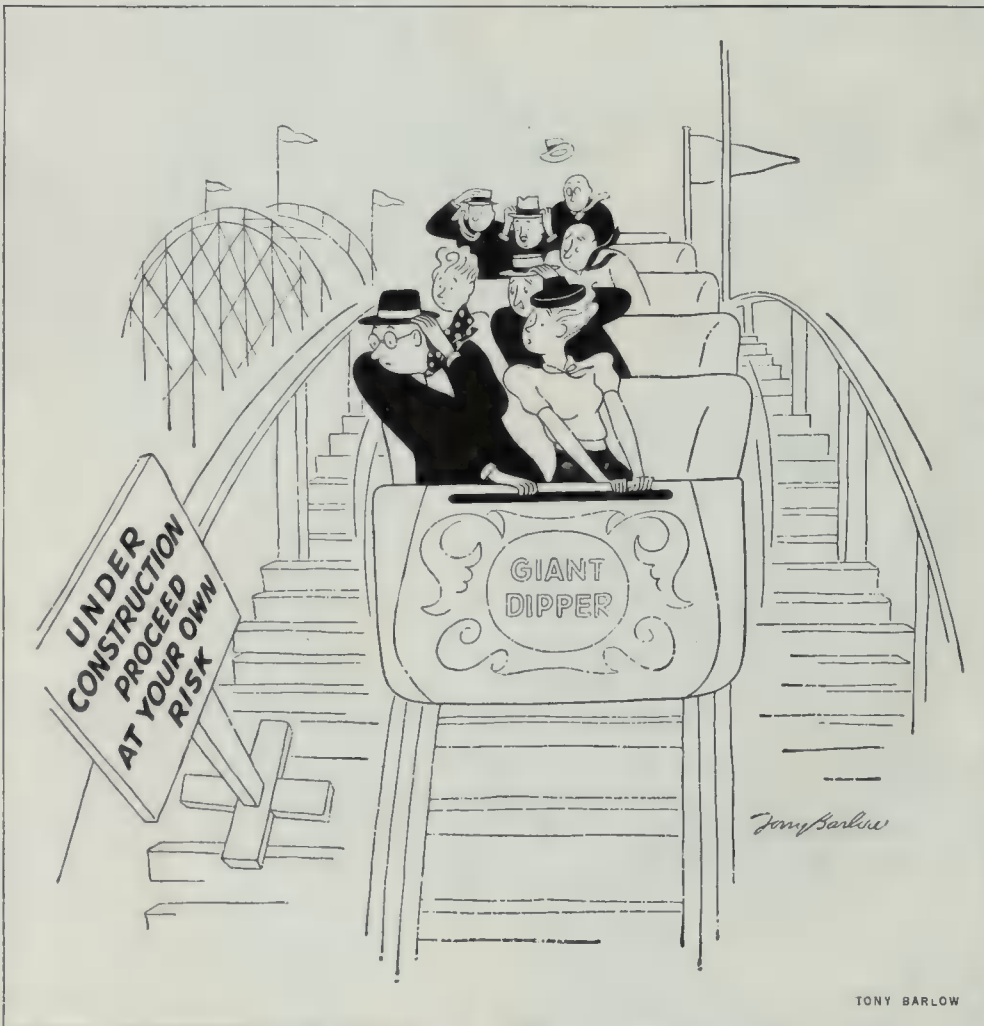
"Then," Dr. Levy took up, "opened to be going through the lobby, I noticed Clovis' blond friend. In any way, George, did you notice the facial resemblance between Langer and Langer; probably brother and sister. Anyway, when she started to follow people in her car, I summoned her here and we followed, he drove working my trusty 16-millimeter camera so that we have a fairly complete record of all things that happened."

"Well," George said. "Well—"

"We couldn't summon the photographer," Dr. Levy said, "as he had turned out so that we'd look for him."

"Well, I'm going to take this trial," George said, indicating "where I started out for."

"And then," Dr. Levy said, "all going to go over to the prisoner's office and we will have newspapermen with us and a developing outfit and I'm sure the commissioner will see us. And if the commissioner doesn't see us, the mayor I think your good friends, Mr. Burns and Mr. Langer, are going to give you a nice long rest."



longer ill and that he can be transferred back to Central, which he intends to have done right away."

A guard off the morning shift came in and told George that Clovis wanted to see him. The others at the table were silent as George got up and followed the other guard out. Upstairs, Clovis was seated at a desk in his office near the prison ward. He was a man going on to fifty with pale eyes and an expressionless face, round and cruel.

"Stand at attention," he said when George came into the room. George didn't speak. "You're ordered to report for emergency duty to aid in the transportation of a prisoner to Central. Be ready in this office in five minutes. That's all."

When George returned, Langer was in the office with Clovis. They were alone there. Ostentatiously, Clovis handcuffed Langer to himself. Langer was dressed in well-tailored civilian clothes and a Homburg hat. His face was actually composed, as was Clovis', so that George Burns, the weariness working in him, could think briefly that it was himself who was the prisoner. . . .

"Leave your gun here," Clovis said. "I'll take mine."

open to charges of insubordination. He started the car.

Central Prison lay on an island in the bay and could be reached only by a ferry. The ferry was reached by a single road that led through ugly, stinking meadows and blocks of abandoned factories.

Coming into this part of the drive as they left the city proper, Clovis tapped George on the shoulder and spoke for the first time since they had started: "Stop the car."

George braked it easily to a stop. Two huge factories were on either side, their windows boarded up. Clovis got out of the car.

"What's the matter?" George said.

"Oh, I just thought of something. I have to go back to the office." It was the nearest approach to a smile George had ever seen on Clovis' face. "A friend is going to drive me back. You take Al here in alone."

"Listen—" George said.

"What?" Clovis said.

George paused. Despite his feeling of foreboding, there was still nothing wrong that could be seen. Langer was handcuffed to the bracket on the right. George watched Clovis leave him and



## No Summer Love

Continued from page 10

"Andrews? She works somewhere  
h hotel."  
H?" said Mike. "She works in the  
ce  
Q"  
He looked up and he was grinning.  
ing the stalleroo? I heard she  
wou."  
Hard?"  
Se," said Mike, enjoying himself.  
matter of fact, she mentioned it  
She said you were a nice guy."  
He was watching him and he was  
inning. "Why don't you call her  
Wandering around asking ques-  
ever did anybody any good."  
He was smiling himself. "Maybe  
he said. "Don't bet against it."

voice was pleasant but cool over the phone and for a moment he thought he could make it stick. "I haven't seen you and I wanted to. I wondered if you could have dinner with me," he hesitated. "I'm afraid that—" "You don't need to worry," he said. "I received a swell letter of recommendation from my congressman. With a rubber stamp signature and everything." "I laughed then. 'I'd never have the nerve to turn down a congressman,'" he said. "If you'll bring the letter we'll be able to make it tonight."

"This is the third year I've been in Bristol," Duke said. "It's odd I haven't met you before."

Her slender shoulders lifted and fell. "It's nothing so odd about that. I've only brought me out from Chicago once in my life."

"I've worked for the chain that runs the Bristol for the last four years, since she graduated from a small college back in Illinois. While it wasn't glamorous work, neither was it boring, and I liked it."

He shook his head. "I don't get it," he said. "It's no sales talk when I tell you're pretty. Your mirror tells me the same thing. So what do you want to work for?"

For a moment she was silent. "You should just sit back and wait for a nice man to come along and marry you," she said.

He could feel her amusement and it made him frown. "Not that," he said, "just the same—"

saw that he was in earnest and banter slipped from her voice. "I job," she said quietly. "There are of things I want and it's the only can get them and still be inde- bit, Duke. I wouldn't want a free I don't want any strings on me didn't put there myself." your life," he said, picking up the He was a little too terse and it her wonder then how much of the gr-boy business was real and how of it came from the league he ed in.

crowd came in just as they were  
g. They had been laughing and  
was a sudden, awkward silence  
they saw Duke and the girl. Edie  
glanced at Pam and then Duke  
the introductions.  
When they left the tearoom, a mo-  
later, it was too early to go back to  
otel so they settled on a theater.  
ouble feature was over by eleven  
they walked back up the hill to the  
el, munching the popcorn they had  
t at a little stand. It was a fine,  
night and, above, the moon was a  
g crescent and the clouds a ceiling.  
was the girl walking beside him

and the pleasant tang of the firs and pines drifting down from the slopes Duke glanced at her, thinking that it had been a quiet evening but a nice one.

It was pleasant watching her go down the corridor to her room, a step or so ahead of him. She had a proud carriage, shoulders that were held well back and swinging smoothly with her stride. When she bent to put the key in the lock the faint reflections of the light caught her hair, leaving it warm and burnished. She opened the door and he stood there, hoping she would ask him in and knowing that she wouldn't.

She smiled, holding out her hand. "Good night, Duke. It's been fun."

It had. Too much to leave it that way, wanting to kiss her and doing nothing about it.

"Gerry.

The clear eyes lifted to his and his arms went around her. For a moment her body was soft and responsive against his own and the response was in her lips, too. Then she was pushing him away.

"I don't play any little games, Duke," she said unsteadily. "I wouldn't want to be just another person you met at some summer resort. I—I think I'd better go in now."

PAM was already at the pool when he came down the next morning. It was still too early for the rest of the crowd and she was alone on the sand.

"You're up with the birds," he said. "Waiting for somebody?"

She nodded, one hand shielding her eyes against the sun. "Just you, Mr. Wayne." She looked at him and her voice was too quiet. "We haven't had much time together, Duke. Even less than usual."

"I'm sorry, Pam," he said slowly. "That's the way things break sometimes."

She rolled over so she was facing him. "Duke," she said wistfully, "do you know what we ought to do? Tommy Farrell has a place at Jackson Hole and he wants us all to come up there for a week or so. There would be just our own crowd and we'd have a lot of fun."

"We didn't say anything."  
"We could drive up next week," she said eagerly. "How does it sound to you, Duke?"

He couldn't brush off that eagerness in her voice without hurting her. "It sounds all right," he said finally. "We'll see what gives."

Nothing went right that day. Once a girl got under your skin there wasn't much you could do about it. When he did go in the pool, his timing was away off. It stayed that way, too. He was always with Pam and the crowd and none of it made much fun.

And then one morning a letter was under his door.

His brows came together in a dark, puzzled line as he read it. He read it again and it still said the same thing. It was a statement from the hotel for one week at sixteen dollars a day. There was a polite memorandum from the credit office that they would appreciate a check for that amount.

"A hundred and twelve dollars!" he said softly. "They must be crazy!"

He went over and pulled on his sweater. It was a mistake, of course, but it would be better to go down and straighten it out personally. The girl in the outer office sent in his name. The door of the credit office opened and a girl was standing here.

It was Gerry.  
"Hello, Duke," she said quietly.  
"Won't you come in?"



## “Whose Vacation Is This, Anyway?”

CAMPING out is fun—if it doesn't last too long. We speak of "roughing it" and brag about the hardships entailed. But only a few years ago it wasn't considered a hardship to live this way. For most people, it was the only way they had to live.

The tin washtub, for instance. It did duty Monday mornings and Saturday nights, and the water was heated in the reservoir at the back of the wood-burning range. Splitting the wood was good exercise—but it was no fun to get up in the middle of cold nights to keep the fire going. And the feeble kerosene lamps, though an improvement over candles, had to be continually cleaned and filled.

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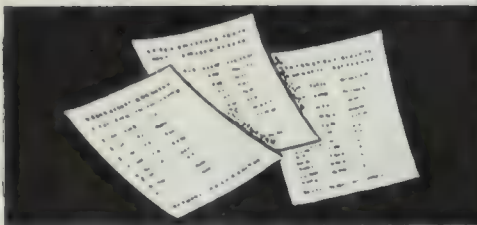
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When the door closed behind them he shook his head as she indicated a chair. "No, thanks, Gerry," he said, trying to keep it casual. "I sort of got my signals crossed. They sent up a bill this morning and I should have had sense enough to give it to Bob Appleby."

She made herself look at him. "Bob Appleby hasn't been here for three months, Duke. He was overdoing that promotion business and they had to let him go. That's why they sent up that bill this morning."

IT WAS so completely unexpected that if it had been anyone but Gerry he would have thought it was a gag. He hadn't seen Bob around but that hadn't meant anything. Publicity men sometimes let things ride until the last minute. A couple times he had meant to drop in and find out when Bob wanted to grab some pictures but each time something had come up. But you couldn't tell Gerry that. It would sound like any other dead beat's alibi.

"I see," he said slowly. "I'd taken it for granted he was still here."

Her eyes wondered how often he had just taken such things for granted. His chin lifted but it didn't help much. It was hard going, standing there with a bill in his hand for a hundred and twelve dollars that he didn't have.

"You needn't pay it now, Duke," she said. "If it would be more convenient, you can sign for it; send it to us later."

He shook his head.

"I can't sign for it," he said wearily. "I might never be able to pay it, Gerry. You'll have to let me work it out."

She looked up quickly and some of that disappointment went out of her.

"Work it out?" she said. "How, Duke? By giving lessons?"

"I can't do that. You can't make an out-and-out deal for your services without turning professional." No matter how he said it, it was as if he was trying to eat his cake and have it, too. "I can give an exhibition, though," he said. "The brass hats will okay something like that."

Maybe, Gerry thought, a championship and the fun that went with it were like so many things you wanted too much. When you finally had it, it owned you.

"All right, Duke," she said. "The manager's been talking about some kind of a water carnival and I'll take it up with him."

He was just leaving the desk the next afternoon when Pam stopped him. She was upset and obviously trying to conceal it.

"Duke," she said, "I want to show you something."

It was a placard that had been set up at the end of the lobby. The Bristol was happy to announce that a Water Carnival would be staged on Friday evening. There would be dancing beside the pool, and as a special attraction Mr. Duke Wayne, the Olympic champion, would appear in an exhibition race.

He glanced at her. "What about it?"

"What about it?" she repeated, and her voice was no longer so cool and self-contained. "How do you think that makes me feel, Duke? You know we're leaving tomorrow for Jackson Hole. You've known it for a week!"

She was right, he thought wearily. He had forgotten all about it.

"I'm sorry, Pam," he said, "but I guess I'll have to skip it."

"Just to stay here for that silly exhibition?" she demanded. Her voice was getting away from her. "Or is it something else? Fun's fun, Duke, but—"

"Wait a minute," he said, trying to hold back the sudden anger that was surging in himself. "Do you want to know why I'm staying, Pam? I'll tell you. I owe this hotel a bill I couldn't

pay. This is my way of working it off."

She stared at him, and after a moment a faint color crept into her face.

"Oh," she said, "I—I thought maybe it was that girl."

"Gerry fixed it for me," he said wearily. "If it hadn't been for her—"

Pam was watching his face. "I see." She hesitated, trying to keep the relief out of her voice. "I'm sorry I asked, Duke. Maybe we can still fix it up about Jackson Hole."

"Sure," he said listlessly, "maybe we can."

He went on down to the pool then, wishing that he was a little more on edge for the coming exhibition. The Bristol was importing a couple of kids from Denver, winners in some intercollegiate league, and you never knew when you might run into a sleeper.

He spent the rest of the afternoon in the pool. At six the pool was deserted. He was sliding into his robe when he saw a girl in a red suit entering the pool. He dived in and came up behind her. He smiled and all that staleness seemed to leave him.

"Hello, Gerry."

The girl glanced over her shoulder. Her eyes were the clear, cold green of a wintry sea.

"I wanted to thank you," he said hesitantly. "If you—"

"You needn't bother," she said. "It's part of my job."

HE STARED at her. She started for the ladder and he laid a detaining hand on her arm. "It's more than just thanking you, Gerry. You know how I feel about you. I was thinking—"

The cool contempt in her face made him drop his hand.

"I think we better stay in our own leagues, Duke. Just because I was silly enough to think this might not be the usual summer resort thing. . . ." Her voice had the bitterness of self-accusation. "I don't go in for this summer love, Duke."

"No?" he said shortly. "And what makes you think I do?"

"Isn't it rather obvious? I'm sure no working girl could really afford you."

The color ebbed from his face and that deep little line above his chin was suddenly white.

"Thanks," he said slowly. "I think you've got something there. I wouldn't want to be in your league!"

He was running up the steps and her face was hot and crimson.

The Polo Room was always crowded at seven and when Duke came in the booths were already filled. He took a seat at the end of the bar, ordering a Scotch and soda. In one corner a nickel machine was playing something called In the Mood. A waiter offered a tray of little sausages and Duke shook his head. He finished his drink quickly.

He was waiting for another highball



when he felt a girl's arm slip to his. Pam had slid in beside him and made a little face at him.

"A fine thing," she said. "I've been looking all over for you. Since when are you loitering around bars?"

"Hadn't you heard? I come out of line of loiterers."

The bartender brought his drink for the lady," said Duke.

Pam sipped it slowly, smiling. She was cute even if she was a little possessive and he had been a sucker to go for her before. She knew he was in the chips, but with her it didn't make any difference. It was only when the were stale that it seemed like a merry-go-round, and Pam a brass ring dangling before you. It wasn't until you met some of these lovely people, simply brimming with self-respect, that you realized a merry-go-round wasn't so bad after all.

"Pam," he said, studying the ice floating in his glass, "you can count on that Jackson Hole business ought to be fun."

"It will be," she said eagerly. "Just our own crowd. Just us, Duke."

He frowned at his glass. "Well, an early start Sunday. If it wasn't that exhibition—"

Pam was staring at him. "But you don't have to stay for that, Duke," she said blankly. "I thought they had told you. I took care of that this afternoon."

The ice cube was no longer swishing in his glass. "Took care of it?" she asked slowly, turning to look at her. "Took care of it?"

For a moment she was uncomfortable. "I just had them put your bill on my account," she said. "It—it really doesn't matter, Duke. I can afford it."

The thing Gerry had said flared in his mind. He was on his feet and looking cold and white all the way through. When it got to the point where a girl was paying your freight. . . . If that was way you stayed on the celebrity circuit it was time to blow the whistle.

Pam's eyes were suddenly frightened. "But, Duke . . ."

HIS voice was so low and so flat that it was worse than if he were not there.

"Let's skip it," he said quietly. "It seems to have given a lot of people the same idea. So this is it, Pam. This is where I get off."

Gerry was finishing her salad. The tall, bronzed young man came in and stood down on her table. The other girls recognized him and they saw the bite her lips and start to get to her feet.

"You might as well sit down, Duke," she said. "I'm going to have dinner with you."

She was even lovelier when she was mad. There was the anger in her eyes, the deep warmth of her mouth. "You won't do any good to say it," he said. "I just found out what we're doing tomorrow you're going to take Pam's money."

After a moment she tried to say, "You mean—you didn't know about it?"

"Not until she told me. I'm through with the exhibition business. Going to be the last one. This is I bow out."

Her eyes were grave. "For good, Duke?"

"Once and for all. I've got a steady job."

"Job?" She tried to keep her voice steady. "Where, Duke?"

He grinned. There was that fine, feeling that was nicer than all the fun you had thought were fun and excitement. There was that warm feeling there was Gerry. That was all he needed.

"Right here in the hotel," he said. "Mike's leaving and I've already taken down and talked to him. He put the word for me at the garage."



# Clear and Warmer

by Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY NALA

Ford, literary impersona- goes into his act and the columnists reach for their shot- guns. Blame it on the weather

short, ladies and gentlemen, it's better to live in a free country and suffer from the heat than in a dictatorship and suffer from the hate"



NE nice thing about our present crop of newspaper columnists—you can tell exactly what they're going to say next. Whether the subject is election or the war, the syndicated columnists have their professional attitudes all worked out in advance. This is a lot of them from taking the trouble to think, and it saves a lot of others taking the trouble to read.

For example, let us say that a heat wave of unprecedented proportions is sweeping the nation from coast to coast. Daily commentators roll out of bed

to find heat-wave headlines staring at them from their respective newspapers.

How, then, would the boys and girls handle this timely subject that day in their syndicated dispatches? Here's how:

## TODAY AND TOMORROW (In the Manner of Walter Lippmann) IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

In any consideration of the heat wave, we must remind ourselves that heat, or cold, depends upon weather, or not, and that they cannot be removed without

getting rid of the weather first. It is as if in dressing for dinner one had finished fastening all his shirt studs and knotted his tie, and were then to discover in trying to tuck in his shirttail that he had on his suspenders inside his shirt.

How then, without taking off his shirt again, does one remove his suspenders? Does one let go the suspenders, lick the perspiration from his lips, then take a deep breath and grope around in back this time for the dangling ends? Does one succeed at last, undoing his tie and splitting his shirt clear up to the armpits, and, phoning some excuse to one's host, climb into bed and stay there until the heat wave is over?

For the fact is that there is one fundamental fallacy into which we fall when we think about the weather: It is *The Fallacy of Not Understanding that the More You Think About It, the Hotter You Get*.

We all must agree, it seems to me, that it is as hot in the summer as it is in the city. This is obvious and indisputable. There is no escaping it. For myself, I find that to accept this fact is perhaps to realize that it is not the heat, after all, but the humidity. And while you're up I'll take just a little more ice in mine.

## ON THE RECORD (In the Manner of Dorothy Thompson) RISING TEMPERATURE

"Well, dear," said the Grouse, opening his morning newspaper, "I see where we're in for another scorcher today."

"The extreme heat of the past week is, from both a military and an ideological standpoint, a phenomenon of vast importance. It represents an orgy of mass madness, in which human suffering is sacrificed to a criminal program of unparalleled brutality."

"You're telling me," nodded the Grouse, sipping his coffee. "Why, yesterday I bet I perspired two quarts."

"The truth about the heat is so monstrous that men and women accustomed to the standards of Western civilization, who take the weather, like this column, for granted, cannot believe it. They cannot envisage a heat wave programatically conceived and executed, in which the temperature is part of a systematic campaign of demoralization and destruction."

"Look, dear," interrupted the Grouse, setting down his cup uneasily. "You don't want to get yourself all worked up, this hot weather."

"—in which the current civilian atrocities—freckles, sunburn, prickly heat—are the instruments of an insane society bent upon nihilism and world chaos. For

the monstrous truth is that the present heat wave, which this column freely predicted in 1933 was already the subject of secret communication between Berlin and Moscow. In 1937, in a conversation between Hitler and your correspondent, the Nazi overlord deliberately ignored this column's observation that it was getting warmer. . . ."

"Maybe if I get you a nice drink of cold water?"

"Look at Czechoslovakia! Look at the federal debt! Look at the American Youth Congress! Look at the domestic policy of the New Deal! Look at me standing on my head and juggling six complete sets of statistics while holding an American flag in my teeth. . . . Look at me! . . . Look out! . . . Look—"

"It's okay, Doctor. I guess the blood just rushed to her head, that was all. It happens whenever she writes a column."

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Every Sunday night at this hour we present Walter Winchell, who brings you Flash News . . . Odd News . . . Exclusive News . . . So now to the editorial rooms of the Jingo Journal—in the manner of Walter Winchell:

Goodevening Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press. . . . Di di di-dit! Di di di-dit! Flash! Washington, D. C.: The weather bureau, so your correspondent is reliably informed, will announce tomorrow that the heat wave will positively continue until it is cooler. . . . Di di di-dit! Flash! New York: A number of heat victims, overcome by thirst, were rushed to the Stork Club tonight in a serious condition. All will recover. . . . Di di di-dit! Flash! It isn't the heat but the bromidity. . . . Ti ti ti-tit. . . .

Dee dee dee-deet! Dee dee dee-deet! By Way of the High Seas . . . Dee dee deet! Debunking the Warm Propaganda . . . Berlin: Adolf Hitler has stated that he will "make it hot" for any nation that opposes him. Evidently Mister Hitler doesn't realize that when a dictator threatens to put on the heat—it leaves a democracy cold . . . Dee dee deet! . . . I'll be back in a flash—in the flesh. . . .

Duh duh duh-duht! Duh duh duh-duht! Attention, Mr. and Mrs. United States. During the past week, the people of this country have been listening to the reports of the weather. During the past year, the people of Europe have been listening to the reports—of guns. . . . In America today we are perspiring under the arms; in Europe today, they are sweating under—an army. . . . Over here we complain about the heat because we feel bum; over there, they complain because they feel—a

(Continued on page 44)



I think if we all tried to relax we wouldn't mind the heat so much"



# What Happened to France

Continued from page 11

of that frontier, was all that separated us from invasion and defeat.

What was to be seen in front of Lille in the month of October, 1939? Here and there, at a distance of one or two kilometers from each other, were little concrete casements surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. Each of these casements was occupied by a British detachment: five or six men under the command of a corporal or sergeant. Each contained a periscope for observing the terrain, a machine gun and a Bren gun (light machine gun). In addition each was supposed to contain an antitank gun, but only the emplacements were there. The guns were to come later.

Between the casements extended an antitank ditch, not very deep and half caved in. A little farther back the English soldiers were at work digging trenches and dugouts. But in the deep mud of Flanders, at this time of year, the work was hopeless. As soon as these unfortunates had dug down a few feet into the yellow earth they encountered water. They performed miracles of ingenuity in an attempt to drain these inexhaustible wells, they installed elevated duckboards and parapets supported by sod. The results were not encouraging. The English war correspondents, almost all of whom had, like me, taken part in the campaign of 1914-1918, looked at these trenches with a critical eye.

"If that's our line," they said, "God help us! The means of attack are ten times more powerful than in fourteen and the means of defense ten times weaker!"

THESE honest journalists were made extremely unhappy by the severe censorship which forced them to hide their anxieties and reassure the public.

The officers of the regiments that occupied this line did their best to take a less pessimistic view. One of them, showing me a miserable trench which his men were digging with great difficulty, said in an apologetic tone:

"Obviously this would never stop a tank. But, after all, there's a real forest in front of my battalion and it's reasonable to hope that the tanks won't come this way."

During the following weeks, however, French and British genius undertook extensive defense measures. Behind the front line of blockhouses many gangs of workmen toiled energetically in the construction of other concrete works. Almost anywhere you looked in the fields you could see the long iron skeletons that outlined future casements, while, near by, specialists in cement, who had come from England, were mixing sand and gravel. On the French sector, especially in front of Maubeuge, the new casements had been admirably camouflaged. Many of them had the appearance of houses or harmless sheds. They filled the High Command with great confidence.

At this time many members of the French army were reading a book by General Chauvineau entitled "Is Invasion Still Possible?" This general, a professor at the War College, had reached the conclusion that concrete pillboxes rendered an invasion absolutely out of the question. "Works of this sort," he wrote, "can be built so rapidly that, in the time necessary for an enemy to take a first line, the defending army can construct a second..." He had left two things out of consideration: First, that there might exist new means for attacking concrete forts; secondly,

that a breach would permit the enemy to get behind the concrete line. In fact, that line at which our troops labored so painfully all through the winter in the cold and rain was never attacked from in front.

Most of the experts, moreover, did not believe, with General Gort, that there would be an attack against Belgium. "Why," they asked in their articles, "should Germany add to her enemies the Belgian army, which today is large and well-equipped?" Since, on the other hand, they maintained that the Maginot Line could not be forced, "there remain for Hitler," they added, "only two possible theaters of attack: Holland and Rumania, but it is highly improbable that he will choose either of these since Rotterdam is Germany's last lung and since Rumania is already delivering to the Reich all its surplus gasoline..." Their conclusion was that Germany would do nothing this summer, that the situation was very favorable because

"You are perfectly right," he replied. "I asked about it on several occasions. But I was met with the response that tank maneuvers would ruin the crops and that the civil authorities were opposed."

No one behind the lines seemed to be thinking about the danger of an enemy attack; everyone talked only about the danger of boredom. At the beginning of the war the men had lacked blankets, jerseys and shoes, and agencies to supply them had been established: Bundles for the Army, Cigarettes for the Army. Soon the soldiers were receiving too many packages, too many presents.

"With the best will in the world," an English soldier solemnly assured me, "I cannot smoke two hundred cigarettes a day!"

AT THAT time prominent people in Paris and London had started a variety of new enterprises: Reading Matter for the Armies, Radios for the



"Look here, Kingston—stop introducing me as your 'fine-feathered friend!'"

RICHARD TAYLOR

"time works for us," that in 1941 "we shall have control of the air and, in 1942, enough heavy artillery and tanks to attack the Siegfried Line." These were sentiments that could be heard in those days in any mess at the front at dinner-time; and I admit that I often expressed them myself.

HITLER had said, referring to us, "I shall disintegrate their war," and in the course of this long winter of inaction he succeeded in doing it. The men got tired of digging trenches in the rain to defend themselves against an enemy they never saw. The divisions could and should have been taken out, one after another into the field, and given intensive training for an entirely new and terrifying kind of war. All the lessons of the Polish campaign should have been put to use. But we were so little war-minded that the generals allowed themselves to be stopped by scruples that would have been laudable in time of peace. I remember asking one of them why he did not accustom his men to the sight of flame-throwing tanks and dive bombers.

"If their first experience of this method of attack takes place on the field of battle," I said, "they will be terrified. If, on the contrary, they become accustomed to such sights the novelty of the impression will wear off."

Armies, Amusements for the Armies, Burlesque for the Armies, Sports for the Armies, Art for the Armies, Plays for the Armies. A chagrined woman, disturbed by this frivolity, said that she was going to found a new agency—War for the Armies. She was right; but such ideas were not popular.

At the British front "Concert Parties," composed of famous comedians and beautiful show girls, traveled about in military automobiles solemnly escorted by officers. Maurice Chevalier sang with great amiability for the troops of both countries. His arrival at Arras created more excitement than that of President Lebrun. He was acclaimed by the French and English soldiers. "Maurice, 'Valentine!'" cried the French. "Maurice, 'The Rain Drop!'" roared the English. When he left the stage he was besieged by autograph hunters: "Maurice, it's for my kids. I'm a papa, you know." At the door Chevalier turned around and said to the soldiers: "God bless you, boys."

It was all very pleasant, and harmless enough, but it was hardly an effective preparation for the German offensive. At the time when the country, at the gravest moment in its history, had only a few weeks at its disposal to make up for its past mistakes, to complete its fortifications and train its men, Frenchmen and Englishmen continued to live (except in certain sectors of the front)

routine lives governed by the pettiness of a military bureaucracy.

In the city of Arras, where I was stationed, there were several thousand French territorials, old soldiers who had been mobilized—I never really knew why—and of whom the army made use whatever. Their officers employed them as best they could to plant gardens, start poultry yards and rabbits and pigs. These were worthy enterprises but it may, perhaps, have been more urgent to fortify the line of la Scarpe. A correspondent, one of my friends, dared much to his general. The suggestion was not well received.

"Fortify la Scarpe! But the enemy will never advance that far. You are defeatist! Wait for orders!"

After one or two experiences of this kind even the most zealous leaders went back to their routine. The soldiers were nourished and with little to do, the Tommies, as soon as night fell, went to work writing interminable letters to their wives and sweethearts; the officers were unable, except with great effort, to censor this monstrous correspondence. An unhappy captain would not see his table cleared of one pile of envelopes before another and larger one would descend upon him. The quarrels of everyday life, nursemaid brooded over, occupied the attention of men who should have borne in mind the future of liberty and the destiny of the world depended upon their ability as soldiers and their power of resistance to Hitler, as he had said he would, had integrated our war.

HE WAS not able, however, to disintegrate completely. There were zones of heroism raised high above the general level of mediocrity, and these never allowed themselves to be submerged in the pettiness of daily life. Toward the end of December, I spent several days in the Maginot Line and returned full of enthusiasm. No longer had this chain of magic mounds bristling with cannon and impervious to gas, given me (perhaps wrongly) a tremendous impression of solidity and, also, I admired the men who lived in the fortress.

Almost all of them were from London and had been recruited in the region where their fort was built. They allowed them, even in time of peace, to go there every Sunday. I met many lieutenants, lawyers and engineers; Metz, who for eight years had been every week end in the Maginot Line, calculating artillery ranges. These men, taking labors assured absolute proof of fire. The spotters in front of the fort had before them photographs of the country divided into numbered squares. Perceiving the enemy in square 248-B, all they would have had to do was dial "248-B" into the telephone and seconds later the suspected zone would have been deluged with shells and machine-gun fire.

The confidence of these young men in their armament and their devotion to the crew (for each fort thought of itself as a ship) seemed to me an indication of what all our armies should have. I do not regret the enthusiasm expressed at that time nor the praise bestowed on the garrisons of the fort. I still think the character and patriotism of these young men were worthy of admiration. When, later on, the Maginot Line was so rapidly taken it was through fault of these crews. I am taken because it was turned. The aster puts in question the wisdom



men who paid out, in order to an incomplete and vulnerable line, of money that would have been to equip a formidable field out it detracts nothing from the and the honor of the fighting men. any other points in the line, es- among the motorized divisions avalry corps, I found admirable I member, for example, the of a regiment of motorized dra- What fine soldiers! Their step orous; their heads snapped to the instant before they came abreast general; their eyes, fixed on his, ous and ardent; their heels il on the ground at the moment ate. In truth, the Grenadier could not have done better.

some of the more thoughtful commanders told me disquieting One evening the general of a African division admitted to me hoped for a negotiated peace. "Germans," he said, "greatly out- us and they have incomparably equipment. The struggle will be equal. My men are as brave as ers but if they have no antitank ey won't be able to stop armored s with their bare hands." al Giraud himself, a brave man reputation for taking risks, be- hat we would not be in a posi- attack before 1941:

"Too bad," he said to me, "but we many things. Airplanes first of you know how many I, the com- of an army, have at my dis- Eight! Not one more. Of course, the Royal Air Force, which is el, but if I want it to make a issance flight for me, I have to General Georges who asks General h, who makes a request of Mar- Erratt, who transmits the request Marshal Blount who, finally, or- e flight, but by that time it is o late to be useful."

if the Germans take the initia- eral? If they invade Belgium?" we shall fight this year, but it hard with us."

was the eight-months respite Germany allowed us made use ar factories? Very badly. And ere several reasons for this.

First was the stupidity with which commissariat directed industrial tion. Skilled workmen, who dispensable for the manufacture anes or cannons, were sent to al barracks where they swept ertyards or peeled potatoes. It eeks or months to locate them d send them back to their ma- As a result, the Renault fac- which in peacetime employ more 000 workers and which should ed a place of immense impor- the manufacture of tanks and ere reduced, at the outbreak of , to a personnel of from six to ousand men. It was fantastic.

Second reason: Because the en- and financiers persisted in con- this war as though it had been e of 1914, all plans were made for aign of four or five years. As a ctories were built which would in their period of production un- or even 1942. Instead of making ate use, as best they could, of the plants in France, machine tools test design were ordered in the States, a country from which we ave ordered tanks and airplane For the same reason the dollars gold possessed by England and ere carefully rationed. This as divided into four or five ch one apportioned to one year. merican factories, which could oduced in time the equipment y for our armies, remained orders from the Allies. "En-

gines built in France cost us less," peo- ple said. They were destined to cost us the war.

The third reason: The programs were designed for a war which was never to take place. The General Staff deter- mined upon a long-term preparation for attack upon the Siegfried Line. It had calculated, with admirable precision, how many heavy guns would be neces- sary for this operation, and these guns were ordered at a time when all our ef- forts should have been devoted to ur- gent and immediate needs—antitank guns, antiaircraft guns and light arms, such as machine guns and submachine guns. Our patrols along the Saar begged their officers to give them submachine guns, such as were carried by all the German patrols. There were none to be had. When the Germans began to drop parachutists, all officers were ordered to carry revolvers. But there weren't any more revolvers in France. I myself went to gunsmiths in several cities, including Paris, without being able to buy one. Finally, at the beginning of June, they were ordered in Italy. That was a little late.

The fourth reason: Finally, failure of morale and political dissension impeded production. From the time that Russia aligned herself on the side of Germany, the numerous Communist workmen, without showing open opposition, worked languidly and with no enthusiasm. The almost complete suppression of profits discouraged the small employer. Dur- ing this war one never saw, as one had seen in 1914, small workshops and ga- rages busy turning out shells. For many months France worked at a peacetime tempo.

In October, 1939, Paul Reynaud, who was at that time minister of finance, decided one evening after dinner to make a tour of certain armament fac- tories in the region of Paris. He was astounded to find them closed. They did not work at night. Next day he went to see Daladier:

"Do you know," he said, "if we go on this way we are going to lose the war?"

The idea seemed incredible to him, as it did to all of us at that time. It was, alas, only too true.

EVERYTHING went much better in the field of armament as soon as this ministry was put in charge of Raoul Dautry, an excellent engineer who had reorganized the railways of France. But he was appointed too late. It was in 1936 that he should have been given the task of building a war machine. Dautry was, like me, a friend of Marshal Lyautey and I had a high regard for him: He was an energetic little man, firmly planted on his legs, and he had a habit of half closing his left eye in conversa- tion and shrewdly measuring his inter- locutor. He had always been consistently successful in many posts that had been entrusted to him and when he was asked his secret he would say: "I have a trick—work."

At the Ministry of Armament, which was installed in the Hotel Majestic, Dautry would be busy at dawn covering sheets of red paper with urgent orders for his departmental heads. When the latter arrived, they would find on their desks these notes from the boss, to which a reply had to be forthcoming the same day. Brief, brusque and sometimes brutal, these red notes of Dautry's were famous. Here are a few of them:

"To all directors: I observe that ar- rivals at the ministry are late and de- partures early. I shall institute a system for keeping check of this."

"To Monsieur A: I know that the weather is fine; I realize it is hot. But I know, too, that we are at war and I don't wish to have Commander X smoking his cigar at the window and enjoying the air."

"To Monsieur B: When men are

**T**ROUBLE BEGINS WHEN CHILDREN GET KNIVES... AND CUTS RESULT.

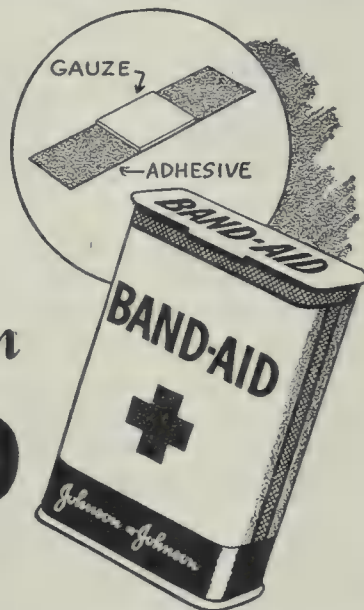
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**T**WO women live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. She is sought after as a guest.

**MAKE HER SECRET YOUR OWN**

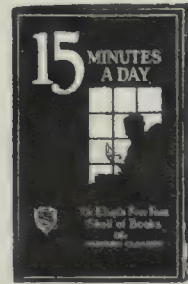
Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

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available—which may happen at any time—they are to be employed in cleaning up, keeping order, picking up scrap iron, clearing out ditches or surfacing roads. No one is ever to be left without employment. It is a director's business to direct."

"To an industrialist: It is imperative that all French machines should run twenty-four hours a day. This is difficult but necessary. All the rest is a matter of detail, in which I am not concerned. I need everything and need it at once. *The purpose:* To achieve victory as quickly as possible. *The means:* Perform the impossible."

Such was the law of Raoul Dautry and it is certain that if there had been a human being capable of actually putting France to work, he was the man. But when I talked to him alone, I found this man who was ordinarily so full of energy and confidence disturbed and pessimistic.

"When will you be able to give the armies everything they need?" I asked him.

"Everything? Not before 1942," he replied. "We have begun too late."

He was one of those who worked courageously until the end but he could not perform miracles and Germany had several years' head start.

IN JANUARY I was sent to England to study the British war effort on the spot. My hosts took me aboard their men-of-war in the North Sea; they showed me their aviation schools, training camps for the Army, factories for making cannon and airplanes. Everything the Admiralty was doing seemed excellent. The air force, too, appeared admirable, though too small in numbers. As for the army, even the French Military Mission itself could not obtain any information about the number of soldiers in training. I said to the English general who received me at the War Office:

"You tell me, sir, that the active army, the reserves and the territorials comprise about 750,000 men and that an additional 600,000 recruits have been called.

"Good. But then how does it happen that you have not already thirty or forty divisions?"

"I know nothing about it," he replied.

"And the colonel who is in charge of effectives is not here today."

That evening in Parliament I met Hore-Belisha.

"What do you think of our new conscript army?" he asked me.

"It seems to me," I replied, "to be made up of excellent material. But I am like Oliver Twist: *I asked for more.*"

As a matter of fact, aside from the Canadian Division, no one could show us a corps of troops larger than a battalion in training. The infantry was instructed by elderly sergeant majors, who taught them how to fence with a bayonet. This wasn't going to be of much value to them in the course of the campaign! At the tank school, the instruction was ingenious, but the tanks were superannuated and scarce. Everywhere I found good will, good humor, patience and an unbelievable certainty of victory.

WHEN I returned to Arras in February, 1940, the head of General Gort's staff gave us a brilliant lecture.

"I consider," he told us, "that in the course of these winter months we have won a definite victory. Just compare the situation as it was at the end of August, 1939, with what it is today. At the end of August, 1939, we believed we would

have to fight not only Germany but Italy, Spain and Japan; we did not know whether America would lift its embargo on arms; whether the Dominions would be with us; whether the Arabs might not take the field against us. And now what do you see today? Italy, Spain and Japan are to all intents and purposes neutral; America has lifted the arms embargo; the Dominions are with us; even the Arabs are giving us their support. If you add to this the fact that French mobilization has taken place without disturbances and that, moreover, a blitzkrieg on the Western Front appears impossible, it seems to me no exaggeration to say that we have gained a great victory."

At that time these arguments seemed to me irrefutable. But such was not the opinion of those who could look into both camps. In the neutral countries people no longer believed in our success. It is certain, for example, that Italy, which at the outbreak of the war had observed operations with a certain impartiality (although Mussolini had an obvious preference for Germany), came to the conclusion in February that the Allies had made bad use of the winter months and that the disproportion between our forces and those of the Reich, far from growing less, was in-

creasing. The woman who used to give soothing talks in French over the radio suddenly began to sneer at the Italians. Those of my friends who chanced to encounter Italian ported sinister predictions.

"I say goodbye to you," Coureaux remarked to Pierre Lyautey. "I have no idea of the torrent of steel that will descend upon you. You will be submerged!"

At this moment Italy's decision was made and she was only waiting for a favorable instant.

WHAT had taken place? I completely squandered the months of respite? To say yes, with no qualification, would be unjust to the troops along the Saar, who had fought to the best of their ability; to the French and English soldiers who had dug in so much earth and mixed so much concrete; to the members of the staffs who had prepared with such care the plans they had been asked to draw out. No, many Frenchmen and men, between September and May, had been hard at work, but a great part of their effort was wasted in useless tasks. Those who had directed them had been controlled by three false ideas:

1. That a line could be held, as it had been in 1914, and that the central thing was to build one and re-erect it.

2. That the experience of Poland was not applicable to France, and that consequently it was useless to retain the principles of our armies according to the principles.

3. That the war would be a long one and, consequently, it was necessary to make industrial and financial preparations for campaigns in 1941 and 1942.

If you add to this jumble of reasons a general lack of enthusiasm which was caused, in France, by the political divisions of the country and in England by too much confident optimism, the picture comes fairly easy to understand. France and England after eight months of war were in no position to resist the infernal machine which the Reich had, for seven years, been constructing with such terrifying persistence and unflinching attention to detail.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week.



"What kinda service is this? That's the third time yuh gave me a wrong number"

JAY IRVING

## Fair and Warmer

Continued from page 41

bomb. . . . If we get sunburned, we cover up our shoulders; in Europe, they cover up—their soldiers. . . . In short, ladies and gentlemen, your newsboy feels that it is better to live in a free country and suffer from the heat, than to live in a dictatorship and suffer from—the hate. . . .

### ANOTHER HOT ONE (In the Manner of Gen. Hugh Johnson)

Here's something that will "burn" you! The United Press quotes President Roosevelt as saying that he hopes "the country will have some relief from the heat very soon." Well, maybe we are all such prize suckers these days that we fall for anything, but when the New Deal politicians—allege samee Donald Duck Ickes and the rest of the whirling dervishes, tom-tom beaters and juramentados down in Washington—deliberately try to bribe us like the boob fat boy with the bag of candy, it gives me a pain right where Ferdinand sat down on the bee.

Now, nobody thinks any more of Franklin D. than I do, and the only reason I say this is because I love him like a buddy, bless his old heart; but when

the President starts promising heat relief, he is working the New Deal patronage machine overtime. This is a political handout of the very worst sort. If all the hundred and twenty million heat sufferers in this country are to go on relief, the Republicans might just as well pick up their toys and go home.

You can't lick Santa Claus!

### FAIR ENOUGH (In the Manner of Westbrook Pegler)

Aside from the weatherman's well-known rottenness as a prophet, his latest job—by which I refer to the heat wave that has been lousing up the summer lately—has blown off the lid at last from an arrogant, corrupt, hypocritical, parasitic racket. Even the hoodlums of the A. F. of L. would not have the gall to claim the right to tell this country whether it will be hot or cold tomorrow, a right which no government short of a dictatorship would dare to assert.

For years the weatherman has been intimidating defenseless vacation resorts, amusement parks and bathing beaches, and if anybody forgets to kick

in he sends around a bolt of lightning just as a reminder. He will deliver a clear day for a Democratic clambake or a St. Patrick's Day parade, provided, of course, the politicians cut him in for a slice off the top; but just let the rest of us ask for the rain to hold off long enough to get in a couple of holes of golf on our one day off, and we'll be drenched to the skin before we get to the second tee.

As a prophet the weatherman is a confirmed bum, dishing out a lot of malarky about cumulo-nimbus clouds and low-pressure areas along the Middle-Atlantic seaboard, or thumbing through his barometric charts and computing the average mean precipitation for Tennessee last August, but when it comes to answering a simple question like whether to wear your white flannels, or would today be a good day to wash the car, you could tell about as much by the rheumatism in your right knee.

He gets away with every variety and all kinds of murder, including the temperature outside my window right now, and even the bosses down in Washington have to take orders from him and like it. You can't do anything about it,

because there isn't a second bureau you can take your track to; you're not satisfied. When it comes to dictatorship, the weatherman could give a few hints to Mr. Big himself.

### MY DAY (In the Manner of Eleanor Roosevelt)

Golden Beach, Fla., Tuesday. I was in Chicago when I boarded the plane for Seattle this morning all the time we were saying that this is the hottest summer we have had in Louisiana in fifty years, but I for one enjoy this San Francisco air so much, no wonder how warm the afternoon may be. I am always glad to be in West Virginia again, for there is such a nice blowing off Puget Sound right when we fly over the Alleghenies that we all do not mind the desert sun and, of course, even in Utah it sometimes gets so cold at night in May it seems good to be right back in Washington, in spite of the heat. All I think that if we all tried to during the hot spell, we would not like the weather half so much.



## Shell Game

Continued from page 12

in the privacy of your home, you can really dig in and get the best bit of meat, here is a recipe for a delicious lobster that is so mouth-watering and delicious that you'd better have extras on hand for the second time your guests will surely call for more.

lobsters weighing anywhere from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half from your fish dealer and see to it before having them split so you know they are fresh. This is the best for an individual portion and sometimes call these chicken lobsters.

Pre-heat your oven for about ten minutes, then spread the half lobsters on your broiling pan to keep them in. Put small pieces of butter on the flesh, being sure to leave in the tail, which is the liver, and the claws found in the female. They're ready to try. Try to force a little butter into the claws, which should be cracked open by boiling to make removal of the meat easier. Broil about eight minutes, then remove them to a heated broaster (the self-basting kind is best for turkey) and allow the lobster to steam for about twelve minutes. Lobsters are tender and juicy. If you have no double roaster leave the lobsters in the broiler for twenty or thirty minutes. Correct timing is the secret of successful lobster. Overcooking toughens it.

For the sauce, melt some butter in a pan and add two or three tablespoons of cream, a dash of Worcestershire and whatever drippings have fallen in the bottom of the broiling pan. One of this will be fat from the lobster which enhances the flavor of the sauce. Stir and pour into a pitcher. Serve two half lobsters and two large glasses of sauce, equipping each with a fork for digging the meat out of the shell. Pour the sauce directly over the lobster and eat it out of the shell if you prefer put some of the sauce in a cup and dip your pieces of lobster into it.

For a clam juice cocktail, corn salad, a mixed green salad, fruit and watermelon go very well with lobster served this way.

### You Can Do It at Home

For Thermidor, usually considered a chef's dish, can also be prepared at home. Take three small lobsters and boil them in vigorously boiling water for ten minutes and then simmer for ten or twenty minutes. Then lay the lobsters out to drain, and when they're drained, cut them in two, remove everything from the shell, but use only the meat from the shell and claws. Fill the shell with the following mixture: a quarter of a cup of butter add a dash of cream, salt, pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of paprika, a half teaspoon of onion juice and a dash of sherry. You can add a little parsley or a few mushrooms if you have been simmered in butter and cut into small pieces. Stir until smooth and place the sliced lobster meat. Place the mixture in the shell and sprinkle with a few teaspoons of Parmesan cheese. Bake in a hot oven for five or ten minutes until the cheese is brown. A half lobster is enough to serve for each person.

For Newburg recalls the era of the Nineties, Diamond Jim Brady and Van Russell. It is high in calories, very delicious. Put into a double boiler two tablespoons of butter and add

slowly about three tablespoons of flour, stirring constantly. To this add a pinch of salt, a cup of milk, a cup of cream, and the yolks of two eggs. (If you want the Newburg even richer, use a pint of cream and omit the cup of milk and the flour). Add a jigger of sherry and finally the meat from several boiled lobsters cut into small pieces—two or three cups of lobster altogether, and serve on toast. This makes at least five generous portions.

Some fish stores sell lobster tails already cooked, which are all right for Lobster Newburg or salad, and canned lobster can be used too. There is the sealed variety as well as the unsealed. The latter comes from Nova Scotia and Canada, where lobsters as small as 3 1/16 inches are frequently caught. Sometimes there are four to seven of these tiny lobsters in a fourteen-ounce, unsealed tin, which is packed on ice and shipped to your fish dealer ready for use.

### The Law Steps In

While it is true that the total poundage in the New England lobster fishery has declined from an approximate high of 30,500,000 pounds in 1889 to 11,496,000 pounds in 1935, the value in 1935 was more than two and a half million dollars as compared with the \$860,000 value in 1889.

The effects of overfishing are noticeable in the size of the lobsters taken rather than in the decrease of their number. Lobsters probably can live for several decades if they manage to escape other fish and the traps that are laid for them.

All the New England states have legal gauge or lower length limits, but the size at which lobsters may be taken legally from the water varies in different states.

Maine, however, has a double-gauge law, protecting both the large and small lobsters, because the large lobsters are the great egg producers. A ten-inch lobster, for example, produces five thousand eggs, a twelve-inch lobster produces four times as many and a sixteen-inch lobster produces twenty times as many.

The Bureau of Fisheries is working on the rearing and planting of young lobsters, but it isn't possible yet to estimate the results of artificial propagation.

The lobster's shell doesn't increase in size as the animal grows, so periodically it casts off its old shell and acquires a new shell, which takes six weeks to three months to harden.

The lobster's home is the ocean's floor, and he usually leaves the shallower waters during the winter months seeking a more comfortable temperature and suitable food in deeper water, returning toward shore in April or May. He can shoot backwards, when alarmed, at the rate of twenty-five feet a second.

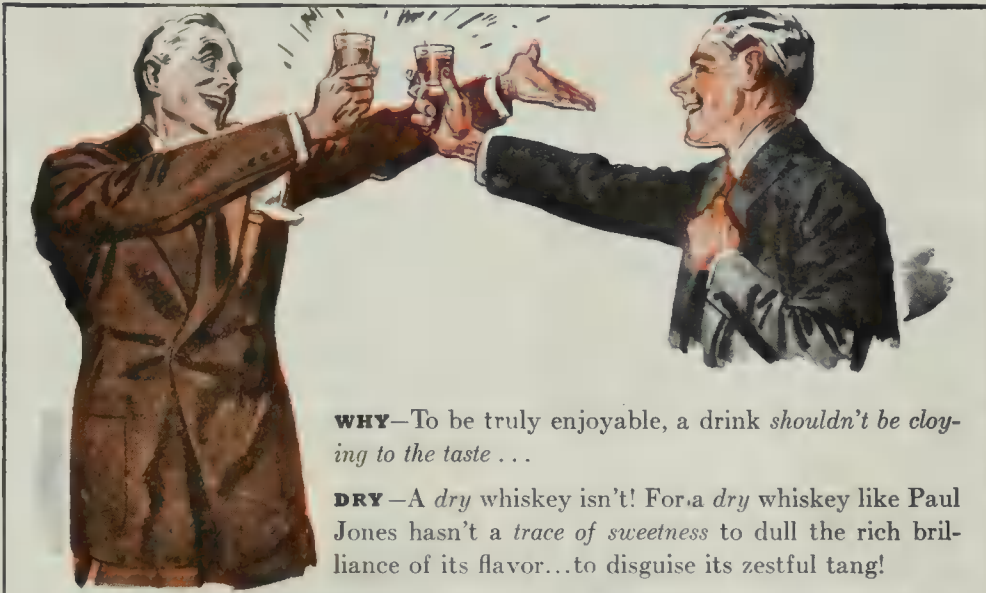
When facing danger the lobster also has the amazing ability to amputate his claw and in due time grow another in its place.

The next time you examine a lobster notice that his two great claws are not alike. One is a crushing type, the other a seizing type.

Usually the price of lobster per pound remains fairly constant, but since the war in Europe began, Canada has been sending us the lobster that would normally be shipped to England. That floods our market and makes the price go down.

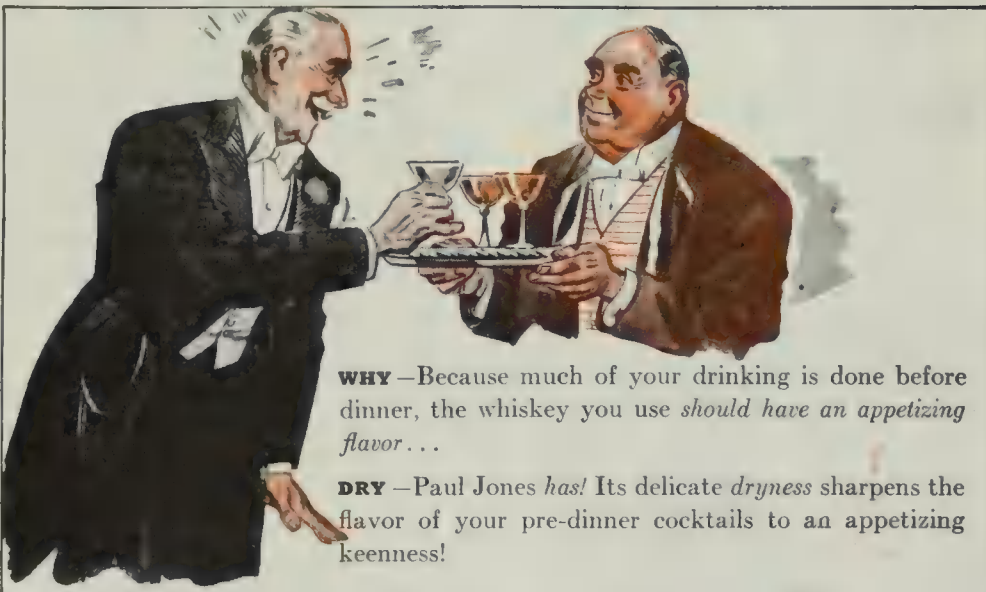
Lobster's no longer in the luxury class. So gather 'round, you lobster lovers, here's your chance.

## The WHYness of DRYness...



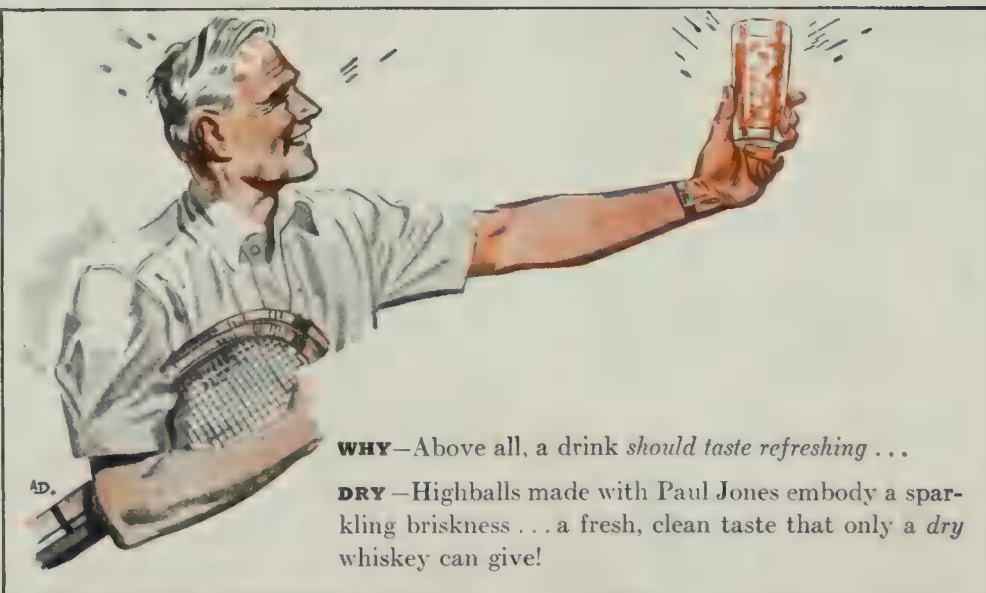
**WHY**—To be truly enjoyable, a drink shouldn't be cloying to the taste...

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"Dinner will be ready by the time you wash!"

KAY KARAFFA

er was now fit to be tied and his  
ings were not helped when Lava-  
o's smash over the left field wall was  
ed foul ("you big bum, you're blind;  
as fair by a foot"). Lavagetto finally  
d out, Phelps going to third. At this  
ture, Mr. Durocher turned toward  
end of the bench and yelled:  
Gamback! Get on up there!"  
ut as he looked and as the players  
ed, they saw a most amazing thing.  
Gamback was snoozing! Mr. Gam-  
was most definitely asleep! In the  
st of the tightest pennant race in  
ers, Mr. Gamback had selected this  
nent for his thirty winks!  
his was too much for Mr. Durocher.  
eaped so high in his rage that he al-  
beaned himself on the roof of the  
out. He let out a maniacal screech.  
grabbed a bat and began to hammer  
the bench with all his might, howl-  
at the top of his lungs as he ham-  
ed.  
r. Gamback opened his eyes wearily  
looked about him in a daze. Mr.  
gerkurth, the umpire, thinking that  
yelling and bat thumping were a  
her reflection upon his judgment and  
grity, issued a bellow of his own and  
ted for the bench at a lope, waving  
arms as he came.

ET out!" he was howling. "Get  
out! You're out of the game!  
re out of the park! Get out!"  
r. Durocher, busy hammering the  
ch with the bat, never even knew  
Mr. Magerkurth was approaching.  
he wanted to do was bean Mr. Gam-  
back with the bat while life still re-  
ained within him. Accordingly, Mr.  
rocher was concerned about Mr.  
mback; Mr. Magerkurth was con-  
cerned about Mr. Durocher; Mr.  
mback, the cause of it all, wasn't  
cerned at all.

a sport known for its ludicrous  
ations, this was the little daisy of  
n all. At this juncture somebody  
the Dodgers bench began to laugh.  
started with a small and somewhat

startled laugh, much as if he were laugh-  
ing against his will, and then suddenly  
he reared with a mighty guffaw. Haw!  
Haw! Haw!

It was the laugh of a man who has not  
laughed for weeks, has not breathed  
freely for weeks. It fitted the mood of  
his teammates, who had also been exist-  
ing in a state of misery. By the time  
he reached his second group of haw-  
haws, he had the whole team with him.  
They howled, they screamed, they went  
weak with laughter.

This really complicated matters. Mr.  
Durocher thought they were laughing  
at him and his rage mounted to a frenzy.  
He banged the bat even more lustily, he  
screamed in fury. To Mr. Magerkurth,  
approaching with blood in his eye, the  
demonstration could only be aimed at  
the majesty of the law. If he had been  
red with anger before, he now became  
apoplectic.

"Get out!" he yelled. "All of you!  
Every damned hyena on that bench!  
You're out of the game; all of you!"

This was absolutely too much for the  
players. They banged each other in  
sheer ecstasy; they rolled around on the  
ground locked in happy embrace; they  
screamed with laughter.

It ended with Magerkurth throwing  
everybody out of the game but nine  
men.

In the excitement, Mr. Gamback was  
left as one of the nine. They tried to  
warn Dr. Durocher about that.

"Listen," they cried. "He'll hit all  
right but then he'll have to go out and  
field. He'll ruin us."

"My only hope about Mr. Gamback,"  
said Mr. Durocher, "is that he will get  
hit on the head and killed." He walked  
away bitterly. The others departed in  
lockstep formation, still so shaken by  
mirth that they could only keep upright  
by clinging to one another hysterically.

After the excitement died down suf-  
ficiently, Mr. Gamback strode up to the  
plate and smacked a single into left,  
driving in the run that put Brooklyn  
ahead. Then he took a glove and went

out into right field and stood there ex-  
pectantly.

Nothing came his way till the ninth  
when Augie Galan popped a high fly  
into right with the bases empty and two  
out. Mr. Gamback stood still and looked  
at it. When he was certain where it was  
going to land, he backed carefully away  
from it until there was no possible  
chance he might catch it. Galan was  
streaking around the bases like a mad  
man.

Mr. Gamback cautiously picked up  
the ball, gazed toward the diamond  
reflectively and then let fly with a tre-  
mendous heave to third base. Lava-  
getto got the ball and was waiting  
patiently with it when Galan slid in.  
He was out by ten feet.

The team met Mr. Gamback when he  
was halfway in to the dugout and started  
to pummel him with joy.

"That's how I did with lots of fellows  
in Wink," explained Mr. Gamback  
modestly.

Mr. MacPhail had to clear up the  
mystery of Mr. Gamback's disappear-  
ance, although he didn't much care.  
Anybody with half an eye could see that  
the Brooklyn team had been changed  
from a group of hypochondriacs into the  
happiest, most confident ball team ever  
known.

"WHAT I should do," said Mr. Mac-  
Phail to Mr. Gamback, "is fine you  
a thousand bucks for deserting the team  
in the thick of the pennant race, but in-  
stead of that I'm giving you the two  
hundred and fifty for that hit just as  
usual. Now tell me what you were doing  
when you disappeared."

"We were after a paintin'," said Mr.  
Gamback. "We heard a feller had a  
Picasso paintin' for a hundred dollars  
and we went after it. . . ."

"Listen," said Mr. MacPhail. "Every  
art dealer in the world has a Picasso you  
can buy. You don't have to hunt down  
alleys for them."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback, "we  
found that out."

"And you couldn't get it for a hun-  
dred bucks if you found it."

"Yes, sir; we found that out."

"And if you could get it for a hundred  
bucks, it would be a fake."

"Yes, sir; we found that out."

"So you were gypped?"

"No, sir; we wasn't gypped. We didn't  
buy the paintin'. It wasn't no Picasso."  
"How would you ever know!" de-  
manded Mr. MacPhail.

"I looked at it through my micro-  
scope," said Mr. Gamback simply. "It  
wasn't no Picasso at all. It was an old  
brewery calendar, all framed up nice."

Mr. MacPhail just stood agape and  
looked at him.

"Do you know what, Gamback?" he  
said finally. "Sometimes I think you're  
a damned fool and then sometimes I'm  
not so sure."

"America . . ." began Mr. Gamback.

"Oh, I agree with you entirely," cried  
Mr. MacPhail. "America is a great coun-  
try and it is also a free country. Just  
to prove to you how free it is, I'm going  
to take the liberty of being a damned  
fool myself. In addition to that two  
hundred and fifty, I'm going to give you  
five hundred more for getting the team  
out of the dumps. You didn't do it from  
any reasons of good sense, but you did  
it."

Mr. MacPhail was now pumping Mr.  
Gamback's hand furiously.

"And do you remember that time  
when you asked Durocher the question.  
. . . Is Brooklyn America? and you im-  
plied that Brooklyn was America. . . ?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback.

"Well, I can't give you any money  
for that," said Mr. MacPhail, "but I  
cherish that sentiment. I most heartily  
cherish that sentiment."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gamback.

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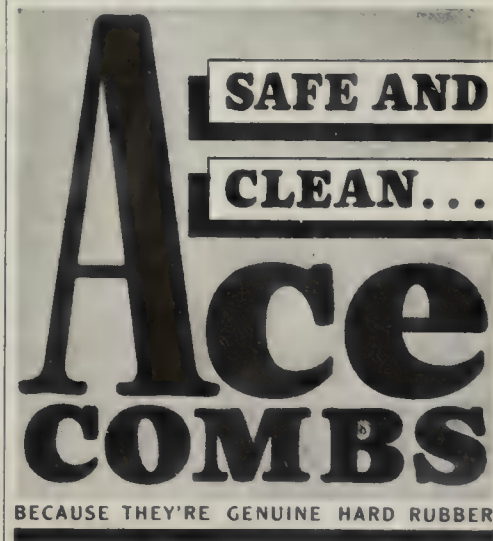
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# Britain's Labor Boss

Continued from page 15

is making up for past sins so vigorously. It was he who contributed to the inertia and complacency of the nation by crying loudly, "There will be no war." But when it came he rolled up his sleeves, and now his great personal courage, his tenacity and his mental capacities are devoted heartily to the nation's welfare. The man in the street admires the idealism and enthusiasm of Anthony Eden, secretary of state for war. And then there is Bevin. Bevin, of them all, speaks with the voice of the man in the street. Bevin is their advocate. He too wants to make this ■ people's war.

Ernest Bevin was born in the Somersetshire village of Winsford fifty-nine years ago. He quit school at the age of eleven to work on a farm. His first salary was six pence (ten cents) a week. Work on the farm gave him a magnificent physique but little else. He was still in his teens when he went to Bristol to drive ■ streetcar. Then he switched to driving a truck. At twenty his salary was ten shillings a week (two dollars) plus commissions, an average of three dollars more. His job was to sell mineral water and soft drinks to the Bristol pubs. The pub in England is the poor man's club to ■ far greater extent than it is in America. The man in the street goes to his pub every night for a glass or two of beer and a game of darts, and he goes to air his political views and to hear the views of his neighbor. Pub people liked young Ernie Bevin and they liked the vigorous way he expressed himself on political questions. There was a vacancy on the city council and Dan Hillman and other pals persuaded him to stand for the office. His opponent was a huge longshoreman. One night Bevin was driving his truck, delivering his cases of mineral water to a water-front pub. He heard his opponent making a speech on a dock and he drove his horse-drawn wagon closer.

## He Hates Politics

"Who is Bevin?" the longshoreman sneered. "An outsider from the country. He is no good, he is a . . ."

Bevin listened. He had never before heard invective directed against himself. A slow rage filled his big frame. He got down from the wagon. He forced his way through the crowd. Without ■ word he reached for the big longshoreman. Then he hit him. When the man got up Bevin knocked him down again. Then Bevin picked him up and threw him into the river. Bevin looked around to see if any wished to take up the man's cause. There was no one who did. Luckily there was a scow tied to the dock and the men on it managed to drag the miserable longshoreman out of the water before he drowned. Luckily, because had he drowned Bevin would not now be minister of labor.

That method of direct approach, of solving problems the direct way, has always characterized Bevin. He hates red tape and silly regulations, he hates insincerity and pompousness. As a matter of fact he hates politics.

His fight with the longshoreman had a rather unhappy sequence. Running on the Labor Party ticket, which in 1908 was considered ■ radical, crackpot movement, he was beaten. He was beaten, but his fine showing thoroughly scared the gang in power. They decided to get rid of him. They passed the word around to the Bristol pubs that Ernest Bevin should be blacklisted. For weeks he could not sell one bottle of mineral water. He went to his boss and tried to quit his job.

"I'm not making any money for you," he said. "You've been paying me ten bob a week for nothing."

"I'll be the judge of that," his boss growled. "Don't let them lick you, Ernie. Keep at it."

## Shifting Thousands of Workers

Bevin has always had the knack of attracting people to him. It wasn't long before he became interested in labor unions, always called trade unions in England. He became a minor official in the dockers' union and soon attracted the attention of Ben Tillett, who was to English labor what Sam Gompers was to American labor. It wasn't long before he became Tillett's right-hand man, his "trouble shooter."

But it wasn't until 1920 that the name of Bevin meant anything. Then he made a speech. The transport workers' union

men came out of these skirmishes with mutual respect and admiration. But it was still a shock to the old gang when Churchill made Bevin minister of labor in his cabinet. Bevin didn't know the rules, they wailed. He was . . . he was just an outsider.

Bevin is big, burly, and he has the thick neck of a bull. And yet when you sit in his office at Montagu House, the ex-ducal mansion that is now the ministry of labor, his voice is curiously soft and occasionally his eyes twinkle behind his heavy horn-rimmed glasses. He is too busy to grant interviews. He'll let you sit in his office and he'll chat with you and discuss the problems that face him but it is all "off the record." He thinks that this is no time for speeches or interviews. There is too much work to be done.

Bevin has a terrific capacity for work. He seldom leaves the ministry before

He could go into a fashionable End bar, find out what every man did for a living and then immediately send them to more useful jobs. He decide on working hours for every in England and it is he who settles wages. There is no appeal. And y date there has not been one comp Bevin has shifted thousands of wo from less useful jobs into munition factories and other essential industries. He has told employers that there can cutting of wages. And employers such confidence in his fairness tha one has written a letter to the Time

I might add that I learn about land by spending my time at a F Air Force mess, spending my tim the beach at Dover with the army spending my time with local de volunteers in places like Seven Oa Kent or a dozen places like it, spe mv time in the pubs of rural Enga In these places you hear England ing. Twice a week I go to the Hou Commons but that is like going to the United States Senate. For the most you hear politicians talk in these ac rosanct halls. But you don't hear ag land talk. I hear England talk er day.

## The Voice of England

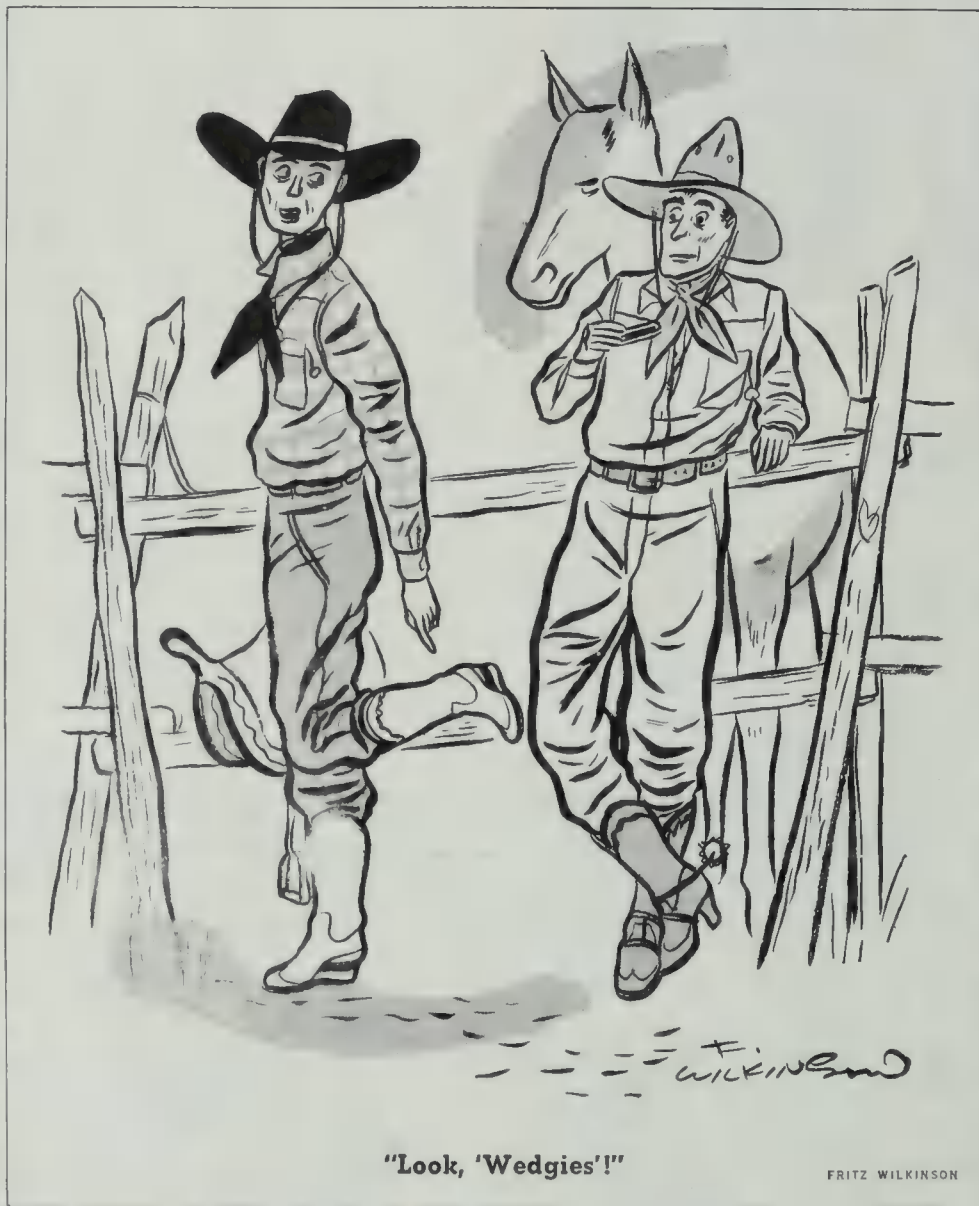
I know the men Bevin has wo with all his life. I can't quote Bevin cause he has made an iron-clad rule he won't be quoted. But I spend re nings with his best friends. I play rt with them and have my pint of beer them. I hear them talk about Bev

"There will be no defeatism in cabinet while Ernie is there," or them chuckles. "You know Ernie i he only man in England who can call a neral strike. I know if Ernie said the nine millions of us would quit work tomorrow. That's a weapon Erniea over the lads in the cabinet. There be no Petain in our cabinet. If one up Ernie will say, 'Well, gents, the neral strike starts tomorrow. How do like that?' Well, they wouldn't like so there won't be any of that Fr stuff in our cabinet."

That's what Ernie Bevin's friends av about 9,000,000 of them. They lo that Ernie will never use this te fi power that he has unless he feels it is for England's benefit. He will p bably never use it, but the weak si in the cabinet are afraid of this po They respect Ernie Bevin even v they don't like him. Only a hal would not respect Ernie Bevin. And comforting to know if you are intere in the English cause, as I am for that he is in Churchill's cabinet. F a very tough man, a very tough ma deed and very patriotic too. He hap to love this country called Englan

You can live in the fashionable End of London and never live in land. To know England you mus into the local pubs of London and L pool and Manchester. You must into the country pubs of Kent and rey and play darts and have your pi bitters and keep your ears open. T you hear the voice of England. T you hear praise of Churchill, the lea but always there is the undercurre whole-hearted admiration for Bevin

Today Bevin is minister of la Tomorrow I am sure that he will vice-premier and thus be in name he is in fact, the second most impo man in England. And the day afte morrow? The voice of England v pers, "How can they keep Ernie d Mark ye well, he'll be our next p minister."



"Look, 'Wedgies'!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

was miserably paid and worked miserable hours. A court of inquiry to discuss their pleas was held and Bevin made an eleven-hour speech on the men's claims for more pay and better working conditions. The case he put was masterly and unanswerable. The men won every point and the name of Bevin went all around England. The man in the street finally had a real advocate. Since then Bevin has devoted his life to the cause of labor. Eventually he became the leader of the transport and general workers' union, the largest union in the world.

A dozen times during the past decades he crossed swords with Winston Churchill. He opposed some of Churchill's policies when the latter was in the war office. Again when Churchill was chancellor of the exchequer Bevin fought against him. Honors were about even and both

midnight. Recently his wife wailed consolately, "If Ernie sleeps until after 5:30 in the morning he thinks he has wasted half his day."

A month ago Bevin was given powers never before held by any man in any democratic government. He was given complete power over the jobs held by civilian workers in England. It is up to him and him alone to decide what industries are essential and what ones are superfluous. Actually Bevin could go to Waterloo station tonight, enter a train and say to the first man he met: "What is your job, what are you doing?"

The man might say, "I am a tea taster," or "I am an interior decorator."

Bevin could say, "That isn't helping to win the war. Report tomorrow at Hyde Park with ■ pick and shovel. We need you to dig trenches."



## Tough On and Off

Continued from page 24

do this . . . you go home and boy of yours that I said I'm sure grow up to have better manners than old man has."

turned and walked to the far counter, still seething, but had no more trouble.

"Big chump," he thought. "Why didn't he get away? I could have led him. If only I wasn't working picture. He might have had a would have jumped me and my kisser, and I've got a law-suit for two hundred thousand. And the picture: 'Cagney in Early Morning Administers Brutal Beating to' Yes, I guess it's just as well I to work on him. . . ."

When Jimmy felt another tap on the shoulder. The big guy was standing with tear-filled eyes.

"Mr. Cagney," he said, "I'm is the Cagney method of handling himself, the bloodless victory. viewpoint on this is: 'Why even there's no gate?'"

ing man from Leonia, New Jersey, looks so much like Jimmy that he's constantly getting bumps in the local counters. A new high in let's-evil-villain was reached after Cagney's Angels with Dirty Faces. That was that of a very tough guy whose sock curve rose sharply after the picture was released, and even the young man felt the effects of the picture and Jimmy correspond freely about their mutual concern.

### Raft Really Means It

Three New York boys playing parts in Hollywood, George Raft was by far the toughest of the lot. A disarming gentleness in Raft's personality, his speech is soft to the point of being almost inaudible, and he is almost always in a good mood. But Raft aroused is really

in the San Juan Hill district of New York, George grew up the hard way on the city pavements. With little schooling because he had to get to work at an early age, Raft took to the ring. He fought several preliminary boys but never far.

Through the ring that Raft made his first acquaintance with racketeering. At that time most fighters were controlled by a mob and George was no exception. Owney Madden, Dutch Legs Diamond—Raft knew them all. But let it be said here and there so, Raft never was a gangster. He did he ever do a kinky thing in his life. He is strictly a right guy. Raft allow himself to be cast in a picture in which he is asked to play a heavy. It is so stated in his contract in *Each Dawn I Die*, the picture with Raft on his way up the river for a hundred years. That was all with George because, as he said, "I don't know what I was going to do. But if the script had called for me to be serving time because he was an underhanded thing, George would have thrown out the part."

Stole a Million, George was a lawbreaker from the law, but it was only a series of circumstances that led him into a life of crime that he took it on the lam. On the lot the picture was being made, Director Frank Tuttle called George over through the next scene. "Here's what you do, George," said Tuttle. "You go to the post office here and make believe you're going to buy stamps. Then

you pull out a gun and stick the place up."

Raft went into conference with his pal, the ever-present Mack Gray, who was standing by. When they came out of the huddle, both men were shaking their heads slowly.

"No," said George. "No post office." "What do you mean, no post office?" Tuttle asked.

"I stick up no post office. It's a federal rap."

Raft knew. The expensive post-office set had to be altered to look like a travel bureau before Raft would step through the door with his gun.

Like the other movie tough guys, George gets his share of abuse in public places but he is loath to fight.

One night, Raft was sitting in a Hollywood night club with Mack Gray and a girl. An attractive-looking young woman passed by Raft's table and dropped a note on it. When Gray opened it, it read:

"Dear Mr. Raft: I think you're wonderful. Call me. Crestview —. Lillian."

"Just a little fan mail, boss," said Gray as he crumpled the note in his hand and threw it under the table. It was not long before a large surly-looking guy was standing in front of Raft.

"Gimme that note, Raft," he commanded.

"I have no note," Raft told him.

"Listen, Raft. You may be a lover on the screen but you're just another heel to me. You keep away from my girl or I'll . . ."

That's as far as he got. People who saw it say Raft proved that night that it's possible for a man sitting in a chair to knock out a man standing on his feet before him. What probably happened was that Raft got up and sat down again so quickly that no one saw him move. To be accused of trying to muscle in on another guy's girl had transformed Raft into a demon and given him speed and punching accuracy he never knew in the ring. That is what Raft is like.

The leading routine for an actor to show how tough he is in pictures is to prod two fingers, forklike, in the other

guy's eyes. Next on the list is the old cigar trick. In this one you take a cigar out of your man's mouth, reverse it, and let him have it again with the torch end first. One or both of these routines is used almost every time a gangster picture is made.

One night in Chicago, Bogart was entering a night club when a man standing under the awning blocked his path.

"We don't want no gangsters in here, Bogart," he said.

### Bad Man's Reward

Humphrey looked into a face he had never seen before and saw a lighted cigar in the middle of it. He had just finished *The King of the Underworld* and it worked very well there. Why not here? Bogart snatched the cigar, gave it a twist and shoved it back in again. To his astonishment it really worked. Leaving his man sputtering like a defective Roman candle Bogart swaggered into the club as if he were the head of a mob in real life.

"Give me a table for four. In front," said Bogart, who was alone. The son of a doctor and graduate of Andover, Humphrey was playing tough for the first time in his life and liking it. As he sat there glowering like a gangster chief the door swung open and in walked the cigar smoker. Humphrey saw him coming toward his table and knew he meant business. What does a mob guy in the movies do in a spot like that? He stands up and swings before he gets it himself. That's just what Bogart did and, miracle of miracles, it was a bull's eye. Down went the cigar smoker like a felled Sequoia tree. He lay inert between two tables. With a magnificent sweep of his hand Humphrey addressed his imaginary henchmen. "Take dis rat outta here," he ordered.

It was not long before Bogart's table was crowded with openmouthed admirers. But there were two guys at the table now who were not so impressed by Humphrey's performance. Tough guys who couldn't have understood if things had happened otherwise.

"You staying for the go tomorrow night?" one asked.

"Yeah," said Bogart.

"Who you like?"

"The colored boy."

"You bettin'?"

"Yeah."

"How much you bettin'?"

"Ten grand," said Bogart, who never bet more than fifteen dollars on a fight in his life.

"Well, here it is," the McCoy tough guy explained. "We're from New York and you're from New York and we seen you're okay. So we're out here for the fight. On business. The fix is in and the white boy wins. Bail yourself out and make a switch to the white boy. It's in the satchel. The colored boy goes in the tank in the seventh and, just in case, we've taken care of one judge and the ref."

Bogart had never heard such talk before but he was glowing. He was being adopted by a real mob.

The next day Humphrey called Hollywood and told Mayo to bet \$500 on the white boy. He called a few of his friends and let them in, too. The excited Bogart ran up telephone bills to the amount of \$100. That night he was on the train and unable to get the result, but early next morning on the station platform, in Kansas City, Bogart unfolded a newspaper. The colored boy won by a knockout in the first round. Yes, sometimes it's tough to be tough.



His owner uses the "minute-a-week" Pulvex Method that quickly kills a dog's fleas and then absolutely protects him against reinfestation

FLEAS AND LICE can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to a dog. That is the warning of the U. S. Department of Agriculture Circular No. 338.

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By Margery Allingham begins in next week's Collier's





Civilian Conservation Corps boys turn out fast when the forest fire alarm sounds

U. S. FOREST SERVICE

## Sparks Out, Please

**B**ARRING wide, heavy and unexpected rains, the worst forest-fire situation in years is looked for this summer and fall in our great Western timber states of California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah and Washington.

Terrific damage has been done already, especially in Idaho and Montana, and several tragedies have occurred. Record contingents of fire fighters have been detailed from the CCC, the Bureau of Reclamation and various state services, and they've done excellent work.

But forest fires go on eating into our timber reserves.

The big causes of these calamities are the same as they always were. Lightning starts

but few of them; the animals who inhabit the woods start none at all. The great majority of them come from cigarette or cigar butts tossed away instead of carefully ground out under heel; from pipe coals knocked out into dry grass or brush; from campfires left smoldering, though ever so slightly, by hikers or picnickers in a hurry.

We want to plead with all our readers, as earnestly as we know how, to use extreme care in this matter, on camping, hunting or fishing trips anywhere and everywhere.

You can't do anything more useful, anywhere in timbered country, than to make certain—sure that every spark in your immediate vicinity is out, and 100% out, before you move away from there.

And sometimes die as one did, or are burned as several were, in this Idaho fire



## Forget the Class Stuff

**A**S THE 1940 Democratic platform plank, Collier's nominates:

We denounce and will do all in our power to destroy the treasonable activities of disguised democratic and un-American agencies which sap our strength, paralyze our will to do for ourselves and destroy our unity by inciting against race, class against class, religion against religion and the people against their own institutions.

Europe's latest war is, among other things, class war. Dr. Robert Ley, Hitler's Front lieutenant, says the big issue is the common man worker against the English gentleman meaning class war spilling across national boundaries as dreamed of by Karl Marx.

But whoever wins, Europe promises to be ruined for a generation.

The class war is poison. There is danger for any nation that patronizes peddlers of class hate. The Democrats are wise in their platform to condemn class-hate peddlers in their platform.

So, of course, it cannot be by any other Democratic High Command permission a lot of New Deal enthusiasts are raising a class issue against Mr. Willkie—strengthening power holding company connections with friends, his social position, and so on.

The Republicans by and large know the folly of class hatred as well as do the Democrats. So it can't be by any Republican mastermind sanction that some Republicans are trying to raise class issues against Roosevelt—calling him a traitor to the people, a rich radical, a dilettante lover of the people and so on.

## Prize Boner—1940

**B**EING a presidential election year, is sure to be replete with boners, blunders, etc., committed by public persons. We believe, though, that the prize for the worst of these can be awarded—right now.

We think the national boner prize must go on all accounts to Mr. Lewis Allen, vice president and general manager of the Don Lee radio network operating 30 Pacific Coast stations in cahoots with Mutual.

Mr. Weiss, the day Adolf Hitler gave his "last appeal to reason" to England, suddenly cut off the broadcast from his network's stations, with the declaration that "it is not in the public interest to permit the continuation of this broadcast in harmony with the attitude of this government . . . Mr. Hitler should not be permitted to use our American facilities to justify his attack against civilization itself."

If most Americans felt that way, we would deserve to be taken over by some dictator.

Of course Hitler has committed himself against what we call civilization. Obviously he is not in harmony with our government.

But the point is that we need to know something we can about Hitler—his thoughts, his ideas of how the world should be run, his plans for the future, his past, his weaknesses, etc., etc. Only if we know this we can prepare fully to cancel out his threat.

Mr. Weiss performed a public disservice as well as an epic boner. If such a thing is broadcast again on any network in the land of the free, there ought to be some sort of censure by the listening public.



September 7, 1940

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# Collier's

THE NATION



## Traitor's Purse

A New Novel by  
**Margery Allingham**

**Detroit's Defense Headache By Walter D.**

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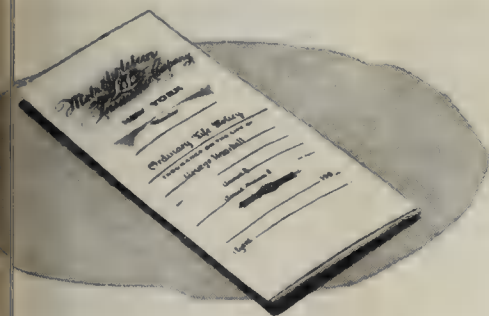


# The story of the home... and the life insurance policy

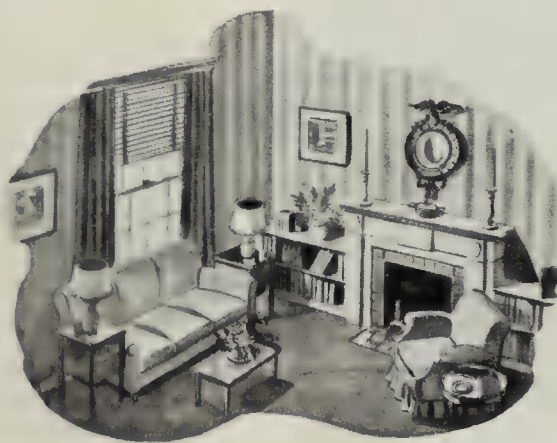
YEARS AGO, a man bought a house. Naturally, he furnished his home in the style of the day.



At the same time, he bought a Metropolitan Life Insurance Policy. Today, he still owns that policy, and he still lives in that same home.



Over the years, his taste in furnishings has changed, too. For example, the parlor has been completely modernized. In other rooms, old-fashioned furniture has been replaced by up-to-date pieces. Electric lights, telephones, and an improved heating plant have been installed in the house.



However, the physical appearance of his life insurance policy probably has not changed a bit. It looks exactly as it did the day he bought it. Yet



it, too, may have been modernized to the great advantage of the policyholder. For, as experience showed it to be possible, the Company was enabled to give more in many cases, than was called for in the original policy.

And, unlike the improvements to his house, which represent an outlay of cash, any additional benefits to which he is now entitled under his pol-

icy have been made available although no change in the premium rate was or could have been made.

► For example, a policy issued before 1915 did not provide for participation in the surplus earnings of the Company. Today, the holder of such a policy receives his share of the divisible surplus in the form of a dividend on his policy.

Many policyholders, who have found it impossible to continue the payment of the required premiums on their policies, have been delighted to find that the non-forfeiture values available under such circumstances are, in some cases, now much larger than those specified in their policies.

As conditions warranted, Metropolitan has also found it possible to increase substantially the amount of insurance payable under many of the earlier Industrial policies over the amount called for in such policies.

An important provision included in many current Ordinary policies is the right to have the insurance payable in the form of an income. This right was not included in early Ordinary policies, but has since been extended to them.

Provisions for additional benefits in case of death by accidental means, and benefits for loss of eyesight or limbs, have been added to Industrial policies issued before these benefits were regularly included in such policies.

► The changes cited above illustrate the progress that has been made in liberalizing the terms of Metropolitan life insurance policies, and in providing more benefits. Each change has brought the policyholder some real advantage which the original contract did not obligate Metropolitan to provide.

These improvements in old policies have been made voluntarily by Metropolitan as part of its effort to provide the policyholder with the utmost possible protection and service.

► If you are in doubt as to whether your old policies have become more advantageous since you bought them years ago, your Metropolitan Agent will gladly examine them and ascertain whether there are any additional benefits to which you may now be entitled.

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is Number 29 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

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### COVER

EL GILCHRIST

## ANY WEEK

ONE OF the most reliable of our scouts reports that Mr. Willkie's management is about resigned to fight on without the aid, moral or active, of the Honorable James A. Farley. And yet it took them several weeks to arrive at this comfortless decision. At Colorado Springs where Mr. Willkie rested like a one-man rodeo after that Philadelphia snatch, no hour passed which did not bear rumor that Mr. Farley was about to join the procession of propertied Democrats who were deserting Mr. Roosevelt more in sorrow than in anger. Each incoming mail was opened feverishly. Telegrams were read hot off the wires. When the telephone rang there were stampedes. Before visitors from the East had their hands shaken they were asked, "Whad-deyahhearaboutfarley." Airplanes were scanned from afar through powerful binoculars. Motorcars were inspected, ostensibly for such things as Japanese beetles, but our scout was not so easily fooled. One of these cars was driven by a Mr. James A. Farley but not the right one. He said that he was voting for Roosevelt, that if he had any Japanese beetles or the like they'd vote for Mr. Roosevelt too or get out of his car. In fact, he wanted to give odds that ninety per cent of this country's Farleys would vote for the President. And that's about all we have from the Farley front at the moment although our scout reports that considerable pressure has been exerted on Jim by big business which he hopes to become associated with in the interests of a badly depleted personal treasury. At the moment we are assured that Jim will not pull an Al Smith.



NOT THAT we don't realize the chances one takes these days in making predictions. Moreover, we are warned by Mr. Jerry Shoupe of St. Louis, Missouri, against deceiving ourselves. Mr. Shoupe drives a bakery truck, a rather advantageous position for one seeking public opinion. The rye bread and doughnut trade is favorable to Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Shoupe, "but the cake eaters are all Willkie." However, Mr. Shoupe adds that this comes from just one section of St. Louis and is not to be taken as an index of the nation. "Besides," says he, "I'm having trouble with my wife. She's now calling me her Willkie-pie."

WE LEARNED with some regret that the Honorable Jerry Saddler came out very badly in the Texas gubernatorial primaries, emerging rather far down the list of the numerous aspirants defeated by the Honorable Pappy O'Daniel. Mr. Saddler had just as much imagination as Mr. O'Daniel but not, apparently, the right kind. It was Mr. Saddler who produced what we think one of the truly brilliant ideas of defending our country against invasion from Mexico. He advocated piping oil—of which Texas has ample—into the Rio Grande's gulch and, as the enemy began to cross, touch it off. The idea, like Mr. Saddler, still lives—for which we are grateful. But from Mr. John Boley Ascholt, of McAllen, Texas, we receive word that this fiery south wall will not be necessary, Texas being what it is. "Let them come," writes Mr. Ascholt, "bringing with them their big tanks and all the rest of their road hogs. Let them come. While we're going on about our business, they'll be rolling northward. A week after they arrive they'll still be in Texas. Two weeks after they get here they'll find they're still in Texas. It's going to break their spirit. Even us natives can stand just so much of it. After they've spent a few weeks rolling around Texas, getting lost with sand in their gears and alkali dust in their beer, they'll listen to reason."

THIS department, sternly enjoined by nonsmiling editors to be neutral or else, is trying to bear up under salvos of letters from both sides of the military-conscription controversy. From patriotic organizations, many of which have been invincible in peace and invisible in war, are demands that every phrase of ours shall be a clarion call to arms, every word a drumbeat. Thus, says Colonel H. Dale Proddorp of Santa Clara, California, we would be squaring ourselves in "the eyes of many true Americans who have become convinced that you are a pro-Nazi pacifist." The colonel, admittedly a Republican who has "never deviated a fraction of an inch from inherited principles," is nevertheless a little fearful that his party of 1940 is somewhat less militant than Mr. Roosevelt. "And yet," he adds on a note of despair, "as the Blum government of France softened that country into collapse, so, I fear, has the New Deal reduced us to a mere pulp of the America that was Washington's, John Paul Jones', Old Hickory's, Farragut's, Grant's, Teddy Roosevelt's and Pershing's." From the other side we get more realism. For example, here's Miss Jeanne Rosen of New York City, to tell us that the advance tidings of conscription have worked wonders for engagement-ring vendors. "They say that married men won't be drafted," says Miss Rosen. "Anyway, I've had three proposals in two weeks. What do you hear from other girls?"

IN AN investigating mood Saul P. Banchion of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mrs. Banchion without enthusiasm that "evatlantic plane and liner more absconding politicians alty from Europe—ex-n ex-dukes, ex-archdukes, pri cesses, duchesses and simi duck lammers, as my husb them." Mrs. Banchion f "contributed nothing but d their own people and hav else to offer us. Are these pe to be eligible for WPA jobs government relief or did t their country's treasury wit



AND IT was in Minneapolis, Minnesota, as we get it, that Mrs. MacAughtey of Chicago, Illinois, covered that a Parent-Teacher association became pretty deeply with what should be done at raphy examinations. With what European boundaries be tomorrow it was agreed fair to the kids to expect tell what was what. Presen the mothers hit upon a p the children answer in the p she said. One of the teachers saying that it did the cause tion no good to be correct o terday but wrong today. We mother killed further disci adding: "In that case, why geography in American sch mind our own business?"

BUT IT'S not so easy in these to mind one's own bus got to talking about John articles about the politica that has for many years Chicago as government. We other fellow, a Chicago why Mr. Roosevelt's Depa Justice had investigated th machines in Republican D rebellious New Orleans an nored politically friendly Chicago and Jersey City. "It President Roosevelt has en without meddling in the affa cities like Chicago. The peo cago are a hundred per ce Collier's. Our advice to yo like the President does and own business or lose a lo sscribers."

PAID-UP ones?

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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

Freling Foster

When a labor union calls a strike the signs carried by its pickets brand a company as unfair to organized labor, the action is legal and the union may be sued for damages.

"Massive Challenge" is believed to be the only set of hands in existence that experts, wearing them, cannot pick or lock with the key.

Nearly 1,400 large American loaves, producing more than a loaf of bread a year, now contain an ingredient that delays the development of normal mold and until the bread it contains has gone stale.

Farmers, or those engaged primarily in farming, and wage earners do not earn more than \$1,500 a year are the only persons in the United States who cannot be forced into involuntary bankruptcy.—By Alan Ashby, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Among some tribes in India, a man who takes a girl in marriage must compensate her family by the death of his own sister. Among some tribes in Africa, the death of a married woman obligates her younger brother to marry the surviving husband, even though she has to leave her own husband and children.

Incendiary fires destroy about as much property as accidents, fires and kill half of the firemen who die in action, investigators are relentless in tracking and convicting arsonists. In a recent case in New York, forty-six principals of their staffs had to audit 10,000 pages of seventeen companies in the states, and then defeat sixteen eminent defense lawyers, before they were able to send five arsonists to prison.

A soldier who has never been hit by a mile of a bursting shell may be cured from "shell shock" as this is not only applied to actual shell shock, but also to a number of other conditions that appear in soldiers engaged in modern warfare. —Donald Shoemaker, Pasadena, California.

Scientific studies reveal that the majority of people work more efficiently immediately after a change in weather, not only on a clear day following a storm, but also during a storm following several days of sunshine.

During the Pareshnath Procession, staged yearly by the Jains in India, all telephone, telegraph and trolley wires crossing the line of march are temporarily removed so that the Great Indradwaja, a fifty-foot banner, can pass without being lowered.

More than two thirds of the billion dollars' worth of harvested crops grown in the United States annually is fed to livestock.

The average motion picture, when released, contains only eight per cent of the film that was "shot" during production. Although the 92 per cent that goes into the editor's wastebasket is not entirely wasted from a technical standpoint, it does sometimes contain songs, small parts in their entirety and even whole scenes that have been taken on expensive sets.

Astronomical observations made with a sextant to determine geographic locations vary in accuracy on land, sea and in the air. A man on solid ground can ascertain his latitude and longitude within a few yards, a mariner can obtain his ship's position within a mile or two, but a pilot, in determining his airplane's location, usually makes an error of about ten miles.—By G. E. Webster, Lansing, Michigan.

The longest baths on record are those taken by the patrons of the mineral spring resort at Shirahone, Japan. Many of the bathers will lie in the large, shallow tanks for three weeks at a time, packing smooth stones on and about themselves at night to prevent turning over and drowning in their sleep.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

# Discouraged?

Are your coat shoulders and collar "snowed under" with stubborn, distressing dandruff flakes and scales?



## Annoyed?

Are you distracted by itching and even inflammation? They certainly can make a fellow miserable.



## Is it infectious?

Those scales and flakes and that troublesome itchiness are so persistent. They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff!

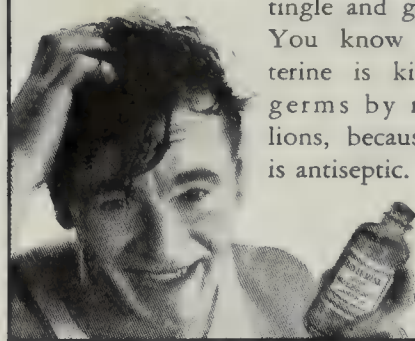


## Your treatment!

Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!

## Ah-h-h!

A cooling, welcome blessing, this Listerine massage! Feel your scalp tingle and glow! You know Listerine is killing germs by millions, because it is antiseptic.



## It's wonderful!

It's wonderful how helpful Listerine is . . . and it's wonderful, too, to have a healthier scalp.



## Get after infectious dandruff now— with LISTERINE!

Clinic and everyday use prove Listerine Antiseptic's value against this scalp condition which affects so many.

Don't fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your home Listerine Treatment today . . . the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It's as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 50 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff . . . including the queer "bottle bacillus" called *Pityrosporum Ovale*, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



*Just Back from Havana*



# EDWARD F. ROOSEVELT discovers a true Havana Flavor in NEW WHITE OWLS



**OWL:** Welcome back, Mr. Roosevelt! Is the foreign participation all set for the 1940 World's Fair?

**ROOSEVELT:** Right—it will be better than ever!



**OWL:** As a cigar smoker just back from Cuba, you're something of an expert on the taste of Havana tobacco.

**ROOSEVELT:** I ought to be—I've smoked enough Havana cigars!

**NOW BLENDED  
WITH HAVANA!**



Try a



**NEW WHITE OWL—Today**

New White Owls made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General C

**OWL:** Try this NEW WHITE OWL, will you? Tell us if it's really got the taste of Havana!

**ROOSEVELT (after several puffs):** Yes—this has an authentic Havana taste . . . miles from the all-Havana Cuban cigars—but real Havana flavor!

**MR. EDWARD F. ROOSEVELT—** Director of Foreign Government Participation at New York World's Fair . . . cousin of the late Teddy Roosevelt . . . recently flew back from one of his many visits to Cuba.

On his arrival in New York, we asked him to try our *new* White Owl. As a cigar smoker just back from Cuba, he could readily tell whether or not it had a true Havana flavor.

Note that Mr. Roosevelt said the *new* White Owl *does* have a Havana flavor. And all over the U.S. thousands of smokers will go along with Mr. Roosevelt on that!

The fact that you can now get this wonderful Havana flavor in a 5¢ cigar accounts for the big sales increase in the *new* White Owl. From coast to coast, more men are enjoying a fine cigar every day.



THE trouble with this tale is that we arrived in Detroit too soon—about sixteen or twenty months too soon. Not even in Washington, that ever-garden of truth, we heard the alarming story. We heard it first in a town where great comfort was derived from it because Boston was sure he'd be one of Mr. Hitler's first American objectives. Then in Philadelphia while a political phenomenon was being before our disbelieving eyes. And in from the midlands while the Democrats were pledging their lives and sacred honor to something we did not quite catch. And the South (Alabama) and the Far West (you betcha) rejoicing in it. The story had its variations but fundamentally it clung, to its guns.

And this was the story: That silently, in mystery lest Mr. Hitler be aware, airplanes, tanks, armored huge cannon, antiaircraft and machine guns, bombs and all the rest of arms that win wars were rolling out of Detroit in a flood that daily grew wider and deeper.

A few months, at the latest not more than January, the United States must be prepared to defend herself under the Monroe Doctrine and, if need be, restore democracy to her violated European throne. Mr. Roosevelt's call for 10,000 airplanes was being heeded in the corner of Detroit's vast foundries, and factories. Mr. Ford was well on his way to producing a thousand a day. The Chrysler plant was turning out tanks beside which the Germans' fighting fortresses would be toys. General Motors was shoveling forth armoured cars and trucks, to say nothing of liquid-cooled airplane engines that they consign England's Rolls-Royce to a bargain basement. Packard was equipping our Navy with marine engines which could, with a few twists and a bit of gadgeting there, become motors for bombers. But doubtless you've heard it too. Well, the truth hurt you more than it hurt us.

## Detroit Discovers the Bottleneck

The story bears the same relation to facts as a fan magazine's biography of a movie star. Perhaps by the time you read this a serious order or two may have been given to the mass-production wizards of Detroit—admittedly the most massive of all industrial huddles, the citadel of assembly-line magic. Many weeks had passed since Mr. Roosevelt had sounded his ringing alarms and, save for a Rolls-Royce order which had been skittering around like a hockey puck, not a war order except for trucks and a few shell casings, nor a command to get set, had reached Detroit. Had they come, as military orders must, Detroit would have been able to begin to fill them for six months to a year. After that period, in a pinch at first and then in salvation quantities, we'd see something of what the country believes is happening now. The delay is blamed on bottlenecks, the one with which Detroit seethes and in which you become violently ill because you've been there a day. We'll get upon that in its turn. But to prepare you for the details we shall deal with generalities. The chief of these, according to the most active if not the best industrial minds in Detroit, is that it takes anywhere from three to five months at our present hookworm speed to



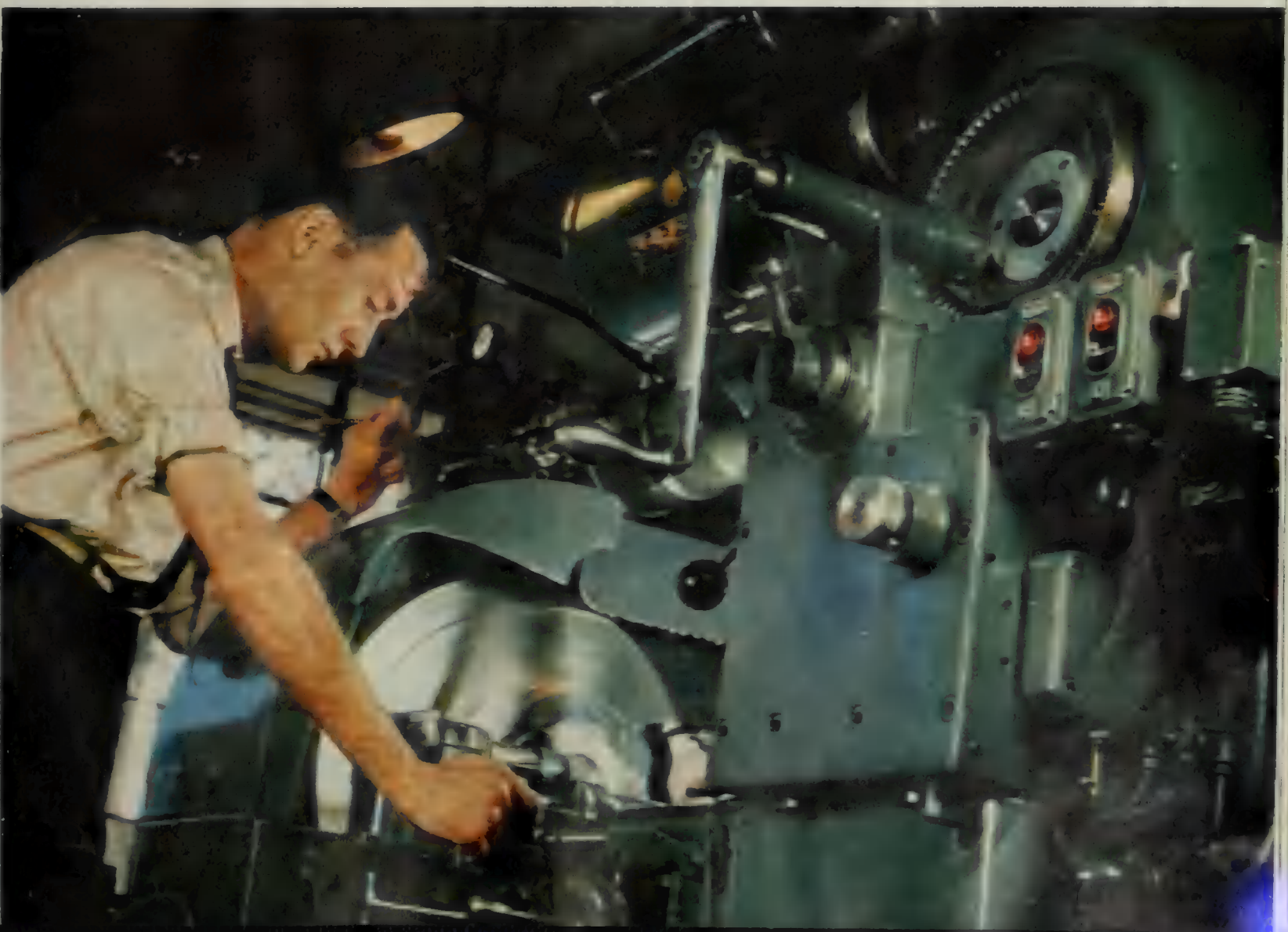
Connecting rods for the Packard marine motor under inspection for precision. A superb motor, easily adapted for airplane use, Packard at the time this photo was made was producing one a day

# Detroit's Defense Headache

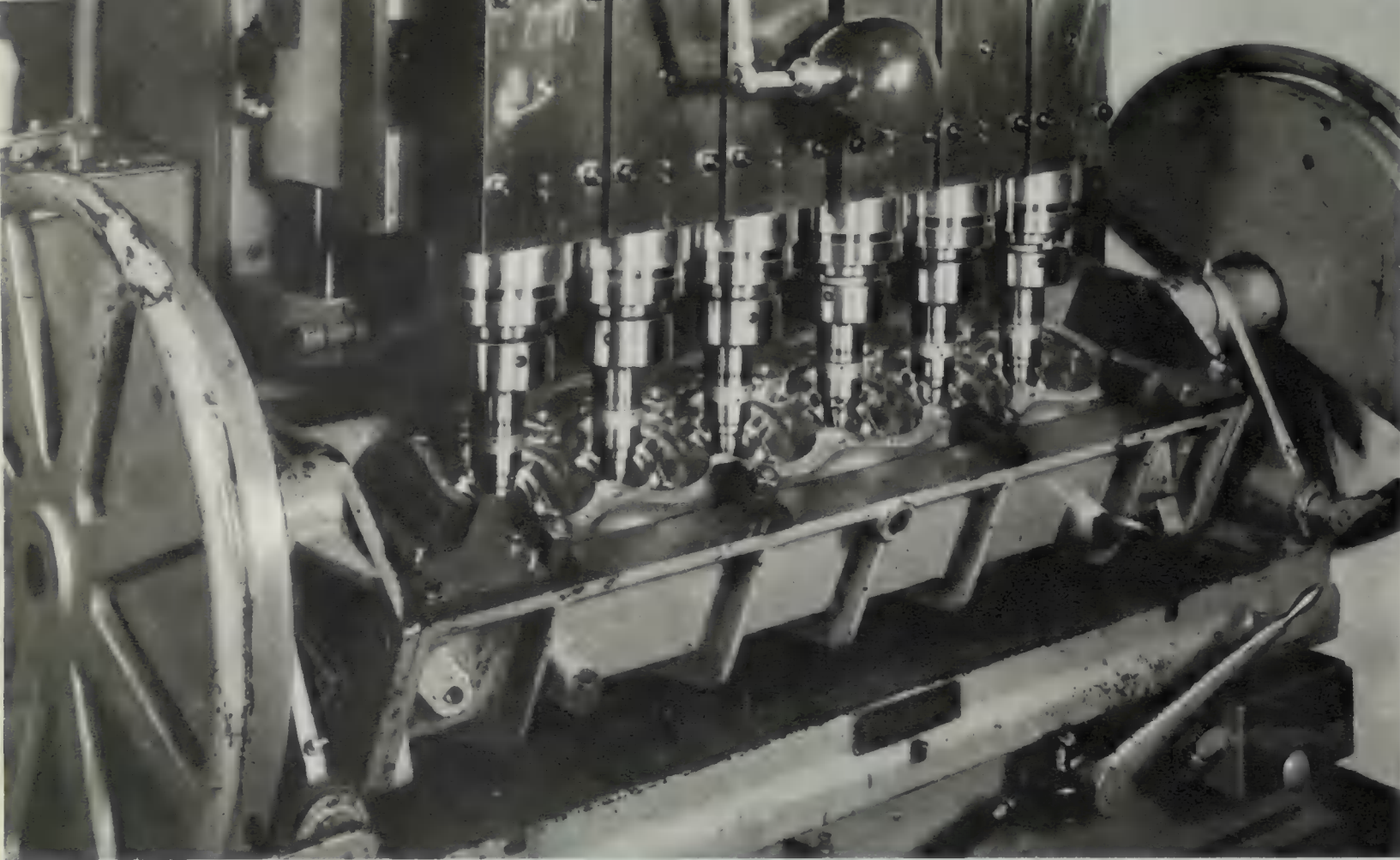
By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

This intricate machine tool, a \$12,000 precision grinder, handles a single one of the hundreds of operations necessary to build the marine motor. Its job is to finish-grind connecting-rod holes







**Machine tools in quantity must be built by other machine tools. Even in normal times, it takes six months to make the one above, which is boring out valve guides for the liquid-cooled Allison plane motor. Left, precision-profiling a cylinder top**

troit, where you'd think they'd know better, you're asked how soon Mr. Ford will be producing a thousand planes a day and how many he's turning out at the moment.

The whole story's a little incredible but that's not our fault. Even in Detroit the average citizen believes that the United States is well around the first lap of the defense relay and breaking track records. And the reason for all this misconception is, fundamentally, that the starter fired the gun before the boys were on their marks—or even finished their training. The noise you've been hearing is the hoopla and wahoo of the Administration cheering section. Virtually none has arisen from Detroit's factories.

#### **Good Motors but Not Enough**

General Motors is making one of the world's best aviation engines—the Allison. And yet after two or three years of designing and experimenting and months of manufacturing, Allison is turning out a grand total of two or three a day. Of course, no national emergency existed during those years of experimentation, accounting for General Motors' lack of headlong speed. In the meantime the Army is praying for motors to power 400-mile-per-hour pursuit ships and morale-busting dive bombers.

General Motors is producing Diesel engines, as light, as compact and more powerful than the Germans'. She can turn them out with the celerity and flourish that we like to think of as pure Yankee. But neither Detroit nor any other industrial circus can be ready within eight months to build the tanks to house these oil-burning monsters.

And unless Washington stops cheering itself and starts working up an honest sweat it may be several more months—perhaps a year—before the tank builders produce their wares as fast as General Motors can power them. At the present malarial rate we can produce tanks at a speed of one every now and then. We are not referring to puddle-jumper whippets, but to solid bruisers that won't die at the first stone fence.

Packard is producing a marine engine that has no superior. Packard is turning out these beautiful creatures at the stupefying rate of almost one a day. They told us that it wouldn't be a miracle-maker's job to convert it into an airplane engine. However, they're crawling out of the Packard plant now for use in those so-called Suicide Boats—the swift, torpedo putt-putts designed to dash forth upon unsuspecting battleships and cruisers and slip them a torpedo or two where it will do them the least good. To raise the rate of production of these beauties to two a day would cost Packard about \$800,000.

In Packard's engineering laboratories, the great Jesse Vincent, co-designer of the famous Liberty engine, one of the exceedingly few worth-while triumphs of the first World War, is plotting an airplane engine. But that's still on paper and the only paper Congress seems interested in is the Congressional Record. You've probably read that Packard, having accepted that Rolls-Royce contract for 9,000 Merlin engines (6,000 for England and the rest for us), is rushing production. Packard doesn't say that. Packard frankly says that at least ten months will pass before it will produce one engine a day. In fifteen months, if all goes well, forty-two engines will be rolling off Packard's assembly line daily. If all goes well. That means that Packard will hold to this schedule if they get speedy delivery of machinery and tools to be set up in a building yet to be constructed. To build the contract's 9,000 engines will consume quite a while at that rate. And if England should collapse beneath Hitler's bombers before her two thirds are made, will the United States take them? The United States will have to—in spite of the Army's opinion that the Allison is preferable and that American engine designs and designers are superior to the British.

Chrysler, too, has an airplane motor on paper—a 2,000-horsepower blazer that had visiting Army engineers shak-

ing hands with one another. It would take Chrysler a year or two to produce it and no one's quite sure how long it would be before it could be made in serious numbers. But among the first things we heard upon arriving in Detroit was that Chrysler was making the heaven-scraping dreadnaught in the Kriegelots. At the Chrysler plant they're making Army trucks by the thousand on the assembly line, but there's no time to that. They're just trucks. No time at all in Detroit.

We could go on like this at a snail's rate. But that gives you the idea. What do we wish to have you think of this national emergency (better than getting sick of that term too) and the armament putsch, we are producing nothing material. That would be wrong of us. We are busily making every known variety of bottleneck and daily inventing more. Before you've poked around Detroit a day or two you're in danger of being hopelessly lost in a labyrinth of bottlenecks, each of which is equipped with 2,000-horsepower pains. Let's set down a few on the list being Detroit's, not ours: The War House, Congress, the War Department, the Treasury Department, the War Department, the steel industry, the machinery makers, the machine-tool manufacturers and, naturally, politics, tradition, the New Deal and Mr. L. Lewis. Don't think us flippant. We are being so realistic that it's almost wringing.

#### **We're Starting from Scratch**

If you're complaining of our country's slow stagger toward a supreme land force and a two-ocean Navy, remember, please, that the United States is being forced to man, gun and wing its way within an inch of the bankruptcy. And she's stumbling to arms without the aid of any of those Hell's European branches—Skoda, Bofors, Schneider, Vickers and Krupp. In this, the most mechanized of all countries, there is one of such population-reducing potential. Moreover, unlike 1914-1918, the United States hasn't had time to convert its peaceful arts into a murder machine. Nor have the hapless Allies of 1939-1940 had the time or money to convert us into a nation-wide Skoda. Look at Mr. Hitler seven years and, say, Detroit, ten billion dollars, to produce a nonstop meat grinder. We're rich and perched, geared to the ear and screwy enough to try anything, but we're not going to match Mr. Hitler in seven months with fifteen billion dollars. Or twenty billion. Every time the ballyhoo boys are exhorting us to patriotic fury but not being any too specific. If you really want to do something worth while you'll grab the nearest leg or baseball bat and smash the necks and turpentine Congress into immediate red-tape-burning brambles.

Not that even such practical measures will arm us overnight. But we're doing something we haven't done around to yet—getting started. It's taken Detroit forty years to learn to roll off three to four million cars a year. The process is now as natural as sweating, as automatic as cursing government—bless its heart. But the minute you demand that the machine maker produce something new in trouble. When Henry Ford came from his sainted Model T to his Model A, his factories were closed for a year. It took months and \$2,000,000 worth of new tools and dies and shiny gadgets to change Chrysler's mouth from a four-cylinder whizzer to a six. Next-year models mean months of engineering design and machine changes in any factory. The point is that all Detroit needs

(Continued on page 43)



# Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Swift romance and desperate intrigue in  
a new novel as modern as mechanized war

HE muttering was indistinct. It crept down the dark ward, forcing itself upon the man who lay in the pool of light at the far end of the vast room. The man tried to concentrate on the muttering. Mercifully it was recognizable. There were two distinct voices when he could catch them the words meant something. That was good. That was hopeful. A little while the words might start directing and then, please God, he would learn something and this appalling gear would recede. From where he lay he could just see a gleam of polished floor, a section of a bare, empty bed, and a tall, shrouded figure, fading into complete darkness at the top where the shaded light over his own head was too faint to reach it. These were entirely unfamiliar. He was not even sure that he was in a hospital. That was part of the whole situation. He knew what a hospital was; that was comforting. His mind was clear enough as far as it went . . . as far as it went. He concentrated on the muttering. It was a long way away. They must be outside the farther door up there in the darkness. The woman was a nurse, of course. The discovery delighted him foolishly. He was getting on. At any moment now other obvious things must occur to him. He had no idea who the man was but the rumble was human and friendly. He settled himself to listen. He shan't question him myself, you

know." He heard the man's words with mild interest.

"I dare say not." She sounded acid. "It's very serious indeed. I wonder they left him alone with only us here. It's not very nice."

"There's no need to worry about that, Miss." The rumble was aggrieved. "I'd like a quid for every one I've handled. He'll be quiet enough, you'll see. Probably he won't even remember what's happened—or he'll say he doesn't until he's seen a lawyer. They're like that nowadays, up to anything."

The man in bed listened avidly.

"THEY'LL hang him, I suppose," said the nurse.

"Bound to, Miss." The man was both apologetic and definite. "It was one of us, you see, so there's no way of getting out of it. Once a man slugs an officer of police he's in for it. It's a necessary precaution for the safety of the public," he added, not without satisfaction. "This chap had all the money on 'im, too. That'll take a bit of explaining on its own."

Slugging a policeman. He knew what that meant, whatever condition his mind was in. That was pretty serious. It was so serious that it made him sweat. Moved by the odd singleness of purpose symptomatic of his condition, he got out of bed.

He moved very quickly and naturally, still partly wrapped in the shrouding comfort of semiconsciousness, and therefore made no noise at all.

He chose the nearest door, since even

he recognized the prudence of avoiding the mutterers, and his bare feet were silent on the tiles of the passage. It was a wide corridor, clean and yet ill lit because the bulbs were shaded heavily and cast separate circles of light on the gleaming floor.

It was in one of these circles that he saw the hairpin. He stooped to pick it up mechanically and the wave of dull pain that swept over him as he bent down frightened him.

The tiles, striking cold on his bare soles, pulled him together a little and he became aware for the first time that he was undressed and the coarse hospital pajamas were his only covering. It was obvious that some sort of clothes were imperative.

HE GLANCED around him anxiously. The walls were as bare as an empty plate save for the fire buckets, and the alcove beneath that crimson row escaped him until he was upon it and then the glimpse of the red-rimmed glass case within jerked him to a standstill. He stood before the cupboard transfixed. There was the usual paraphernalia inside. A black oilskin coat hung at the back and the toes of a pair of thigh-

boots showed just beneath it, while the hose was draped around the ensemble in neat heraldic festoons.

The man in pajamas ignored the invitation printed on the enameled plate requiring him to break the glass. Instead, he concentrated on the keyhole in the smooth red wood. When he lifted his hand to touch it, he rediscovered the hairpin and a warmth of satisfaction spread over him. So it was one of those merciful dreams in which things came out all right—if it worked.

He had no time to speculate on his own somewhat peculiar accomplishments. The bent wire flicked over the lock easily, as if he had done it a hundred times. The absence of oilskin trousers bothered him, but the boots were tremendous. They came well up over his thighs and the coat had a belt that came off and could be slipped through the boot loops. The sou'wester cap, which fell out of the ensemble, struck him as amusing but he put it on and buttoned the coat high across his chest with deep relief.

The door of the case, imperfectly closed, swung open again and startled him as it touched him. That was no good. That would give him away at

"Rather a depressing assembly," Lee murmured diffidently, "but it simply couldn't be helped. This is municipal intelligentsia, my dear chap"







once. If that crackling nurse put her head out of the ward that would be the first thing her pince-nez would light on. He thrust it back into its place, using far more force than he had intended. The thin glass splintered easily. The gentle clatter it made on the tiles was almost musical but the automatic bell, which he had failed to notice above the case, was a different matter.

It screamed at him, sending every nerve in his body tingling to the roots of his hair; and from every side, above him and beneath him, other bells echoed it in a monstrous cacophony of alarm.

Doors swung open, rushing feet swept down on him, cries, sharp demands for information, raised anxious voices, they whirled around his head like bees from an overturned hive.

He ran, with his oilskin coat flapping and scraping around his hampered limbs. He passed the elevator cages and sped on to the staircase. As he reached the second landing he collided with an elderly man in a white coat, who caught his sleeve.

"Can't wait, sir." The words escaped him as he wrenched free. "Look after your patients," he shouted as an afterthought as he took to the next flight.

He had almost reached the threshold of the emergency doors when a girl slipped in front of him. As he dodged around her she spoke quietly. "Is it by the gate?" she inquired idiotically.

He glanced at her over his shoulder and received a momentary impression of a heart-shaped face and disconcertingly intelligent eyes.

"The fire's at the back, Miss. Nothing serious," he said briefly, and dived out into the darkness eagerly.

**"The fire's at the back, Miss. Nothing serious," he said briefly and dived out into darkness**

It was not a pitch-black night. There was a moon behind the thin cover of clouds and, as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the change, the show of grayness of the darkened town became fairly negotiable.

**T**HE scene meant nothing to him. He was in a large semicircular driveway in which a dozen cars were parked. He took the nearest car. It seemed the wisest thing to do at the time, although he had some difficulty in managing the controls, hampered as he was by his mighty boots. Still, the little run started and he took her gently down the slope to the open gates. He turned when he reached the high road, not because it seemed more likely to be lucky than the other direction, but treading hard on the accelerator, rattled on down the dim ribbon of asphalt.

He had traveled half a mile when he became aware of a car behind him. He pulled in a little to allow it to pass but the driver behind made no attempt to overtake but appeared content to keep at a distance of twenty-five yards or so.

Whenever a convenient turning presented itself he took it, but always his companion followed him. If he slowed the car for a moment or so by some adroit piece of driving, invariably he was on speed and caught up with him.

A sudden dip in the road was his undoing. He hit the water splash at the bottom without seeing it and a white spray rose up over him, rushing through the radiator and obscuring the windshield. The engine coughed and died.

He sat where he was and waited. Nothing happened. He turned his head cautiously and peered through the window. The other car was in its familiar place, a few yards behind. It too was stationary and there was no telling who sat behind that

(Continued on page 24)



# What Happened to France

By André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

"Paul Reynaud's air of always being right on financial questions was designed to exasperate many politicians"

In a war cabinet torn by personal hatred and France's hopes for victory were submerged in the political ambitions and aims of her leaders

## HOW THE CLASH OF PERSONALITIES IMPEDED THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

VERY often in history the conflicts of rival leaders have interfered with the conduct of wars and with the government of nations. In 1918 France had the good fortune to find a man energetic enough to restrain all who might have tried to hinder his policies: that was Clemenceau. In 1933 on the contrary, during the whole campaign, Edouard Daladier and Paul Reynaud, though they were both good men, never ceased to contend with each other for political power, and the incurable animosity was one of the causes of our misfortunes.

On the day when King George VI was crowned in Westminster Abbey, a British officer who was sitting beside me told me as Paul Reynaud made his entrance, and asked: "Who is that little fellow with the Japanese face?"

I replied: "That little man is the premier of France."

From the time when he married Marie Henri-Robert, daughter of a distinguished lawyer and childhood friend of my wife, I had followed with interest the career of Paul Reynaud. I consid-

ered him one of the most intelligent of our politicians and also one of the bravest. On many occasions I have seen him, against his own interests, defend ideas that were anathema to his constituents. He alone had the courage, at the time when the pound declined, to advise the devaluation of the franc, a measure that events rendered inevitable later on. He alone among our statesmen made a careful study of the ideas of Colonel de Gaulle on the subject of motorized armies and carried on a campaign for the creation of powerful armored divisions. He alone at a time when the youth of France was abandoned to its own devices gave as a title to a political book: "Youth, What Sort of France Do You Want?"

A short time before the war he accepted the ministry of finance in circumstances that had led his predecessors to despair of France's credit, and he succeeded in a few weeks in bringing billions of francs in gold into the treasury. I liked to see him, when a subject fired his imagination, get to his feet, put his hands in his pockets, throw back his head to raise his short figure to its full height and hold forth in picturesque and biting phrases in a voice like hammer blows. "A little fighting cock," we'd say, and hoped he'd fight for the right causes.

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The irritation between Reynaud (left) and Daladier (right) grew to hatred when aggravated by the schemes of women. Here the two rivals are seen with Georges Bonnet, minister of justice in Daladier's cabinet

INTERNATIONAL







Mike Todd, producer and his own ballyhoo artist, gives Fair visitors a preview of Gay New Orleans

## Cut-Rate Showman

By J. Bryan III

**T**OMORROW night is momentous. At precisely 8:17, some visitor to the World's Fair will buy a ticket to The Streets of Paris, or Gay New Orleans, or the Dancing Campus, or the Op'ry House—no matter which—and thereby will make the total number of people who have seen Michael Todd productions greater than the total audience of any other producer. Mr. Todd himself is the sole authority for this debatable estimate, and freely admits that he arrived at it with the help of a ouija board and a clairvoyant cockatoo.

There is no doubt that these four attractions of Mr. Todd's are among the most popular in the Fair's Amusement Area. Nor is there doubt that his Hot Mikado was a vast success at last year's Fair. But there is still the implication that his first production must have been The Black Crook or Ben Hur, and that he is something of a Broadway patriarch, fondling his memories of Duse, Bernhardt and Booth.

**Mike Todd, the new boy wonder of show business, sums up his success in six words, "Nobody ever went broke handling crowds"**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Mr. Todd was thirty-three this past June. He is a short, burly, broad-shouldered young man, with a bear-trap jaw that has locked on a huge cigar for want of a bear. He is addicted to bright green raiment. ("Clothes" would be a pallid word.) He has a felonious contempt for the laws of grammar. He is also, and primarily, a showman.

Todd's shows are coining money at admission prices far below what was previously accepted as the starvation minimum. A single twenty-five-cent ticket

to his Gay New Orleans, for instance, entitles the customer to three full-length shows and a series of side shows.

"I can't figure why they didn't offer me one of the nominations," Todd complains. "Roosevelt fixed a buck to worth fifty-nine cents. I fixed two bits to worth two bucks."

What the boys want to know is how he did it. Todd is happy to tell them. Maxim Number One is "How much of a show can you give 'em for how many seats?" Number Two is "It costs just

the same to run a show whether it's to eight people or eight thousand. Number Three is "Keep your price low and set one price for the whole show. We're all show-offs. We don't care sitting in the balcony if the doll knows it costs just the same as the orchestra. And they add up to 'Nobody ever went broke handling crowds.'"

One night last year Todd took the box office at The Hot Mikado. Forty-cent seats had already been sold out; thirty-two 99-cent seats were left. Before he had sold them too, he took away 300 people looking for the cheap seats.

"Figure it out," says Todd. "Two times ninety-nine cents is \$198. Three hundred times forty cents is \$120. Nobody had to rub my nose in it like that."

"And another thing: eighty per cent of all tickets is sold in pairs, so you can price 'em so that the guy'll have some change left over. Let him show it."

(Continued on page 39)



# Sauts the Bat

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

**Saluting an Indian brave your school history book ignored. He was killed by his greatest admirer**

SAUTS THE BAT rose. He was so tall that Ellsinger thought he would never stop rising. Yet when he was his feet, standing there at the lower end of the big army tent, he didn't look tall. That was because he was so magnificently made. "By gravy," said Ellsinger to himself, "he's the jimmeliest-lookin' chief I ever seen anywhere."

Sauts the Bat had another name. The Texas settlers called him Roman Nose, and this name, Ellsinger thought, was a better.

He had a Roman nose, all right—a nose like an eagle's beak. He stood six feet four, Ellsinger figured; he looked to be thirty years old; there wasn't a pound of soft flesh on him.

Ellsinger couldn't tear his eyes away from this living bronze statue. Through a small slit that he had found in the canvas wall he could see the whole interior of the long hospital tent in which a council was being held: General Palmer and the other officers of the post stood in full uniform at one end of the tent, the Cheyenne chiefs and their wild warriors at the other end. But from the center that Sauts the Bat, or Roman Nose, rose from his place among the Cheyennes, Ellsinger never saw any of the others.

He was a queer creature, this little up-shouldered Sigmund Ellsinger. A dozen years earlier, had come

straight from the immigrant dock in New York to the Kansas prairies, who had been five years a plainsman, six years an Indian, and now was a white man again. There was something in him you'd never have suspected.

He crouched, his eyes close to the slit in the tent wall, staring at Roman Nose standing in front of the other chiefs. Two of the latter he recognized, but in his years with the Cheyennes he hadn't happened to meet the young warrior who was known as Sauts the Bat, and who had since become the most influential leader of the tribe. Ellsinger watched, completely fascinated, as the tall Indian began to move forward toward the middle of the tent—toward the white men.

Roman Nose moved slowly, yet Ellsinger had an impression of catlike quickness as well as enormous strength.

This man moved exactly like that tiger—the same smooth-flowing motion, but with a terrible power in it that scared you even through the bars of the cage.

It scared Ellsinger now. He had a panicky feeling that this beautiful, terrible tiger of a man, advancing silently toward the table behind which the officers were seated, was going to leap upon General Palmer and tear out his throat.

Ellsinger saw that General Palmer's hands were clasped upon the table in front of him but that the hands of the officers on either side were hidden below the table; and he knew that those officers had their hands on their revolvers.

If Roman Nose didn't halt . . .

Midway of the long tent Roman Nose stopped. He flung back his white buffalo robe, beautifully tanned and soft as cashmere, exposing his power-

ful shoulders and broad, arched chest.

He stood there in silence for almost half a minute, his fierce black eyes roving from one to another of the officers seated at the table. Perhaps he knew the electric power of his presence and staged this dramatic pause deliberately; to Ellsinger the magnificent arrogance of his bearing seemed the perfect and wholly natural complement of his flawless and terrific beauty.

Suddenly Roman Nose spoke.

"I am Sauts the Bat," he said in the Cheyenne tongue. "I am the war chief of the Cheyennes. I have come here to the white man's fort to speak for my people. It is the first time that I have taken the white man's hand in friendship. It is for the white chief to say whether it shall be the last."

"I do not need many words. This land is my people's land, the land of the Cheyennes. It has always been our land, not the white man's. We wish to live on it as we have always lived. When the white men first came to our land, we treated them kindly, but they have not repaid our kindness. At Sand Creek they killed and scalped more Cheyenne women and children in one day than all the white women ever killed by the Cheyennes. They have killed our people and driven away our game until we do not know whether we can live on our own land much longer."

(Continued on page 45)

**A great bronze man burst through the smoke. He was about to leap his horse upon the island**







# Hade is in Jail

By Donald Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**Hade Crosby can blame nobody but himself for his plight. He wouldn't have it any other way**

I HAVE got this job here with the Flying B, and I am sitting on my bunk thinking her over, and I am mighty happy. It is not like I am used to, in the way of a ranch or a job either. It is the beginning of a new time of my life.

The way I got it is: I came up here to Montana to catch on with a roundup someplace, I have got my saddle and bedroll with me, and I figured if I could get on a roundup, then when the roundup is over I would try to get a job for the winter right where I am at.

So I am looking around, and I get the idea to try the Flying B. This is the biggest outfit in the state, and the hands they have got are all steady hands and every cowboy in the north would like to work for this outfit. They told me in Bozeman it is no use trying, but I think maybe they might need an extra hand for the roundup and besides I have never saw the time it did any harm to ask, so I walk out here, and I ask.

Darn' if I don't get on for the roundup.

Well, when the roundup is part way over, this is about a week ago, I saw Joe Parks, he is the foreman, "Joe, what about staying on after the roundup for a steady job, or anyway for the winter?"

Joe says, "Steve, you are mighty lucky, you have hit it just when I am going to take a new hand on. Now there must be a hundred fellows want a job here, but the thing of it is, Steve, I have saw you ride and I have saw you cut and you and the boys have got a fine together and I have a good mind to make you a Flying B hand."

"For the winter," I ask him, "steady?"

"Steady," he says.

So I get the job, steady. Which is more than I figured.

So I am sitting here on my bunk, thinking her over. I have bought the Flying B brand on my bedroll and saddle and chaps, and I am all set to have got a steady job, but the best part of it is, I have got a home. I am mighty tired of not having a home, going over the country, and this is the beginning of a new time of my life, and I am mighty happy.

There is only one thing could make me better. With me, whenever I have some good luck or find a good place or something, I want my friends to

Well, somebody has sense enough to start a phonograph record and stand up and we go ahead and dance.

Hurst





"Steve," he says, "just take a look at this. It gives you a good idea of what it means to have a woman around"

too, and now I am sure wishing Crosby was here. Him and Nancy. I and Nancy have got an understanding, not engaged but just an understanding, and the last time I saw she was working in a lunch counter in Wyoming. She is a mighty fine waitress, but I have lost track of her and she has lost track of me, and if I only find her or where she is I will try to get her to come on up here and we can get a job in Bozeman and, well, go on with our understanding.

I cannot figure it, about Hade. The time I saw Hade was in Nevada, and we went together, and Hade did it there and he pulled out and he would see me in Montana in the fall of the year. In Bozeman, he said, when I got up here I looked around and Hade and all over, and I cannot find Hade. At the time I get the steady Joe Parks tells me he is going to give me one more extra hand for the roundup, and I tell him about Hade and Hade always work fine together, and he says if Hade shows up, soon he will take him on. And where in the hell is Hade? I sure wish I and Hade could work together again. That old devil of a Hade. Hade does not show up, and Joe Parks is another fellow, that worked here a couple years ago. He comes in to take a late one afternoon when we are back from the roundup and laying on our bunks before supper, and he throws a bedroll on a bunk and sits down. The other fellows all know him and he has been in Arizona a year but

also he stopped off for a while down in the Hole, down there in Wyoming.

Hade always stops off in the Hole, so I ask him if he has saw Hade.

He looks at me and says, "Hell, yes." I am sitting up straight on my bunk. He says, "I saw Hade Crosby in the Hole not two weeks ago."

"What is he doing down there?" I ask. He says, "Hade is in jail."

"I guess you got the wrong one," I tell him. "Hade would never get in no jail."

THE fellow kind of laughs, and so do the others. I have been telling them about Hade, and now here is Hade in jail. The fellow says:

"Hade is in jail, all right. He threw a spittoon through a window at the Teton Bar, and he broke down a fence around the square, and he poked Jim Bassett, the town marshal, a good one on the beeper. I think he is in jail for life."

I cannot understand this. "Hade is not a drinking fellow," I say.

"He was cold sober," he says. "Nobody in the Hole can figure it."

All I can do is kind of sit there, thinking. So Hade is in trouble, my old friend Hade. So that is why I have not met Hade in Bozeman in the fall of the year. Well, the supper bell rings, and we all go up, and it is a fine supper, like al-

ways. And boy, tonight I am eating plenty, because I do not know where I am eating next, or for that matter when. I am going down to the Hole.

I have got nearly forty dollars left over from my first pay after buying some winter clothes and things, and after supper I ask Joe Parks what he figures my saddle is worth to the outfit, cash.

"You mean you are pulling out, Steve?" he says.

"Yes, Joe," I tell him. And I tell him about Hade. He says, "You better think her over, boy. You don't get a job like this every day."

"I know it," I say, "but the thing of it is, Hade is in jail and I and him are friends. If I was the one in jail, and somebody would come along and get me out, I wouldn't even have to ask the name of who it is that is getting me out, because I would know it would be Hade."

"I see how it is," Joe says. "Well, Steve, I would like to keep the job open, but I don't see how I could do her."

"I wouldn't expect you to," I tell him. "I am selling my outfit, I got to pay up the various bills for what Hade has done, and I might not have enough and I would have to work a while down there to get the rest."

So I and Joe go down to the bunkhouse and make a deal for twenty-five

dollars cash for the saddle and rope, and one of the fellows is looking for a good bedroll and he gives me six bucks for mine, and I sell my chaps, and a K-Bar knife I just paid three dollars for, and when I am through I have got eighty-three dollars and four bits, in all.

They ask me when I am leaving and I say in the morning, and Joe Parks says, "Steve, I'll drive you to Bozeman tonight, and you can sleep in the back room at the Cowboy Bar there and get a good early start in the morning."

Then the fellow that bought my bedroll says I can take it along to the Cowboy and sleep in it tonight, and he will pick it up when he is in.

SO I say goodbye to the fellows and Joe takes me to town and drops me off at the Cowboy, and I go in and spend a dime of my money for a beer and sit there drinking it, and I am looking out the window and I see Joe going past on his way back to the ranch and Slim Powers is with him, going out to take my job.

After while I ask about sleeping in the back room, and the fellow says go to her, so I go back and spread out the bedroll and roll up in her, and the floor is hard and I am hungry already and I am not starting on a new time of my life after all, I am only waiting for morning. Like always.

I am late getting down to the Hole. I had hard luck getting rides and I am two days later than I thought, and it is Saturday night and Jim Bassett and Ed Jones, who runs the Teton Bar, have

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# Peace at a Price

By Ken W. Purdy

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATRY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

TWO hundred and forty-seven steps to the top of the tower! Pieter Halvelde knew them well, as one knows old friends. Three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, for twenty years exactly, he had climbed these worn stairs to the bell chamber high over the city, that the good people of Souvain might have their music. In those two decades he had not missed a day. For that was his duty, that was his place in life. And it was a proud place. You had to be a Belgian to know how proud a place. Pieter Halvelde did not propose to sully it now, bombs or no bombs, Germans or no Germans.

At the hundredth step, Pieter Halvelde stopped to rest. He sat down, puffing a little, dropping his hands beside him. They were the firm, incredibly strong hands of the carillonneur, hands that could make a ten-ton bell thunder and shout, and they caressed the stone of the step as if it were soft and living stuff. The idea moved him. There was much of Belgium, he thought, in that patient block of granite, more of Belgium than could be contained in any dead thing. There was the life of the men who had trod it, Belgians and musicians all: his father, Hans Jules Halvelde, and before him the Van den Ghens, father and son; before them the master Doorslaer, and before him . . . it was a long line. It ran back through the centuries, without a break, to the very building of the church, in 1658.

Pieter Halvelde could not believe it would end now, in the monstrous year 1940. The bells of Sint-Nicolas were mellow with the years when Napoleon stormed across Europe. They had pealed Wilhelm's downfall. They would peal another's.

He rose heavily and turned again to the stairs, climbing steadily, slowly. At the two-hundred-and-fifth step he stopped, made the sign of the cross and whispered a Credo. It was on the two-hundred-and-fifth step that Theo Van Aasche had died, on Easter Sunday, 1712. He had risen from his deathbed to go to the keyboard, and so far did he climb, alone and unaided, before life left him.

Pieter Halvelde went on. It was nearly noon, and at twelve o'clock precisely, he must begin to play. Finally at the top, he shouldered the trap door aside and climbed into the playing cabin, a square, small room, bare except for the mellow oaken keyboard with its long bench, and the old music chest. There was a small bronze plaque on one wall. "In This Room," it read, "On the 27th Day of October, 1914, Hans Jules Halvelde, Carillonneur, Saved the Bells of Sint-Nicolas from the Invader." Beneath, yellowed in its frame, was the letter from the old king.

PIETER stood for a moment reading the well-remembered words of the citation. That had been a brave day. His father had been playing and he had been watching, learning, as later his own son was to learn, when the Germans—a sergeant and three men—had burst in.

"You will stop instantly," the sergeant had shouted. "It is forbidden to play patriotic music! Furthermore, the bells are to be taken down and sent to the Fatherland for scrap metal. At once!"

Hans Jules had stared at the man with a mounting fury in his eyes. "I shall play upon this carillon," he had told the German, "for as long as I live and am able, and I shall play what I please, if you kill me for it."

Other men might kill and destroy, but they could not touch what he had now. Pieter Halvelde had made his own peace

The German had sneered. "That can be arranged. By the time the bells come down, they will be of better use for bronze."

Pieter Halvelde still shuddered when he thought of it. The forty-three bells of Sint-Nicolas were cast by Pieter Hemony himself. Since the nineteenth century, no man had made such bells. If the secret was lost, it could not be recovered. These bells were almost beyond repair. "You great lout!" old Hans Jules had shouted at the German, "do you think these are school bells? You idiot, would you smash a Stradivarius violin to make kindling wood?"

Ah, the old one had been a brave and determined man. In the end, he had swayed even the commandant of the district. The bells of Sint-Nicolas stayed in their tower. Pieter Halvelde hoped he could do as well, when the Germans came again.

HE SHOOK his head sadly at the thought. He open one of the four great doors. In the distance, he could hear the low murmur of the city. Now, the obscene mutter of the guns. Below him the city lay outspread. The market place was a shambles of ruins. The bombers had passed only a few days ago, and they had done their worst. To the west an entire block lay smoldering. Pieter Halvelde knew the house in that block. But he did not count carefully from the corner to the particular heap of rubble that had been his. The men were still working at the tangle of beams and steel. Evidently they had found nothing to do.

Pieter Halvelde seated himself at the keyboard, his feet resting on the leather-covered pedals, his hands on the long, fingerlike oaken keys. An hour tolled he took up the couplet—eleven, twelve—and before the poignant hum of the huge bell he struck it again, twice, and launched into an impromptu improvisation. Beneath the melody the bass marched and countermarched the tread of a conquering army.

In the thunderous cacophony of the bells a few feet over his head Pieter Halvelde lost himself. The war was out of his mind, the bombers were more, and even the horror that had come to him that morning was eased. The men might kill and burn and destroy, but they could not touch what he had. In this there was solace to lift a man above the obscenity of war. Long before he had finished his program, Pieter Halvelde had made his own peace.

They were waiting for him at the top of the tower when he came down. He had known they would be: Vander Pirsoul and the others. It was Vander Pirsoul who came forward. His message was written on his face, but Pieter Halvelde let him speak it.

"Pieter," he said, "I must tell you it was as we all feared. Your son is in the house. He had gone to the city as you told him he must, and he was where we found him."

Someone else broke in: "You are a brave lad, M'sieu' Halvelde, for you were so young. He died a soldier's death."

Pieter Halvelde turned away. "Thank you, messieurs," he said. "I accept my gratitude. You are true friends. He left them and walked slowly to the ruined market place to Franz Pirsoul's little tobacco shop. Franz had opened the door. Obviously, he had and he would have spoken, but he cut him short.

"Franz," he said. "I am not any more. I cannot play forever. Now I must begin all over again. I need someone to take my place. I understand that your Martin has shown promise on the organ. It would be a pleasure if you sent him to me, tomorrow or the next day."



# Killer's Truck

William Mac Harg

STATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

body had the wrong  
ver to explain the  
in the truck—even  
alley was confused

ADY got found dead in her  
unk in the Town Central Hotel,"  
Malley said. "That's all I know,  
been told to go there."

along with him. It was a side-  
hotel, small and rather dingy. The  
as 302. There were some cops  
round a square, old-fashioned  
The dead girl was quite young,  
must have been pretty, and she had  
angled.

Who's the lady?" O'Malley asked  
the cops.

The hotel register says her name's  
and she registered from Buffalo.  
seen dead since night before last.  
elay morning a hotel maid came in  
up the room. The girl was in the  
kitchen, but the maid didn't notice  
big wrong. This morning the same  
found the room hadn't been used,  
reported it. They got suspicious  
opened the trunk."

As line on who done it?"

There's letters here from some fel-  
named Newden."

examined the letters. They warned  
not to come to New York. We  
at the girl's things. There were  
hundred dollars in her handbag.  
re was a railroad timetable in it,  
on the timetable someone had  
"Town Central Hotel."

Whose handwriting?" O'Malley asked  
cops.

He didn't know.

Let's look at that register."

He looked at it. The handwriting on  
register was the same as on the time-

table. "Well," O'Malley remarked, "they  
give me anything to do here, and  
there's no need of it."

Do you think Newden killed her?" I  
asked. "Them cops will find out."

The case was in the evening papers.  
Miss Dalling had made only one  
phone call and the police had traced it to  
Newden. They had discovered a motive.  
Newden had lived in Buffalo and had  
been acquainted with Miss Dalling.  
They had expected they'd be  
married. Then Newden had got a job in  
New York. In New York he had become  
acquainted with a girl named Miss  
Hargis, the daughter of the man for  
whom he worked. They were engaged to  
be married. Newden denied having been  
in the hotel.

There was more the next morning.  
The police were continuing to question  
employees and guests of the hotel. They  
had police in other cities question  
who had checked out from the hotel  
in that way they had found wit-  
nesses. A guest named Hardis had seen  
Miss Dalling admit Newden to her hotel  
about seven-thirty in the evening.  
Another named Valley had seen him

(Continued on page 31)

The bellboy opened it.  
I was startled because I  
thought at first the body  
was in it. Then I saw that  
the figure was a lay figure





# The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

**H**ERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, and goes to his flat. An hour or so later, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him and tells him that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes that the dentist—healthy, prosperous, happy—had been shot to death. And he starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been Morley's last patient. But before the Belgian can interview him, he dies of an overdose of dental drugs!

The inference is obvious: Having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley, in a fit of remorse, had shot himself. Nevertheless, Poirot does not accept the suicide theory. Nor does Mr. Reginald Barnes, an ex-secret service agent to whom the Belgian goes for advice. Mr. Barnes feels certain that a band of conspirators, who are trying to undermine the existent order in England, had planned to kill one of Morley's last patients: the wealthy Alistair Blunt. He is convinced that when they failed to get Blunt they had murdered the dentist, because, having failed in their attempt to bribe him to kill Blunt, they had felt he knew too much.

The mysterious disappearance of a woman—Miss Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death—adds another curious angle to the case. And Poirot, busy interrogating various persons—Howard Raikes, a young radical from America, who had been in Morley's office at about the time Miss Sainsbury Seale had been there; Frank Carter, the fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Mr. Blunt's niece (who is in love with Raikes); and others—has no idea what has become of her.

He soon learns—the body of Miss Sainsbury Seale (the face so beaten that it is unrecognizable) is found in the flat of a mid-

dle-aged married couple: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman. Unfortunately, the Chapmans cannot be questioned—they have disappeared. But, following an inspection of the murdered woman's corpse, Poirot believes that, at last, he has a key to the mystery.

Mr. Barnes calls on the Belgian. He informs Poirot that Albert Chapman had once been in the secret service. "What," Poirot says, "do you think has happened to his wife?" Mr. Barnes sighs. "I can't imagine," he replies. Then: "Anything worrying you in particular?" Poirot stares at his guest. "Yes," he says slowly. "The evidence of my own eyes."

## VI

**J**APP came into Poirot's sitting room and slammed down his bowler hat with such force that the table rocked.

"What the devil made you think of it?" he asked.

"My good Japp, I do not know what you are talking about."

Japp said, slowly and forcefully, "What gave you the idea that that body wasn't Miss Sainsbury Seale's body?"

Poirot looked worried. He said, "It was the face that worried me. Why smash up a dead woman's face?"

Japp said, "My word, I hope old Morley's somewhere where he can know

about it. It's just possible, you know, that he was put out of the way on purpose—so that he couldn't give evidence."

"It would certainly be better if he could have given evidence himself."

"Leatheran will be all right. Morley's successor. He's a thoroughly capable man with a good manner and the evidence is unmistakable."

The evening papers came out with a sensation the next day. The body found in the Battersea flat, believed to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, was positively identified as that of Mrs. Albert Chapman.

Mr. Leatheran, of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, unhesitatingly pronounced it to be Mrs. Chapman on the evidence of the teeth and jaw, full particulars of which were recorded in the late Mr. Morley's professional chart.

Miss Sainsbury Seale's clothes had been found on the body and Miss Sainsbury Seale's handbag with the body—but where was Miss Sainsbury Seale herself?

As they came away from the inquest

Japp said jubilantly to Poirot, "A piece of work that. Gave 'em a sensation!"

Poirot nodded.

"You tumbled to it first," said Japp, "but, you know, I wasn't happy about that body myself. After all, you go smashing a dead person's face about for nothing. It's messy pleasant work, and it was pretty sure there must be some reason for it. There's only one reason there could be to confuse the identity." He added seriously: "But I shouldn't have turned so quickly to the fact that the woman we discovered actually was the woman."

Poirot said, with a smile, "And my friend, the actual descriptions of women were not unlike as regards fundamentals. Mrs. Chapman was a strong good-looking woman, well made up, fashionably turned out. Miss Sainsbury Seale was dowdy and innocent of stick or rouge. But the essentials were the same. Both were women of fair height and build. Both had hair turned gray which they touched up to make appear golden."

"Yes, of course, when you put it that. One thing we've got to admit—fair Mabelle put it over on both of us."

(Continued on page 34)

Her voice was imperious: "You're coming down to Exsham? Why?" "It is a kind thought of your uncle's," Poirot said

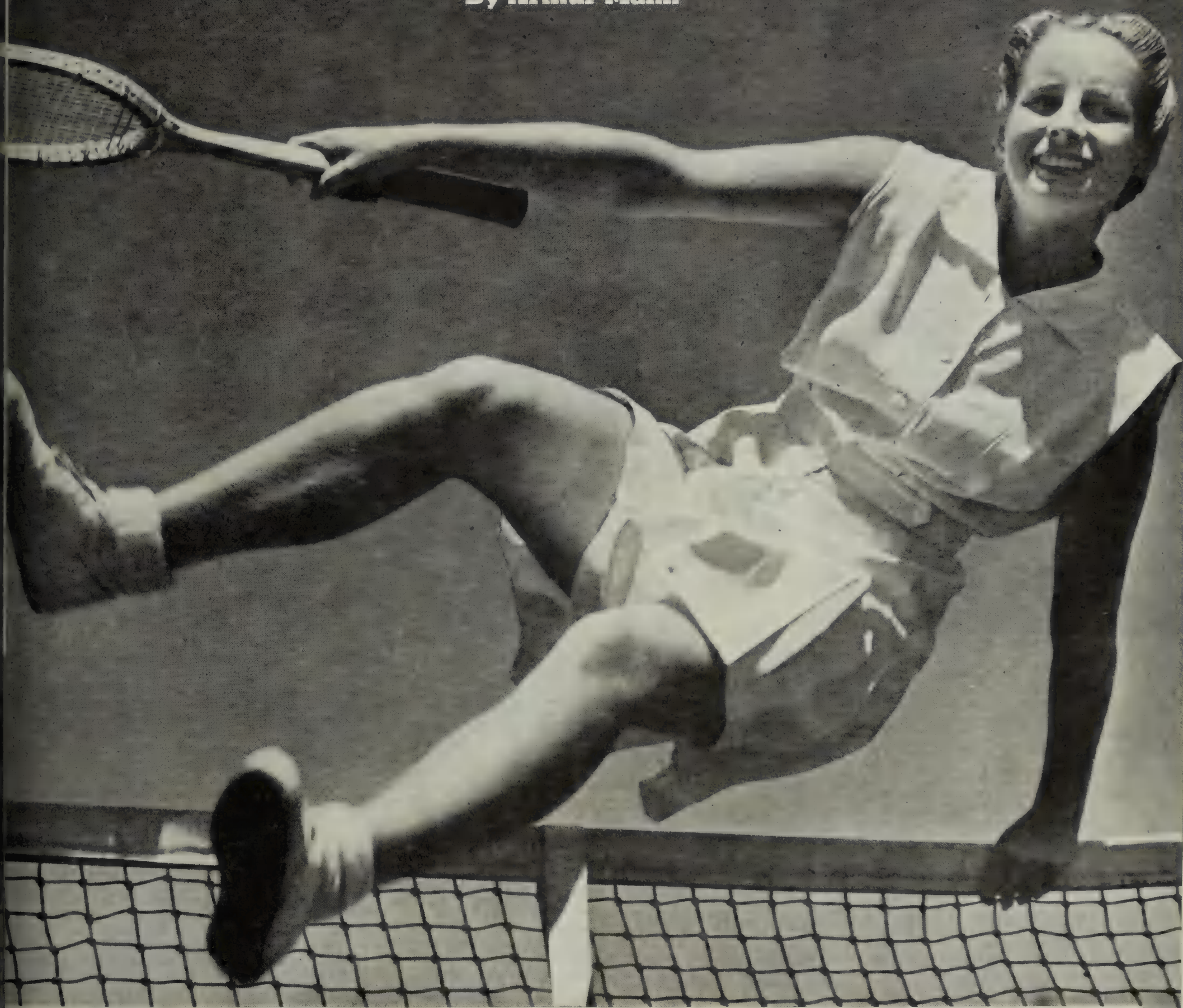




# Tennis Cinderella

By Arthur Mann

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE SMITH

**Helen Bernhard is a nineteen-year-old with very little money in her purse and a powerful wallop in her tennis arm. Her climb to tennis fame has been a tough one, but Helen is reaching for the top now**

**W**HEN Mamma Bernhard drove her prodigious little daughter to Boston two years ago for the Longwood competition, she packed only one tennis dress and the two rackets. Helen was but seventeen, and this was to be her first tournament among the grownups. She wouldn't survive the first round, but it would be priceless experience for one whose play had been,

up till now, limited to the pigtail set.

Since they weren't invited to stop at any of the swank homes of Chestnut Hill, Mamma Bernhard hired a room for a day in a Brookline boardinghouse. After the defeat, they would return to New York and rest for the Seabright tournament the following week. That would be real fun, with swimming and dancing and meeting all the great players, thanks to a genuine invitation from the Seabright Club.

But luck was against Mamma Bernhard. First the rain upset things. Helen had to practice indoors and did so in the single tennis dress, which Mamma washed and ironed for the next day. After three days of rain, Mamma Bernhard had washed the dress three times, borrowing the landlady's electric iron for the finishing touches. Actually, she was looking forward to that first-round elimination.

Then the blue-eyed little girl with the

corn-colored braids confounded all concerned by handing a royal pasting to her first-round opponent, and Mamma Bernhard's problem mounted. She had to have more money—always a source of trouble when you play the amateur tennis circuit without benefit of official or social subsidy. But she produced her remaining cash—gasoline money for the trip home—and rented the room for another day, much to the chagrin of the landlady, who had promised it to a talkative tourist.

Mamma Bernhard then tackled the other part of the problem, but with soap and water. The single tennis dress dried while the athletic prodigy slumbered. Once again Mamma borrowed the electric iron and pressed the garment.

"Now don't loiter after the match," Mamma warned, "because Papa doesn't want us driving that old car after dark."

Helen obeyed, rushing off the court in a surge of delight, for she had reached

the quarter-finals of her first big tournament.

Torn between maternal pride and economic hysteria, Mamma Bernhard hurried back to rehire the room before the tourist showed up again. Then she telephoned Papa Bernhard for more money, and set to work rinsing out the dress for next day. Helen would be eliminated from the tournament tomorrow.

Well, she wasn't eliminated tomorrow, nor the next day. Sunday arrived and Mamma had washed and ironed the dress for the sixth time. During the deciding set the one racket which she had used from the start of the tournament gave way to her masculine stroking, and she paused to examine the broken string. Mrs. George Wightman, guiding light in women's tennis, called from the umpire's chair:

"You'd better get your other racket, Helen."

"Oh, no," Helen replied quickly,



"that's my good racket. I'm saving that for Seabright."

She found a matchstick, bit off the end, twisted the broken string about it and jammed it into a hole of the frame. Then she went on to win the set and the Longwood Bowl, one of the most prized trophies in tennis.

It was very exciting for one so young, but it was also difficult, because the Seabright tournament would begin the next morning. They had to drive to New York in the six-year-old car, sleep, pack and reach the shore resort in time for first-round play in the forenoon. In the morning Mamma Bernhard telephoned Seabright for permission to appear in the afternoon, and explained matters. The committee didn't know. If Helen arrived late, it would be at her own risk.

Mamma Bernhard took the chance, and let the little girl sleep late. They drove down the Jersey shore and reached Seabright in the afternoon, only to learn that the committee had defaulted the youthful winner of the Longwood Bowl for failing to arrive on time!

The way of the transgressor is a path of thornless roses compared with the trail that the modern miss, minus bank roll and social prestige, must travel to reach the pinnacle of American tennis. For men it's a cinch. Itinerant male players can sleep anywhere, eat anywhere and dress or travel as they please. They can slip into the category of Tennis Bum, a significant phrase coined by Vincent Richards, by breezing from one tournament to the next, chiseling transportation, haggling for racket strings, personal equipment and even razor blades.

But the poor girl player is denied such a shiftless existence, even if she could stomach it. She must present an immaculate appearance. She must be well-mannered, quiet and a veritable Caesar's wife in the home or private boardinghouse to which she is assigned by the tournament subsidizing her appearance.

### She Plays the Hard Way

All of which makes little Helen Bernhard heroine of the net season now ending, because she has played tournament tennis the hard way—without bank roll or social sponsor. Her father is probably the best-educated parent in American tennis, being Dr. Eric Bernhard, M.A. and B.S. at St. Petersburg (Leningrad), student at Berlin, Leipzig and Heidelberg, and Ph.D. at Erlanger University, Bavaria. Mamma Bernhard, Polish-born, studied at Springfield International College and graduated from Oberlin College.

The Bernhards live in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment to devote the maximum of money to their only child's education, and avocation. This isn't much, because current civilization wastes little money on philosophers. Dr. Bernhard works in the foreign department of a New York bank because of his command of languages, and you know what's happened to the foreign banking business.

And so Helen offers nothing to the swank tennis tournaments but courage and a sound stroking technique. She went to Seabright this year, not only as defending champion, having won in 1939, but as the nation's fourth-ranking woman player, recent conqueror of Helen Jacobs in straight sets for the Middle States title, and almost conqueror of Alice Marble, American and Wimbledon champion, in Cincinnati. She had Sweet Alice at 5-1 in the third set, and was at match point six times, but simply couldn't put it over.

Yet, she was seeded far below her rank at Seabright, which is important

in tournament play. The art of seeding protects star players from meeting each other in early rounds, but the Bernhard girl ran smack into Mary Hardwick, English champion, early in the week at Seabright. Helen took the first set, 6-4, and was at 3-2 in the second when Miss Hardwick demanded and received a new set of line officials. The change required ten minutes, during which time the Bernhard girl, hot and at the top of her speedy game, cooled off, and took only one game in the next twelve.

Score: Miss Hardwick wins by 4-6, 6-3, 6-1!

Reaching her boardinghouse, the Bernhard girl was given to understand that she was no longer a guest of the Seabright Club by the fact that her bag was in the lobby, and an announcement that her dinner would cost \$2.50.

This is not uncommon at tennis tour-

neys slows the ball and so, for the past few years, players have been taught to flat-racket their shots and rarely, if ever, to use any top spin. Top spin, imparted by turning the head of the racket during the follow-through, causes the ball to curve earthward after passing the net, and paves the way for the speedy game with which Bill Tilden became the greatest of all.

### It Runs in the Family

Now, little Helen Bernhard has never been able to afford a professional coach. She began playing eight years ago with a racket as big as herself. The next year, at age eleven (her birthday is in July), she was finalist for the New Jersey State title.

At thirteen she defeated the late Anne Cummings for that title. Be-

of Helen Jacobs, or the flat-racket swatting of Palfry, Wolfenden and throp, the contrast in style becomes terrific.

That is why little Helen Bernhard figures to be the most unpopular player with the tennis fathers. Already her backhand shot is the most vicious of any woman player. Buttressed by speed and top spin, which keeps an opponent at the base line, she can keep an opponent from charging the net. A year ago she went to California and there developed an American twist service which has further distressed theponents of pat-ball tennis. She perfected her forehand drive and at Palm Springs in January, she won a tournament by beating Betty Nuthall in the semifinals and Dorothy Bundy in the final.

Her trip to the coast was not for tennis primarily, but for the course in culture offered at the University of Southern California. The girl is interested about farming and its significance in this world of changing values. She has a genuine talent for drawing and painting, and especially for composition. Last winter she lived in a little room bungalow, did her own housekeeping and her cooking, painted and grew flowers and managed to play and practice her tennis religiously and keep up with her classes.

### A Champ Flunks Gymnastics

This winter she will matriculate in her native New York City, probably at Barnard. She graduated from Washington High School in 1939 with a set of remarkable marks that would make any parent proud—English history 94, English geometry 88, intermediate algebra 88, American history 84. She flunked gymnastics, probably, she says, because she failed to hold her toes at the proper angle when standing at attention in line-up.

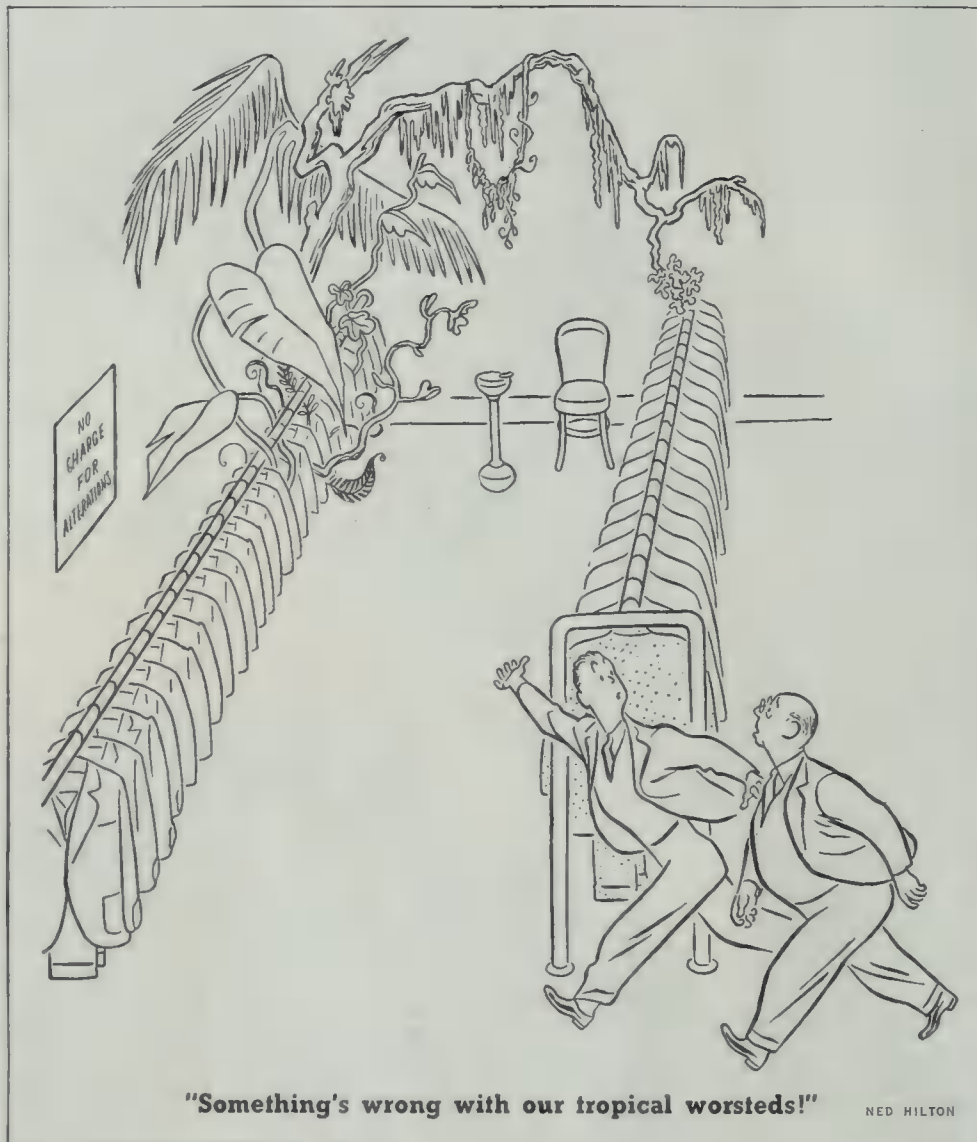
While growing up into a pretty girl she was learning tennis the hardest way. Dr. Bernhard bought her a membership in the University Heights Club, an ancient but honorable set of courts reached by a gigantic steel gas tank at 2nd Street and the Harlem River. The way to reach this club is by jumping on the Twentieth Century Limited on the way to Chicago, but little Helen, backed by only ten cents in carfare, would walk to Washington Heights. Then she would walk to and cross Highbridge and cross to the club.

This was a chore indeed on hot summer days. After the workout came the return trip by foot across the bridge and to the subway, then a late dinner and bath and sweet dreams of becoming Queen Helen III. For the past few years she has enjoyed a membership in the West Side Club, Forest Hills, thanks to one more sacrifice on the part of her doting parents.

This method of reaching the tennis pinnacle leaves no room for illusion of grandeur, no misconception of tennis truths. And today the little Bernhard girl can take a shellacking with amazing grace and composure. She is still thrilled at being able to play in swank tournaments that a bag on a porch or a snub by an opponent find a reaction in her make-up. To her outstanding moment of her coast-to-coast peregrinations this year came the close of her victory over Helen Jacobs at Philadelphia.

The former champion, and only conqueror of Helen Wills, rushed to the net with a shower of praise for new twist service and the top-spin forehand.

"It's the first time," said the little Bernhard girl solemnly, "that anyone has ever praised my game!"



naments where hotels and boardinghouses are stuck when an eliminated player sneaks in a surreptitious meal. Most amazing, however, is the speed with which results of the day's matches are flashed to hotels and hostesses. Once Helen rushed back after being put out of a Long Island tournament to find that her gracious hostess had not only packed her things but had put the bag out on the porch.

Arriving at East Hampton, Long Island, for the recent Maidstone tournament, Helen Bernhard was still the nation's fourth-ranking woman player, but not according to the seeding. Sarah Palfry, Number Three, was seeded first, and Pauline Betz, ranked seventh, was seeded second.

But the Bernhard girl's game is too strong to be upset by the vicissitudes of tournament seeding, and this fact comes as a hard blow to the tennis fathers. For three years now they have worked at the task of softening the game to a point where it resembles that of thirty years ago.

They have accomplished this by draping the ball with a set of whiskers or a coating of fuzz that resembles the pile of a Turkish rug. This high nap

fore reaching her eighteenth birthday, she had won five indoor doubles championships with Dorothy Wightman, two national indoor singles titles and the national girls' singles crown for 1938 and 1939.

All this was to the utmost delight of Dr. Bernhard, who took up tennis in Russia after his father had picked up some rackets and balls during the World's Fair of 1893. Young Eric not only took to the game, but became an expert and won countless tournaments in the countless universities he attended. He won tournaments all one summer in Berlin and was good enough to take a few sets from the German Davis Cup stars who were interned in Pittsburgh when we entered the World War.

Well, Dr. Bernhard knows only one type of tennis, and that happens to involve speed and the top spin. He taught this theory to his little girl, and is still teaching her. As a result, the little Bernhard girl has the first top-spin forehand drive seen in women's tennis since Helen Wills Moody abandoned her racket.

It makes you recall the savage driving power of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory and, pitted against the chop stroke



# Quick Decision

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CROSMAN

heart-warming chron-  
a man who told his  
barefaced lie which  
with her full approval

is the way they happened to get  
together. . . . First of all, they ap-  
proached each other on trains, he  
on one train, she on another. They  
actually meet that morning, but  
they had entered the zone of semi-  
confinement. The two trains halted just  
below the Harlem River Bridge, which  
the railway travel enters New York  
and one waited politely for the  
other. As two trains cannot cross the  
bridge on the same track at the  
same time.

As on Train One, coming down  
from Maine, and she sat anxiously in  
the Pullman Express, looking at the  
skyscraper buildings and men in  
coats leaning from windows. His  
name was Henry Knight—one of the  
Knights—and she was Peggy  
from Katonah, Kansas; and, in  
the act of putting it, they were arriving  
in New York City to seek their fortunes,  
and perhaps get into some  
telephone book.

They rolled into Grand Central about  
fifteen minutes apart, went their separate  
ways, and at that instant the chances  
were even million to one they would  
meet. He hastened on down to  
his afternoon newspaper, where a job  
was waiting for him, so he was all right.  
But around to the radio stations,  
where he was a singer, a young and eager  
one who had come to New York to  
make the big time.

Radio people told her to come  
Monday, so she rented a tiny room  
and waited for Monday and thus the  
two wanderers began their metropoli-

tan careers. That was as it would be  
the first day of June. On the tenth of  
the month, one of the radio concerns  
gave a cocktail party in a large hotel  
room with red wallpaper, in honor of a  
polar explorer, and Henry Knight was  
present to report. The young radio  
singer was likewise present.

They stood still a while and looked  
each other over, as young people do in  
the miracle moment that comes but once  
in a lifetime. They were introduced by  
a genial oaf who didn't know either of  
them, and they sat on a piano bench and  
talked, the conversation being limited  
to "who are you and what are you doing  
here?"

After a while, they walked out of the  
place together, arm in arm, forgetting  
the cocktail party, the explorer and the  
world, and they must have fallen in love  
in that first half-hour. It might have  
been the first ten seconds. Anyhow,  
they were married two weeks later in  
the Little Church, and life began in a  
small walk-up flat on Sixth Avenue just  
south of Eighth Street, forty dollars a  
month.

It was exciting and they talked con-  
stantly, as he was 26 and she was 22  
and naturally they had to go over all  
those years in detail.

First of all, they had to discuss why  
they were there. He was a Knight from  
Lincoln, Maine, down in New York to

enter and study the newspaper business  
as a reporter, watch the smart ones,  
learn what he could and go back home  
to take over and run the Lincoln Re-  
corder. She had come to make a name  
and a living for herself, singing on the  
radio, and she had sung her way into  
New York in four jumps—Katonah,  
Garden City, Kansas City and Chicago.

He had wavy red hair and a sunny  
manner and was easy to live with. Al-  
most the first thing the bride learned  
about her husband was that he lost his  
hat.

He was a natural and confirmed hat-  
loser, as some men are, and Peggy  
tried to cure him. Women never lose  
their hats and cannot understand such a  
weakness in man. In the two years pre-  
ceding his marriage, Henry had lost fif-  
teen hats and six sweaters and Peggy  
was aghast. Having a bride made no  
difference—he went right along losing  
his headgear.

His job on the afternoon paper paid  
him a fair salary and his employers  
understood clearly that he was in New  
York for experience and would presently  
sail back to Maine and run his own  
paper. Peggy tapped tentatively at her  
career, which seemed to advance slowly,  
as New York is a town of radio singers  
and every time a bus stops two of them  
get off and hurry into a building. Some  
weeks, she made as much as thirty dol-

Henry opened his mouth and stared  
at his wife. He stopped chewing  
and gulped. His genial countenance  
shone with amazement and per-  
plexity and finally Peggy hung up





lars from obscure stations, singing Little Gray Home in the West and Roll Out the Barrel. When they let her sing, it was generally for some modest station at the bottom of the dial and her mounting ambition was to work up and get in with the solid people of the air.

Peggy had a good Kansas voice and television would have helped her along. Henry often grinned across the table at her and gave advice.

"Enjoy it while you can, darling, because this is our honeymoon in the great city. It's fun living in New York. But don't forget that pretty soon we are going home to Lincoln, where every prospect pleases."

"Maybe and maybe not," she replied lightly. "We might be city people and some day we may be referred to as those old-time New Yorkers, Henry and Peggy."

He grinned. "Just a couple of rural visitors."

SO THEY lived along merrily in the flat on Sixth Avenue and on occasions the radio people telephoned Peggy about jobs or the agent took her to lunch to discuss business matters and assure her in jovial tones that one day she would be another Kate Smith. The agent was an explosive man named C. B. Feller. He was deeply interested in young radio singers and often in his moments of intense earnestness he would lean across the table and place his hand over Peggy's.

You don't have to be pretty to sing on the radio, but it doesn't hurt when you're looking for a job, and anybody who couldn't see that Peggy Knight was pretty might as well quit looking. Out in Katonah, she was the town belle, which is nice, but carries no income. Katonah is fifteen miles from the nearest railroad and is avoided by everything including tornadoes, and from childhood it was Peggy's iron determination to escape.

Henry was altogether different about small towns. He came from Lincoln, which he loved and adored above all towns on earth.

"You can't help but love it," he told her, his eyes sparkling. "There's the little house waiting for us, furnished to the last rug. You can have a garden and keep a canary and sit on the porch and be happy. The townfolks are all grand people and you'll like my father and mother."

"Yes and will they like me?" she asked dubiously. "Maybe I'll be lonely, sitting up there with my canary and you gone all day at the paper."

"The folks will love you and so will everybody and you'll be the wife of that brilliant editor, Henry Knight of the Lincoln Recorder. It's about the same as being wife of the president of Brazil."

"Well, you know me, Henry," she assured him. "I worked for years to get away from Katonah and here I am. I love New York. I could be happy here forever, but you are the boss and it's what you say. I'd even go back to Katonah with you."

"I'll make many a cruel demand," he laughed, "but you will never go back to Katonah. This is the greatest city in the world, but a person mustn't stay here too long. New York is full of pathetic spectacles who have stayed too long."

"All right. We'll pack the bags any day you name," she said. "Only let's not be in a great hurry. You must remember we're pretty happy."

Henry could afford to wait and there was no hurry. His presence in New York was part of a plan worked out by himself and his father. He was the only son of the Knights and the Knights have always been in Lincoln. The elder Knight was still on the job, carrying along the family tradition, waiting for young Henry to round out his education

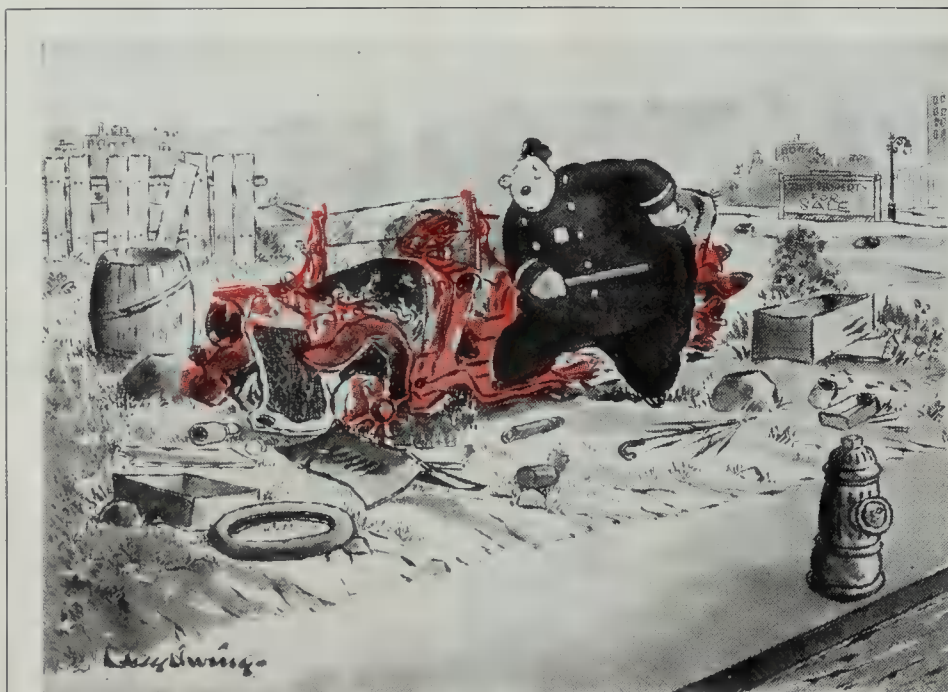
in metropolitan journalism and then come home, take over the paper and carry on.

Old Man Knight was ready at any time to retire to his garden and let Henry do it.

That's the way it was with the young couple down on Sixth Avenue, hard by Eighth Street and its rusty shops. With regard to his habit of losing hats and sweaters, Henry was inclined to admit weakness, but there was nothing to be done about it. Peggy tried everything, except tacks. He played golf on occasion with the newspaper reporters, and whenever they tried out a new course Henry was certain to lose a hat, a sweater or both. It caused Peggy wifely distress and she scolded him vehemently, led him to solemn promises and accomplished nothing, for you might as well scold a hat-loser for snoring or having large ears.

He could lose his sweaters only at golf courses but he could lose hats anywhere and did.

After some six months of happy married life on Sixth Avenue and some occasional singing chores for Peggy,



"Pull over t' th' curb! Who d'yuh think you are?! Where's th' fire?! Wot'sa big idea?! Gimme yuh operator's license!!!"

JAY IRVING

Henry's afternoon paper ordered him up Portland, Maine, to sit around and cover a convention of medical specialists and ordinary doctors and try to learn if they could keep people from growing old. Henry knew the doctors couldn't and so did the paper, but readers love sunny news items, right or wrong.

Henry walked into his flat to inform the bride that the sunshine would be removed from her life for three days, maybe four. He said it looked like a four-day job, as doctors love to string out their conventions, drink highballs and otherwise impair their health. As usual, Henry had no hat whatever, having left his most recent in a poolroom near Brooklyn Bridge.

"Portland," Peggy remarked, giving him a thoughtful glance. "That's near Lincoln, isn't it?"

"Thirty miles away."

"I suppose you'll go home, won't you?"

"I've been thinking it over and I don't know. Maybe not."

"You ought to go home, Henry. What kind of a son would that be?"

"Yes? Well, I want to go home and see them all, naturally. But here's the rub. If I do go, I'll want to stay right there and not leave. I love that town. I long to open up my desk at the Recorder, call the men together and begin running the job. I've been ready some time."

"Well," she repeated, "you certainly ought to trot over and see your parents."

"They'll only want me to stay, as their letters indicate. They'll argue that my New York stretch is about over, and it is. Dad wants to quit and I want him to quit. So you see."

"But we're so happy here in New York and we adore this flat and it's thrilling every instant."

"I know that. Never been so happy and may never be again. That's why I'll just go up to Portland, look at the doctors and stay firmly away from home. I'll be back here in four days. Lincoln and the Recorder can wait until the dim future."

"THAT being the case," she said more cheerfully, "we'll prepare you for travel on trains. You have no hat, to start."

So they went over at once to Fifth Avenue and walked along until they came to one of those elegant hat stores with a famous name and four famous hats in the window, and while Henry purchased a new lid Peggy supervised. They came out proudly. It was a hand-

reporters in New York or a blithering half-wit?" he demanded.

Twenty minutes later, they were in Grand Central and, as the hour was at hand and the Maine Express ready to depart, he kissed her fervently and she went through the gate. Peggy went home to the flat on Sixth Avenue, where she found a letter in the box from C. B. Feller. It informed her that they were taking a turn for the better in her singing affairs were looking up at that he would like to have a business conference immediately.

"Give me a ring when you get home," he suggested, "as we may have to make a quick decision. Looks very good."

The next day, she lunched with friends and they discussed prospects and the fact that Radio had finally come around to the point of admitting Peggy could sing radio songs and they were willing to give her a real chance.

"There's nothing to get excited about just yet," Mr. Feller remarked. "You're to start in modestly enough and I think you ought to earn sixty or seventy dollars a week. Later on, it's a cinch. You are a young lady heading for big things if you have a little patience, for you have a true radio voice and I always knew it."

"You've been very kind, Mr. Feller," she said. "It's business with me, Peggy. You may have to sign a contract. Is that all right?"

"Of course it's all right—except."

"Except what?"

"Well, Henry is out of town. He won't be home till Thursday."

"What's he got to do with it? You're the singer."

"Well, you see, Mr. Feller, our agent is a trifle unsettled and Henry has been talking of going back to Lincoln, Maine, which is his home town. He wants to run the paper there. If he says so, I can't sign a contract to stay here singing."

"Yes, but this is your chance and this is what you've been working for. You can make more than he can, running a small-town paper. I thought you were wild about New York."

"I am," she said earnestly, "and I love singing and I hope I can sign up and stay here. But I wouldn't want to take a step until I talk to Henry. If we are in New York, I'll sign your contract."

"So what do we do now?"

"Wait till Henry gets back."

UP IN Portland, young Henry looked over the assembled medicos and discovered they could do nothing for people growing old and would themselves try anything down to extra lizards. Having covered the convention for his paper, his mind turned to Lincoln, thirty miles away, and he knew once that he should go home. He arrived unannounced, but in time for supper and the folks were overjoyed.

"Time you got here," they told him. "Where's your wife? Are you all ready to start work and let us have a vacation?"

"Just a minute," Henry said. "He'll be here in a minute."

He told them about the beautiful Peggy and her singing for radio and deep love for New York, she being a small-town girl and newly escaped. They listened sympathetically. So Henry announced he was wishing to tire, go on a hunting trip, visit South America and breed dogs. Sitting at supper, they went over the situation. Henry perceived that his New York career had come abruptly to an end. It was the new Recorder editor and time had come.

The little bungalow was ready. Henry ate a thoughtful meal, nodding as he thought of the situation.

(Continued on page 42)



**AXIOM: PALL MALL IS A SMOOTHER CIGARETTE**



**EXPLANATION:**

*Good old-fashioned Bulking mellows the smoke*

● It is an axiom that Pall Mall smokers enjoy a noticeably smoother smoke.

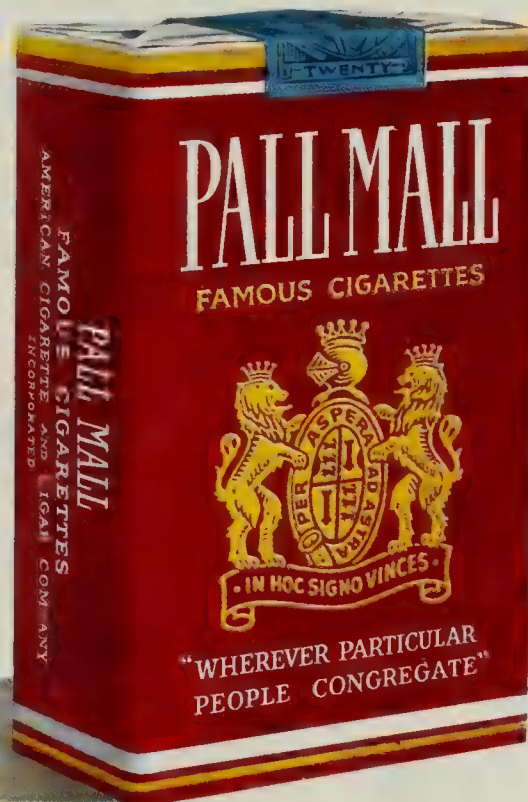
The explanation is to be found in the revival of BULKING... a slower, more painstaking process of working tobaccos, which mellows the smoke.

In BULKING, the magnificent Pall Mall tobaccos are rested in fragrant heaps until slowly they generate a warmth of their own. As they do, harsh qualities become mild... and time (careful, conscientious workmanship does take time) releases subtle flavors and aromas which permeate every shred of tobacco. The result: a mellower... a really smoother cigarette.

It is a significant fact that with Pall Mall there is noticeably less cigarette stain, or none at all. The fingers of your friends who smoke Pall Mall regularly offer visible proof of this important advantage.

And because the additional length of this distinguished cigarette travels the smoke further, it is impressively cooler.

Yourselves, try Pall Mall critically!



**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



## Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 10

downcast head lamp. Then, as he watched it, the car began to move. Very slowly it crawled down the road behind him, turned its long, sleek body gently to one side, and, entering the water so quietly that there was hardly a ripple, it came up close to him so that the driving seat was on a level with his own.

The side windows of the two cars slid down simultaneously and the man in the fireman's coat braced himself to meet whatever was coming.

"Would you care for a lift by any chance?"

The question, put with a certain grave politeness, came quietly out of the darkness on a clear, young voice that might have belonged to some nice child:

"Do you know where we are? We're relying on you. I hope you realize that."

The second voice, which was elderly and querulous besides being practically in his ear, startled half the life out of him it was so close.

"Driving at night is difficult at the best of times," it rambled on hollowly, "and night comes so early this time of year. I must have hunted over this country as a young man but that's many years ago. Many. I don't know what road we're on at all."

After a moment's incredulous silence the explanation of this apparent hallucination occurred to the fugitive with a second shock. Whoever these good people were, they either knew him or his car very well indeed. He replied cautiously, relying on his voice to identify him or not as the case might be.

"I'm afraid this car has died," he said clearly, and waited for their reaction.

"With a beautiful smile on its bonnet, no doubt," The young voice sounded gently reproachful. "Do you mind getting in the back? Mr. Anscombe is in the front with me. We shall all be rather late for dinner, I'm afraid, and I've phoned Lee once. Leave George's car where it is."

The man who could not remember pricked up his ears. There had been definitely a warning emphasis on the Christian name.

"Our George has a depraved taste in machinery," he remarked tentatively as he clambered out of the farther door and came around to the back of the second car.

When he entered the warm darkness of the limousine the girl gave him the hint for which he had asked.

"It's not George's taste, poor child. It's his pocket," she said firmly. "Er—all undergraduates are a little trusting when confronted by a secondhand-car salesman, aren't they? Still, it was very nice of him to lend it to you. I'm so sorry I missed you. I was waiting in the vestibule and only caught a glimpse of you as you shot through, and you'd started off in George's car before I could catch you."

She let in the clutch as she spoke and they moved away into the darkness.

"I'm sorry, too. Very silly of me," murmured the man in the oilskins. He was feeling his way very cautiously. Clearly they were on dangerous ground and now was not the time for explanations. Whoever this blessed girl was she was certainly helpful and appeared to rely on him to play up to her.

He leaned back among the cushions and strained his eyes in the darkness. Gradually he made out the two silhouettes against the windshield. The girl was small but erect and the line of her shoulders was square, like a boy's. Of course! She was the young woman with the heart-shaped face and the discon-

cerningly intelligent light brown eyes who had spoken to him in the hospital vestibule. She must have been trying to tell him that this car was by the gate. No wonder she was treating him now as if he were mentally deficient. So he was, God help him. So he was.

The man who sat beside her was less definite in outline. He appeared to be a spreading bundle with a large head adorned by a flat cap which sat upon it like a lid. He turned presently and leaned over the back.

"Rather a disturbing adventure," he remarked conversationally. His windy voice was old and foolish but it was also dangerously inquisitive.

The man in the back of the car hesitated.

"It was, in a way," he said at last.

"I know. I know." The old man was determined to talk, whatever the effort. "Still, you did your duty. There's a great comfort in that. Probably the only thanks you'll get out of it. A good Samaritan . . ."

"Is his own reward," supplied the girl without moving her head. "All the same," she went on carefully, "I don't see what else you could have done. After all, if a stranger is polite enough to talk to one in a railway carriage and nutty enough to fall over one's bag and stun himself in getting out the least one can do is to take him to a hospital."

"I can think of less," said the old man, grunting into his muffler. "Can't you, Campion?"

"Yes, yes, I can." The man in the back of the car was not thinking what he was saying. Campion. He seized on the name eagerly and tried to think that it was familiar. At first he was convinced that it was and relief rushed over him. But the next moment he was not sure again and despair returned. It was an unnerving experience and he felt for a cigarette.

Finding that he had no pockets he leaned forward automatically and discovered in the dark a packet and a lighter tucked into the case at the back of the front seat. He was actually smoking before he realized the significance of his behavior. He must have known the cigarettes were there. He had taken one as naturally as if he had done it a hundred times before. The explanation was obvious. He had. He was in his own car.

He lay back to think it over. The one clear conclusion to be drawn from present developments, he decided, was that he and the girl were up to something—or at least she certainly was. She was protecting him the whole time, feeding him with story after story and doing it very well, almost as though she were used to it. Perhaps she was.

The conviction that she was his wife came slowly. The more he thought of it the more likely it became. Here she was, driving his car, looking after him like a mother, lying for him like a heroine. George's car indeed! For the first time since he had recovered consciousness in the hospital ward he saw a ray of comfort in his prospect. The abysmal loneliness of his position was spanned. Apart from his tremendous relief he was also suddenly delighted and he peered at her again in the darkness.

She drove very well, with confidence and an unusual sympathy for the machine. The big car was brushing aside the miles and he had half persuaded himself that the police-slugging episode was part of some past delirium when the elderly man stirred himself.

"I see where we are now," he said

contentedly. "We must have come fifteen miles out of our way." He broke off abruptly and laughed, the silly, little high-pitched giggle of a foolish old man. "I mean five miles, of course," he added clumsily. "I don't know what made me say fifteen."

The man who had been told that his name was Campion glanced up sharply in the darkness and the shadowy tide of anxiety rolled up into his mind once more.

"It's not far now, anyway." The girl's cool voice was comiortingly matter-of-fact. "If you don't mind, Mr. Anscombe, we'll put you down at your house and rush on to change. Aubrey has put the meal back to eight-thirty and we can't in all decency be late. We'll see you there, shan't we?"

"Yes, yes, I shall be there." The old man sounded enthusiastic. "I never miss an opportunity to dine at the Institute now that Aubrey is the skipper. I remember his predecessor, the great Doctor Hale. He was an able fellow but nothing like Aubrey. Lee Aubrey is one of the big men of our time."

"Yes," said the girl thoughtfully. "Yes, I think he may be. He's not afraid to surround himself with brains."

Anscombe grunted. "A particularly brilliant man on his own account," he announced didactically. "We were more than lucky to get him here at Bridge. I remember the famous session when his appointment was announced to the Secret Conclave. As Hereditary Secretary to the Society I was very much congratulated, but I said, 'Don't thank me. Masters of Bridge'—that's the customary address, you know—'Don't thank me. Thank the man himself for coming to us.'"

Anscombe? The name meant nothing to Campion. But Bridge, and the Institute, struck a vaguely familiar note. He fancied that they were well-known terms, something he had heard about all his life.

Presently the old man spoke again.

"Aubrey is a wealthy man, too, you know," he said. "It's not generally known, but he donates the whole of his two-thousand-pound salary to some scholarship fund in the north. His private income must be considerable. Still, it suits him, you know. He has a unique position that no money in the world could buy, and a house that is virtually a museum piece, also not for purchase. You're comfortable there, aren't you?"

"Very. It's a glorious house, isn't it, Albert?"

It took Campion some seconds to realize that she was talking to him, but his response, when it did come, was manfully enthusiastic.

Mr. Anscombe turned in his seat.

"You're tired," he said. "That experience of yours took it out of you. That sort of thing often does. London is exhausting, too. What are you wearing? A mackintosh? I can hear something rustling but I can't see you. It's very warm in here. Why don't you take it off?"

"No. I don't think I will, thanks." To his horror he heard himself beginning to laugh, but again the girl came to his rescue.

"Leave him alone," she said. "He's in disgrace. He's taken the wrong car, led us miles out of our way and now he dozes off smelling like a bicycle shop. You'll have to give up oilskins, Albert, at any rate for wear in a confined space. Still, we're practically there. This is your gate, isn't it, Mr. Anscombe? You wouldn't think it awfully rude of us if

we didn't take the car into the drive, would you?"

"Oh, of course not, of course not. I'll take care of myself. Thank you very much for all your kindness. I feel I forced myself on you this afternoon, but you've been so very good, so very good."

He was hoisting himself out of the seat with difficulty as he spoke and his hollow, foolish voice squeaked trailed away as he landed himself safely on the pavement and closed the door. Through the window the remaining passenger caught a glimpse of him disappearing between high, stucco pillars toward a steep, dark house beyond.

"Silly little man," said the girl suddenly. "He's left his parcel. I shall be a moment. I'll take it to him."

"That's all right, I'll do that," Campion said hastily, fumbling for the handle.

"You can't in those clothes."

"Yes, I can. He won't see me. Or he does he'll have to realize I'm an eccentric. Where's his baggage?"

She turned toward him in the darkness.

"It's books, I think," she said. "He's a bookworm."

He took the square parcel and stepped out after the departing figure. It was brighter than he had thought and he did not call to the man but came the small drive quietly. The front door was already closed when he found it, and, rather than knock, he laid the package on the step and hurried down the drive to the waiting car again.

With the departure of Anscombe the very car seemed more comfortable. The girl let in the clutch softly and they were away. The man, who was still trying to remember if his name really was Albert Campion, leaned forward. Now that he was alone with this delightful if recognizable wife of his he felt unexpectedly embarrassed.

"This is all very difficult," he began awkwardly.

"I know." Her agreement was heartfelt that it silenced him. "It's frightful, and there's absolutely no time to talk and get it straight. We're here already and we daren't be late, it'll be so fishy."

She swung the car up a steep incline and through a columned gateway as she spoke.

"I only found out where you were a miracle. I'd been waiting down at the station as we arranged. I got rid of Anscombe until four o'clock, but after that I had to carry him around with me, telling him one dubious tale after another, had to bring him because he insisted. He said he had to see his dentist and asked Lee Aubrey if I'd give him a lift. Lee made a personal request of it and couldn't refuse without sounding suspicious. So there he was."

The car had not yet stopped. As Campion could see they were rolling through some sort of park. The girl was still talking. She was nervous and little breathless.

"He's a terrifying old boy, isn't he she demanded. "Flat mental deficiency for ninety-nine per cent of the time, a single flashes of acuteness. You don't know whether it's silver showing through the disguising tarnish or the last flecks of plate on the old tin spoon. Only hope is to get down to the meal and behave normally. Have you got something under that decontamination outfit? Can we leave it in the car?"

"It all depends where we're going," said. "I'm in pajamas . . . awful grubby flannel things."

"What?" She stopped the car in the



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astonishment and turned to him. "What happened? You're not hurt?"

"Oh, lord no," he said, warmed by her anxiety. "I'm all right really. I only got knocked out."

"Oh, that was it, was it?" she said, much more relieved than he had expected her to be and far less surprised. "The man in the paper shop simply whispered 'hospital'. I didn't get an opportunity to talk to him at all. The place was full of people and there wasn't time. It was nearly five then and I had the wretched Anscombe inside. That old man knows something, I swear it."

"More than I do," said Campion grimly.

TO HIS surprise she caught him up. "Yes," she said. "That's what I thought. We'll bear him in mind. I say, I am glad you're all right. It never went through my head that you might have gone to the hospital as a patient. When I saw you charging out in the deep-sea-diver costume I thought some kind friend had lent it to you to hide the tramp's garb. I've got your change in the luggage compartment. That's what was worrying me so as you didn't turn up before Anscombe returned. I didn't see how I was going to get it to you before he saw you. Well, it's silly to change now, isn't it? You'll have to smuggle yourself in."

The man laughed. She was charming and he was very tired.

"Anything you say, lady," he said. "Where do we go?"

"I think that side door," she said.

He sat watching her silhouette as she maneuvered the big car skillfully into a narrow entrance by the side of a large, dim building. She was an astonishing young person, as practical and energetic as a child.

She parked her car and he climbed out, stiff and unsteady, into a neat, old-fashioned stable yard with cobbles under his feet and the low, graceful lines of Georgian outbuildings just visible in the faint light. By the time he emerged she was tugging at a suitcase within.

He took it from her and would have put his free arm around her shoulders, but she did not notice his gesture and it occurred to him that he did not usually exhibit such open affection. He was wondering a little at himself when she called him from the house:

"Come on, Albert. It's awfully late."

He found her waiting for him in a dark arched doorway.

"Two steps up," she said. "Come on. It's got a black-out gadget that turns off the light when you open the door."

AS THE wood closed softly behind him the small passage in which they stood lit up and in a soft yellow glow the comfortable flagged and paneled interior of a perfect Georgian house emerged. A baize door opposite them clearly cut off the reception half of the establishment and a narrow flight of oak stairs on their left led to a similar door on the first floor. The girl made for this upper door and as she ran up the staircase he suddenly saw her and recognized her, the first real and familiar thing to emerge in the terrifying darkness of his mind. Her thin young back under the perfectly cut brown tweed of her suit, her long curls and her small brown hand on the banister were all suddenly well known and inexpressibly dear to him.

"Amanda!" he said.

"Yes?" She swung around on the top of the stairs and stood looking down at him, a picture of arrested movement.

He laughed and came hurrying up the stairs after her.

"I only wanted to hear you answer to your name."

The smile faded from her face and he thought she looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I'm not really rattled," she mur-

mured unexpectedly and as if he had proached her, "it's only that so horribly important and imminent. You've come back all carefree. Something good happen?"

"No, I'm rather afraid it didn't. This is lightheadedness," he said, and followed her through the second baize door into a small world of past elegance.

Amanda crossed the upper hall, her stripped pine paneling, Chinese arched and sage-green drapery made a Georgian setting without either the sturdiness or the full-blooded ostentation of the great period of nouveaux riches. She opened a door under an archway.

"Yes, they've put your things out to thank goodness," she said, and crossed another expanse of carpet. You get dressed and so will I. I'll give you ten minutes. I must see you before we go down. Bless you."

She was gone before he could stop, whisking into a room on the other side of the hall while her vivid, friendly personality still warmed and comforted him like the glow of a coal fire.

Albert Campion went into the room that presumably was his own and looked at the dinner jacket laid out near his bed. The tailor's tab inside his breast pocket assured him that it was his and that he had bought it in the preceding spring. He began to dress carefully, moving slowly and with a certain amount of difficulty. After a minute so he gave up trying to fathom any further deeper mysteries than those concerning the whereabouts of his underclothes and toilet things. He hurried. Amanda was coming back in minutes and that was time enough to get all the serious questions settled. He clung to the thought of Amanda. His wife she was the one satisfaction, friendly truth in a world of villa and fantasy.

MEANWHILE, the obvious thing to do was to get himself safely changed.

He accepted his reflection in the dressing mirror discovered in the adjoining bathroom without seeing it, as do men every morning of their lives. His self-searching mood had disappeared and his sole anxiety was to get his hair smooth. The cool comfort of well-fitting clothes soothed him and he had tied his tie and was getting into his jacket when a knock sounded on the door. He stopped to open it. It was not Amanda. It was a dinner-jacketed stranger who smiled at him familiarly and wandered into the room.

"My dear chap, I'm so glad you've got back," he said, revealing a voice softer and deeper than the average, and flexible that its charm was instantaneous. "Trouble all cleared up."

Campion nodded without speaking. Even if some flicker of memory had struggled to help him, he would not have known the newcomer was his host soon as he set eyes on him. The big-boned figure, with its suggestive elegant negligence, was impressive. He went with the house. He recognized the type, or rather the variety of individuality immediately.

Lee Aubrey was a personality; to say he exuded a force and a spirit as actual as if it had been water or a small electric current. His big face was extravagantly molded, the features fine but large and overdrawn, and smiling eyes were kindly rather friendly. The most striking thing about him was that he could not, apparently much to his regret, provide any sort of common ground on which to stand with normal men. There was no suggestion of equality in his bearing, rather an exaggerated humility, as were in the habit of going down on their mental all-fours to conduct any serious conversation.

"I was rather glad to put food of



If an hour," he said. "Fyshe from the War House has been down all day. Extraordinarily inferior mind. A decent chap. Quite sound, of course, but underlingly dull. It took Butcher all day to tell him what he wanted to know." He laughed again, half apologetically, making the criticism.

"Absurd," said Campion.

It was coming back to him, or some of was. This was the Principal's House the Bridge Institute of General Research, that remarkable and ancient institution that, from being a provincial curiosity, part charity and part museum for a hundred and fifty years, had blossomed forth in the early part of the century into one of the most valuable centers in the country. The recollection of the name as Amanda's name had come; not a raising of the curtain of darkness at hung between the front and the back of his mind, but as a sudden rent in it that flashed a whole scene from the brightness within, only to close again a moment later as the folds resettled. It was all very confusing and alarming. Lee Aubrey was looking at him intently.

"You're most frightfully tired," he said gently. "Or is something wrong?" "No, no, I'm all right." Campion was surprised at his own vehemence, but it seemed desperately important to keep his secret.

"Oh, that—that's fine." The other man was as hurt as a child. "Won't you come down? By the way, did you get our letters? There were two or three for you this morning. I'll get them for you myself. Shall we go?"

"No, I can't for a moment. I'm waiting for Amanda. We've got to talk to each other."

Even in his confused state the words appeared a little bald to Mr. Campion. Aubrey swung around and his eyes were suddenly sharp and frighteningly intelligent.

"Oh, I see," he said, and immediately he became deeply if consciously kind again. "I see. I'll go down and hold the fort until you come."

He went out gently, and, it seemed to Mr. Campion, with compassion.

LEFT alone, the man in the bedroom returned to his earlier problems. He thrust the fire-fighting kit into the bottom of a wardrobe and was about to close the door on it when a sound behind him made him turn. It was Amanda. She was there just as he had expected her, in a long, smooth white dress that seemed right and familiar and made her look about sixteen. She was wonderfully easy to look at.

"Oh, that's grand," she said, nodding at him approvingly. "What are you doing? Admiring yourself?"

"No," he said, and paused abruptly. He had seen himself in a mirror with her standing beside him. He was older than he had thought. He saw a horrified man of thirty-five or so, tall and remarkably thin, with a lean, wooden face on which there were far more lines than he had expected. She, on the other hand, might have been still at school.

"You look much more intelligent than

you used," she remarked. "Don't you think so?"

"God help me, do I?" he said involuntarily. "I am rather shocked, as a matter of fact."

He saw the amusement die out of her face.

"That's not fair," she said softly.

"What isn't?" he said, turning to her and catching her hands.

To his surprise her embarrassment increased and she released herself slowly and stood before him, a steady, determined young person, serious and annihilatingly frank.

"Albert," she said. "I know this isn't the time, and that all this business going on is far more serious at the moment, but I've got this on my mind and I want to clear it up. You know you were going to marry me next month?"

THE information, coupled with the ominous form in which it was offered appalled him. His disappointment and loneliness were so acute that they produced a physical chill and he stood looking at her without realizing that his face was a complete blank.

"Was I?" he said flatly.

She drew back from him and for a moment he felt panic-stricken that she was going to walk out and leave him.

"Don't," he said wildly. "I didn't mean that, Amanda. I'm completely at sea. I don't know where I am or who I am or what I'm doing."

"Oh, I know." She was herself again, impulsive and warm and friendly. "I know and I'll see you through this. You can rely on me absolutely all the time. That is true. You do know that?"

She thrust her arm through his and he felt the urgent, nervous strength of her young body against his side.

"I'll do anything, Albert. This is desperate, the most important, the most serious business you've ever come up against, and I'm with you. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't. It's disgusting of me to talk about the marriage when you're nearly off your head with worry about the other thing, but you know how hopeless I am about hiding anything and I can't bear to behave like a hussy even for ten minutes. You see, we've never had a love affair, have we? I've just been going to marry you ever since I was seventeen. We've known each other so long, and quite frankly it was I who suggested getting married at all. You'd almost forgotten about it in the strain of this other business, hadn't you? My good ape, don't be polite about it. It's silly when we're so used to each other. Well, now, I want to call all that off. I don't have to explain any more than that, do I?"

"How old are you now?" he asked.

"Twenty-five."

"As old as that? And you've been going to marry me for eight years."

"Well, yes. Don't be silly, you know I have, more or less." She glanced up at him and her eyes were level and truthful. "Come on, we must go down. Lee's waiting."

When Campion followed Amanda in five people were sipping sherry from beautiful old apple-green glasses, and

## Clever, These Americans!



1. HIS LORDSHIP: Dash it all, Higgins, you didn't pack my cathartics! The trip will be ruined. I've half a mind to give you the sack.



2. HIS LORDSHIP: Blast it, we'll have to cable. The dashed Americans simply don't stock our good old British pills!

HIGGINS: The Americans have something a bit superior, m'lud. A topping ready-to-eat breakfast food called KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. They say as how it's crisp and crunchy, and keeps many people "regular" as reveille.



3. HIS LORDSHIP: (next morning) Oh, I say, Higgins, this is good! How does it work and all that?

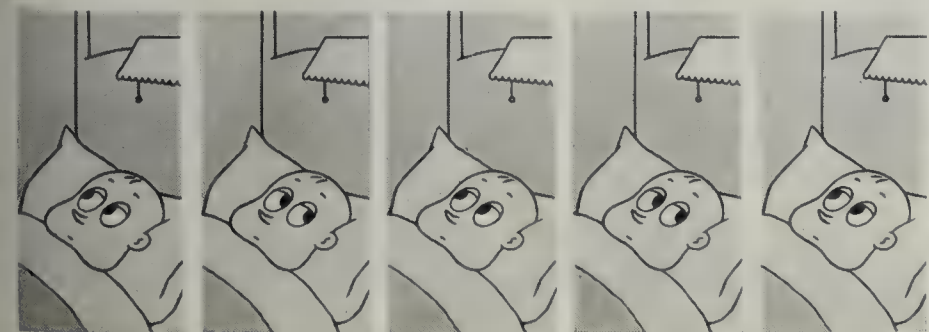
HIGGINS: You see, m'lud, it adds to your diet a bit of a special kind of food called "bulk." It's the lack of this "bulk" that so often causes constipation. Just eat ALL-BRAN regularly, and drink plenty of water!



4. HIS LORDSHIP: (sometime later) What a country, Higgins, what a country! They even use a delicious food instead of medicine.

HIGGINS: ALL-BRAN certainly made a change in you, m'lud.

Join the "Regulars" with  
**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**



Sheep


CROCKETT JOHNSON



# "Look at the hand me



"Right! It's  
in the

 *How to be a smart dummy!*



1. "Bridge is a cinch when you get supplied with this from your partner! Looks like the 'dummy' has the best hand of all. Here's one to stump her. Why is this beer can like a 'powerhouse' hand?"



4. "No worry about discards, either. Any player should appreciate that! When you're through with these beer cans, you're all through—no 'return' to carry back, no deposits to worry about."

CONTINENTAL



# Partner's holding!"

ale the way we like it . . .  
y-to-open **CAP-SEALED CANS!**"



**Easy to open!** You can't fool a bridge about these Cap-Sealed cans. See that top? It opens with *any* opener. And you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface. But that's not all: look . . ."



**3. "Beer is always trumps in our house, because in these cans it chills in a jiffy. You can get all you need in your ice box, too. Just put them on their sides, like this. We buy them by the 12-can carton."**

## Three smart plays for September

**1. Serve beer**—it's a cool and wholesome summer drink for you and your guests. No need to spend time in the kitchen "mixing 'em up." Beer is *always* ready, always welcome.

**2. Serve beer in cans**—you'll find it chills *faster* in cans. When unexpected guests drop in, just put a few extra cans in the ice box. They'll chill in a jiffy.

**3. Serve beer in CAP-SEALED cans**—because *that's* the can that requires no special opener. It opens with *any* ordinary opener. And you drink from a clean, cap-protected surface.

*Cap-Sealed*  
TRADE MARK REG.



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TWO CONVENIENT SIZES: Regular 12-oz. can and a big quart can (32-oz.)



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any time you brush your teeth



Brushing your teeth can be the quickest, *pleasantest* of daily routines. Morning and night or any time you choose . . . brush your teeth and gums with cool, minty-flavored Squibb Dental Cream. You can *taste* its tangy difference on your tongue . . . actually *feel* its exhilarating action . . . as it *cleans and refreshes*.



And how it *cleans*! Under the brush you feel the *cool, minty cream* spreading through your mouth . . . around the gum line . . . as you brush away stale deposits. And the concentrated *acid-neutralizing* Squibb Milk of Magnesia\* helps to *freshen and sweeten* your mouth.



The more often you use Squibb Dental Cream the more good it does you . . . Squibb Dental Cream was developed by the Squibb Laboratories in cooperation with members of the dental and medical professions to produce the *best possible home aid* in the preservation of your teeth and prevention of decay. . . . Get a tube—today.

\*Squibb Dental Cream contains concentrated Squibb Milk of Magnesia. An utterly safe cleanser. A valuable anti-acid.

## SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

the soft light of candles in silver sticks flickered on determinedly unfashionable clothes and proud, clever, conservative faces.

Lee Aubrey came over to them at once, excusing himself briefly to the middle-aged woman with whom he had been talking. He smiled briefly at Amanda and turned to peer at her companion with one of his typical glances, as if he were humbly taking a little look at the soul and finding much to sympathize with there.

"This is fine," he said. "Now it's just Anscombe to come. I don't think you've met everyone, have you?"

He performed the introductions with casual efficiency and four faces, one male and three female, peered up into Mr. Campion's own in dreamlike succession. A pair of round, dark eyes under untidy gray brows registered on him as he bowed to the third masculine member of the party, and he received a blurred impression of a wedge of a man with a great chest and dwindling legs. But the women meant nothing to him. One was elderly, with an untidy white haircut and black eyes, but she barely spoke to him, fixing her attention entirely on Amanda.

LEE carried him over to the other side of the room, ostensibly to find some sherry.

"Rather a depressing assembly, I'm afraid," he murmured diffidently, "but it simply couldn't be helped. This is municipal intelligentsia, my dear chap. The Bridge Institute may do work of national importance but it's still the so-called philanthropic little plaything of the Masters of Bridge. There's something frightful about hereditary possession."

"I wonder the State doesn't take it over," said Campion, and realized that the observation was idiotic as soon as he had made it.

Aubrey looked at him with bewildered incredulity.

"Naturally they'd like to," he said, "but it belongs to the town and it's pretty much of a financial asset, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course. I'd forgotten." In spite of his care the final word carried more emphasis than Campion had intended and again the other man peered at him with concern.

"My dear good man, you're exhausted," he said. "For heaven's sake have a drink. Would you rather have something other than this? I don't want to be an infernal nuisance, but isn't there anything I can do?"

"Very kind of you," he said, "but I'm all right. A little tired, nothing else."

"I see," he said very gently. "I see. Do forgive me. Oh, yes, wait a minute, here are your letters. I brought them along."

He took a handful of mail out of the coat pocket of his loose dinner jacket as he spoke and withdrew at once, with his odd, self-conscious diffidence.

Campion glanced at the letters with a slowly growing sense of satisfaction. All but one were readdressed to him from 17A Bottle Street, Piccadilly, and the sight of his name on several envelopes appeared to lend him, however unreasonably, a certain faith in his own identity.

He opened the letter that had not been readdressed but had come to him direct to the Bridge Institute and stood looking at a clumsily typed sheet that no one but an executive who normally employed a secretary would have dared to send out. It was headed baldly: "My office. The Yard. Tuesday," and ran on: "Dear A. C. Interesting conversation this afternoon with Pugh, whom T. brought in. Fancy a man called Anscombe is your best bet. He is Secretary to the Masters. Oldish, I think, and with

sister. For God's sake get busy. Keep your eyes on the calendar. The figures 15 give me the jitters whenever I see them. Nothing else this end. I shall hear the Minister again. Hardly recognize him. Enjoyed seeing fellow of that exhibiting the weaknesses and humors of the common bloke, but put the matter up me all the same.

"Forced to rely on you only now. Every other line has gone slack and time is so short. If you fail, for my part I shall wait until the balloon act does go up and then swim quietly across the sea. This is a tripey way of putting it but can't bring myself to put down I really feel. If this thing happens the end and I mean that. I'm not a religious chap, as you know, but I'm praying now literally and if any bobby on the beat wants to see me, it, he's welcome to come in here and at his Assist. Commish on his knees. Damn you, succeed. S."

Mr. Albert Campion read the letter through twice. The words themselves were convincing enough but there was something else. Something about the note was more than ordinarily startling. Suddenly he recognized what it was. Stanislaus did not write like that in his ordinary way. He accepted the message without realizing that it had not been written in full and concentrated on the really alarming peculiarity.

Stanislaus Oates was an old man, prim, elderly policeman of the old school, and he was hysterical. He was horrible, as dreadful as seeing a quarter of the Nelson Column sticking up raggedly against a lowering sky. He crumpled the paper into a ball and thrust it into his pocket until he should get near the fire to destroy it. There were cold waves playing up and down his spine. This was truly frightful. So terrible responsibility rested upon him and not only had he no recollection of what it was but he was helpless.

Amanda's laugh on the other side of the room cut into his thoughts. He looked across and saw her. She was talking to Lee Aubrey, who was leaning toward her, his big-featured face young and revealing, and a belated puppyishness apparent in his attitude. A servant was at his elbow trying to attract his attention and Campion saw him coming of his mood and turn with a startled expression to follow the man out of the room.

AMANDA glanced after him. She was radiant and excited, the entire battle equipment of her magnificent common sense and reliability set aside for the sweet, foolish fandango that any woman can dance when she is so much in love. Campion was walking over to her when Lee Aubrey came hurrying in and costed him.

He listened to the murmured words with the sudden chill which the vision of delay presents when an extra minute arises at a time of crisis.

"The police?" he repeated. "I must see the police now."

"But my dear chap . . ." Aubrey's voice was urgent. ". . . please, not here."

Campion followed him out into the wide hall and saw through an open door across an expanse of black-and-white flags the familiar gleam of silver and blue.

"The whole thing was some innocent mistake and I can't spare the time," said savagely.

Aubrey stared at him, his eyes surprised but shrewd.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Campion," he said patiently. "They've come about Anscombe. That poor old boy has just been found in his garden and you and Amanda appear to have been the last people to see him alive."

(To be continued next week)



## Killer's Luck

Continued from page 17

ing the room some three quarters of an hour later. A bellboy and a guest named Winnet had seen him leaving the hotel. The time of the murder appeared to be fixed because Winnet, when he was in his room about a quarter to eight, had heard the girl scream.

"You were right, O'Malley," I remarked, the next time I saw him. "There was no need to work on it. Miss Dalling went to New York to try to break up Newden's engagement to Miss Hanney. She had threatened her, in case she came, but she came anyway. There's no doubt of Newden's guilt."

"Well, Miss Hanney doubts it. She's at headquarters and they told me to talk to her."

"I talked with Miss Hanney. She was young and sweet-seeming and was much distressed."

"Newden ever tell you anything about Miss Dalling?" O'Malley asked her. "No, he didn't."

"What reason you got to think your didn't kill the lady?"

"Because I know he wouldn't do it." "Sister, I seen a lot of ladies that felt that way about somebody. Their guys love it, though. You go on home and keep on looking at this business." When she had left, he remarked to me, "That's a swell girl. We'll talk with that Newden."

"I went and saw Newden. They had her locked up. He was twenty-one years old."

"How come you said first you hadn't been to that hotel?" O'Malley asked

"I didn't want Miss Hanney to know that Edith Dalling."

"Sure. Then you found out we had goods on you and you had to tell me it had been there. What did you say to Miss Dalling when you seen her?"

"The same thing I'd written her before: That there couldn't be anything between us. Then I came away. I don't know who killed her."

"Yeah? She know anybody but you in New York?"

"I'm sure she didn't."

"Did you give her the name of that hotel?"

"No; I'd never even heard of the place until she phoned me."

"WE SAW the witness Hardis."

"How come you was at that hotel?" O'Malley asked him.

"A friend of mine told me the charges were reasonable. I live in Indianapolis. I was on my way to my room, and a very pretty young girl was admitting a young man into Room 302. Of course I didn't think anything of it at the time or know either of their names. Later, I identified him for the police."

"We went and saw Winnet. His home was in Rhode Island. 'You didn't do anything when you heard that lady scream?'" O'Malley inquired of him.

"Yes; I opened my room door and stepped out into the hall. I didn't see anything or hear anything more. I didn't think much about it at the time. A half-hour after that, I was in the lobby talking with one of the bellboys, when I saw a young man come down the stairs. I noticed him because he seemed agitated."

"This the first time you was at that hotel?"

"No; I always stop there when I am in New York overnight. I had been on a business trip to Pittsburgh and also on business in New York. I was there overnight, and next morning transacted my business and went home. Later, I received a request from the police to re-

turn to New York, because the bellboy had told them I had seen the young man at the same time he did."

The third witness was Valley. He had seen Newden in the hall outside Miss Dalling's room. Valley had been waiting for the elevator. He had noticed the young man because Newden had not waited for the elevator but went down the stairs.

"We went back to headquarters."

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I changed my mind. I think the same as Miss Hanney. It's my idea Newden didn't do it."

"I was astonished."

"We've heard nothing at all to warrant such a conclusion," I told him heatedly. "The girl's scream indicates she was killed while Newden was in her room. There was nobody else there."

"WE DON'T know it was her that screamed."

"Who else could it have been, O'Malley? No one but Newden had any motive. Miss Dalling knew no one else in New York. She wouldn't have admitted a stranger to her room. There was no sign of any other mode of entry. The money in her handbag shows there had been no robbery."

"Yeah? We don't know what the girl had."

"You're silly!" I said with irritation.

"Yeah? What for did he put her in the trunk?"

"So she wouldn't be found immediately," I replied. "He hoped to make it uncertain just when the murder occurred."

"That's the first smart thing you said!"

"I saw him next day."

"Well?" I inquired.

"Why, I been working. I talked with them hotel guests and the employees. I had the maids and others account for all the passkeys. There couldn't none of the passkeys been used to get into the room. I wired Buffalo cops for all they could get me about this Miss Dalling. The girl had no relatives. She had a good job. They can't learn she had any bank account. She had a couple of rooms and she owned her own furniture, but she gave up her job and sold all her stuff before she came to New York."

"Does that mean," I asked, "that she meant to stay here?"

"You're good. I figure the hundred dollars she had maybe come from the furniture. I'll tell you another thing. That Hardis had a room nearer to the girl's room than the one Winnet was in, but he claims he didn't hear nobody scream."

"Do you suspect Hardis?" I asked.

"Since I seen Miss Hanney, I go around suspecting everybody except Newden. I guess I and her are the only ones that feel that way. Them cops are putting on a shenanigan to make Newden confess."

"What kind of shenanigan?"

"At the hotel."

"We went to the hotel. The police had Newden there, and in another room they had the witnesses. They took Newden into Room 302. The room had been arranged as it was when the girl's body was found. The square trunk had been brought back and set at the foot of the bed, Miss Dalling's dresses were hanging in the closet, her other things had been put in the dresser drawers, and the room key was on the writing table where it had been found. Then they brought Hardis in."

"Is the fellow here that you saw come



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to this room?" one of the cops asked him.

"Yes."

"Which one? Go put your hand on him."

Hardis went and put his hand on Newden's arm. Then they brought Valley in, and he did the same thing; and then Winnet, and last the bellboy named Adley, who had seen Newden in the lobby.

"What's all this for?" Newden demanded. "I admit I came here."

"All right, fellow. Somebody open the trunk."

The bellboy opened it. I was startled because I thought at first the girl's body was in the trunk.

Then I saw that the figure in the trunk was a lay figure.

"That was a silly business, O'Malley!" I asserted, when we were in the hall outside.

"Sure. It was old stuff. Cops got no imagination."

"It didn't force Newden to confess, and if the guilty man is Hardis it had no effect on him either."

"I didn't notice. Come on, I got things to do!"

We went down in the elevator, but we didn't go out the front door of the hotel; we went out the employees' entrance. A laundry van was standing in the street and we hopped into it. O'Malley flashed his shield.

"Get going!" he told the driver. "Police business. A guy just come out the door of that hotel and I want to follow him, and we're using your wagon so he won't see us."

I sat on the bundles of laundry and couldn't see anything, and O'Malley, sitting in front of me, directed the driver. We stopped finally and waited about fifteen minutes.

"Okay," O'Malley said.

I got out and we went into what turned out to be a broker's office.

"A guy just come in here and done some business and went out," O'Malley told the first man we saw. "What business?"

"He left some bonds here to be sold. We hadn't sold them and he reclaimed the bonds."

"What kind of bonds?"

"They're bonds of a power company near Buffalo."

"O'Malley," I said, "that fellow is going to get away!"

"I ain't that dumb. I got a cop following him."

We went to headquarters. Police were questioning somebody in the detectives' room and O'Malley went in. I saw, while the door was open, that the man they had in there was Winnet. After a long while O'Malley came out.

"Was it Winnet killed her?" I asked. "Right."

"He was the one we followed, then?"

"Right. This Winnet had a job in Providence and he was going with a married lady there and he took money from the company where he worked to spend on her. He is one of them guys from a good family that they call black sheep. Well, he found if he couldn't put the money back he was going to get caught. He went to Pittsburgh because he had relatives there that he hoped to get money from, but they wouldn't give him none."

"He was coming back to New York, figuring he'd probably get put in jail, and at Buffalo Miss Dalling got onto the train and got into the same car where Winnet was. It happened, when they went into the diner, that they sat at the same table and they got to talking. Miss Dalling didn't know anything about New York and she asked Winnet did he know a hotel where they didn't charge too much, so he gave her the name of that hotel where he always stopped."

"I see."

"Miss Dalling was planning to stay in New York because of Newden, so she was bringing with her all she had. What she had was six thousand dollars in bonds that her father had given her before he died. They were in her traveling bag. When she and Winnet went back to their car, for some reason she opened the bag and Winnet seen the bonds."

"An unfortunate piece of carelessness!" I commented.

"You said it! That night, when they got to New York, Miss Dalling took a cab to the hotel, and Winnet was going to take a train to Rhode Island. Well, he didn't take the train. He says he sat in the station and walked around the streets all night, thinking about them bonds. He figured they probably was unregistered bonds, so there wasn't no evidence to who they belonged."

"In the morning he went to the hotel and found out Miss Dalling was there and found where her room was. Winnet was well known to everybody at the hotel and they didn't think nothing when he didn't like what room they suggested for him till they mentioned one on the third floor. They got master keys in that hotel that open the doors on all the floors, and one master key is kept in the hotel office. Winnet had been around the place so much he knew where it was kept. When there wasn't anybody in the office, Winnet went in and got the master key, and it didn't take him no more than a few minutes to go out and get a key made like it and put the master key back."

"Clever!"

"That night, he waited till he was sure the girl was asleep, then he went in there. He claims he didn't have no thought of murder; he just wanted the bonds. Well, Miss Dalling was asleep all right. She'd been a lot troubled by her talk with Newden, and she'd laid down on the bed without getting undressed. Winnet had opened the traveling bag and got out the bonds when Miss Dalling woke up. He grabbed her before she could scream, and he seen she'd recognized him, so there was nothing to do, he claims, but knock her off."

"After he'd done it, he figured to fix it so the murder wouldn't be known till he'd left the hotel. He took her things out of the trunk and put 'em in the dresser drawers, and he locked the girl up in the trunk. In the morning he left the bonds at that broker's to be sold, giving a phony name, and he took a train

for Rhode Island, and when he got in the country he threw away the master key he'd had made and the key to the trunk. Except he'd had killer's luck, he'd never have been suspected."

"Killer's luck?" I inquired.

"Sure. They have bad luck. When Newden come down the hotel stairs Winnet was talking with that bellboy. Bad luck! Cops questioned the bellboy and he said Winnet had seen the girl too. So then Winnet had to come back to New York to be a witness. He figured if he claimed he'd heard the scream, nobody would doubt but what Newden was the killer."

"Was it the scream," I asked, "that put you on the right track?"

"The first thing was the timetable. Somebody had given Miss Dalling the name of the hotel. If the timetable was the thing she found most handy to write it on, it looked like the name was given her on the train."

"A sound deduction, O'Malley."

"THE next thing was the trunk. A lay figure at a hotel don't usually take everything out of her trunk. She takes out dresses. Some guy had taken time to take everything out of the trunk and put the girl into it, so he could get away before the murder was discovered. Would Newden do that? I and you seen the boy, and I figured he wouldn't. So then I begun to think about the scream. I couldn't find nobody but Winnet that had heard the girl scream, and other people were nearer Miss Dalling's room than he was. So maybe she had screamed. Then why was Winnet seen in it?"

"Did the lay figure in the trunk have anything to do with solving the case?"

"Plenty. That old gag don't bother innocent guy, but a guilty guy can stand it. I told them cops to be sure have the witnesses there. When everybody was watching Newden, I was making it as plain as I could to Winnet that it was him I was watching. When he found the surprise of the figure in the trunk he couldn't hide his feelings, and he seen I knew he was guilty. From then on, my one idea was to get away. By when they found the bonds on him at headquarters, it broke the guy down."

"Good work, O'Malley! I'd like to work with you when you tell Miss Hanne-

"What for? She's in love with Newden. All she'll be thinking is with dumb guys we all are that we ever suspected him."



"If it leaks now, what are we supposed to do on the lake?"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



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## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 18



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good and proper. I'd have sworn she was the genuine article."

"But, my friend, she was the genuine article. We know all about her past life."

"We didn't know she was capable of murder—and that's what it looks like now. Sylvia didn't murder Mabelle. Mabelle murdered Sylvia."

Hercule Poirot shook his head in a worried fashion. He still found it difficult to reconcile Mabelle Sainsbury Seale with murder. Yet in his ears he heard the small, ironic voice of Mr. Barnes:

"Look among the respectable people. . . ."

Mabelle Sainsbury Seale had been eminently respectable.

Japp said, with emphasis, "I'm going to get to the bottom of this case, Poirot. That woman isn't going to put it over on me."

THE following day, Japp rang up. His voice held a curious note.

"Poirot," he said, "do you want to hear a piece of news? It's napoo, my lad. Napoo!"

"Pardon?—the line is perhaps not very clear. I did not quite catch—"

"It's off, my boy. OFF. Call it a day! Sit down and twiddle our thumbs!"

There was no mistaking the bitterness now. Poirot was startled.

"What is off?"

"The whole ruddy, blinking thing! The hue and cry! The publicity! The whole bag of tricks!"

"But I still do not understand."

"Well, listen. Listen carefully, because I can't mention names very well. You know our inquiry? You know we're combing the country for a performing fish?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly. I comprehend now."

"Well, that's been called off. Hushed up—kept mum. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, yes. But why?"

"Orders from the ruddy Foreign Office."

"Is not that very extraordinary?"

"Well, it does happen now and again, especially in wartime."

"Why should they be so forbearing to Miss—to the performing fish?"

"They're not. They don't care tuppence about her. It's the publicity—if she's brought to trial too much might come out about Mrs. A. C. The corpse. That's the hush-hush side! I can only suppose that the ruddy husband—Mr. A. C.—Get me?"

"Yes, yes."

"That he's somewhere abroad in a ticklish spot and they don't want to queer his pitch."

"Tchah!"

"What did you say?"

"I made, *mon ami*, an exclamation of annoyance!"

"Oh! that was it. I thought you'd caught cold. Annoyance is right! I could use a stronger word. Letting that dame get away with it makes me see red."

Poirot said, very softly, "She will not get away with it."

"Our hands are tied, I tell you!"

"Yours may be—mine are not!"

"Good old Poirot! Then you are going on with it?"

"Mais oui—to the death."

"Well, don't let it be your death, old boy! If this business goes on as it has begun someone will probably send you a poisoned tarantula by post!"

As he replaced the receiver, Poirot said to himself, "Now why did I use that

melodramatic phrase—to the death! It is absurd!"

The letter came by the evening post. It was typewritten except for the signature.

Dear M. Poirot:

I should be greatly obliged if you would call upon me some time tomorrow. I may have a commission for you. I suggest twelve-thirty, at my house in Chelsea. If this is inconvenient to you, perhaps you would telephone and arrange some other time with my secretary? I apologize for giving you such short notice.

Yours sincerely,  
 ALISTAIR BLUNT

Poirot smoothed out the letter and read it a second time. At that moment the telephone rang.

Hercule Poirot occasionally indulged in the fancy that he knew by the ring of his telephone bell what kind of message was impending.

On this occasion he was at once quite sure that the call was significant. It was not a wrong number—not one of his friends.

He got up and took down the receiver. He said in his polite voice, "Hello?"

An impersonal voice said: "What number are you, please?"

"This is Whitehall 7272."

There was a pause, a click, and then a voice spoke. It was a woman's voice.

"M. Poirot?"

"Yes."

"M. Hercule Poirot?"

"Yes."

"M. Poirot, you have either already received—or will shortly receive—a letter."

"Who is speaking?"

"It is not necessary that you should know."

"Very well. I have received, Madame, eight letters and three bills by the evening post."

"Then you know which letter I mean. You will be wise, M. Poirot, to refer the commission you have been offered."

"That, Madame, is a matter I shall decide myself."

The voice said coldly, "I am warning you, M. Poirot. Your interference will no longer be tolerated. *Keep out of this business.*"

"And if I do not keep out of it?"

"THEN we shall take steps to see to it that your interference is no longer tolerated."

"That is a threat, Madame!"

"We are only asking you to be sensible. . . . It is for your own good."

"You are very magnanimous!"

"You cannot alter the course of events and what has been arranged. So keep out of what doesn't concern you! Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand. But I consider that Mr. Morley's death is my concern."

The woman's voice said sharply, "Morley's death was only an incident. He interfered with our plans."

"He was a human being, Madame, and he died before his time."

"He was of no importance."

Poirot's voice was dangerous as he said very quietly, "There you are wrong. . . ."

"It was his own fault. He refused to be sensible."

"I, too, refuse to be sensible."

"Then you are a fool."

There was a click at the other end of the receiver was replaced.

Poirot said "Hello?" then put down his receiver in turn. He did not trouble



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ask the exchange to trace the number. He was fairly sure that the call had been put through from a public telephone box.

What intrigued and puzzled him was the fact that he thought he had heard the voice somewhere before. He racked his brains, trying to bring the elusive memory back. Could it be the voice of Miss Sainsbury Seale?

As he remembered it, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's voice had been high-pitched and somewhat affected, with rather overemphasized diction. This voice was not at all like that, and yet—perhaps it might be Miss Sainsbury Seale with her voice disguised. After all, she had been an actress in her time. She could alter her voice, probably, easily enough. In actual timbre the voice was not unlike what he remembered.

But he was not satisfied with that explanation. No, it was some other person that the voice brought back to him. It was not a voice he knew well—but he was still quite sure that he had heard it once, if not twice before.

Why, he wondered, bother to ring up and threaten him? Could these people actually believe that threats would deter him? Apparently they did. It was poor psychology!

THERE was some sensational news in the morning papers. The prime minister had been shot at when leaving 10 Downing Street with a friend yesterday evening. Fortunately the bullet had done one wide. The man, an Indian, had been taken into custody.

After reading this, Poirot took a taxi to Scotland Yard where he was shown up to Japp's room. The latter greeted him heartily.

"Ah, so the news has brought you long. Have any of the papers mentioned who 'the friend' was with the P. M.?"

"No, who was it?"

"Alistair Blunt."

"Really?"

"And," went on Japp, "we've every reason to believe that the bullet was meant for Blunt and not for the P. M. That is, unless the man was an even more thundering bad shot than he is already!"

"Who did it?"

"Some crazy Hindu student. Half naked, as usual. But he was put up to it. It wasn't all his own idea."

Japp added: "Quite a sound bit of work getting him. There's usually a small group of people, you know, watching No. 10. When the shot was fired, a young American grabbed hold of a little man with a beard. Held on to him like grim death and yelled to the police that he'd got the man. Meanwhile, the Indian was quietly hooking it—but one of our people nabbed him all right."

"Who was the American?" asked Poirot curiously.

"Young fellow of the name of Raikes. Why—" He stopped short, staring at Poirot. "What's the matter?"

Poirot said, "Howard Raikes, staying at the Holborn Palace Hotel?"

"That's right. Who—why, of course! I thought the name seemed familiar. He's the patient who ran away that morning when Morley shot himself. . . ."

He paused. He said, slowly, "Rum—how that old business keeps cropping up. You've still got your ideas about it, haven't you, Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot replied gravely, "Yes. I still have my ideas. . . ."

AT THE Gothic House, Poirot was received by a secretary, a tall, limp young man with an accomplished social manner. He was pleasantly apologetic.

"I am so sorry, M. Poirot—and so is Mr. Blunt. He has been called to Downing Street. The result of this—er—incident last night. I rang your flat, but unfortunately you had already left."

The young man went on rapidly:

"Mr. Blunt commissioned me to ask you if it would be possible for you to spend the week end with him at his house in Kent. Exsham, you know. If so, he would call for you in the car tomorrow evening."

Poirot hesitated.

The young man said, persuasively, "Mr. Blunt is really most anxious to see you."

Hercule Poirot bowed his head. "Thank you," he said. "I accept."

"Oh, that's splendid. Mr. Blunt will be delighted. If he calls for you about a quarter to six, will that— Oh, good morning, Mrs. Olivera—"

Jane Olivera's mother had just entered. She was very smartly dressed, with a hat clinging to an eyebrow in the midst of a very soignée coiffure.

"Oh! Mr. Selby, did Mr. Blunt give you any instructions about those garden chairs? I meant to talk to him about them last night, because I knew we'd be going down this week end and—"

Mrs. Olivera took in Poirot and paused.

"Do you know Mrs. Olivera, M. Poirot?"

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting Madame."

Poirot bowed.

Mrs. Olivera said vaguely, "Oh? How do you do. Of course, Mr. Selby, I know that Alistair is a very busy man and that these small domestic matters mayn't seem to him important—"

"It's quite all right, Mrs. Olivera," said the efficient Mr. Selby. "He told me about it and I rang up Messrs. Deever about them."

"Well, now, that's a real load off my mind. Now, Mr. Selby, can you tell me . . ."

Mrs. Olivera clacked on. She was, thought Poirot, rather like a hen. A big, fat hen! Mrs. Olivera, still clacking, moved majestically toward the door.

" . . . and if you're quite sure that there will only be ourselves this week end—"

Mr. Selby coughed.

"Er—M. Poirot is also coming down for the week end."

Mrs. Olivera stopped. She turned around and surveyed Poirot with visible distaste.

"Is that really so?"

"Mr. Blunt has been kind enough to invite me," said Poirot.

"Well, I wonder—why, if that isn't queer of Alistair. You'll excuse me, M. Poirot, but Mr. Blunt particularly told me that he wanted a quiet, family week end!"

Selby said, firmly, "Mr. Blunt is par-







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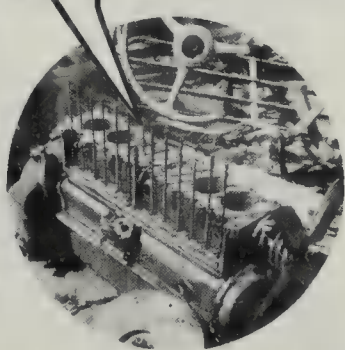


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ticularly anxious that M. Poirot should come."

"Oh, really? He didn't mention it to me."

The door opened. Jane stood there. She said impatiently: "Mother, aren't you coming? Our lunch appointment is at 1:15!"

"I'm coming, Jane. Don't be impatient."

"Well, get a move on, for goodness' sake—Hullo, M. Poirot."

She was suddenly very still—her petulance frozen. Her eyes more wary.

Mrs. Olivera said in a cold voice, "M. Poirot is coming down to Exsham for the week end."

"Oh—I see."

Jane Olivera stood back to let her mother pass her. On the point of following her, she whirled back again.

"M. Poirot!"

Her voice was imperious. Poirot crossed the room to her. She said in a low voice, "You're coming down to Exsham? Why?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He said, "It is a kind thought of your uncle's."

Jane said: "But he can't know . . . He can't . . . When did he ask you? Oh, there's no need—"

"Jane!"

Her mother was calling from the hall.

Jane said in a low, urgent tone, "Stay away. Please don't come."

She went out. Poirot heard the sounds of altercation, heard Mrs. Olivera's high, complaining, clucking voice. "I really will not tolerate your rudeness, Jane. . . . I shall take steps to see that you do not interfere—"

The secretary said, "Then at a little before six tomorrow, M. Poirot?"

Poirot nodded assent mechanically. He was standing like a man who has seen a ghost.

But it was his ears, not his eyes, that had given him the shock.

Two of the sentences that had drifted in through the open door were almost identical with those he had heard last night through the telephone, and he knew why the voice had been faintly familiar.

As he walked out into the sunshine he shook his head blankly.

Mrs. Olivera?

But it was impossible! It could not have been Mrs. Olivera who had spoken over the phone!

That empty-headed society woman—selfish, brainless, grasping, self-centered? What had he called her to himself just now?

"That good fat hen? C'est ridicule!" said Hercule Poirot.

His ears, he decided, must have deceived him. And yet—

The car called punctually for Poirot at a little before six.

Alistair Blunt and his secretary were the only occupants. Mrs. Olivera and Jane had gone down by train earlier, it seemed.

THE drive was uneventful. Blunt talked a little, mostly of his garden and of a recent horticultural show. He did not mention the war.

Poirot congratulated him on his escape from death, at which Blunt demurred.

"Oh, that! Don't think the fellow was shooting at me particularly. Anyway, the poor chap hadn't the first idea of how to aim! Just one of these half-crazed students. There's no harm in them really. They just get worked up and fancy that a pot shot at the P. M. will alter the course of history. It's pathetic, really."

"There have been other attempts on your life, have there not?"

"Sounds quite melodramatic," said Blunt, with a slight twinkle. "Someone sent me an I.R.A. bomb by post not long

ago. It wasn't a very efficient bomb. You know, these fellows who want to take on the management of the world—what sort of an efficient business do they think they could make of it, when they can't even devise an effectual bomb?"

He shook his head.

"It's always the same thing—long-haired, woolly idealists—without a practical bit of knowledge in their heads. I'm not a clever chap—never have been—but I can just read and write and do arithmetic. D'you understand what I mean by that?"

"I think so, but explain to me further."

"Well, if I read something that is written down in English I can understand what it means—I am not talking of abstruse stuff, formulae or philosophy—just plain businesslike English—most people can't! If I want to write down something I can write down what I mean—I've discovered that quite a lot of people can't do that either! And, as I say, I can do plain arithmetic. If Jones has eight bananas and Brown takes ten away

## FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists

No. 2



**Hoosierite Frank Beaven knows how to plow corn, but doesn't understand how he contrived to get through Wabash College, where he edited the humor magazine. A columnist's glowing description of New York finally egged him eastward, where he has learned to keep his hat on in elevators, lie about his golf score, draw gags like the one across the page.**

from him, how many will Jones have left? That's the kind of sum people like to pretend has a simple answer. They won't admit, first, that Brown can't do it, and, second, that there won't be an answer in plus bananas!"

"They prefer the answer to be a con juring trick?"

"Exactly. Politicians are just as bad. But I've always held out for plain common sense. You can't beat it, you know in the end."

He added, with a slightly self-conscious laugh: "But I mustn't talk shop. Bad habit. Besides, I like to leave business matters behind when I get away from London. I've been looking forward, M. Poirot, to hearing a few of your adventures. I read a lot of thriller and detective stories, you know. Do you think any of them are true to life?"

The conversation dwelt for the rest of the journey on the more spectacular cases of Hercule Poirot. Alistair Blunt displayed himself as avid as any school boy for details.

This pleasant atmosphere sustained a chill on arrival at Exsham where behind her massive bust Mrs. Olivera radiated



freezing disapproval. She ignored Poirot as far as possible, addressing herself exclusively to her host and to Mr. Blunt.

The latter showed Poirot to his room. The house was a charming one, not very big, and furnished with the same good taste that Poirot had noticed in London. Everything was costly but simple. The vast wealth that owned it was only indicated by the smoothness with which this apparent simplicity was produced. The service was admirable—the cooking, English, not Continental—the wines at dinner stirred Poirot to a passion of appreciation. They had a perfect, clear soup, a grilled sole, saddle of lamb with tiny, young garden peas and strawberries and cream.

POIROT was so enjoying these creature comforts that the continued rigid demeanor of Mrs. Olivera and the brusque rudeness of her daughter hardly attracted his attention. Jane, for some reason, was regarding him with definite hostility. Hazily, toward the end of dinner, Poirot wondered why.

Looking down the table with mild curiosity, Blunt asked, "Helen not dining with us tonight?" Julia Olivera's lips drew themselves with a taut line.

"Dear Helen has been overtiring herself, I think, in the garden," she said. "I suggested it would be far better for her to go to bed and rest than to bother to dress herself up and come here. She quite saw my point."

"Oh, I see." Blunt looked vague and a little puzzled. "I thought it made a bit of a change for her at week ends."

"Helen is such a simple soul. She likes turning in early," said Mrs. Olivera firmly.

When Poirot joined the ladies in the drawing room, Blunt having remained behind for a few minutes' conversation with his secretary, he heard Jane Olivera say to her mother:

"Uncle Alistair didn't quite like the old way you'd shelled Helen Montresor, Mother."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Olivera roostily. "Alistair is too good-natured. Our relations are all very well—very kind of him to let her have the cottage rent free, but to think he has to have her up to the house every week end for dinner is absurd! She's only a second cousin or something. I don't think Alistair ought to be imposed upon!"

"I think she's proud in her way," said Jane. "She does an awful lot in the garden."

"That shows a proper spirit," said Mrs. Olivera comfortably. "She's very dependent and one respects her for it."

She settled herself comfortably on the sofa and, still not taking any notice of Poirot, added:

"Just bring me the Low Down Review, dear. There's something about Lois Van Schuyler in it and that Moroccan guide of hers."

Alistair Blunt appeared in the doorway.

"Now, M. Poirot, come into my room," he said.

Alistair Blunt's own sanctum was a low, long room at the back of the house, with windows opening upon the garden. It was comfortable, with deep armchairs and settees and just enough pleasant untidiness to make it livable.

(Needless to say, Hercule Poirot would have preferred a greater symmetry.)

After offering his guest a cigarette and lighting his own pipe, Alistair Blunt came to the point quite simply and directly:

"There's a good deal that I'm not satisfied about. I'm referring, of course, to this Sainsbury Seale woman. For reasons of their own—reasons no doubt which are perfectly justified—the authorities have called off the hunt. I don't know exactly who Albert Chapman is or what he's doing—but whatever it is, it's something pretty vital and it's the sort of business that might land him in a tight spot if he is, as I suspect, in an enemy country. I don't know the ins and outs of it, but the P. M. did just mention that they can't afford any publicity whatever about this case and that the sooner it fades out of the public's memory the better."

"That's quite okay. That's the official view, and they know what's necessary and what the Admiralty and the War Office want."

He leaned forward in his chair.

"But I want to know the truth, M. Poirot. And you're the man to find it out for me."

"What do you want me to do, M. Blunt?"

"I want you to find this woman—Sainsbury Seale."

"Alive or dead?"

Alistair Blunt's eyebrows rose.

"You think it possible that she is dead?"

Hercule Poirot was silent for a minute or two, then he said, speaking slowly and with weight:

"If you want my opinion—but it is only an opinion, remember—then, yes, I think she is dead."

"Why do you think so?"

Hercule Poirot smiled slightly.

"It would not make sense to you if I said it was because of a pair of unworn stockings in a drawer."

Alistair Blunt stared at him curiously.

"You're an odd man, M. Poirot."

"I am very odd. That is to say, I am methodical, orderly and logical—and I do not like distorting facts to support a theory—that, I find, is unusual!"

"I've been turning the whole thing



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57

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FRANK BEAVEN







highly placed, respected, rich, prosperous, satisfied. You will say—such a man is no reason to commit murder. But I say—yes, for such a man has much to lose. And easy living sometimes saps moral strength. You will take then a poor man, humble, obscure. And to that I say, such a man might have great temptations, for he might have much to gain. Or, to leave material views, you will instance a man of kindly nature—a man who hates to kill a fly.

"Such a man, you will say, could not kill a human being. But that is not true. Men of gentle and kindly ways in private life will order the destruction of masses without turning a hair. Lenin is a gentle man in his family life, Adolf Hitler is kind and gentle to children. And there are other men, benevolent and kindly in public life, who have strange streaks of cruelty and sadism which they hide from the general gaze. I'd remember this, when you say 'so good so could never kill'—that it is possible for almost everyone to play a part. There was a woman once in France who used to hurry to nurse sick children. The mothers loved her, she was so gentle and full of sympathy—so sad when the objects of her ministrations died—they all did die. That woman, M. Blunt, murdered as many, I believe, as thirteen children."

Blunt said, "She was mad."  
"The individual who kills is mad—not beforehand, perhaps, but certainly afterward. To take a life is to put oneself on an equality with the good God, and a human brain can stand that terrific

strain. Anyone who has murdered once will murder again. He (or she) will come to believe that he has the right to kill. He will brush aside a human life as he would brush aside an insect."

Alistair Blunt said slowly, "You paint a frightening picture, M. Poirot."

"Believe me, it is a true one."

"I have one more argument. Take a stupid person. A thoroughly stupid woman, for instance, would not have the brains to plan a murder."

Poirot smiled.

"The stupid murderers, M. Blunt, are the ones that get caught."

"I used the wrong word, perhaps. 'Silly' explains my meaning better. There is a type of silly empty-headed woman—whom surely it would be ridiculous to suspect of violence of any kind."

"There are strange compensations in nature. Silliness is often accompanied by a good deal of cunning. A lot of what you call 'silliness' is often deliberately put on—it is a defensive reaction to life. Behind it there is often a very shrewd brain. I knew a particularly vapid and empty-headed woman who committed one of the cleverest murders I have ever investigated."

Blunt laughed.

"Very well, then, we are all potential murderers!" He added slyly, "Even M. Hercule Poirot?"

Poirot did not smile. He said gravely:

"I will answer in the words of one of your famous men. *There, but for the Grace of God, goes Hercule Poirot.* . . ."

(To be continued next week)

## Cut-Rate Showman

Continued from page 12

quarter under the wicket, and give him a nickel back with his two ducats. Or give him a dime back from his half. He likes that. He thinks he's getting a bargain. That's the principle the big department stores work on. But never price a ticket at fifteen cents. It means a quarter plus a nickel for two seats, so it sells expensive."

Todd can be chromium-hard. The only concession he'll make to a wheedler is to ask, "How do you want your 'No'—fast or slow?" But hardness is not natural to him. Like his huge cigars, it is a disguise adopted to belie his youth and essential affability. Otherwise, he thinks there would be no end to his being imposed upon.

### How to Gyp a Gyp

Young in years, Todd is a veteran showman. His first job was in show business, in Minneapolis, his native city. He was seven, and his employer was a technician who demonstrated the versatility of his line of potato-peelers by coming to stick one of them through Mike's neck. He was receiving a quarter a day for this pleasant work when his elder brother spied him and packed him back to school. Soon afterward the family moved to Bloomington, Minnesota, and then to Chicago. Mike was twelve before he met his first love again. The scene was Division Street, where a small carnival was playing. One of the booths was a ball-and-bucket game. Throw three balls into the bucket, and if they stay you win a duck. Mike was watching the neighbors pay their quarters to miss, when the proprietor beckoned to him. "You look like a smart kid," he said. "Can you keep your trap shut?" "Don't worry about that," said Mike. "Well, come inside here. . . . See that bucket? See that spring in the bottom? It's pulled tight, the balls will hit it

and bounce out. All you've got to do is crawl under this platform, and when you hear me holler 'Don't miss it!' you pull the spring. I'll give you two bits a night. Okay?"

This criminal partnership operated faultlessly for a couple of nights, until Mike decided that it would take at least four bits to gag his conscience. The proprietor—"The Duke," he called himself—turned him down flat. Even then Todd was a dangerous man to cross. He conferred with a friend, one Legs Kaplan, and explained the gaff. "Now, get this," he said. "When the Duke yells, 'Don't miss it!' you yell right back, 'I won't!' That way, I'll know it's you and I'll forget about the spring."

Mike crawled under the platform and waited. Presently, after the Duke's usual "Don't miss it!" he heard Legs' confident "I won't!" Legs didn't.

"The little gentleman wins a fine, fat duck," said the Duke grudgingly. "And now who's next?"

"I am," said Legs. "Here's another quarter. Gimme three more shots."

"Don't miss it!" said the Duke, with a rousing kick at Mike's exposed rear.

"I won't!" Legs promised cheerily. He was right again.

Telling the story now, Todd says. "We moved the joint out. We took the Duke for every duck in his stable, right then and there."

Todd's steady job was popping soda at Ritzlin's drugstore. Between drinks he studied the pharmacopoeia so diligently that he passed the Illinois examination and became, at thirteen, the youngest apprentice pharmacist in the state. That led to a better job—at the Michael Reese Hospital. And that led to a still better one—in the Chicago branch of a national shoe retailer. It came through one of the patients, a shoe salesman, who was impressed by the youngster's drive.

He had drive aplenty. In fact, he



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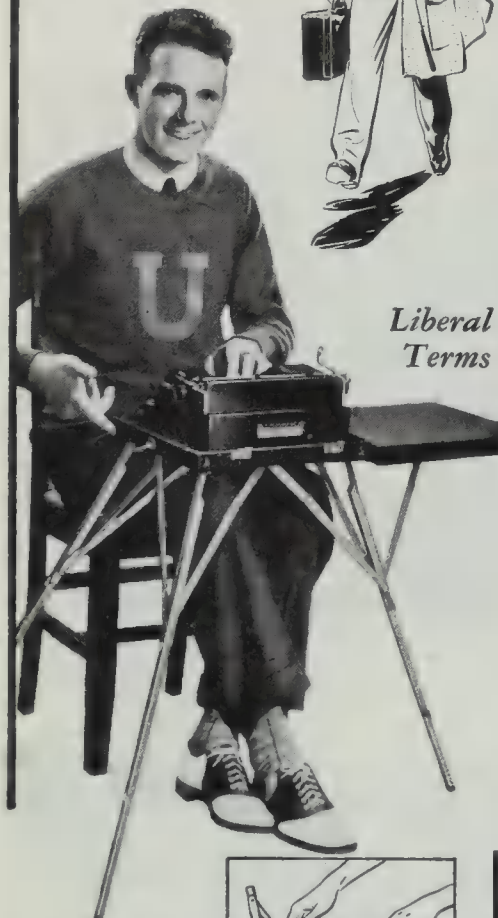


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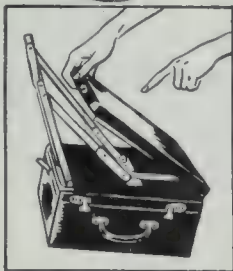
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drove himself right out of the job. The boss had supplied the staff with blanks headed "Employees' Suggestions for Improving Business," and Todd had been at work hardly a week before he was turning in thirty to forty suggestions a day. The boss replied with a suggestion of his own.

Todd's next field was high-pressure merchandising. He and an elder partner, eighteen years old, set out to teach small shopkeepers how to conduct sales of the Sacrifice—Forced-to-Vacate—Building-Coming-Down sort. Their first client was a shopkeeper on Milwaukee Avenue. The partners put their souls and their entire capital of eighty dollars into a series of heart-rending window displays for him. The displays were so heart-rending, it turned out, that the shopkeeper himself believed them and went into bankruptcy.

A week later the merchandising expert was a college president. Bricklayers were making around fifteen dollars a day then, so Todd figured it was a trade that a lot of men would like to learn. The result was the Robey Street College of Bricklaying of America. The campus was a rented storeroom. The faculty was one bricklayer, an Assyrian named Mr. Stevens. And the laboratory equipment was a pile of bricks and a hod of mortar. The college failed because its graduates found that the union wouldn't accept their diplomas, but notice the Todd touch: he put no cement into his mortar, so it wouldn't harden, and he could use it over and over again.

## Big Business at Seventeen

Single bricks led to bricks in bulk. He scraped together a new stake by taking "Modernize Your Home" ads in Chicago's foreign-language newspapers and subletting the contracts. Soon he was ready for his big step. It was on the face of the suburbs, and it left bruises in the form of billboards shouting "Happy Home Builders!—See the Michael Todd Construction Company!" and "Let the Michael Todd Construction Company Make You Happy Too!" and "Another One Made Happy by the Michael Todd Construction Co.!"

The company did well, but it would do even better, the president discovered, if so many potential clients didn't mistrust his seventeen-year-old abilities. Abruptly he changed its name to the Atlantic Construction Company and disguised himself on his business cards as "Estimator," "Supervisor" or "Salesman."

"Of course," he admits, "I had some printed that billed me as 'President,' but that was strictly to impress the girls."

One girl, Miss Bertha Freshman, was sufficiently impressed to marry him. He was seventeen and she was sixteen. In fact, they were married twice to be sure about it, and they have been married ever since. Michael junior is now eleven.

Todd was doing a gross business of \$2,000,000 a year when the bond house that financed him went broke and carried him down with it. Chicago seemed to be a jinx city for his talents, so, early in 1928, he took them to California. The talkies were then in their infancy. Naturally, they required soundproofed stages. Naturally, Todd introduced himself as a soundproofing expert. The usual side lines were developed: a lumber business, a tramp-steamship business, a street-paving business. Once again he was riding high. Once again he was tripped. This time it was providential. It brought him back to Chicago and to show business.

A single job has never been enough to contain Todd's energy. The workaday world now knew him merely as a gag-writer for Olsen and Johnson, Sena-

tor Murphy and Rae Samuels, but all the while—like the young George Washington and the young Tom Edison—he was dreaming dreams of glory. They flowered in an airy, faery conception called The Flame Dance, in which a girl costumed as a moth whirls around a huge candle, closer and closer, until her clothes catch fire and burn off, leaving her nude.

Dainty? Poetic? The Ineffable Entrepreneur brushed aside the plaudits of the *haut monde* and commented only, "I burnt up four dolls before I got it."

## The Hot Mikado is Born

However, he tucked the act into The Streets of Paris at the Chicago Century of Progress and later made it, with Pete the Personality Penguin, the basis of a girl show, Bring on the Dames, which he took on a 56-week tour.

And now the sad, familiar pattern repeats itself. Todd took the \$10,000 that Bring on the Dames brought him and parlayed it on a production of The Mikado, featuring Mary McCormic and other singers from the Chicago Civic Opera. Ever since, age eleven, he had stage-managed a production of The Mikado for his fellow students at the Bloomington Consolidated Grade School, he had been a Gilbert and Sullivan fan. The new production stag-

adults. Miniature, alive—naturally, kids. You can hardly sell kids on a pe act, though, unless they were Dead E kids, and there isn't enough of th around, I don't think. So I took the ic and I figured. Kids: what's the na ral thing with kids? Why, Santa Clau

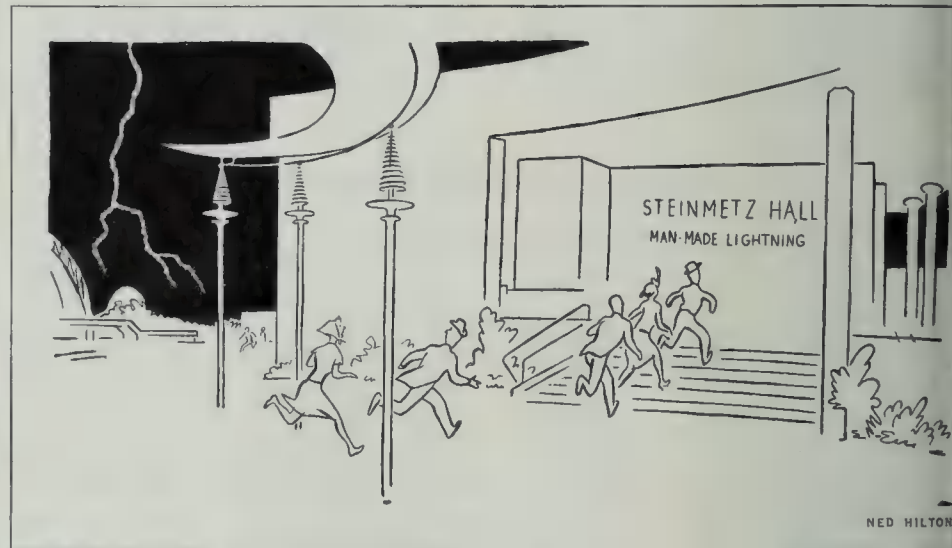
And that's how the Kute Kris Kring as it came to be known, was born. N observe again the workings of the Gy scopic Gazi's genius: Mirrors were pensive and cumbersome; couldn't same effect be achieved more simp more cheaply? The answer was a ducing lens. Todd bought a supply them from the U. S. Army, set a cou of refugees to turning out "Santa Cl workshops" in a factory in Brookl and started canvassing departm stores all over the country.

His sales talk invited the store ecutives to visualize a child look through a peephole and seeing a t Santa Claus pegging away at his wo bench, surrounded by a lot of toy dolls, electric trains, footballs. There a telephone right by the peephole, t other on the bench. The child asks operator to ring Santa Claus and s Santa Claus pick up the phone.

"Santa? This is Johnny Doe."

"Hello, Johnny! What do you w for Christmas and where do you liv

Next day, Mr. Doe receives a let from the store saying that his



gered as far as South Bend and then blew up. The dust it raised is reported to have colored sunsets in Chile for the next eight months.

Still, there was some salvage. Todd took over the costumes and scenery, hired a less austere cast and a dance line, "rocked" a couple of the songs, and tramped his company through vaudeville and movie houses as The Hot Mikado. He did not come East to put his "swingcopated" version to the supreme test, but he knew that he had something good. It would keep.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, he undertook still another branch of show business. He became an author. With a friend named Danny Goldberg, he holed up for a week end in Wisconsin and emerged with the script of a three-act play, Call Me Ziggie. It ran three days in New York.

Whatever his other talents, the Nizam of Necromantic Nudity was evidently no Ibsen. His next production, The Man From Cairo, succeeded in staving disaster for only six weeks.

His break was past due. It came the following winter. Ever since the Century of Progress, he had been brooding over a novelty he saw there—the Girl in the Goldfish Bowl. This was a semi-nude houri behind an arrangement of mirrors that made her seem three inches high. Here, in his own words, is how he developed her:

"It occurred to me that there is an attraction that might appeal, or rather it *should* appeal, to kids more so than

Johnny had been in and had told Sa Claus that he wanted an Ajax footb a Bulldog bicycle and a pair of Silr Streak skates, all of which the store is in stock.

Some 480 stores, and theaters ev ordered Kute Kris Kringles on the sp. Each of them paid \$600 to rent the stallation from Thanksgiving to N Year's. Each installation cost T around \$100. So over 200 G's stood Gravy.

## All or Nothing

Then he shot the works on the production of the Hot Mikado. Part of it w into a forty-foot waterfall of soap bles; part into a volcano that reay erupted; part into a bakelite floor r Bill Robinson's tap dancing. On oping night, Todd had one fifty-cent pie in his pocket. Lee Shubert came ba stage after the curtain.

"Mike," he said, "I'll pay the wh cost of the production for half the p its."

Todd pondered. Here was a safe t and a comfortable return. He finger his fifty-cent piece. "Listen," he t Shubert. "Heads, I keep it. Tai you're in."

Heads came up. Todd threw away e coin, borrowed a dollar for taxi fare, and went home.

Burns Mantle's review in next mo ing's News was representative: "Ty have dressed it beautifully, cast it perty, and staged it with such per timing and in such excellent taste the



ands absolutely unrivaled so far as my  
paygoing experience is concerned."

The Hot Mikado was a hit, a bull's-  
e. It grossed \$20,000 in its second  
week. Cole Porter saw it seven times.  
Bill Robinson said, "I ain't been so  
happy since I been colored." One mem-  
ber of the all-Negro cast, though, stood  
apart from the general jubilation. He  
complained, "What Ah cain't unnerstan'  
why them boys what wrote this show  
ain't even stop by to say 'Hi!'"

And then with one of the season's out-  
standing successes on his hands, a suc-  
cess that could run at the Broadhurst  
Theater (immediately rechristened Un-  
der Todd's Cabin) well into the next fall,  
what does the Rhomboid Rhetorician  
suddenly do? He closes the show after  
only seven weeks, and announces that  
it will soon reopen it in the Hall of  
Music at the World's Fair! Broadway's  
dict was "Todd's clanky. That's all,  
other: clanky."

Word of the threatened invasion  
reached Billy Rose, Archon of the Aqua-  
cade and thitherto unchallenged as the  
king of the Fair's Amusement Area.  
Rose met Todd in Lindy's Restaurant  
on Broadway.

"We suppose you have been informed,  
est-ce pas, that our contract forbids  
the presence of any other new and  
original musical show in the Amusement  
Area, to the contrary notwithstanding  
whereas?" Idly, almost inattentively,  
his Majesty knighted a waiter.

"The Hot Mikado is a musical, but  
ain't new," retorted Todd, "so it's  
coming in, and you'll know about it after  
it's been there a while. What's more,  
I'm thinking of putting a box office out  
back, facing your Aquacade. And I'm  
dread, pal, I'm mighty afraid that that's  
going to mean loud-speakers right in  
your pretty ear."

A cracker fell to powder in Rose's out-  
raged fingers. "But that wouldn't be  
good business!"

"It would for me," observed the Bold  
shaw of the Beauty Bazaars. "I've  
got a closed house and yours is open.  
But if, now, you'd like to co-operate by  
giving me a plug from time to time—"

### The Treaty That Wasn't

The upshot of this historic encounter  
was a pact known to Broadway as the  
Treaty of Lindy's, and presently audi-  
ences leaving the Aquacade were hear-  
ing the loud-speakers purr, "Billy Rose  
thanks you for coming and suggests that  
you visit The Hot Mikado." In return  
when one of the Aquacade's loud-speaker  
hookups went sour, Todd invited the  
seller to come across the street and use  
the "Mikado" hookup.

Once again Todd had 'em hanging  
from the rafters. On the week end of  
July Fourth, his show played to 24,000  
people. A number of papers ranked it  
ahead of the Aquacade on visitors'  
trust" lists.

Perhaps the chief absurdity was  
Todd's reconciliation with Billy Rose to  
the extent of an agreement to put on a  
joint show in the Hall of Music. It fell  
rough when Rose discovered that  
Todd also intended taking over last  
year's Little Old New York village and  
placing it with Gay New Orleans.  
Todd protested that the prime reason  
for their joint deal on the Hall of Music  
was that they wouldn't be fighting each  
other, and therefore each would be free  
to devote his surplus talents to other  
ventures. Rose didn't see it that way,  
Todd offered to release him from the  
deal.

"Okay," said Rose. "So long. Re-  
member, when you're broke, there'll al-  
ways be a job for you with me."

No daisy chain links the rival pro-  
ducers this year. In fact, Todd has en-  
forced what he calls his "traffic control  
plan," which seems to consist wholly of

closing up the exit that opened toward  
the Aquacade. The Treaty of Lindy's  
was just a scrap of sturgeon after all.

The Streets of Paris does a huge busi-  
ness, but Gay New Orleans' business is  
huger. The whole conception is Todd's  
own. He wanted something to suggest  
Parisian naughtiness and yet to Ameri-  
cans something with distinctive archi-  
tecture, colorful costumes and carnival  
overtones. Credit for his selection of a  
New Orleans background he generously  
gave to O. Henry's story, A Municipal  
Report, and to a chance-heard recording  
of Beale Street Blues, until someone  
pointed out that A Municipal Report  
concerned Nashville and that Beale  
Street was in Memphis.

### The Low-down on the Theater

"I never been to New Orleans," the  
Verbal Vandal admitted. "That's why  
I'm just the guy to put on a New Orleans  
show. Same with my Dancing Campus,  
because I never been to college either.  
This way, I've got the popular idea of  
'em and not too much realism. In show  
business, if you are too realistic, unless  
you are doing a powerful domestic  
drama of stark realism, which is not my  
kind of show business, you have got to  
take—for instance, look at The Hot Mi-  
kado. That's Harlem's conception of  
Japanese. Pooh-Bah wearing a thou-  
sand medals. Broad. No scenery-chew-  
ing actors. You know those hams who  
show great emotion by lifting an eye-  
brow? You keep 'em. They make a  
show reek from plain turkey. I don't  
want 'em. Maybe the carriage trade  
does, but the carriage trade is good for  
only six weeks' business. Look at Hell-  
zapoppin'! That's the clincher. The  
public wants broad theater, meat and  
potatoes, at a low top, and that's what  
I've been giving 'em."

When his plans for a fall production  
are mentioned, he admits that some-  
thing of Michael Todd's will be on  
Broadway again. "I'll go out on a limb  
this far, though: the public is going to  
see some swell casts this fall. The mov-  
ies have lost the foreign markets that  
used to bring 'em about forty per cent  
of their profit. They can't pay stars  
those tremendous salaries any more, and  
the stars will be migrating back to  
Broadway. I see it in my mail every  
day. I'm submitted people that a year  
ago you couldn't touch with a ten-foot  
pole.

"Broadway is in for a boom, and I'm  
scared. I'll make money and I'm scared  
it'll go to my head. Look: a few years  
ago I was busted, and now I've got an  
air line flying a special shipment of  
pompano to my Gay New Orleans res-  
taurant every day. Me, a kid out of  
Minneapolis! But I'm taking care. I'm  
being careful. See this cigar? It cost  
me fifty-five cents, and I enjoy it. I en-  
joy it so much that tomorrow I'm going  
to switch back to nickel cigars for a  
while, so I won't miss these high-class  
ropes when I go broke again.

"The quickest way to go broke is to  
lose interest in your business, get sloppy.  
So what do I do? I go over to a certain  
club one or two nights a week and play  
rummy. Maybe I win a couple bucks,  
maybe I lose a couple. But somebody  
always bites me for a sawbuck, and it's  
always somebody who was sitting on top  
of the world a couple of years ago, until  
he lost interest and got sloppy. I know  
I'm going to get a bite when I go there,  
but I go anyhow.

"It's worth it to me. It's a warning.  
It's an investment.

"But right now I'm making scratch.  
They're going to put me in Who's Who  
next year, too. O' course, that ain't so  
terrific, but"—a puff of smoke from the  
fifty-five-cent cigar sank to the floor  
with the rich rustle of a Bokhara carpet  
—"but it ain't tin."

# Here's a deliciously different NEW FORM OF BRAN



## New DOUBLE-MILLING process refines texture of NATIONAL BISCUIT 100% BRAN

PEOPLE the country over are talking  
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For National Biscuit 100% Bran is  
delightfully different—in both flavor and  
texture. It is made by a new, improved  
process of Double-Milling—which fur-  
ther breaks down the bran fiber making  
it less likely to be irritating.

You'll find National Biscuit 100%  
Bran a helpful aid in relieving that com-

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- ✓ accepted by the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association
- ✓ helps relieve constipation caused by too little bulk
- ✓ double-milled—made by an improved process
- ✓ a deliciously different New Form of Bran
- ✓ 100% Whole Bran
- ✓ furnishes significant amounts of Phosphorus and Iron and is a good source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## Quick Decision

Continued from page 22

ATHLETE'S  
FOOT  
THRIVESon hot, perspiring  
feet—CRACKS between your  
toes WARN YOU

The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. If your feet soak and steam in socks wet with perspiration you may be headed for trouble! That excessive perspiration irritates the tender skin between your toes. Then, when cracks appear, raw flesh is exposed, making it easy for painful Athlete's Foot to infect your feet.

DRENCH those cracks  
at once!

Look for cracks between your toes tonight. Drench them with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.

3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. \$1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

## ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi  
on contact

## Also QUICK RELIEF for:

Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

Sample Bottle FREE

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 201 T Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. Send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

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and at the conclusion he said: "I'll go down to New York, resign my job, get Peggy and bring her home. You'll love her. And I am honing to get in there and see what I can do with the paper."

He promised to be back in ten days and took the New York train.

Promptly at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Henry stepped from the express in Grand Central and there stood an excited Peggy, waiting to greet him behind the rope. She had arrived straight from another enthusiastic telephone talk with Mr. Feller.

She saw him first and in that brief glance, she made sure of one vital matter. He hadn't lost his hat, for there it sat on his head and Peggy broke into a smile. Until that instant, she would have bet anything on a hatless Henry. They greeted each other happily and she pointed to the lid.

"You didn't lose it," she cried, and people stared at her. "You're a hero. For the first time in your life, you went somewhere and didn't lose your hat. Here's a reward."

She kissed him again and he said: "I am a man who never loses hats and it's all a canard."

"Smarter and smarter every day that passes," she said. "Wait till I spread the news around New York that Henry went all the way to Maine and back and never lost his fedora. Black headlines everywhere."

They clattered out and into a taxicab, both talking at once, and as Peggy could easily talk faster she informed him of great changes in her radio status. Radio was warming up. Money offers were in sight. Mr. Feller stood on tiptoe, holding forth a contract, and soon the name of Peggy Knight would go bouncing forth on the air waves and fame would follow wealth. Henry listened in beaming admiration, smiled at her enthusiasm, slapped her heartily on the shoulder.

"You're coming along," he said warmly, "and I always knew you had a grand voice for radio. This looks like the start you've been waiting for. When did it happen?"

"Since you went to Portland. Feller says he's been working for months to get me in and now they're ready. What do you say?"

"I say grab it while the grabbing is good. Any young singer who wouldn't—"

"Yes, but what about Lincoln and the paper? Did you go home? Did you see them?"

HENRY made a gesture of vast impatience. "You know," he said, "I didn't. I went to Portland for the convention and stayed in Portland. I kept away from home, because, as I told you before, if I went there, I'd never want to leave. . . . Lincoln can wait till we get ready and so can the Recorder. Let dad run it a while longer."

Peggy grabbed him for another kiss. "You're a darling," she said.

"They can run things up there without me," he continued loftily, "and after all, New York is the place to be, that is if you're young and ambitious and have a real talent. If you're just a mutt, it doesn't make much difference, but when anybody has a gift you have—"

Henry looked his bride in the eye during his statement and carried it off serenely. She was so obviously happy that it made him feel good all over. They piled out of the cab on Sixth Avenue, trotted up the stairs together and into the little flat and Peggy's sole desire was to phone C. B. Feller and tell him the gate was open. She could stay

in New York and sing. She could begin any time. Her eyes were bright and while she dashed for the bedroom, where the telephone stood, Henry followed an old custom and went out to the icebox.

She flung herself on the bed and picked up the phone. Henry was making vague kitchen noises, slamming doors, shouting questions and presently he appeared in the bedroom doorway, holding a glass of milk and a slab of gingerbread. The operator was trying to rouse Mr. Feller to speech and while she waited Peggy admiringly patted Henry's hat, which he had tossed on the bed with his coat. . . . Henry ate and drank, the proud husband, and Mr. Feller spoke.

"Hello," he said. "This is Feller."

"Yes and this is Peggy Knight. Henry just got home this minute and you won't like the news. We are going up to Lincoln to live and I'm going to be an editor's wife and have a dog. The radio deal is all off, canceled and cold."

"WHAT'S that?" asked the pained Mr. Feller. "You don't mean it."

"Have to go to Maine to live, so, of course, I can't stay here and sing on the radio. Henry belongs up there and I'm his wife, so where he goes, I go. Thank you, Mr. Feller. You've been very kind."

There was some more to the conversation, with Mr. Feller inclined to argue and while it went on Henry leaned against the woodwork, spilled his milk, opened his mouth and stared at his wife. He stopped chewing and gulped. His genial countenance shone with amazement and finally Peggy hung up.

"What's the idea?" he shouted.

Peggy slowly lifted herself from the bed, holding his hat in her hand. She moved over to him and bumped his forehead with hers, bumped it several times, while he blinked.

"You outrageous lie-teller," she said calmly. "You with your honest, blue eyes. . . . You come home on a train to your innocent wife and you look her in the eye and tell her barefaced lies."

"Who?" Henry asked.

"You know who! You know darned well you were in Lincoln and you know you saw your father and mother and no doubt you looked over the bungalow on the hill and the newspaper and then you come back to New York and you conceal all this, because you want me to have my way and be a radio singer."

"Wait a minute," said Henry, backing off slightly.

"And that isn't the worst of it all. Oh, no! There's more deception. You fool your loving wife. You put something over on a simple woman from Kansas, doggone you. You lost your hat."

"I did not."

"You did, you wretch. You lost your hat again and you were ashamed of yourself. Look."

Here she waved his hat in front of his eyes, so that he could look inside and see the lining and see that it wasn't any fedora from Fifth Avenue at all, but a fedora just like the Fifth Avenue hat, only purchased obviously in Lincoln, Maine, as revealed plainly by the label of the Lincoln Hat Shop. Henry put down his milk and smiled.

"You got me, kid," he said weakly, "but it's too bad about the radio."

"When do we start for Lincoln?" she asked, "and the canary?"

"Just as soon as Heaven will let you pack our few belongings. The chairs are out on the porch and there's a light burning in the window of the bungalow on the hill."

EVER TAKE A DARE  
Just For The Fun of It?

When you were a kid, you'd take a dare from most anybody.

Remember when Joe dared you to hang by your knees from the apple tree? You may have been scared stiff, but you did it!

Here's Cigarette Mildness  
With Rich Pipe Flavor!

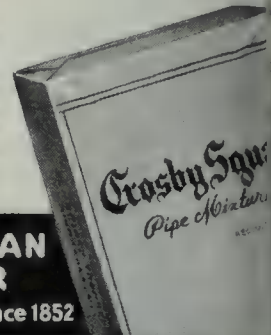
How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for—the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. So come on—you take the dare; we'll stand the risk. If you don't find Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

AT YOU  
DEAL

15

"Take-a-Dare"  
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Send us 6¢ in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 102 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

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NEURITIS Relieve  
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An attractive travel clock with tan ostrich grain genuine leather slide-fastened case. 24-hour movement. Size 4½" x 4" when closed. Ideal for travel, home and office use.

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Independent Agency Division, Desk C  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company  
Springfield, Ohio



## Detroit's Defense Headache

Continued from page 8

to give us a different-shaped hood or a fender-looking fender is a yank here and kick yonder. Actually it's a matter of months and a truckload of money to put new bulge on a car's backside.

When Detroit begins to arm us as well as take us for rides (and she hasn't even spit on her hands yet) she'll have many months and many millions of new buildings, new machinery, new tools and dies. She'll have added a hundred thousand men and women to her payroll and trained them. Her engineers will have consumed months of planning, modelmaking, testing and building. There'll be endless palaverings with government experts whose eyes are ever focused beyond the horizon. And somehow, sometime, they'll manage to convince Washington that, given a chance, Detroit can make engines, bodies, gears, castings, bolts and nuts as well as if not a mite better than any political appointee or even West Point graduate. You've got to understand this: Those miraculous assemblies in Detroit were designed for automobile production, not armament stuff. Detroit merely knows how to turn out things in a hurry. All she has today to offer the arms-hungry government is her quantity-production experience.

### Someone Has to Shell Out

Understandably, Detroit would like to know who or what is going to protect the hundreds of millions it will cost the automotive industry to add munitions to the rest of the local excitement. These motorcar manufacturers are not in business simply because they don't know what to do with their time. At the moment the city is overstocked with red-eyed orators who'll tell you the automobile mandarins are pirates and that the cost of armaments will be paid with the peculiarly precious blood of the downtrodden worker. It sounds great, particularly for a few beers, but it's also a trifle deceived. Of course, we shall be accused of having been bribed into saying so, but the truth is that, as a result of efforts to induce these motor manufacturers to come clean with the facts we set out here, our arches are giving us hell and we've worn out the seat of our pants.

It costs Detroit almost as much to produce output as it does to set up the original machinery. To achieve mass production a plant must have a number of identical machines and tool sets so that identical operations may be carried on simultaneously. And simple machines can cost a hundred thousand dollars. We don't aim at boring you; we hope merely to show you that setting up munitions mills eats into the national roll.

Government engineers have just been in Detroit to find out how much of the existing motorcar machinery out at the Chrysler plant could be used to manufacture an armored car garnished with machine and machine guns. They found eight per cent to be the answer. But they decided, too, that it would be cheaper to ignore that ten per cent and set up a completely new assembly line in a brand-new building. But before they're done, the machinery will have to be designed and manufactured and shipped, set up and co-ordinated. Months.

But we're off the track. What we're missing at is Detroit's perfectly reasonable demand to know whether the government is willing to pay enough to take care of the cost of equipment plus

the cost of manufacture plus a profit. When Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, Packard and the rest of them stop manufacturing arms they'll have a lovely mess of otherwise useless machinery to remember it by and it will be as useful in the art of making automobiles as a palm-leaf fan in Antarctica. The government yearns to induce Detroit to accept orders on a cost plus eight per cent basis. And Detroit wants to know whether the cost is to include the overhead—the new buildings, the new machinery, tools and so forth—or whether the setup expenses are to be wanded out of the eight per cent profit. Detroit is willing to concede that the new buildings may not have to be written off; some of the industrialists are even willing to give some of the buildings and the machinery which is never very far from obsolescence back to the government when it's all over. Just what the government would do with them is not clear, although it might sell the machinery to the Japs for junk to throw back at us some day as shot and shell.

At Ford's they told us that they were not concerned with war profits, that they didn't care whether they made a cent just so that they didn't lose one. For example, Mr. Ford didn't bother quoting the American government in cost-plus terms on those Rolls-Royce engines. He just set a flat rate. We didn't learn what that flat rate was but his representatives told us that it was lower than anyone else could hope to manufacture on a cost-plus basis. But he wouldn't make engines for England on any basis at Dearborn, saying that that was a job for his English and Canadian factories.

### Eight Per Cent is Plenty—if—

But Mr. Ford has no board of directors to appease and no stockholders to belabor his door for dividends. His rivals enjoy no such freedom. They've got to make a profit or quit, leaving large numbers of wage earners to seek their meat and potatoes elsewhere—WPA, for example. The motor manufacturers assure you that a profit of eight per cent is quite satisfactory—provided it's all profit. But if they have to borrow money for buildings, machinery and tools and if the interest they have to pay on this borrowed credit eats deeply into that eight per cent, they don't sleep well. Too many unforeseen accidents can happen to the remaining margin of profit. The more you poke around, the more you become convinced that it's very foolish for a democracy to embark upon an armament program and elect a President all in the same year. In such circumstances, the demagogues are the only ones armed. In Detroit and Washington it is generally admitted that either the government will have to grant industry a fair profit or take over the industrial plants and go into munitions making on a fine, holy, patronage scale.

In the meantime Detroit, always bothered with high blood pressure, is breaking fingernail-biting records. As the country's stratosphere of industrial efficiency and the world's unchallenged champ at mass production, it is scarcely likely that it will be ignored when, at long last, the big contracts are parceled out by a prodigally red-taped government. In its extremity the government can't get along without Detroit's assembly lines any more comfortably than Detroit can get along without the government. But before war and after, Detroit thinks in automobiles and how

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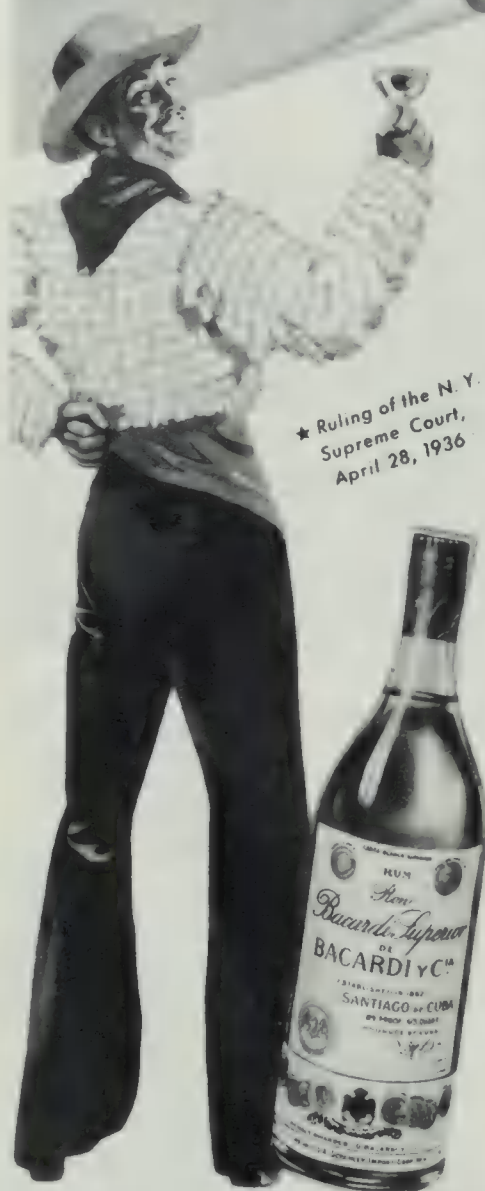
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**THERE'S A DIFFERENCE,  
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RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

to go about getting us to buy them.

In Washington, as an agent of the New Deal, sits Mr. Knudsen as head man of the National Defense Commission. Mr. Knudsen was president of General Motors and, for all we know, will be again. At his side sit Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Budd, Mr. Batt and others who could not normally be regarded as damp-eyed New Dealers. They are more representative of industry as opposed to most New Deal policies. Behind them two Republicans who are not New Dealers sit in the War and Navy posts of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. And Detroit is scared stiff lest the average car buyer say: "With Knudsens, Stettiniuses, Knoxes and Stimsons, your friends, working for Mr. Roosevelt for nothing or for relatively low salaries, why can't you motorcar makers get busy? If they, your friends, are willing to make sacrifices along with us ordinary guys, why aren't you? Just wait until you try to sell us new cars."

The function of the National Defense Commission is simple in theory. These gentlemen, having devoted themselves to making machines that run on oil, steam and money, have lacked the time to learn about the kind that run on votes, patronage and preference. Their chore is to learn as quickly as possible what the Army and Navy need, who can supply these needs best and quickest and, the contracts awarded, clear the way to production. And if you think that's week-end stuff, you ought to see a doctor. Neither the Army, the Navy nor their air forces have been quite sure what they need. Too busy watching for cues from Hitler. Industry surveys made by the Army, hopeful of finding who could make what with the least delay, have had to be largely rewritten.

The old surveys were based upon battle standards of 1918. And as for clearing the way to production—well, there are just so many machine tool-makers, machinery manufacturers and other supply outfits. And nobody is yet quite sure which requirement of our armaments program is so important that the makers of these arms may have preference in the machine, machine tool and other manufacturing accessory foundries. Thus the trials and tribulations of the National Defense Commission.

## The Labor Angle

Behind these earnestly striving gentlemen hangs a high, wide and light-proof curtain of labor politics. Let's be explicit. The Army and Navy are not political organizations although forever gripped by internal log-rolling and apple-polishing. It should be said, incidentally, to the credit of our soldiers and sailors that they're rotten politicians at best. However, they do their best, which is to say they keep themselves in a perpetual tremble lest they antagonize the White House or Congress or both. Therefore, the Army and the Navy departments are never completely unconscious of what the politicians would prefer—particularly with an election in the offing.

In Detroit they told us that one of the reasons why Henry Ford's plane-building offer was scoffed off was his refusal to play ball with the National Labor Relations Board and his defiance of the board's labor union ideal, the C.I.O. Washington prefers to say that the conditions Mr. Ford named as his price of going to work were impossible. Mr. Ford asked merely that the government tell him what it wanted and then get out of his way.

Perhaps no person or agency of government is quite bird-brained enough to command our military to ignore industrialists who have been poison to the National Labor Relations Board or



have got into John L. Lewis' eyebrows. Nevertheless, our politically acuter Army and Navy officials do no unnecessary bundling with those who have been more than academic enemies of the New Deal. Not if they can get their orders filled by less offensive manufacturers. Perhaps Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War, and his new advisory committee, will be able to fight out of the corner. But Mr. Lewis wants the government to have no truck whatsoever with tough guys like Mr. Ford. And if you think that the Administration, facing a bruising campaign, is going to ignore the belly-roars of Mr. Lewis—well, you'd better go see that doctor again. Neither political party is going to high-hat anybody this year.

## Mass Production of Rumors

All this is pure bottleneck to Detroit, where, the magnates insist, patriotism blooms as lustily and even more fragrantly than it does in Washington. The city is crowded to its eaves with sweating salesmen, engineers, Army officers, inventors, G-men, job hunters, contact men, labor agitators, spies, variously hued journalists and economists, survey groups, publicity men, political hitchhikers, patriotism torches, efficiency counselors, ad-lib orators who'll bellow for anything for wages, fellow travelers, and brief-case slippers who know parties who can fix anything for a cut of the take. Government, state and local cops are on the prowl. The hotels are full, the tourist camps stuffed and boarding-houses eaten out of hash and home.

Before you've been in town a couple of days on information bent, you learn that it's no use trying to hide from the foregoing gentlemen. At the various automobile plants you are received cordially and your questions are answered with complete candor. The motorcar makers will tell you that they're ready to set up as armament makers, that they have representatives in Washington to say what Detroit can do and that Washington has agents in Detroit eager to outline what the government wants—when the government finds out. It's all quite simple, that part. But the wise guys, soft-shoe lads, low-down boys, tipsters, touts and inside-dope peddlers who fill the hotel lobbies and know quiet places where you and they can talk won't have it that way.

"Lissen, fella, how much for a file of letters from a certain Cabinet member to one of the auto big shots. They're hot—both ways. A hundred bucks and I talk. Five hundred and you get copies. Make it a grand and—"

"My dear sir, this town is rotten with traitors, Trojan horses, fifth columnists.

As a patriotic duty I am willing to tell you the facts. I will personally take you to their headquarters. All I ask is the expenses I have incurred in uncovering this mass of un-American names but a friend of yours tipped me off you're in town. Said he sure would contact you. Said you were in the ket for something that's been going at —"

These are just samples. We even got a call from a barfly who said he was an ex-G-man who was ready to spill the beans. But there was only one mystery—they knew what you were doing.

In the meantime, Detroit would like to know whether she should be the center of armaments or only of next year's automobile models. She would like to know whether she should be the center of the crowded labor market for able-bodied men or write her budgets on the theory that nothing is happening and no change is going to happen. In her waiting rooms are hundreds of representatives of machine, machine-tool and raw-material firms wilting in the heat but not daring to leave lest word come that the war has broken. Quite frankly, Detroit would like a lot to know whether it is an armament program or just another political campaign.

## Mr. Hitler Would Laugh

We can't begin to tell you how much regret that we can't tell you what happened on at three or four conferences between individual automobile manufacturers and sundry members of the Administration.

We'd like to tell you of the spontaneous we read. But we can't. It's our turn to be mysterious. These remarkable meetings actually took place and these Washington letters happily exist. They'd be screams to Mr. Hitler, but to those who'd like to see the United States equipped to talk a well-meaning opponent's language, they'd be moans.

One of the motor makers almost as he told us what had happened to him he was asked on what terms he would accept an airplane engine contract. During this session with one of the administration's swiftest political operators, the manufacturer's differences with the United Automobile Workers were mentioned mournfully. Like several somewhat tart phrases used by the Detroiters in setting forth his opinion of the New Deal were recalled.

"When I think of some of the things that haven't been done to get this armament program started," he sighed, "there are moments when next to being an American I'd rather be a German."

But we got a mild surprise from another, the survivor of a somewhat similar experience.

"Do you think a change of administration would speed things up?" he asked. "You're for Willkie, of course?" "I'm a Republican," he replied. "I suppose I'll vote for Willkie. I don't know. With an armaments program under way—and it'll have to be under way sooner or later—I'd like to see a politician in the White House, a businessman. To handle Congress takes a politician."

We quoted this to a third magnate, so Republican that he always expected Herbert Hoover of radical leanings. He too supposed he'd vote for Willkie. He said that he deplored national debt and had at least cheered heartily for budget-balancing.

"But I don't know," said he. "It is probably no time to talk about government economy."

All of which doesn't give wings to an armaments program. But it does swell bottlenecks.



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## Sauts the Bat

Continued from page 13

"We have thought much about this unjust thing. It is the white man's railroad that is driving away our game. It is cutting the Cheyennes' land in two. If it goes on, soon there will be no buffalo left and the Cheyennes must starve. So we have decided that the railroad must stop. It must not be built on past the place where it now ends. I ask the white chief to ask the Father in Washington to stop the railroad now. If the Father will not do this, the Cheyennes have decided that there will be war. It will be better to be killed fighting for our land than to see our women and children starve.

"I have no more words. Sauts the Bat has spoken for his people."

Little Ellsinger turned suddenly away from the slit in the tent wall.

"The fool!" he whispered hoarsely. "The damned loony fool! Why, there ain't a chance o' stoppin' the railroad—the Kansas-Pacific railroad! Why, they're goin' to build right through to Denver an' then California!"

### Man with a Mission

The railroad moved on, inevitably as civilization itself. The Cheyennes swept across western Kansas like a prairie fire. Sigmund Ellsinger was afraid—not of anything tangible but of something in his mind. In his mind he found himself riding with Roman Nose, fighting to keep the white men from destroying that marvelous bronze body, fighting to stop the railroad that would spoil the land of the Cheyennes forever.

The thing worried him; he knew that he couldn't afford to feel like that. He'd "gone white" and, by gravy, he'd stay white! He'd been Injun for six years, but now he was a white man again. Some people said that was impossible, that once you'd gone Injun you stayed Injun inside. But that wasn't true. He'd prove it; by gravy, he'd prove it!

One September day word came of an attack on a train eighty miles beyond Fort Wallace. Within two hours Colonel George Forsyth's special detachment of fifty mounted scouts—not soldiers but veteran plainsmen—were in the saddle and Ellsinger rode with them. They were glad to have him; small and bent though he was he was a dead shot, a good plainsman, hard as a nail. They

picked up the Indians' tracks and, on the eighth day from Fort Wallace, they made camp in a bowl-shaped valley beside the dry bed of the Arikaree River.

Ellsinger knew the Cheyennes. All that last day he had known that they were riding into a trap, but Forsyth wouldn't believe him.

Maybe, Ellsinger figured, Colonel Forsyth didn't believe he had really gone white. Probably that was why Forsyth wouldn't listen to him when he begged the colonel to turn back. Probably Forsyth thought he was trying to flimflam so his friends, the Cheyennes, could get away.

Well, he'd show Forsyth. In the morning, he'd show him. There'd be a fight before they were wiped out. If he could draw a bead on Roman Nose himself. In the gray of dawn he woke sweating and trembling, and three minutes later he was standing beside his saddled horse, close to Colonel Forsyth and Sharp Grover, the head scout.

Except a few who were handing out coffee under Lieutenant Beecher's direction, the whole detachment was in line, each man standing at his horse's head, bridle rein through his left arm, rifle in his right hand—ready.

So Forsyth expected it too—thought it was coming. Ellsinger didn't think; he knew.

He heard Sharp Grover rip out an oath. Ellsinger knew what he was going to see. Yet what he saw surprised him. He had known that the attack was coming and that there would be plenty of Cheyennes. But he hadn't realized how many there would be.

They were racing down from the low hills that enclosed the valley like the rim of a bowl. There were hundreds of them—maybe a thousand, Ellsinger figured—and they had the detachment surrounded; wherever he looked he saw them, topping the sky line, galloping their mustangs down the long, bare slopes.

Colonel Forsyth's voice broke in upon his consciousness. Forsyth was pointing with his big army revolver over the wide, dry bed of the Arikaree.

"Boys," he said, his tone vibrant with controlled excitement, yet quiet and cool, "we'll get over to that island and stand 'em off there."

Ellsinger looked where the pistol pointed. In the middle of the hard, sandy



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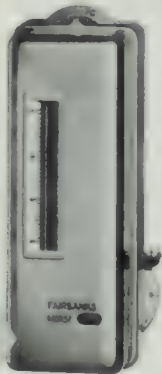




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river bed, which was about 400 feet wide, was a small gravelly island dotted with stunted willows and alders. A mere trickle of water surrounded it. It stood in the midst of the flat, dry expanse of the river bed like a little fort.

They splashed through the shallow strip of water surrounding the island and tied the horses to the willows just as the first bullets zinged over them. Standing behind the horses, they replied to the Indians' fire. The Cheyennes didn't charge at once. Taking cover in a fringe of wild plums along the riverbanks, they poured a hail of bullets and arrows upon the island.

The horses, exposed and helpless, went down one by one. Crouching behind the carcasses, the men dug pits with their bowie knives in the soft gravel and sand. Before these pits were completed, two scouts were killed and five others wounded. Surgeon Mooers was mortally hit in the head, Colonel Forsyth was crippled by a ball through the thigh and another in the lower leg.

To Ellsinger all this first part of the fight was like tedious pantomime. It wasn't what he was waiting for. The idea that had taken root in his mind had become an obsession; he must find Roman Nose, prove what he had to prove. Purposely he had stuck to Forsyth.

South of the island the dry bed of the Arikaree curved to the right. Around this curve came some five hundred Cheyenne horsemen, trotting slowly in eight ranks of about sixty front. At their head on a superb chestnut mustang rode Roman Nose—Sauts the Bat.

### Men Against Bullets

Ellsinger peered with rapidly blinking eyes over the gravel mound in front of his pit. He knew the Cheyennes and he had thought they would try this, yet now he could scarcely believe it. The pity of it seemed too great. These people, fighting for their land, fighting to keep their home . . . they were going to charge the rifle pits . . . they were going to ride straight into the bullets.

The film cleared from Ellsinger's eyes. He stole a quick glance at Forsyth, propped in the next pit, his big Colt's in his hand. He heard Forsyth's voice, steady and strong in spite of his pain, telling the men to see that the magazines of their rifles were full—they were Spencer repeaters, good for seven shots without reloading—and to hold their fire until he gave the word.

Sharp Grover was as cool as Forsyth and there was a quiver of exultation in his voice. "Boys," he said, "we can ruin 'em if they try it. We can pump seven volleys into 'em with these here Spencers. We can blast 'em to Kingdom Come."

The Cheyenne horsemen were trotting in open order down the dry, level river bed straight toward the island. They were splendidly mounted.

Ellsinger was aware of them as one is aware of the backdrop in a play. What he really saw was Roman Nose, riding in front on his big chestnut stallion. On his head were two buffalo horns; his war bonnet of eagle feathers streamed behind him in the wind; around his waist he had bound a brilliant scarlet sash. Except for this he was entirely naked. In the strong sunlight his perfectly proportioned body gleamed a rich golden bronze.

Again as great music and great poetry exalt souls attuned to them, so the magnificent body of this bronze Achilles exalted little crooked Sigmund Ellsinger in whose small, ugly body dwelt a soul attuned to the beauty and rhythm of form—a soul that might have made him a great sculptor. Yet even now he didn't forget the thing he was going to do.

Suddenly the Indian sharpshooters

hidden along the riverbanks quickened their fire; and almost at the same moment Roman Nose flung his right hand above his head, brandishing his heavy rifle as though it were a switch. The chestnut stallion leaped forward, and behind their leader the whole Cheyenne array broke into a gallop.

It was one of the grandest cavalry charges ever made in the West. The cool, steady men in the rifle pits, veteran plainsmen and good shots, heavily outnumbered but well entrenched, and with deadly repeating rifles in their hands, quietly awaited Forsyth's order to fire.

The plainsmen rose to their knees in the pits, resting their rifles on the gravel mounds in front. Suddenly Forsyth shouted, "Now!"

### Ellsinger Proves It

A sheet of flame burst from the rifle pits. It was followed almost at once by another. Gaps were blasted in the oncoming wave of horsemen, but the gaps closed at once; the wave surged on. A third time the rifle pits spat their flames. Again the great gaps blown in the shattered ranks were closed; still the wild war songs pealed out above the drumming of hoofs, and the galloping horsemen raced onward.

One man in the rifle pits hadn't fired—Ellsinger. He was sick with the pity of it. His people, his Cheyennes . . . human like white men . . . fighting for their homes . . . riding naked into the bullets. He hadn't fired into them. But from the beginning his rifle had covered Roman Nose. It had never left him except when the smoke hid him. It was covering him now.

They were close at hand now. They had ridden through hell as bravely as ever men rode, and now they had nearly reached their goal. But the men in the rifle pits were brave men too. Annihilation stared them in the face, but no panic wave swept them at this crucial instant. At pistol-shot range they pumped a fifth volley, then a sixth, into the mass of the horsemen.

Only a few yards away Ellsinger saw a great bronze man burst through the smoke—a magnificent, naked, golden-bronze man riding a big bronze stallion. He was about to leap his horse upon the island. Another moment and he would be in the rifle pits.

Roman Nose hadn't been touched. He was still in front, still leading the charge. The chestnut stallion had been hit; it seemed to Ellsinger that Roman Nose was giving his own strength to the horse, lifting it onward at each stride with his great bronze thighs.

Ellsinger turned cold. Nausea boiled up in his throat. He stared with wild eyes along the barrel of his rifle. A whimpering cry broke from him as he pulled the trigger. Roman Nose—Sauts the Bat—crumpled forward as though his whole chest had been caved in. Bronze man and bronze horse crashed down together.

Ellsinger jumped to his feet. In a bound he reached Forsyth's pit next to his own. "You saw it, Colonel," he screamed. "I did it. . . I killed him. . . Me. Ellsinger!"

Standing on the rim of the pit, he was above the thickest smoke. He saw that the last two volleys had broken the Cheyenne charge. Under cover of the smoke, the survivors were carrying off their dead, riding in couples, dragging the bodies between the horses. Ellsinger jumped down into his pit again and sat there trembling. By gravity, it was awful, awful! They'd been mowed down. . . They'd only been fightin' for their lands. . . He was the jim-dandiest-lookin' chief and now he was only dead meat. But Forsyth knew now; he'd had it proved to him, by gravity!

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## What Happened to France

Continued from page 11

It that combative intelligence, that slightly arrogant assurance, that harsh brilliant logic and that air of always being right on financial and economic questions about which the person to whom he was talking knew little were destined to exasperate many politicians, and in particular Daladier.

The latter was no less eloquent than Reynaud, but his style was not the triumphant, aggressive and technical one of his rival; his was a familiar style, tinged with sorrowful emotion. When Daladier talked to the French people about the war, small tradesmen, workmen, peasants, everyone, felt that this was a man of their own tone, these grave accents and this heartfelt love of peace made the Frenchman a fellow to all Frenchmen.

Paul Reynaud had been a professor of history and he had found in the history of France, as well as in his own heart, reasons for a passionate devotion to his country. All this was admirable, but these qualities were offset by two grave faults: a distrustfulness that made him suspicious of his colleagues and a lack of will that became at times almost pathological. He was subject at moments to periodic fits of rage during which he would pound on the council table. His colleagues asserted that his fist sounded like a hammer. "A hand of velvet in a glove of iron," they used to say. But Daladier's character was unknown to the general public who saw only his vigorous, almost set exterior, called him "the little man of La Camargue," and expected no action from him.

Who would be the ideal man to replace Daladier?" I asked Reynaud one day.

Daladier as the French people imagined him to be," he replied.

Paul Reynaud's irascible distrustfulness had already embroiled him with Daladier, and the Radical party had been torn by the war of the two leaders. In one of Tristan Bernard's comedies there is a character who is loved by his friends Triplepaw and who is uncertain about his own desires on the day of his marriage he hesitates to go to the church. "Daladier is Triplepaw," Paul Reynaud used to say, "this Triplepaw side of his character explains, perhaps, why this radical

minister became successively the creator of the popular front and the hope of the conservative bourgeoisie. Daladier, for his part, used to say of Paul Reynaud: "As soon as he starts to talk, he has such an air of self-satisfaction that, in order to stand him at all, I have to picture him strutting about with a peacock's tail."

Such were the two men whose duty it should have been to work as a team and to co-operate in governing France, then engaged in the most terrible of wars. In actuality, each irritated the other, and this mutual exasperation grew to hatred when the schemes of women further poisoned their relations.

I should have preferred not to talk about this aspect, at first glance so trivial, of the frightful tragedy of which France was the victim. But, on the one hand, the essential facts today are known to all, and, on the other, it is certain that the private lives of some of our statesmen impaired their public usefulness.

It would be wrong, very wrong, to say that the French way of life in 1939 was corrupt; millions of good families in France led simple and united lives. But this was not true of the three thousand persons in Paris who, as Byron said, "because they go to bed late believe they are the leaders of the world." Most of these attached no great importance to their sentimental or sensual intrigues; but events were destined to prove that these intrigues could nevertheless place nations in jeopardy and that "the man who would be king" must first of all discipline himself and be the master of his own passions.

Daladier, after the death of his wife, had for his Egeria the Marquise de C. This gracious and beautiful woman, blond and youthful in appearance, had a taste for power and an unfortunate passion for economic and political doctrines. But she knew how to keep herself in the background, she never tried to show off her great man to the world and her discreet influence was not, on the whole, very harmful.

On the other hand, Paul Reynaud's friend, the Countess de P., was slightly mad, excitable, meddlesome and, as the course of events was to show, dangerous.

One day, as I had criticized in Reynaud's presence a particularly unsuitable political appointment made by Daladier:

"It was not his choice," said Reynaud, "it was hers."

"That is no excuse," I said.

He sighed.

"Ah," said he, "you do not know what a man who has been hard at work all day would put up with to make sure of an evening's peace."

I thought that Balzac would have made a note of that sentence.

FROM the very start of the war her dominant characteristic seemed to be ambition. It was not enough for her that Paul Reynaud was minister of finance: she was determined at all costs to make him premier. She filled all the salons of Paris with accounts of Daladier's lack of energy, his laziness, his inertia and gave everyone to understand that it was urgent that Reynaud should succeed him. Naturally these remarks were repeated the same evening to Daladier and the latter's detestation of Paul Reynaud constantly increased. There was a time when these two men, both members of the war cabinet, were on such bad terms that they no longer spoke to each other. This



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was an absurd and monstrous situation and fraught with danger for the country.

For my own part, living with the armies as I did, I liked nothing better than to see Paul Reynaud when I passed through Paris. He could inform me better than anyone else, in his brilliant and uncompromising fashion, about the political situation.

IT WAS thus that on the nineteenth of March between two meetings of the Chamber of Deputies he came to dine with me alone. The day had been a bad one for the Daladier cabinet. The defeat of Finland had exasperated Parliament, and Daladier was criticized for not having acted fast enough. Probably the criticism was unfair, for it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to organize an expedition of this sort, and it would likely have terminated in disaster.

But the deputies had demanded a secret meeting which had taken up the whole afternoon and was to reconvene the same evening at ten o'clock.

"That poor fellow Daladier has had a bad day," Reynaud told us when he arrived at eight o'clock. "I should not be surprised if he were overthrown tonight."

"And who will succeed him?" my wife asked. "You?"

"That depends," Reynaud said, "upon the president of the republic and also upon the elements that defeat Daladier."

"If you are chosen," I said, "you will have to secure Daladier's support. He still has great popularity in the country."

"That is because the country does not know him."

"Possibly so, but it is a fact. You have great talent, but you have no party. The Radicals will be faithful to Daladier, and the Right, to which you belong, also prefers Daladier because you despise the Right and take no trouble to conceal the fact."

He smiled and said he would try, if the president summoned him, to arrange matters so that Daladier would retain the ministry of war. At ten o'clock he left for the Palais-Bourbon. That night, as he had expected, Daladier was overthrown. President Lebrun called upon Reynaud, who agreed, without demur, to form a new cabinet. But in this difficult task this remarkably intelligent man gave evidence of amazing ignorance of public opinion and an equally amazing lack of intuition.

When he appeared before Parliament, Reynaud secured with the greatest difficulty a majority of one vote! Parliament did not like him and at bottom it was sorry for having overthrown Daladier. Feeling this air of hostility, Reynaud lost his customary self-assurance and made a miserable speech.

Next day I returned to my post in Arras where I found all my French comrades profoundly shocked at the composition of the Reynaud ministry. It seemed to them a deliberate challenge to public opinion. In time of war it was a serious thing to discover so complete a break between the government and a large part of the nation. I had not seen Paul Reynaud since he accepted the premiership. From Arras I sent him, in guise of congratulations, a sentence from Barrès: "In time of peace Parliament represents the nation; but in time of war it is the army." And I added: "Do not lose touch with it."

From the start of the war Paul Reynaud had shown his hostility to General Gamelin. He criticized him for his inaction and maintained that the army did not have confidence in him. These were questions upon which I found it hard to form an opinion. It was true that in September, 1939, the general had not made a vigorous attack on the Siegfried Line but had confined himself to cautious operations in the Saar. His adversaries maintained that this period, when a large part of the German forces was engaged in Poland, would have been the

best possible one for a decisive To this the general replied that outset of the campaign we did not possess the material equipment for the offensive and, in particular, not have the necessary airplane heavy artillery. Without this equipment such an attack would have crushing losses.

"I shall not begin the war," the general had said, "by a Battle of Verdun."

And he amplified his statement: "France is a nation with a low birth rate which has already sustained heavy losses in the last war. It would not have the strength to survive another bloodbath. The war she has to fight now must be a scientific war in which even the smallest detail is so precisely foreseen that the only result will be almost nothing."

I ADMIT that at the time his attitude seemed to me a wise one. It would have been foolhardy for a layman to judge on the military ability of General Gamelin. He had been at the front during the Battle of the Marne and had been the first to conceive the new maneuver that brought us victory. He had been an exemplary officer of the general staff and later, on the field of battle, an admirable commander of a division.

When you met him for the first time you were surprised by his inscrutable face. His short, stiff mustache, his small, thin-lipped mouth gave him a somewhat decipherable aspect, which no spontaneous gesture served to clarify. In neither the sparkling vivacity of Joffre nor the massive geniality of Joffe, he spoke very seldom, and I have seldom seen him in peacetime sit through a whole day in absolute silence. But he was courteous and modest. The officers of the general staff felt a strong personal affection for him. For my own part I always found him very kind. The first time he came to the headquarters of General Gort and saw me in uniform he said: "What? Are you still a lieutenant at your age?"



General Gamelin (right), advocate of defense and temporization, with Britain's Major General Ironside (left) and Canada's Major General McNaughton



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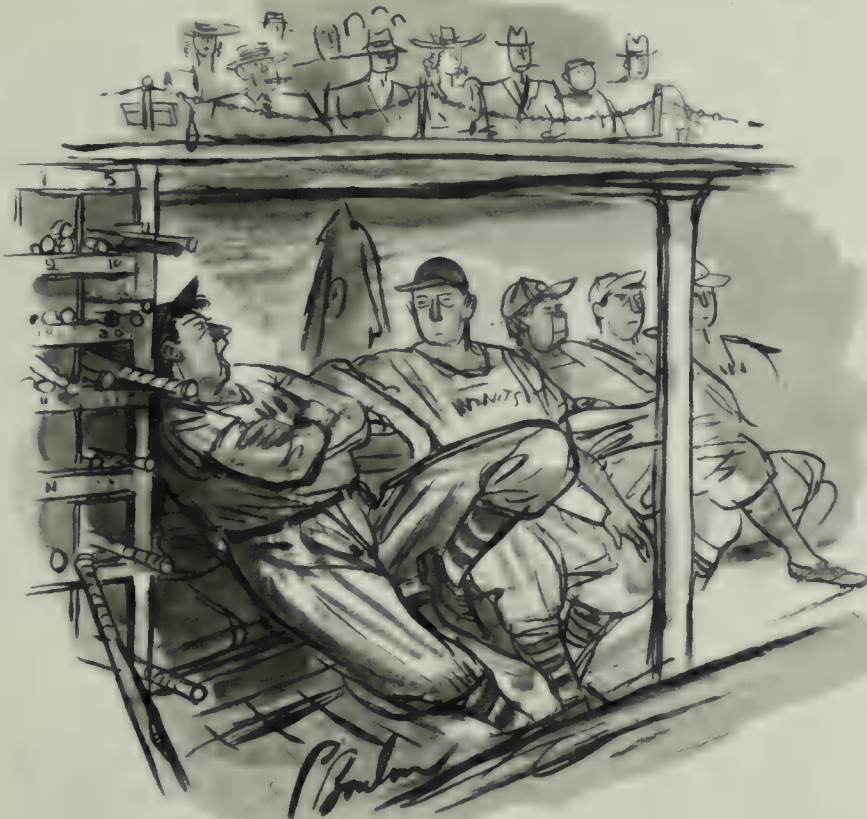
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"She's running around the seashore somewhere,  
and here I am slaving away like a dog"

PERRY BARLOW

"I have been a lieutenant since the  
end of the last war, General."

"Twenty years without promotion!"  
he said, laughing. "That's too much. I  
shall have you made captain."

When he returned I was still a lieu-  
tenant. He was amazed.

"What has happened?" he asked  
Colonel Petibon. "I told you to tele-  
phone the war ministry that André  
Maurois was to be appointed captain."

"I did so, General," the colonel re-  
plied. "But there is an obstacle. The  
regulations require two periods of train-  
ing. Mr. Maurois has had only one."

Whereupon General Gamelin turned  
to General Gort.

"Everything is difficult," he said, "but  
I should have thought, nevertheless,  
that a commander in chief would not  
have had this much trouble in bestow-  
ing a captaincy!"

WHEN I had been promoted, he wrote  
me a cordial note: "At last! But I  
hardly dare congratulate you at this late  
date..." and he invited me to come and  
see him at the Château de Vincennes  
where he had his general headquarters.  
I retain a very clear memory of that  
luncheon, which took place in the vaulted  
hall of the fortress and at which were  
present, in addition to the general's own  
staff, General Noguès, who was in com-  
mand of our troops in North Africa and  
Mr. Brugère, French minister to Bel-  
grade.

Official business dominated the con-  
versation; General Noguès discussed  
the needs of his army and then Mr.  
Brugère talked of the orders for arms  
which Yugoslavia had placed in France  
and which had not been filled. To both  
men General Gamelin replied with pre-  
cision, clarity and an exact knowledge  
of available resources which made the  
best possible impression. He questioned  
me about the Fifty-first British division  
which was leaving for the Saar. Then  
the conversation turned to the French  
Academy and its dictionary and he said  
to me: "What we need is a name for the  
soldiers in this war. Those of 1914  
called themselves Poilus, but those of  
1940 have not yet been christened."

Mr. Brugère asked whether he ex-  
pected an attack soon.

"Yes," he said, "everything points to

it. Our fliers and our secret agents see  
all the preparatory signs: massed artil-  
lery, ammunition depots and the evacua-  
tion of civilians. Of course it may be a  
ruse, but Goering made a speech yester-  
day in which he foretold important de-  
velopments, and his practice on such  
occasions has been to tell the truth. It  
seems probable that the great attack is  
imminent."

The calm with which he awaited this  
blow was reassuring. You said to your-  
self: "This is Joffre with his imperturb-  
able good health." But Paul Reynaud  
did not share this opinion.

"Why have two commanders in  
chief?" he asked. "If General Georges  
is commanding our armies, let General  
Gamelin confine himself to the role of  
chief of the general staff and the na-  
tional defense."

The antagonism between the premier  
and the generalissimo was not merely  
one between two personalities but rather  
between two theories of war. From the  
beginning of the campaign Gamelin had  
been an advocate of defense and tem-  
porization; Reynaud hoped to become  
known as the man of offense and action.

"A general who remains on the defen-  
sive loses all his battles," he said.

Since he had become premier by  
promising to conduct the war "with in-  
creasing vigor," he felt obliged to under-  
take large projects. The possibilities,  
however, were strictly limited. He com-  
menced by insisting, from the time of  
his first trip to London, that the British  
government should lay mine fields in  
the territorial waters of Norway. A  
little later he resurrected from the por-  
tfolios of the ministry of foreign affairs  
a proposed agreement with England  
which exacted a promise on both sides  
that neither one would sign a separate  
peace, a plan to which Daladier had al-  
ways refused to agree. Then he re-  
opened the question of Belgium: Was  
it necessary to wait for an appeal from  
the Belgian government before enter-  
ing Belgium? Reynaud tried to force  
their hand.

"Are you with us or against us?" he  
asked the Belgian ministers. "If you  
are with us, then let us hasten to co-  
operate in strengthening the defenses of  
our frontiers. If you are against us—"

General Gamelin was outspoken in

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his opposition to this attitude which he believed might result in throwing the twenty-five Belgian divisions into the enemy's camp. A violent scene took place between the two men. Reynaud would have replaced General Gamelin with General Georges as early as April if Daladier, who was still minister of war, had not threatened to resign. This was a risk that Reynaud dared not run. His personal position, however, seemed to grow stronger. The naval victory at Narvik made a great impression on France, and Reynaud, sponsor of the Norwegian project, derived considerable prestige from it.

"The iron route has been definitely cut," he told Parliament on the twentieth of April. And the minister who a few days earlier had had only a single vote majority obtained the unanimous support of the chamber. This seemed reassuring to me, but a senator whom I saw that evening told me with diabolic glee that it meant nothing.

"You don't understand parliamentary byplay," he explained in a pitying tone. "There were adversaries of Reynaud who worked hard to make it unanimous because unanimity is impersonal, national, patriotic; whereas, a strong majority would have meant a personal success."

Next day I was received by Reynaud himself. Striding up and down his office at the Quai d'Orsay with his hands in his pockets, he revealed to me in ringing tones the situation he had found upon assuming power. It horrified me.

"THE tanks," he said, "existed only on paper. Disorder was so great that the cannon and machine guns that the army needed were lying idle in the storehouses. The Germans had two hundred divisions, possibly two hundred and forty; we had barely one hundred. Daladier, through his inertia, thwarted all reforms and rendered government impossible."

"Nevertheless," I said, "Daladier is certainly a man who loves his country. He speaks of it so eloquently over the radio and in a way that goes straight to the heart."

"Yes," Reynaud said, "I believe he desires the victory of France, but he desires my defeat even more."

A terrible judgment, sincerely spoken but probably unfair, it reveals the depth of the abyss that separated these two men.

I saw Paul Reynaud on the sixth of May and found him depressed and nervous. On his desk were three telephones, one of which was connected with the ministry, the second with the outside, the third with the room of Madame de P. This last instrument rang unceasingly. Reynaud would lift the receiver, listen for a second and then cry out in an exasperated tone:

"Yes . . . Yes, of course . . . But that's understood . . . But I implore you to let me do my work. . . ."

Finally he stopped answering.

The Norwegian affair went badly. It revealed for the first time the crushing superiority of the equipment at the disposal of the German army. It dampened the enthusiasm of even the most optimistic to observe the difference between minute preparation—an action rehearsed in advance down to its smallest details—and a hasty improvisation which exposed to the bombs and machine guns of the enemy air force soldiers who were courageous but ill-equipped, particularly in respect to anti-aircraft guns. Reynaud placed upon his enemies responsibility for this lack of preparation that led to disaster.

"They kept things from me," he told me. "particularly a letter from Admiral Darlan which described the difficulties of the enterprise and which probably would have stopped me. But I am going

this afternoon before a committee of the senate and I shall tell them the whole truth."

This time the quarrel between Daladier and Reynaud was so violent that President Lebrun had to interfere to reconcile them.

AT NINE o'clock on the morning of May tenth I was planning to go to the country to spend my leave there. At eight-thirty I switched on the radio and learned of the invasion of Belgium and Holland. The great offensive had been launched. All the officers on leave were recalled, and I went to the Gare du Nord to return to Arras. The train was so crowded with British and French soldiers that several cars had to be added. Standing near me by an open window in the corridor, an infantry captain was giving directions to his wife.

"Listen, my dear. Take the money out of the left-hand drawer of my bureau and the change that is in the drawer of the bedside table. The keys to the car and to the garage are in the tray on

the seventeenth of May, General Gamelin advised the government that a German motorized column was advancing on Laon and that he could not answer for Paris longer than that night. That was a day of panic in the ministries.

On the following morning the Parisians learned that the Germans had turned toward the sea and that they would have some days' respite. This time Reynaud, made bold by the gravity of the situation, took the action that he had so often postponed. In order to get rid of General Gamelin, whom he held responsible for the defeat and whom Daladier persisted in defending, he assumed himself the portfolio of war and handed that of foreign affairs to Daladier. Who was to be the generalissimo? For a long time Reynaud had had Georges in mind, but of all possible choices he would have been the most painful to Gamelin. For between these two men there existed a rivalry as persistent as that which divided Reynaud and Daladier.

"They are so busy making war on each

Marshal Pétain the vice-premier. In the eyes of most Frenchmen the marshal possessed incomparable prestige. His noble and regular features, tall stature, his somewhat cold and satirical air of authority gave those who met him the impression of a "presence." Of the six marshals of the Great War who had been the witnesses and actors of glory, he alone remained. Marshal Franchet d'Esperey. And the fact that he bore so easily his eight-four years and remained young inspired astonishment and respect.

In summoning Marshal Pétain to side Reynaud thought first of strengthening his position and of ening and solidifying public opinion through this brilliant prestige. But he made a strange miscalculation in seeing in his new colleague only a name and a reputation. He was providing for himself a successor and a judge.

The disastrous struggle of Reynaud against Daladier finally came to an end on the sixth of June by the complete elimination of the latter. Master of France a few months before and so powerful that he had seemed to be untouchable, he disappeared in a whirlwind that had struck his country without a single word of regret even of surprise being voiced.

Meanwhile, General Gamelin, whom Daladier had so long protected, was living between a courtyard and a garden in the ground floor of a quiet house on the Avenue Foch; dressed in civilian clothes, he was spending his time peeping out on his typewriter a memoir of self-justification.

A FRIEND of the Gamelins who had known them in their days of power and remained faithful to them in disgrace went to see Madame Gamelin before leaving Paris. She found her calm and resigned.

"The general," she said, "is with us. He is not thinking of himself but of France, of our soldiers. He has the highest regard for General Weygand and hopes that he may succeed in halting the enemy."

Then she pointed to the next room where we had on a former occasion admired a charming portrait of the general painted by his own mother when he was a child and showing the young Maurice Gamelin wearing a long dress and holding on a drum, and her face took on the tender look of a loving and devoted wife.

"Do you hear him?" she said with emotion. "That's the clicking of his little typewriter."

These were the most serious of personal conflicts that rendered the conduct of the war so difficult. It is easy to say that such antagonisms occur at times, that jealousy and ambition are ever-present passions, that in Clemenceau and Poincaré hated each other and that, nevertheless, we were victorious. This is true, but in 1914 a certain nobility of heart and undivided patriotism triumphed over these passions. Poincaré had no love for Clemenceau but he loyally collaborated with him. Pétain, with self-abnegation, served under the orders of Foch. In 1940 France was so divided, political hatreds were so violent and the decline of public morality so far advanced that no obstacle interposed to personal hatreds. The country was played by personalities was not the sentimental cause of the defeat. That as we have shown, was lack of preparation, military, diplomatic and industrial on the part of the Allies. But the quarrels of the ministers and the lack of a leader capable of imposing unity on a nation deprived the armies of their chance.

The fourth of this series of art will appear next week.



"Let's go someplace else—you bore me!"

JARO FABRY

the chest of drawers in my room. Tell Berthe to put the business suit I took off in camphor. Have Jean's bicycle greased; it squeaks. What did you say? That these two days have been very short? Certainly, but remember that we might not have had them at all. And if we stop those fellows, this may be the end of the war."

His little wife smiled bravely. It is not true to say that before the offensive the morale was bad. In the upper and better-informed circles it may have been, but not among the masses who were still filled with hope and to whom the radio administered eight times a day their doses of illusion.

The news of the German breakthrough at Sedan was a terrible and completely unforeseen blow to the inhabitants of Paris. They were prepared, if need be, for the idea of a retreat; they had had experience enough of that in 1914. But they believed that any enemy advance would be quickly checked. On

other," an English general said one day, "that they have no time to make war on the Germans."

ANOTHER possible choice was Nogues, who had had great success in Morocco and in all North Africa. Among the younger generals Huntziger and Giraud both had partisans. Huntziger was considered a man of great intelligence and his army had stubbornly resisted the attack. Giraud was a wonderful leader but he terrified the timid by his audacity and, moreover, at the moment he was a prisoner. Reynaud decided upon General Weygand who was in command of the army of the Orient, and urgently recalled him to Paris. Weygand had been the second in command to Marshal Foch at that moment in 1918 when the latter had taken command of a battle already half lost and transformed it into a victory. It was natural to make use of his experience.

At the same time Reynaud offered



## Hade is in Jail

Continued from page 15

wait duck hunting and will not be back until tomorrow afternoon.

So I am sitting on the fence across from the Teton, and I am wishing to the devil I would've had enough sense not to tell my bedroll. I only got six dollars of it, and it is not warm these nights in October down here in the Hole. I went on asking Ed if I could sleep in the back room at the Teton, but he is gone and I don't know the fellow at the bar, and if I would ask him he would think I am some kind of saddle bum, while Ed knows different, he knows my intentions are always of the best.

But anyway I got to eat, and I go over to the lunchroom and buy a ham-burger and coffee, and I am sure lonely for that Nancy Church. I don't know where she is, and if I would know where I would go there and she would slip me a piece of pie extra, or another cup of coffee on the side. I do get homesome for that old Nancy, especially when I am at a lunch counter.

AFTER supper I go out and walk around, and I have got an idea to go over and see Hade, but I think I better not, because for one thing I do not want to get Hade out of jail to look like what was all planned, and another thing if Hade knew I had sold my outfit he would never let me get him out. So I wander over to the Teton, and they have got a dance going. They have got one of those machines where you put in a nickel for a record, and a fellow tells me they have a dance every Saturday night.

All the fellows I know are out of town some roundup or the other, but there is a couple of fellows from Utah I have seen once before someplace and I dig into my money and we have a beer.

After while a girl walks in alone. It is between a dance, and they all look up at her when she comes in, and she sits in an empty chair near the door and smiles at the people that say hello to her, which includes every one of the men in the place, and it is no use of me trying to describe this girl.

I have saw a good many dude girls, but it is in the dude-girl season, and a few I have saw out of season, and this one is not exactly a dude girl and she is not exactly a local girl, but she is beautiful and she is nice and I am sure in love with her.

I am not quick when it comes to a thing like this, Hade is always making fun of me about it, but this time it is different, I take myself entirely by surprise and I step right up and say:

"Ma'am, would you want to dance with me? I am not a very good dancer."

She smiles at me and says yes she will be very glad to and she is not a very good dancer either.

So I stand there, I did not know it would be so long before the next record on the machine, and I do not know exactly what I should ought to say, but finally I say, "My name is Steve," and she says, "Mine is Doris Baxter. Do you live around here?"

"Yes," I tell her. "I mean, I live in the West. Do you?"

"My home is in Denver," she says. "I am visiting my uncle here."

"I see," I tell her. That is all I can think of for a while.

Well, somebody has sense enough to start a record and she stands up and we go ahead and dance. It is not easy with my high heels and besides it is very hot in Ed's place, but after a long time the dance is over and I ask her if maybe she would like a drink.

"Yes, I would," she says; "I would

like a good big drink." And we go out to the bar and she orders a Tom Collins, fifty cents, and I order a beer, and while we are drinking it half a dozen fellows that have managed by this time to get away from their wives come around and are asking Doris for a dance, and she says she has got to get home early but she will have time for a few more, and they all get a dance and when the music starts she thanks me very much and I am alone and she has not even finished all of her Tom Collins.

Well, I go back to where the fellows from Utah are at, and we stand and watch them dance. After while I am getting sleepy and there is no use standing here and watching Doris dance with everybody. So I start out, and I see Doris leaving the fellow she has just danced with, and I go up to her and I say, "Well, I suppose you are going home now," and she says she is, and I say, "Maybe you could stay for one more dance."

"Maybe I could," she says, smiling very charming.

So while we are waiting for the dance I invite her to have another drink, a Tom Collins if she wants it, if she thinks she can drink another big drink like that. She does, and I make mine a beer. Then we dance, and we are going toward the door afterward and there is a lot of people around and I have it in my mind to take Doris home, but before I can figure it out, she says, "Steve, thanks a lot, and I hope to see you again, I really do," and she has went.

I am mighty sad about this and I go out and walk around, there is a fine moon out, and I think of Doris, and after while I decide to turn in for the night and maybe I will see Doris around tomorrow. So I wander out toward the rodeo grounds, where I figure I will find a place to sleep. I go across the field and around behind the grandstand, and the two fellows from Utah are there and some other fellow. I lay down on a couple loose planks I find, and stand a plank beside me to keep off the worst of the wind, but it is no use, it is too cold. One of the fellows from Utah has got a bedroll and the other one has got a blanket, but the third one is like me, nothing, and we build a little fire and take turns keeping it going.

When it is my turn to watch it, I am sitting there thinking about Doris.

WE BOTH of us get a little sleep, taking turns, and after while it is morning and the sun comes over the hills and we sleep a little longer in it, it is nice and warm. We are all hungry, and I find out nobody has any money but me, so I invite them to breakfast. The way it is with Hade, he would rather stay in jail a couple days extra than have me hold out on the fellows, so we go over and have some ham and eggs, and being in the lunchroom again makes me think of Nancy Church, and I am kind of ashamed of myself on account of Doris. I mean, I have this understanding with Nancy, and here I am in love with Doris.

After breakfast the fellows go on up the road, they are looking for a job for the winter, and I walk around town kind of looking for Doris but I do not see her. So I sit on the fence a while. I am wondering what Hade would say if I would use just half of my money for his bills instead of all of it, and use the rest for staying in town here for a few days and dance again with Doris and buy her another Tom Collins and maybe take her to the movies or supper or something. I am thinking, maybe it would be all right with Hade if I did not get him out of jail

# The price of Top-Quality is the little more you pay for Generals

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At a time when the appeal of price is being used generally, to tempt tire buyers, car owners are recording emphatically their confidence in General's Top-Quality. Sales of Squeegie-Generals show spectacular increases. New thousands are joining the millions who have learned that speculating on tire quality is risky business. For maximum mileage and safety, see your General Tire dealer.

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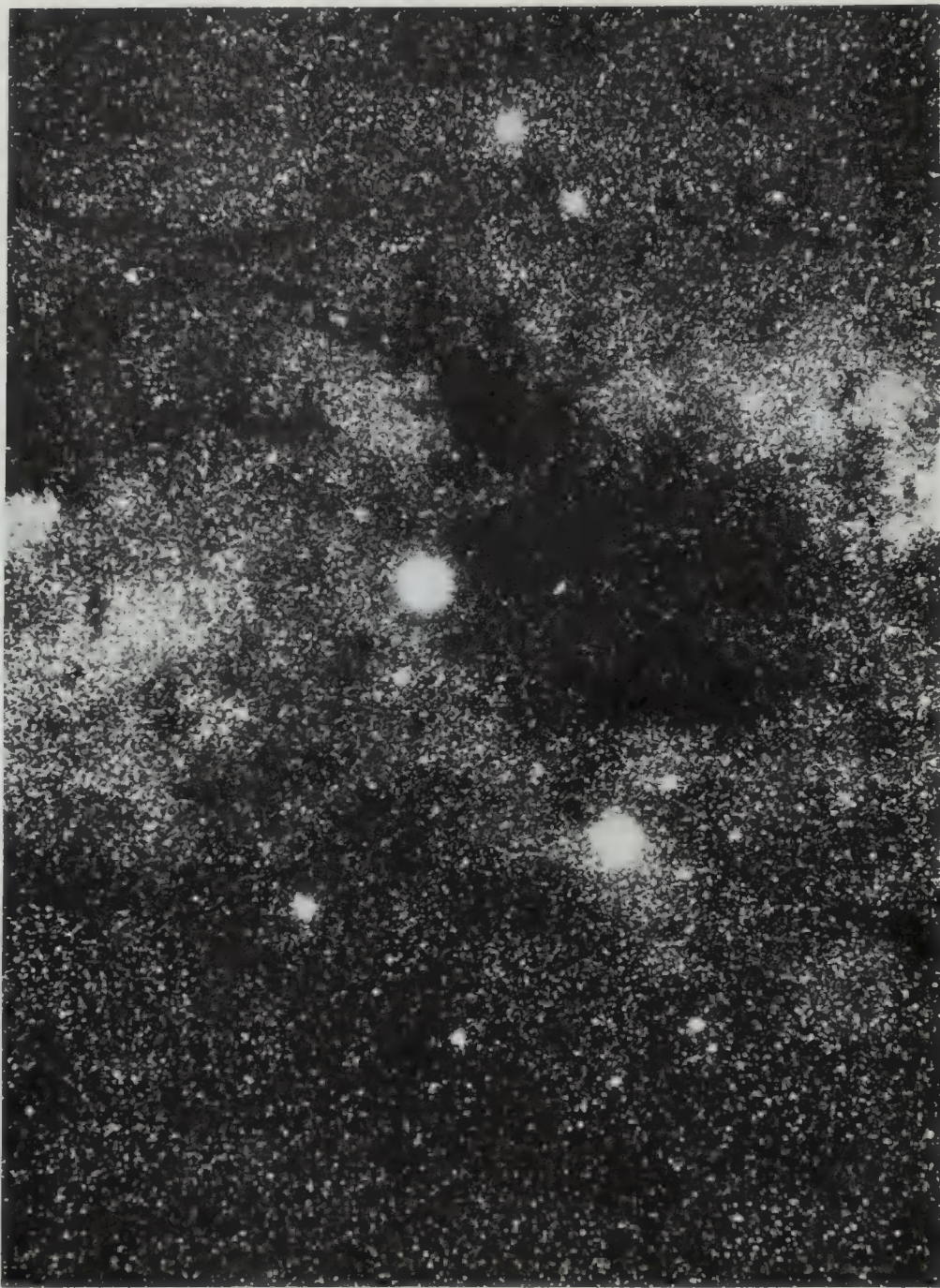
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# The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends





PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT HARVARD OBSERVATORY

## The sky's the limit

Some of the stars shown in this photograph of the Galaxy, or Milky Way, are hundreds of light years distant. A hundred light years, in miles, is 186,335 miles per second times 60 seconds times 60 minutes times 24 hours times 365 days times 100. And that barely begins to dent the depths of space. (Modern telescopes reveal nebulae that are 500,000,000 light years distant.)

Even that marvelous man-made instrument, the Comptometer, which adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides complex figures with amazing speed and accuracy, is hardly adequate to cope with figures when the infinite sky's the limit.

But for handling swiftly and economically the finite figures which are vital to Business and Industry, the Comptometer has proved its sterling worth during the past half-century. And (especially since the introduction of the new Model M Cushioned-Touch Comptometer) more and more alert executives are discovering the significance of the phrase "Comptometer Economy": that this bright particular star in the field of adding-calculating machines handles more figure work in less time at lower cost.

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# COMPTOMETER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

all at once. I could get him part out now, and get a job and get him the rest of the way out later on.

I walk around to where the jail is at. I stand there and look at her.

She is made of brick and is attached to a little log house, where Jim Bassett lives. I have been in her. Jim let me sleep in her a couple nights one winter when I was coming through here. Jim is a good enough fellow but he is dumfounded about keeping a place clean, and Jim's idea about cooking is to make up a stew and see how long it will last by putting in more water every few days. When I was there the stew was pretty good right at first, you did not have to hunt long for the meat, but a couple other fellows come in to spend the week end on a couple cots Jim set up, and when I left there was not any use hunting for the meat.

So I look at the jail, and I know what she is like, and Hade is there in her.

I'll have to get Hade all the way out.

"STEVE," Ed is saying, "I wouldn't've believed it myself if I wouldn't've seen it."

He is back from duck hunting and we are standing at his bar talking her over and drinking a beer. He points his glass of beer at the big window in front of his place and he says:

"Hade is standing here at the bar and I can see he has got something on his mind. I do not know what it is, but something. He has been around here two, three days, he is on his way up to Montana, he tells me he has promised to meet you up there in the fall of the year. But you wouldn't hardly know Hade. He is gloomy. He drinks his beer and when he gets through he puts the glass back on the bar, it is the only beer he has had, he is about out of money, and he leans down and picks up the spittoon and throws it through the window there."

Ed looks at me, very puzzled, and he says, "Steve, have another beer. On the house." He draws us each another beer and says:

"Hade just stood here, right where you're standing now, and he says, 'Ed, I am sure mighty sorry about that. It was just an idea I had, and I forgot to change my mind. You better call Jim Bassett and have it over with.' Well, take a nice fellow like Hade, always peaceable, you don't like to see him go to jail for a thing like that. I always liked Hade. So I said, 'Hade, anybody else I would sure have them thrown in the jug, but take it with a fellow like you, some day when you get a job just send me the money and we'll forget the whole thing.'"

"Well, Hade tries to get me to call Jim Bassett and I won't do it, so he walks out. In five minutes in comes Jim. He asks me for the bar cloth and I give it to him and then I see Jim has got a bloody nose. I ask him what the matter is, and he says, 'I just had an accident. I was walking along the street and here comes Hade Crosby, and before I can even say hello, he pokes me one in the nose. He tries to tell me he done it on purpose, but hell, I know Hade better than that. So I just laugh at him and tell him not to mistake me for somebody else again, and I come over here.'"

"So," Ed goes on, "I show Jim my window. We are standing here looking at the window and scratching our heads, wondering about Hade, and in comes Bill Alberts. Bill says, 'Fellows, you don't have to believe it, but Hade Crosby is over in the square knocking down all the fences.' So Jim goes out, and the next thing I know, Hade is in jail, charged up with my window and the fence and Jim's nose. I guess Jim just lost his patience. I'm sure sorry about Hade. Nobody around here can figure the thing out."

Me too.

"I would like to talk to Jim," I tell Ed. "That ought to be easy," Ed says. He goes to the phone and calls up the jail and asks Jim to come over, and a few minutes Jim comes in.

The first thing I do is buy a couple drinks all around. Then I ask Jim, "What would it take, in the way of money to get Hade out?"

"Well," Jim says, "the way it is with the books, Hade owes the town about thirteen, fourteen dollars for the job, and he owes Ed here seventy dollars, it, Ed, for the window."

"I put her down for seventy," Ed says, "but I tell you, that window cost eighty dollars, counting hauling it over the pass. I don't know how much putting her in. Lou Apple put her for me and he took it out in trade so I got it down to a matter of dollars and cents."

I take my money out of my pocket. "Well," I tell them, "I had a little lately, and as long as I'm here I might as well get Hade out of jail. If you fellows go along with me. Ed, suppose I give you sixty dollars even for the window, and some day I or Hade will make up the rest. The way it is now, Hade is serving time, and when his time is up he don't owe you anything. Then I'll give you fifteen dollars for the fence, Jim. I'll give it to you and you can pay the town when you get to it, and that leaves two dollars over of the money I've got here, and we could have us a couple more drinks."

Ed says that is all right with him. Jim says so far as he is concerned, it's all legal.

So Jim says first thing in the morning he'll make out the papers and I can take Hade, and we have a couple drinks. Jim says, "By the way," he says, "you got a place to sleep tonight?"

"I haven't thought of it," I tell him. He says, "Look, Steve, you might well see Hade tonight as in the morning, and you can stay right there in the jail just as well as not. The cot's tight and you'd be mighty comfortable. What to do her?"

"Sure," I tell him; "let's go over." "I ain't got the time right now," he says. "I got to make a couple rounds but you go on over and go right in. The door's unlocked, or if it ain't just knock and Hade'll let you in."

So I go over there and I am grinning, walking along, thinking what Hade will say when I tell him he is out of jail in the morning.

I OPEN the door and go in and there is Hade, sitting in a chair.

He looks up.

"Good evening, Mr. Crosby," I say, very polite.

"Steve!" he says. He jumps up. "We are calling each other the names we can think of, like always."

"Hade," I finally say, "in the morning you are out of jail."

"Oh, no," he says, "I'm in for forty days. Forty to go."

I can't help but laugh. "You are kidding, I tell him. 'I did her.'"

Hade stands there looking at me, and he sits down and puts his head in his hands. He is overcome.

While Hade is sitting there I have to look around the inside of the jail and it is my turn to be overcome. The first thing I see is that Hade's bed has sheets and pillows and pillow case clean, and a spread on it, instead of a couple old blankets like it used to have.

And there is a rug on the floor. Both windows is curtains. And the chair Hade is sitting in is one of the easy chairs, covered with red flower over it, and on a little table beside the chair is some magazines and bottles of beer.



Hade looks up. He says, "Steve, how do you get me out?"

Hade does not like to mention about the meey part of it. So I just say, "I talked to Ed and Jim. It was easy."

Hade takes a deep breath. "Steve," he says, "I sure do appreciate what you did. But—Steve, I'm going to serve out my time."

Now is where I tell him about the meey, about everything paid.

I am just going to tell him when the door between the jail and Jim's house opens and in comes a beautiful girl.

Hade does not have to tell you who it is.

He says, "Is everything all right, Hade? Is the beer good and cold?" Then she sees me. "Oh, hello, Steve," she says. She tells Hade: "I and Steve had a couple dances last night at Ed's. And we bought me two Tom Collinses, didn't you, Steve?"

"Yes," I say.

Hade says everything is fine, and she goes back.

"Goodby, Doris," I say when she is closing the door.

"Goodby, Steve," she says.

He is gone.

Hade opens a bottle of beer and hands it to me and I drink some and hand it back and he drinks some. He waves his hand around. "Steve," he says, "just take a look at this place. It gives you a good idea of what it means to have a woman around. Doris is Jim's niece, you know, she's visiting him from Denver and she sure knows how to make a place good and homelike. And the food, Steve, you wouldn't recognize it. Take it tonight, we had the biggest steak you ever saw. And this beer. Jim got hold of some money someplace and Doris fed us up a real feed. Here, have some more beer."

Hade takes some more beer.

Hade says, "Steve, I am thinking of getting married."

"You have said that before," I remind him.

"This time it is the real thing," he says. "I fell in love with Doris the first time I was in town, here. On my way up to Montana to meet you. Well, there is half the unmarried fellows in town in love with Doris already, and all the married ones, and here I am, my old clothes, and I am broke, and what chance have I got."

"So I hit on the idea. I am the only one in the whole town that thought of getting put in jail."

"That's the way it would be," I tell Hade.

Hade kind of laughs. He says, "Steve, maybe you think I didn't have a job of it getting put in jail." He laughs harder, and I feel like laughing too, so we both laugh.

Hade says, "Steve, what are you doing here in the Hole? I thought you went up to Montana."

"I am just passing through here," I tell Hade. "I decided to winter in the South this year. New Mexico."

"That reminds me," Hade says. "I have got a message for you. Nancy Church is down at Rock Springs. She's working at the Busy Bee. She said if I saw you, and if you are going south this winter, be sure and stop in. She's a swell kid, Steve. I guess I know how it is between her and you."

"We have got an understanding," I tell Hade.

We have some more of the beer.

Hade says, "You taking your saddle and bedroll for getting a job down South?"

"No," I tell him; "I sold out. I didn't want to be bothered on the way down."

"Listen," Hade says, "if you want a bedroll for on the way, I've got one over in that shed behind the hardware store where I and you slept that time. You can help yourself to it, Steve. I'll be here all winter, I'm not going anyplace, I won't need it. You take it along, Steve."

"I might do her, at that," I tell Hade. "I'm pulling out tonight. I can make her to Piney Draw by tomorrow night."

So I and Hade shake hands, and Hade says, "Stop in on your way back in the spring, Steve. Maybe we can get a job together, like old times."

So I say I sure will, and I start out.

"Wait a minute," Hade says. I stop. "Finish the beer," he says.

I finish the beer.

Then I go on over to the shed behind the hardware store and I find the bedroll, and I kind of circle around town and head on south.

It feels mighty fine, having a bedroll again; a fellow don't need to carry much when he can meet up with friends like Hade. I am on my way to see Nancy Church, and I am going to New Mexico, and I am whistling when I am walking down the road. And on my back, warm against my shoulders, is this good old bedroll that Hade has gave to me. It is not a home, but it is a mighty comfortable feeling.



**No bet, George!**

Who wouldn't enjoy reporting right back to the folks at home! So easy too. Calls can be made from any booth to anywhere. Adds loads of pleasure to any trip. Rates, of course, are extra low after 7 every evening and all day Sunday.



"Look, fella, yuh know what happens in th' movies, I' guys like you what won't talk?"

JAY IRVING





## Lily-Gilder Mac Leish

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, Librarian of Congress, is reported asking the United States Government to set up a propaganda department, similar to the propaganda departments maintained by many other governments, especially the dictator governments. The idea would be to push our government's doctrines in every possible way.

This suggestion, we'd say, stamps Mr. MacLeish as a champion lily-gilder. Our government now has some 200 ladies and gentlemen engaged in putting out propaganda of every description. It is mostly dressed-up as factual stuff about how the various Washington departments, bureaus and holes-in-the-wall are helping to make life rosier every day for every American. But it's propaganda nevertheless, because the government never gets a sour break in any of the stuff.

If there's one thing we do not need in this country, it is a regularly organized propaganda department. If Mr. MacLeish, now, would suggest a department for radically cutting down the propaganda put out by all the government agencies, he'd have something.

## How About the Philippines?

AS REPORTED in Collier's recently by Jim Marshall, the Filipinos are biting their fingernails closer to the quick as 1946, the year for their complete liberation from the United States, draws nearer.

Their free-trade privileges with us look better every day to Filipino businessmen; the prospect of being fired out of pleasant jobs by the Japanese looks more appalling every day to Philippine politicians. So Manila hints ever more broadly to Washington about some kind of modified independence, which would let the Filipinos do all the running and most of the exploiting of their rich islands while we did all the protecting of them.

Couldn't a fairer arrangement be made, if we're going to think better of complete Philippine liberation, as apparently we are?

After all, Philippine defense is no child's play. The islands are far out of line with strategic U. S. Naval placements in the Pacific. Some of our Navy men regard them as indefensible against an all-out Japanese attempt to grab them.

Wouldn't it be fair to insist that, if we do consent not to free the Philippines, the islands build a reasonably good-sized navy of their own; and that they not weary of well-doing in the matter of building up the army that ex-Chief of Staff MacArthur got started for them?

The Philippines are a wealthy set of islands. We're going to tax ourselves almost blind for a big defense force. It seems little enough to ask of the Filipinos to hold up their end if we're to undertake to save them from the Japanese—for whose coming the Filipinos began asking the moment they asked us to turn them loose.



## Tsk, Tsk, Mr. Arnold

HOW now, whither are we drifting, what the blazes, and all that? We refer to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act criminal charges brought by Thurman Arnold's anti-monopoly committee against the eight biggest tobacco companies operating in the United States—American Tobacco Co., British-American, Imperial, Liggett & Myers, P. Lorillard Co., Philip Morris & Co., R. J. Reynolds, Universal Leaf Tobacco Co.

Arnold charges these outfits with creating assorted tobacco trusts, then works around to this remarkable accusation:

By nation-wide advertising and sales promotion schemes the "Big Four" and Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., created such a perfect acceptance and demand for their major brands that—the offering of such products for sale being a necessary adjunct to the conduct of numerous wholesale, retail and service establishments—such establishments are forced to handle the products even on unreasonable and arbitrary terms and at such prices.

In plainer English, the "Big Four" and Philip Morris build more attractive mousetraps, so to speak, than anybody else in the tobacco game, and let the world know they do, so the world beats paths to the doors of Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Old Golds and Philip Morris—and Arnold calls these typically

American successes crimes. There can be no quarrel with legitimate government efforts to stop actually unfair trade practices. But this particular squawk is absurd.

The tobacco companies don't force retailers to sell their cigarettes. The smoking is popular because it prefers these brands, forcing dealers to handle them. And the cigarette business, far from being monopolistic, is fiercely competitive. These brands have battled for years. When Camels nose out Luckies or Old Golds, or Philip Morris edges ahead of Old Golds, or Chesterfields outrun the field, a spell, it's News.

As for cigarettes' unreasonable prices, government certainly isn't doing anything to make them more reasonable. It now taxes popular-price cigarettes 6½¢ a pack, meaning the manufacturers have become so efficient that cigarettes could retail at anything under 9¢ per package of 20 with reasonable profits if it weren't for the taxes.

Sure, we take all kinds of reputable trade advertising, and are glad to have it, and Thurman Arnold is welcome to make what he can out of that. So what? So just the same, Arnold's committee has gone off the deep end on a one-eyed, fantastic prosecution, or else the Sherman Anti-Trust Act needs some amendments. Probably a bit of both.



"All Aircraft Returned Safely" RADIOED BY  
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

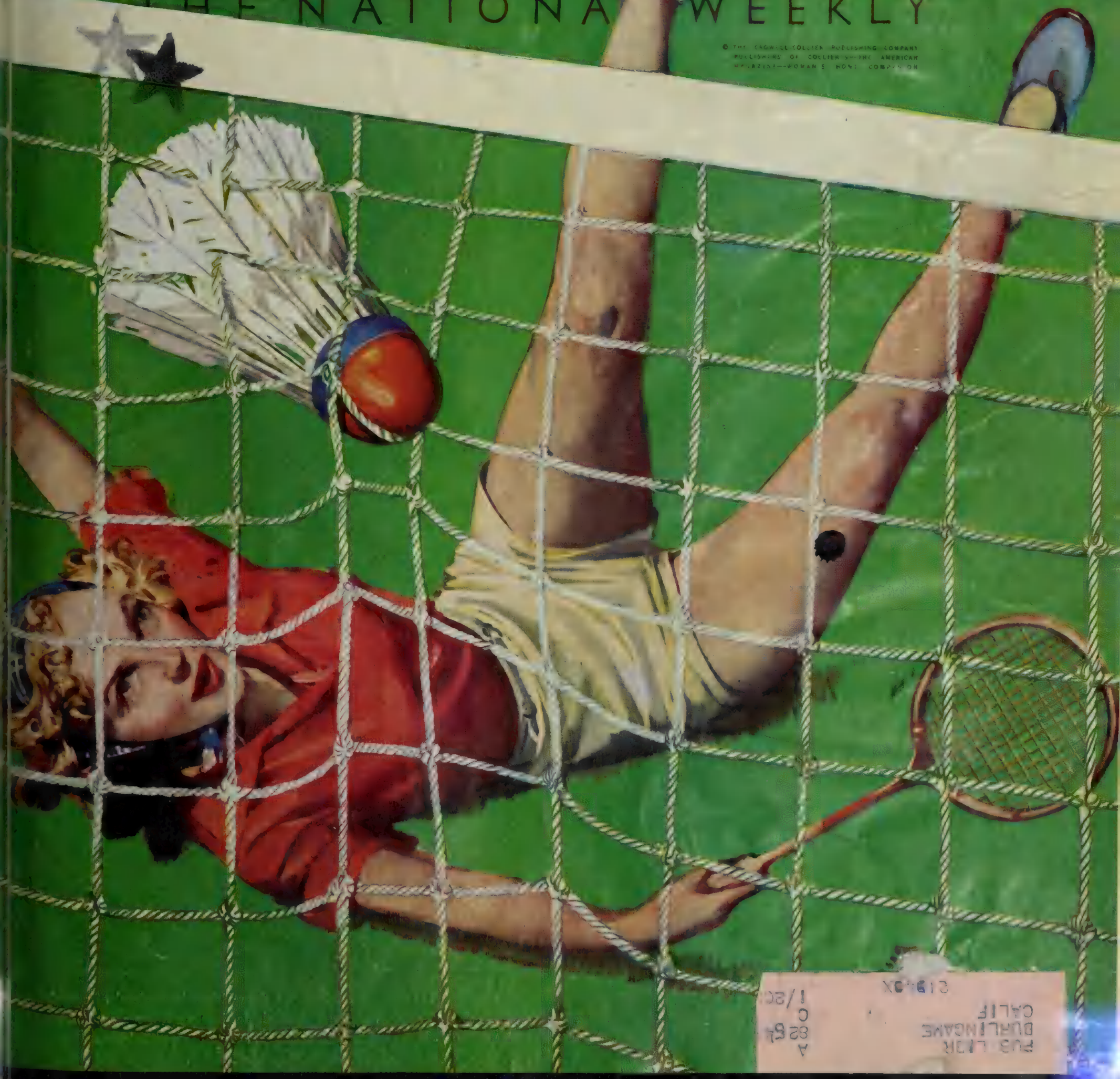
September 14, 1940

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



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you see a Girl in the 4th Grade?  
 ! I see a Girl who is a Senior at Vassar.  
 she a Beautiful Girl?  
 ! Her Sparkling Smile lights her whole Face.  
 Why is her Smile so Charming?  
 Starting young with Ipana and Massage may well be one reason.



**Protect your smile. Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush." Let Ipana and Massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth.**

**T**ODAY, flaxen-haired Polly gets "Honors" in spelling. But wait till she grows up—chances are she'll take them in beauty—thanks to her radiant smile.

For, like thousands of children in our schools today, she has learned how important gum massage is to healthy gums and sparkling smiles. These youngsters know better than many adults that the soft, creamy foods we eat actually deny gums the exercise and stimulation they need for healthy firmness. That's why gums so often tend to feel tender, become sensitive . . . and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

**Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!**

When that tinge of "pink" appears . . . *see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble but "pink tooth brush" is a definite warning . . . one you should never ignore.

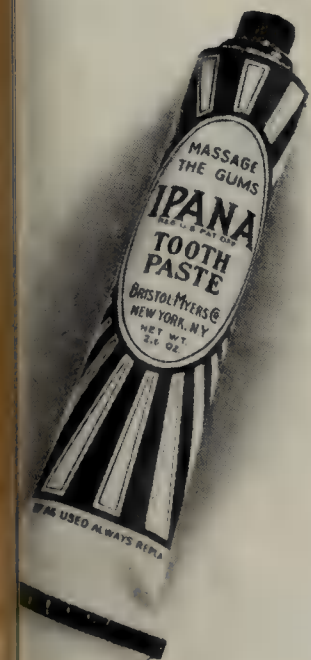
Chances are your dentist will give the verdict that your

gums have grown lazy, need exercise and invigoration. And, like so many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!"

For Ipana does more than clean teeth thoroughly. With massage, it is specially designed to aid your gums . . . help them to become stronger, healthier. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that circulation is roused in gum tissues, aiding gums to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. Begin now the daily, helpful habit of Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, and a more radiant smile.

**Ipana Tooth Paste**









# "High-Jumps" and Hair-Raising Stops Show How New Tire Saves Lives!



**Punishing Performances by Jimmie Lynch's "Death Dodgers" at New York World's Fair, Show Why You'll Be Safer On Silvertowns**

**C**ARS hurtling into space! Tires smacking concrete! Dizzy turns and fast stops that leave the crowds gasping.

The fact of the matter is we've made the Goodrich Arena at the New York World's Fair a "torture" ground for tires—and invited millions to watch.

It's spectacular, of course, but what is most important, it's a living, thrilling demonstration that "You'll be safer on Silvertowns". Here the Life-Saver Tread shows how its "windshield-wiper" road-drying action will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

You see the tougher, stronger Silvertown carcass take smashing blows from a car actually falling in the air. This same carcass, remember, has in every ply the heat-resisting construction pioneered in the famous Golden Ply that is noted for *maximum resistance* to high-speed blow-outs. These specially treated, heat-resisting "Life-Saver" plies give you greater safety every day you drive.

You'll never give your tires anywhere near this punishment. But wouldn't it give you peace-of-mind to know this safety is under your car?

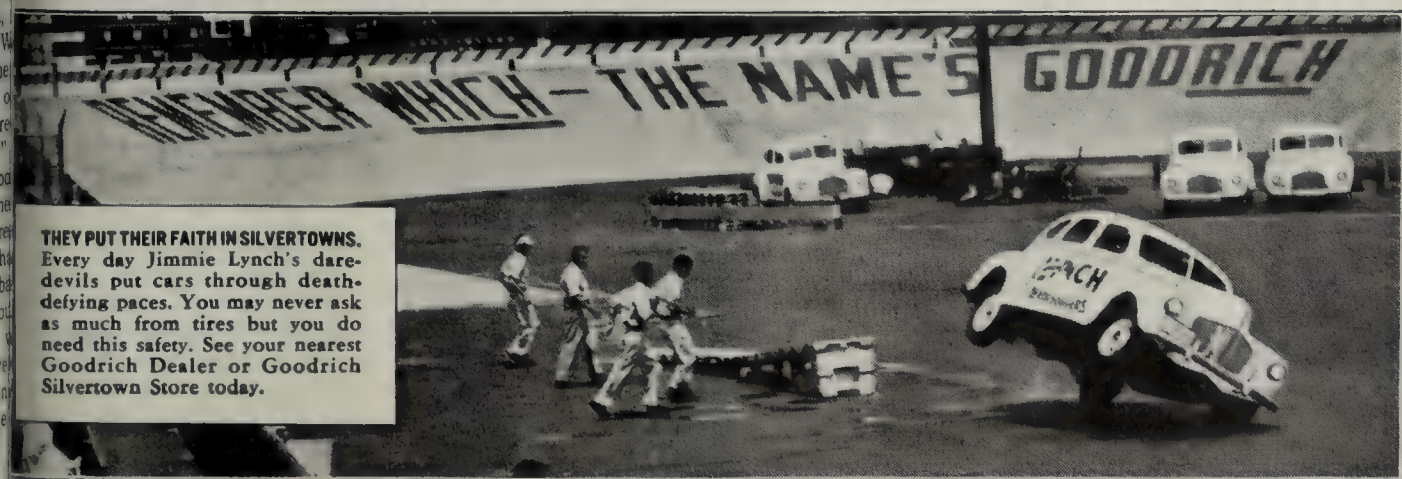
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**GOING OVER?** Not by a long shot. Even though the whole weight of this speeding car is on only two of the Goodrich Silvertowns, these massive, husky sidewalls are able to "take it"—and come back for more.



**ONLY 3 INCHES TO SPARE!** That's all the space between running board and on bars of this paper hoop as Betty Middleton, one of America's youngest girl stunt drivers, rides saddle on the hood of a Jimmie Lynch car. That's precision driving!

**HOLD EVERYTHING!** A long, fast run up the jump—a leap into the air—and 3000 pounds of flying weight fall squarely on the tires! In a few minutes—another turn around the track—and these husky Silvertowns are ready to do it again!



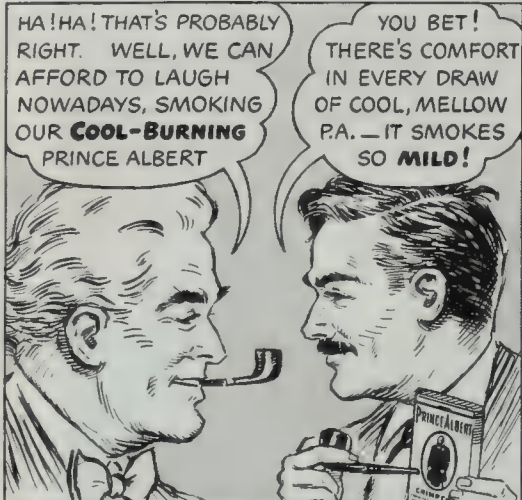
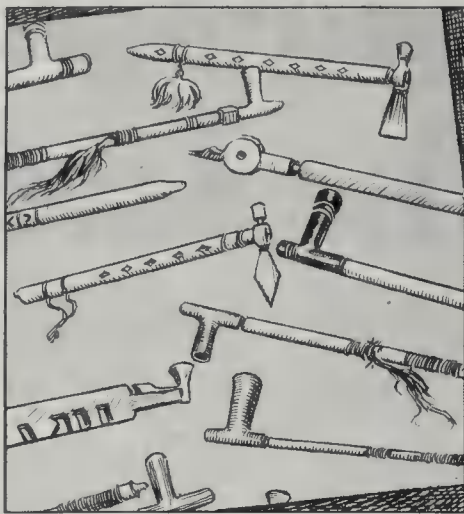
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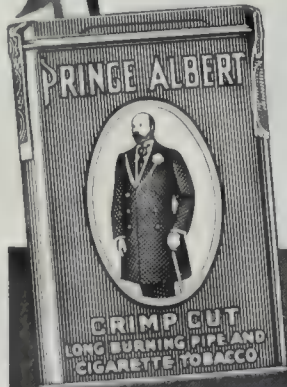
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Homing pigeons in the service of the United States Army Signal Corps have not only been trained to fly as far as sixty miles in darkness, but also to locate their "home," or loft, when it is mounted on a truck and moved many miles every twenty-four hours.

In the past five years, the motor scooter has grown from a plaything to a practical utility, at least 75,000 now being used, for example, by highway police, postmen, messenger boys and those who run about airports and large industrial plants. They cost from about \$90 to \$200, have three-quarters to two-and-a-half-horsepower motors, travel from 25 to 35 miles an hour and run from 60 to 120 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Of the 285,000 privately owned freight cars in the United States today, 140,000 are tank cars of 65 different types, which are used to transport 110 kinds of liquids such as wine, milk, molasses, corn syrup, olive oil, turpentine and acetic acid.

Nearly every man in Melanesia has a magic word or phrase that he uses to cure disease, frighten evil spirits or injure his enemies. No one else can speak this personal "abracadabra" unless he buys or rents it for a special occasion. When such an oral charm is sold, the former owner can never utter it again.

According to Moslem faith, every Mohammedan who is a "true believer" on earth is rewarded, upon his entrance into Paradise, with a harem of seventy-two dark-eyed damsels, who are endowed with perpetual youth and beauty and will belong to him forever.

That intelligent men with the same education and experience differ widely in common judgment is illustrated by the 116 high-school teachers who graded 116 identical copies of the answers to an examination in plane geometry, an exact science. The scores ranged from 28 to 92 per cent.—By Mrs. Charlie Kniggee, Bronx, New York.

More than forty per cent of industrial and commercial companies whose buildings are destroyed by fire never survive the disaster and go out of business.

When a baby is born of a Turkish mother and a French father, aboard a British ship in American territorial waters, his parents claim for him any one of the nationalities.—By Lena B. F. Watertown, Massachusetts.

Many rural and small-town newspapers gladly publish all the poetry that is written and contributed by their readers, irrespective of rhyme or reason, at the smallest fee—to the poet—of only fifteen cents a line.—By Evelyn Wilma B. Walled Lake, Michigan.

The average-sized Atlantic oyster strains its food from a dozen eighteen gallons of water a day. A species of Mexican squash seed keeps enough moisture at one time to keep itself alive for fifteen years.

About three quarters of the cases that are appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States are refused hearings on the grounds that they do not merit further judicial consideration.—By Carl Forster, New York, New York.

Contrary to the impression created by our numerous Chinatown Chinese laundries and chop restaurants, America has only as many Chinese as Japanese students. Incidentally, twenty per cent of the Chinese and forty per cent of the Japanese are women.

In some clinical or fever thermometers the tube that holds the mercury has a diameter as small as 1/120th of a human hair. The mercury could not be seen without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass.—G. A. Caswell, Chicago, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of the material may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





You will soon hear the remarkable story of a new kind of car which is now in production at Nash Motors plants.

A car advanced so far beyond present-day standards that the bare facts about it make startling news.

Exhaustive road tests show economy of operation that overshadows anything yet achieved for a car of its size and performance.

Savings up to \$100 a year can be had by the average family. This new-type automobile represents two years of intensive

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Get ready for a new idea of what a car can do, and how little a mile can cost.

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Nash Motors Div. of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich. (*Advance information will be sent to those writing the address above.*)

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No Needles  
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Tilt-Front  
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Make your own  
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Glorious new  
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The Philco PHOTO-ELECTRIC Repro...  
 ... first basic improvement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph.

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In the amazing new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph, a rounded jewel, that *never* needs changing, floats gently over the record grooves and *reflects* the music on a *BEAM OF LIGHT* from a tiny mirror to a Photo-Electric cell. Record wear and surface noise are reduced by 10 to 1. You can play your most valuable recordings 700 times without fear of wear... 10 times

longer than before! And you hear the beauty of your records, rich mellow together with clear brilliant "high" marred by needle scratch.

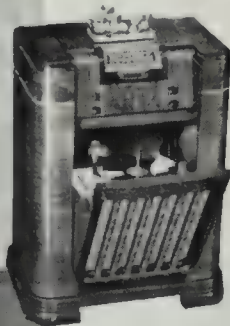
**New Tilt-Front Cabinet.** No lid to need to remove decorations, no dark to-get-at compartments. As you tilt the grille, the record turntable appears in full view and easy to use. *Only Philco*

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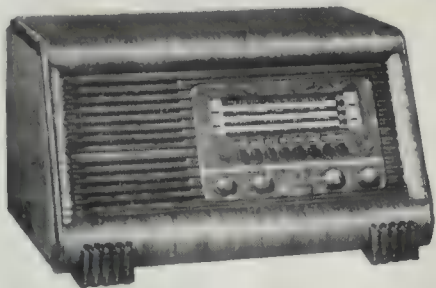
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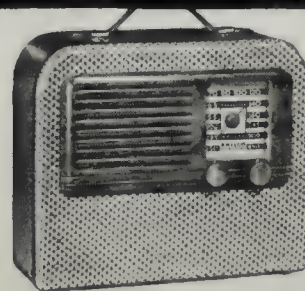
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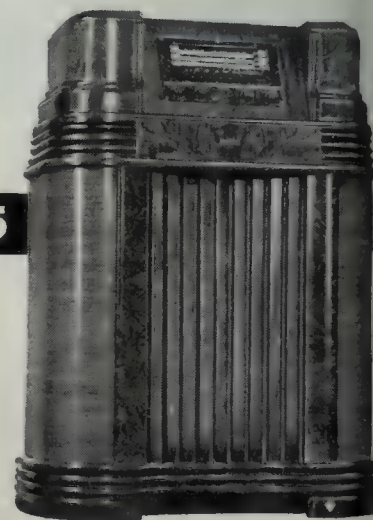
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# All the Tricks

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**A young actress discovers that the difference between a clever woman and a really great woman is bridged by love**

CHIEFLY it was a concern Jenny Field took with the lighting of any room she entered. An actress, she placed herself on stage and off. She understood that art in the case of a portrait photographer, for example, consisted in diffusion, in a soft lighting. In rooms she was careful to avoid shadows or, if the light was unfavorable, she put herself against its brightest rays so that the eyes seeking her were dazzled and saw those strange colored circles before the texture of her skin. And then, when she spent long hours in front of her mirror, she was almost impersonal in the sure, unerring skill with which she worked over her face. Her hair, back over her head, was a group of little curls. Her eyes, deepened and enlarged by cosmetics, bore long, heavy lashes, and she applied the rouge to her lips with a carefully pointed brush so that the shape of her mouth would certainly be perfect.

Everything with Jenny Field was calculated—each sigh, each liquid chuckle, each relaxed posture, each expression. She coached herself diligently, and when she was with some important producer or movie scout her whole manner became innocently and delightfully flat. It seemed as though she clung to every word the great man said to her. She watched his face with attention and respect, waiting with her lips apart ready at once to laugh, to applaud, to sympathize or to be rebuked.

Sometimes it happened that Eddie, her husband, forgot his absorption in the play he himself was writing. When he noticed her performance he couldn't keep from smiling wryly, but promptly told him not to be foolish. The actress had nothing to sell if it wasn't her appearance, her manner, herself. It meant nothing and it worked. It was how she had managed to get the part, small as it was, in *Three Decades*. That was how Bill Closswall, the most effective agent on Broadway, had come to take her in hand.

"Yes," Eddie always reminded his wife, laughing, "but Closswall himself said a girl like you never needed an agent to get ahead."

The funny thing was that when the stroke of good fortune came it happened, not to Jenny, but to Eddie in spite of all his naïve, direct ways. That night after the show she was waiting for him at Rocco's, sitting there along with a dozen other bit players and walk-ons in *Three Decades*. They came there almost every night, monopolizing a corner of the restaurant while they drank Scotch and soda or tall rum drinks and whispered and told one another little lies about themselves. Outwardly everyone here loved everybody else. They needed one another darling and honey

and they were all gay and cordial, but lurking underneath with each of them was the secret assurance that he alone or she alone really had the talent and the necessary determination. It was as though each one knew in his heart that he alone would succeed but out of kindness, unwilling to disappoint the others, each one kept the secret to himself.

Eddie was late but Jenny didn't mind. The time passed easily enough as she listened to the talk:

"Oh, yes! Leila Lynn is very clever. She certainly played her cards right. She knew everyone who could help her and then she went off to Hollywood. She made them go all the way to the coast looking for her. That's how she got the part. Make yourself hard to get . . . of course . . ."

"Jed Harris wanted me for his new show; but Jed? He'd make a great actress of me. No question about it. The man's a genius but the way he drives you. He eats the heart out of you before he lets you go on. 'No, Mr. Harris,' I said firmly, 'no, this is one little heart you're not going to break. . . .'"

"Connelly begged me to do the part. He pleaded with me for hours. 'But Marc,' I said, 'Marc, the part is too much for me. It really is. I'm not ready. I'd ruin my whole career. . . .'"

Their careers, Jenny thought, and smiled to herself. She knew the stories they told were half true or untrue altogether. She understood that these kids had to talk so grandly because it brought them hope and comfort. It gave them courage, carrying them along as they waited for their big day. Jenny herself always kept silent. She didn't bother to invent lies. She could wait patiently. She needed no comfort, for deep within her she knew with a faith that never wavered that sooner or later, this season or the next or the one after that, she herself would become famous and great. She knew nothing could stop her.

SHE finally saw Eddie making his way past the tables to her. He walked slowly, not looking where he was going, and he kept bumping into chairs and a waiter or two.

"You're late," she said as he came up. "You've kept me waiting so long." And then she noticed the dreamy happiness in his eyes. The grin on his face was so simple and broad that he looked silly.

"I know I'm late," he said. "I know I am."

Again and again they made a point of saying to her: "Honey, don't you like Rocco's any more? You must be very busy"





Everyone was looking at him in wonder.

"What happened to you?" Jenny asked.

"The jack pot!" he said and held his arms helplessly outstretched. His voice was unsteady: "I've hit the jack pot at last. Jenny, Gordon Bartlett's bought my play!"

For a moment a hush settled over them and Jenny knew that during that moment every one of them was feeling sick and miserable. They were all trying to tell themselves that it wasn't true, that Eddie must be exaggerating, that Gordon Bartlett would never do the show even if he had bought an option on it; and each one was saying to himself, Jenny knew, "Why Eddie Wells, why not me, what has he got that I haven't?" One girl actually forgot herself long enough to pipe out: "But Bartlett's busy with a show already. He's getting Never Say Die ready."

"Yes," Eddie said, his boyish face still flushed with joy. "He's going to produce both shows at the same time. We're going into production in a month."

Suddenly they all found their voices and the affectionate racket arose. They left their chairs and grouped around him, congratulating him, saying how wonderful it was, kissing him while he grew embarrassed out of modesty with his great good luck. He turned to Jenny.

"It's your show," he told her. "I wrote it for you. You know that, Jenny. You're doing it."

"Oh, I couldn't carry a whole play," she protested. "You're precious to say it, Eddie, but it's impossible."

"No, I mean it," he said eagerly. "You do the lead or no one else does. I've told

Bartlett about you. I'm bringing you up to see him."

They all looked at her now and their faces were revealing even if they said nothing. Jenny could almost hear them cry out in bitter disappointment within themselves: "Of course, of course! Jenny Field knew what she was doing when she married Eddie Wells. She's smart. She's so shrewd!" That was what they were thinking but Jenny didn't care. She touched her husband's sleeve.

"Eddie," she said quietly, "when does Bartlett want to see me?"

**BILL CLOSWALL** telephoned her hotel early the next afternoon. By that time he had learned about Bartlett, her husband's play and the leading role in it. Coswall had been on Broadway ever since his fifteenth year and nothing went by him for long.

"When are you seeing Bartlett?"

"Today," Jenny said. "For lunch."

"Right now?" He whistled. "Gee whiz, I don't know why I try to work for you, kid. I ought to leave you strictly to yourself. Listen," he said, his voice growing serious, "if Bartlett wants you for Eddie's play, don't sign anything without talking with me. Don't commit yourself."

"It's ridiculous," she said. "Bartlett's not signing me. I hadn't even given it a thought."

"Yes, you hadn't given it a thought. Honey, I'll believe you." His voice was blurry with sarcasm. "Just don't sign, that's all. I'm saying nothing against Bartlett, but we're all human and you might find yourself all tied up to a piece of paper that means nothing. And besides, I'm still working on that Hollywood job for you. Of course," he said,

"it's kind of pathetic for me to try to scare up a deal for you. I know I'm just wasting my time but what the hell, I like to kid around."

"Don't worry. I won't sign," she said, and hung up.

But when Eddie presented her with happy pride to Bartlett at luncheon, the producer smiled uncomfortably and looked down at the tablecloth. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"No, sonny," he said kindly. "No. I'm sorry." He turned to Jenny. "You'll understand, dear, but the part's just not for you. The show needs a name, the bigger the better."

Whatever she felt, she didn't show it. She remained cool and self-possessed. "Oh, of course," she said, and shrugged her shoulders with cheerful indifference. "It was just Eddie talking. I knew that. I never dreamed of getting the part."

"Now wait a minute, Mr. Bartlett." Eddie was stumbling in dismay. "Last night you said—"

The producer patted his hand and made him stop. "Last night," he said. "The teletype's been busy since last night. Listen. Do you know what you're getting for the lead?" He paused dramatically. "Ina Wynne. Yes," he said, "I'll get Ina Wynne for you. She's tired of pictures. She wants to come east for a play and she's going to do your show."

Jenny was quick to lean over the table close to him. Her eyes shone. "Mr. Bartlett," she said, "that's so wonderful!" Her voice was a bit breathless with sincerity and with admiration too. "Imagine it! Ina Wynne for little Eddie's show. You're doing the biggest thing for him any producer could. Eddie," she said, "isn't it marvelous?"

Bartlett sat back in his chair, with satisfaction, but Eddie was downcast. "Gee, you're swell," he said to Jenny. He had trouble finding words. "I mean, the way you're taking the whole thing. You make me feel like a heel. You're a brick."

"Oh, not me," Jenny said. "It's Mr. Bartlett. He's the one who's doing big things for you." The words were addressed to Eddie but she looked at the producer and when she finished, she let her eyes rest on him with a timid look of awe. Bartlett roused himself and a little laugh.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "The best thing for myself as well as for Eddie. It's just show business."

"Yes," she said. "Of course."

The waiter came up with food, and even as she ate she listened intently. Bartlett allowed himself to grow expansive. In his leisurely, confident manner he told them that the part suited Ina Wynne perfectly, that she'd jump to contracts as soon as she saw the script, that her great personal following would guarantee the play twenty weeks. It was in the bag, he said carelessly. It was one, two, three. Eddie was silent, lost long ago in private dreams and had heard Bartlett talk of smash hits, of millions, of fame, the Pulitzer Prize and success. But Jenny never forgot to keep her eyes on the producer.

**BARTLETT** wiped his lips and put the napkin on the table. "In the meantime," he said, "there's a whack of work to do on the script. Eddie, you and I, we've got to go over every line, every word. I'm busy afternoons casting and

(Continued on page 31)

Suddenly they all found their voices and the affectionate racket arose. They grouped around him, congratulating him







# "All Aircraft Returned Safely"

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

Britain's bombers wing their way over thousands of miles each day to cut the arteries that feed the heart of Germany

BRITISH COMBINE

at raid. The big machines receive their bomb loads. Weather is clear the way. "Here are the targets, boys," and we're off and you wait for them to come back. A reporter's inside story of the men and planes who are bombing Hell to Hitler

IE big Whitley, one of England's largest bombing planes, looked harmless enough. She dozed there in the sun, her grotesque camouflage making her look like some weird but not particularly vicious prehistoric animal. Brownie and I walked under the tail of the bomber. In another three minutes Old Brownie was going to climb

into the airplane, fly far into Germany and then drop 3,600 pounds of bombs. Old Brownie had very fair hair, very large, gentle, blue eyes and a wisp of a blond mustache, and he wore a slightly apologetic air. He was one of the veterans of this group. That's why they called him Old Brownie. Actually Brownie was just twenty-three.

It was shady and cool under the big monster. The ground crew had just finished "bombing up" the planes. The bombs were lying in two parallel rows. Some were 500-pound bombs, others were 250. They were freshly painted a bright yellow and they looked innocent enough. Brownie explained to me how they would be released. They could be dropped in "sticks" of six or individually. Brownie slapped one of the 500-pound bombs on its fat rump. "Want to send a message to any friends in Germany?" he asked.

I took out a soft pencil and wrote on the bright yellow side of the 500-pound bomb, "with love and kisses" and then under that I signed my name.

"That'll bring you luck, Brownie," I said, and Brownie laughed. We climbed

up into the plane and Brownie showed me where he sat. It was a cozy little nest. Ahead of and below the pilot's cubbyhole was another little cubicle. The man who dropped the bombs made this his home. He would lie there on a sliding wooden panel and from there he could look ahead and below. He had a gun there and his bomb sights and a row of buttons to release the bombs. Sometimes he would release them and sometimes the pilot would.

## 4,000 Shots a Minute

Back of Brownie was a chair for his copilot and a small desk where he did his navigation. This bombing group flew only at night, and on dark nights proper navigation was pretty important. Behind the copilot there was a space for the wireless operator. Then we walked back through the long plane fuselage. There were flares and flare chutes and other paraphernalia of the bomber trade neatly arranged there.

In the very rear was the gun turret. This made the Whitley one of the best of all bombers. The Whitley had a real

sting in its tail: four guns that shot 4,000 rounds a minute. The turret revolved so that you could sight a Messerschmitt above you or on either side of you.

We climbed down from the step and Brownie looked at his watch. It was time for getting final instructions. We walked past the other nine planes that were to take part in tonight's raid and went into a building on which there was a sign, "Operations."

Upstairs there was a large room with about sixty chairs and desks in it. There was a blackboard on the front wall and a large desk on a raised platform. It looked like any other schoolroom. It was called the "Briefing" room. Behind the desk, looking at maps, were two men: the squadron leader in charge of tonight's raid and the Intelligence officer.

The pilots and wireless operators and gunners and observers looked a bit astonished when we walked in. It was the first time a civilian had ever been permitted in the "Briefing" room.

The wing commander stood up and (Continued on page 57)



# That Sort of Thing

By Margaret Lee Runbeck

FOR ten years there were three of us girls married to the four Rondenham boys. A few months ago, Carl, the youngest boy, got married, and we three sisters-in-law had to take a youngster into our little secret organization.

Mary and I are just toppling over into forty, and Beth says she's thirty-five, and we thought there'd be just we three girls forever. Then Carl married that youngster, Katie Marner, a nice scrubbed-faced looking girl. But frank and tactless.

Mary and I've always said the Rondenham boys were the best husbands we ever had, and that's supposed to be a joke, because of course we've never had any others. But Beth couldn't say as much for Adam, though she did do what she could to cover up the fact that marriage made a pretty sorrowful affair of her life.

Mary and I never talked too much about it. But we both understood that each other knew what Beth had had to put up with.

We both always looked after her, and sort of shielded her from having people in town find out that she wasn't happy, and once in a while we'd say something like this to each other: "Well, whatever else we put up with, at least we got good, considerate men. We ought to make plenty of allowance for poor Beth. . . . What if she is kind of extravagant and lazy. . . . I guess I'd be worse than that if I had to stand that sort of thing."

We never had to ask each other what we meant by "that sort of thing." We didn't even have to say the words out

plain in our own minds, but we understood all right.

I remember the first time Beth ever spoke about it to me. We were sewing together, and Beth was saying she simply had to have a vacation by herself.

Beth said, "I'll just go out of my mind if I don't get away for a little while. Even a week." And then she leaned over her sewing and she said, "I guess you don't know what it's like, to be married to a man like Adam. . . ."

"Now, honey," I started saying, "we all get fed up with things sometimes. . . ."

"No," she said, kind of violently, "I knew six hours after I'd married Adam that I'd made a terrible mistake. I knew by nine o'clock that night I'd ruined my life. . . ."

"Why, Beth," I said, and I could feel my face getting scarlet. Of course I never said a word to anybody, but I did do everything I could to make life a little more cheerful for Beth. Then I began noticing that Mary was doing the same thing, and I knew Beth had told her something like she'd told me.

A COUPLE of years later, Beth said practically the same thing to me again, and I could see she didn't remember ever telling me before, and I figured that the only way that happens is when a woman tells a thing to a lot of people. Then I began noticing that a lot of people . . . women, of course . . . were awful nice to Beth, sort of doing little things for her and not expecting much from her, when there was any work to be done and things like that.

I used to look at Adam all those ten years, and I got so I could hardly bear him. I got so I didn't want Sam to spend much time with him. You know how a thing like that grows on you. I could see a lot of people in our town felt like that about Adam.

WELL, then this little Katie Marner married into our family. Beth took up with her right away. First six weeks or so they were thick as thieves, and then all of a sudden Katie didn't seem to have much to do with Beth. I knew something was wrong, because Beth said little slighting things about Katie.

Then one day I asked the girls over to lunch on my porch. We got to talking about one thing and another, and Beth kind of sighed the way she did, and she said, "Well, if I had my life to live over, I know what I'd do."

Mary and I just let that slide along, knowing perfectly well what she meant.

But the younger generation, as I guess they're still being called, isn't like that. Not Katie, anyway. Katie said, "I don't think you ought to say things like that, Beth. They give the wrong impression."

Mary started trying to head it off, and changing the subject. But Katie went right on. "It sounds as if you've got some complaint against Adam. That's what anybody would think."

Beth said, "Well, my dear . . ." and Katie interrupted.

"I know I certainly thought you had some legitimate complaint against Adam when you told me what you did. You said you found out the very first night

that you'd made a terrible mistake marrying Adam. . . ."

"Please, Katharine," Beth said, her face getting red and angry. But she didn't seem to care.

"I know if I hadn't had to do as you right out what you meant, I'd certainly have thought it was something pretty bad. . . ."

"Well, it was," Beth said, "for a sensitive girl like me. I cried all night."

"That's because you were a spoiled, silly woman," Katie said. "You ask the girls . . . or maybe they don't know about it."

Mary said, "Never mind, never mind. We'll just talk about some pleasant subject."

"There's nothing the matter with the subject," Katie said. "Beth just has her feelings hurt because Adam thought it was all right for them to sit two hours in the railway station at St. Louis instead of hiring a hotel room while waiting for their train connection. That wasn't it, Beth?"

I guess Mary and I gasped right out. After all those years of thinking what we'd thought!

"That was what you've always meant wasn't it, Beth?" Katie insisted. "It wasn't anything worse than that was it?"

Beth's face was red as a beet. "No," she mumbled. "But that was enough."

I don't know . . . there's something about these youngsters I kind of like. My Sam says they're honestest things are, and I don't know but he's right.

"That's because you were a spoiled, silly woman," Katie said. "You ask the girls"





# Big Girl

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

Ingrid Bergman, who is five feet eight inches of very stunning actress, has put all of Hollywood back on its heels

WHEN Ingrid Bergman arrived in New York from Sweden, en route to Hollywood, she decided to do a favor. She was going to "make a surprise"; she was going to land in California speaking such an English as would make old Bostonians livid with envy. So she stayed over in New York for two weeks to see the shows and brush up on such few little adjectives as would aid her.

The first Broadway play she saw was comedy. When the curtain went up, she sat forward eagerly, all prepared to snap up this bright chatter on the fly. At the end of fifteen minutes, she turned angrily to her American companion.

"Oh, you people!" she cried. "Always making jaws. This is Chinese show, is it?"

At the end of a week, she began to distinguish a few words as she sat in one theater after another. Then she tried Robinson's swing version of The Girl and came out crushed.

"You need not say that was English stage!" she cried.

However, they bolstered her up. They pointed out that in Intermezzo she would be sitting opposite Leslie Howard, who spoke an English of such clarity and that little deaf-mutes sat enraptured at his feet.

This may have been true enough, but she ran into other difficulties. She arrived at the Selznick studio just as they were finishing Gone With the Wind. To Ingrid Bergman the sweet sounds of the plantation came to her like the soothing words of a Tibetan brave moon to his mate. Quite content to call it a day at this point and retreat to Stockholm, she was restrained by the promise that everything would be adjusted when shooting on the picture began. She would be speaking only the lines of the part and the other actors would be the same.

She smiled gratefully and hurried in her first day and ran into a major disaster. The director was to be none other than Mr. Gregory Ratoff, the ex-Russian-minnesinger. Mr. Ratoff, as is well known, speaks in an English that can be described as a combination of Chaucer, Minsk, Pinsk and late Al Jolson, Oklahoma.

Among the first lines she had to say was "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Ratoff."

"Il Yi!" cried Mr. Ratoff. "Soch han excellent! Deez way, say heet . . . 'I am glad zu mit you, Meester Brunt.'" The ensuing turmoil was frightening. Leslie Howard tried to put in a gentle word of protest at this desecration of his native tongue. Mrs. Rooney, Ingrid's language teacher, came forward in a dead lope, waving her arms frantically. Mr. Ratoff, thus beleaguered, roared even louder: "Soch han hawk-Il Yi! Yi!"

(Continued on page 28)





# Waikiki Mirage

By Hagar Wilde

A lively imagination does its best to create a romance. Then true love does a lot better

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

ONE would never have suspected, to look at Virginia Howard, that she had led an unusually adventurous life. It is hard to picture a girl of eighteen being the heroine of countless sea, air and land disasters or of breaking the hearts of famous and distinguished men in all walks of life. Politicians had fallen beneath her spell, famous actors had pleaded with her on their knees and, failing, had given up their careers and taken to drink.

Virginia slipped into the skins of other people with the ease of a pickpocket extracting a wallet from the hip pocket. She had been Wallis Simpson at the time of the threatened abdication. Unlike Wallis, Virginia had nobly renounced her love for the good of England. So far as Virginia was concerned, Edward still reigned over Great Britain, hiding his tears beneath a busby.

It was being Nurse Cavell that finally got her in the soup. After six days of watching Virginia pad about radiating goodness, patience and resignation, her mother said to Virginia's father, "I cannot stand seeing the child mope any longer," and called the doctor.

Since it was impossible, with a stethoscope, to detect Nurse Cavell, and Virginia was not forthright enough to produce the lady, Dr. Burke diagnosed a run-down condition and recommended a sea voyage. Thus Nurse Edith Cavell was posthumously responsible for Virginia's being packed off to Honolulu to join John Hillary Crawford the Third and his mother. At the time, she was wearing John's fraternity pin. One of her minor visions dealt with the time when, wearing black and very pale, she would return it. Taking the pin off, she would say, "My dear, how sorry I am . . . but I have met my real love."

John never acted satisfactorily in this vision. He just took the pin and stood there looking at it. Sometimes he said, "Oh, you've just got the vapors." Skipping this part of the vision, Virginia pursued her own role. With a weary smile she said, "I was such an inexperienced child, John." The dream had to end there because nothing she could do in the way of concentration would make John say anything but "All right," and pocket the pin.

During her first evening in Honolulu, at the Royal Palms Hotel, four dusky young women entertained the assembled tourists with hula. Like a flash Virginia was back home at a party. A strange, handsome young man had been lounging in the doorway all evening, watching her. When the radio started playing Hawaiian music, Virginia, with a gay laugh, went into the most graceful of hulas. When she stopped, the young man came toward her impulsively, saying, "I have spent many years in Hawaii . . . I've traveled extensively, of course . . . and I must tell you. You dance like a native."

Here John leaned forward

to tap her arm. "Want to wrestle?" With quiet scorn Virginia allowed him to pilot her body to the dance floor, but her mind was taking hula lessons.

ON THE day of the second lesson, her muscles were stiff but she was still determined. "Step, step, step, turn. Step, step, step, turn." Virginia faced Miss Lillian Dexter and they danced. That is, Miss Dexter writhed helpfully, hopefully and encouragingly while Virginia jerked her hips with a deplorable lack of grace. She ached all over. Her fond hope had been that after two lessons Miss Dexter would give in gracefully saying, "You don't need lessons, my dear. You seem to do the hula instinctively."

Now Virginia was moving gracefully and instinctively but not enough. Miss Dexter, her face a study in patient pain, intoned to the music, "Hips, hips, hips, Miss Howard. Throw them out!"

Virginia gave her hips more freedom—and became aware of an audience of one. In a clean but frayed shirt rolled down at the neck and up at the sleeves a dark, handsome young man leaned in the doorway regarding her with distinct disapproval. He had a gardenia behind

one ear. Virginia's swaying halted abruptly. Her rapt gaze drew Miss Dexter's attention to Mike. She said, "Hello."

"I've come for the thingamajigs," he said.

"I'll get them." Miss Dexter disappeared and the victrola whined on, "It isn't Waikiki, not Kamehameha's Pali . . ."

The young man said: "That was awful. You're supposed to move in a rotary fashion, you know, not back and forth like a shuttle."

Miss Dexter returned with lots of flattened Japanese lanterns in gay colors with black rims. The young man took them and went away whistling.

Virginia said, "Who was that?"

"A boy I know," Miss Dexter said. "Why?"

"What does he do?"

"Swims, fishes and surfs mostly," said Miss Dexter. "Why?"

"A beachcomber!" Virginia breathed, and Miss Dexter laughed.

"Shall we go through it just once more?" she said.

Virginia reached for her shoes hastily. "I feel very tired," she said. A beachcomber. A derelict. She strained her eyes to see the last of the human flotsam and jetsam swinging happily down the street juggling Japanese lanterns and wearing one as a hat.

Leaving the studio, she walked down Kalakaua Avenue in a daze. A broken love affair had done this to him. A woman not worthy of the name had betrayed his trust and he had come to the islands to forget. He would have to be nursed back to faith in people very gently, to learn that all women were not false . . . that some women were . . . angels. The angels bore a remarkable resemblance to Virginia.

John, waiting for her in the lobby, didn't know she was an angel. He clutched at her as he would have at an earth maiden and said, "Let's eat."

Full of pity for John (who was going to get his fraternity pin back any minute now) Virginia gazed out of her window while she dreamily massaged soap into her hands. Her beachcomber was standing at the entrance to the Outrigger Club with a surfboard under his arm. While she watched he ran down to the water's edge, launched the board and started paddling out toward the breakers.

At luncheon, Virginia regarded John purposefully.

Presently she threw it right in his teeth. "After lunch we're going surfing."

John's inherent caution came to fore with an incautious rush: "I think you think we should take some lessons first?"

"It's very simple," Virginia said quietly. "You get a board and get out. You paddle out with your hands. Then you sit on the board and a wave comes along and carries you in." She added as an afterthought: "Then you stand up."

John's mother said doubtfully, "I seem to go awfully fast."

"Live dangerously," Virginia said. "If I were a man . . ."

John, politely helpful in his own instruction, said, "If you were a man, what?"

Virginia's voice was fierce: "I do just everything. I'd fight and I'd cross the ocean in little boats just to prove I could and I'd fly airplanes up and down."

By such unfair means Virginia had always prodded John into risking his limb and sanity. He agreed simply to get on a board, paddle out and wait for a wave to do the rest.

An hour and a half later the wave indeed did the rest. An exhausted John had swung the board around to face Waikiki. The wave approached from the other direction, rose under them like a volcanic eruption, the board took an unpleasant personality of its own, first whirling like a roulette wheel and then sulkily diving for the bottom. John and Virginia. Virginia foundered self struggling under masses of water. Her past life did not review itself. She was just mad. Kicking viciously but ineffectively, she dropped like a plummet. Then as suddenly as she had dropped some force from below came her shove and she shot up again taking fearfully of the number of boards on the surface and their accumulated weight. It was not a pleasant thought.

HER head popped up into a pea of sea, a long brown arm swooped over and lifted her bodily by the straps of her bathing suit and plumped her onto a surfboard, holding her steady while she coughed and spat up seawater. "Don't you do anything while I'm behind his ear." Mike Lester said. The gardenia was still behind his ear.

Virginia quavered, "How can I thank you for saving my life?"

"Nonsense. I just hauled you out."

"You're being modest. I owe you my life." Her eyes were red-rimmed and swollen. He laughed and said, "You oughtn't to come out in this surf. It's dangerous." Then he looked over where they were hauling John over the prow of an outrigger canoe. "The boy's all right. Willi got him. I'll take you in." He looked over his shoulder, watching the approaching swell and caught himself yelling, "Don't be afraid!" When they were underway he lifted her to her feet and, as though she were a doll, hoisted her to his shoulders.

From that point on, John Hillary Crawford the Third was a dead pilot.

When the speed of the board slowed down to a float her beachcomber lifted her gently into the water. "You wade from here. Don't come out without a beach boy."

Virginia said gravely, "I owe you a debt I can never repay. If you should ever need me . . ."





Me Lester swung his board around  
back. "I'll be sure to let you  
nov' he said, as gravely—and paddled  
wa.  
Ti outrigger boy Willi unloaded  
Virginia's feet. She gazed at John  
reaily and said, "My poor John."  
ohr was mad. He said, in a piping  
oice "You just sit on the board and the  
av does the rest," and started wading  
to shore.

Virginia sighed. Poor John, still a  
Still small, still petty. Some day  
they were both older she would  
him, "In that moment you lost

ca would say, "I know . . . now when  
so late. I've never married be-  
nothing could ever mean anything  
after knowing you."

haps she would name her first  
John. After she married there  
always be an extra place for him  
table; the guest room would al-  
be waiting for him. A funny feel-  
ent down her back. An extra  
What kind of a place, a banana  
When a beachcomber's wife pre-  
the guest room did she just give  
est a piece of tapa cloth and dig  
oter hole in the sand? All at once she  
ck. She sat down to think it over.

ANWHILE John, who had gone  
way, was saying balefully to his  
ter, "Right flat on my belly.  
osed the wind clean out of me. If  
lug-nutty dame . . ."

"Don't say that!" said Mrs. Crawford.  
That not quite well-balanced dame  
I'll put up with just everything  
slug-nutty," said John. "I want  
aternity pin back and I want to live  
it."

"Little Virginia is only a child," said  
Mrs. Crawford.

le Virginia hove into view. Obvi-  
something was on her mind. Just  
curiously it was not John because she  
d him and went into the hotel with-  
en seeing him.

"John said indignantly. "First  
es to kill me and then stops speak-  
because I don't like it."

ould she have been struck on the  
Mrs. Crawford murmured. "I'd  
go up, I think." Ellen Crawford  
ot too old to have visions of her  
This one was of Virginia lying on  
d blind from the blow on the head  
surfboard. She imagined herself  
ning to Virginia's mother.

ested of her bathing suit, Virginia  
standing quite naked in the center  
room saying dramatically, "Your  
e shall be my people, whither thou  
ou . . . go I will . . ." when Mrs.  
ord poked a neatly coiffed head in  
porway.

eciting?" Mrs. Crawford said.

ginia scrambled for her robe.  
of." She pondered whether or  
o share this world-shaking prob-  
with Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Craw-  
was a woman of the world. She  
ed and drank cocktails. Perhaps  
ad been in love at one time. If she  
t she'd read about it. Naturally  
adn't felt what Virginia was feel-  
because that was a special kind of  
To some extent, of course, it was  
nemy camp. Not that dear old  
could ever properly be called an  
y, but even a modern mother might  
at the prospect of conniving to  
her son's heart. The urge to talk,  
ver, was great.

rs. Crawford," Virginia said, "sup-  
you knew a man who had been  
(Continued on page 59)

g brown arm swooped down and  
ped her onto a surfboard. "Don't  
do anything well?" Mike said





WHEN you turn on the lights in Collier's House of Ideas, you're aware of a pleasant glow and interesting shadows. There's plenty of general light and reading light. You can see in the closets, work at the kitchen counter, or spotlight a favorite picture. Yet you're not particularly aware of the sources of this light. It doesn't depend on a lamp on every table, with straggling cords to stumble over. Lighting fixtures are inconspicuous.

This is so because the lighting, like the furnishing, has been planned to be a part of the house, rather than stuck in afterward. Planning in the blueprint stage this way makes for economy as well as efficiency in lighting. So Edward Stone, architect for the house; Dan Cooper, designer of the interiors; and Kurt Versen, designer of the lighting, got together before construction started, and lighting ideas began to spark.

Take the many-purpose room. This is a room that is meant to be all things at different times. You want good illumination for games, special light at the dining end, good general and reading light for the guest-room part when that is shut off by itself. The old system of a chandelier over the table, a few wall brackets that look more or less like candles and give just as little light, and some lamps here and there, wouldn't do. They'd get all tangled up with your ping-pong backhand, and you'd have light in your eyes rather than where you want it.

So first Mr. Versen sank three small spotlights in the ceiling, entirely out of the way. These are simple, inexpensive versions of the pinhole light. Each is an asbestos-lined pocket in the ceiling, fitted with a 60-watt bulb and aluminum reflector and capped with a lens at the opening which can be adjusted by sliding up or down, to concentrate the light or fan it out as you wish. Two of these are placed right where they will do the most good when ping-pong is in session. The third lights the dining table.

More general illumination comes from a trough of light above the bookshelves. A four-inch panel extends down from the ceiling the length of the shelves, concealing tubes of fluorescent light that is projected toward the books and down, giving you plenty of light to read by.

Notice how this lighting has been built in. It's an architectural part of the house, put where it is needed and adaptable enough for various uses. Yet there's nothing complicated about it, nothing you couldn't do someplace else. You'll see all through Collier's House how light has been made a part of the house in this simple, easy-to-do way.

Above the serving table-bar-breakfast counter at the other end of the room, for instance, is fluorescent lighting, coming through a translucent glass panel which is supported by a grid of wood. Easy and inexpensive.

Fluorescent light has a cool look to it. Incandescent light is on the warmer, yellow side. Mr. Versen likes the effect of mixing the two in a room. Pleasant for your electric bills, too, since you get three times the light for each cent the fluorescent way.

In the living room, instead of ceiling light and lamps, a new breed of wall light, popular in Sweden, takes on the job of general illumination as well as local. It's a light with an opaque shade on a flexible arm. Twist it up, for indirect lighting from the ceiling when you like. Turn it down and around till it throws the best light on your book. You can adjust it for height so that you can take your reading sitting up straight, instead of crouching over as you so often have to under a table lamp.

There's one at the fireplace, with enough range to take care of reading on the sofa or lighting the plants on the trellis behind the sofa. A second one

serves the other corner at that end of the room. The shades of these lights are enameled a brownish red, to tone in with the colors in the room, proving that Mr. Versen means it when he says lighting fixtures are intended to give light, not to call attention to themselves.

At either end of the built-in couch under the front windows is a neat, little built-in light with revolving cup shade, like the reading lights on an airplane. They are meant to be supplemented by some general illumination in the room as all reading light should be, so that your eye is not strained by too-sharp contrasts of light and shadow.

#### Patterns for Brightness

At the hall end of this couch is the coat closet, which is not built all the way to the ceiling. This provides a partition for privacy, yet gives you a greater sense of spaciousness by not boxing the hall off completely. It also gives you a chance for a bright lighting idea. The top of this free-standing closet is two translucent sheets of glass, with bulb between. There's light for your closet, and light diffused up to the ceiling for a soft entrance illumination.

More hall and stairway light comes from lumiline tubes on the stair wall, with adjustable metal reflector shades. Turn one up, the next down, for a pattern of light up the stairway.

At the entrance to the house the eaves overhang, giving shelter at the door. On the broad undersurface of the eaves, outside the living-room window, three lights are sunk flush, the openings covered with prismatic lenses that diffuse that light.

The same flush ceiling light is used in the kitchen. It gives a good, strong light, but diffuses it so that you aren't actually aware of its intensity. That means a good light to work by, and no

(Continued on page 30)

Below, left: Dining table lighted by a spotlight sunk in the ceiling, capped by a lens that can be adjusted up or down to concentrate out the light. Below, right: The bunks in the boy's room have reading lights. Small, tube-shaped bulbs silvered on one end, set into reflector pockets, fitted with spring contact clips, they can be twisted any way to direct light and still keep electric connection.



# LIGHTS ON!

By Ruth Carson

In Collier's House of Ideas there are no cords to stumble over, no lamps to take up valuable floor and table space—the lights are where and how they should be. Switch them on and see



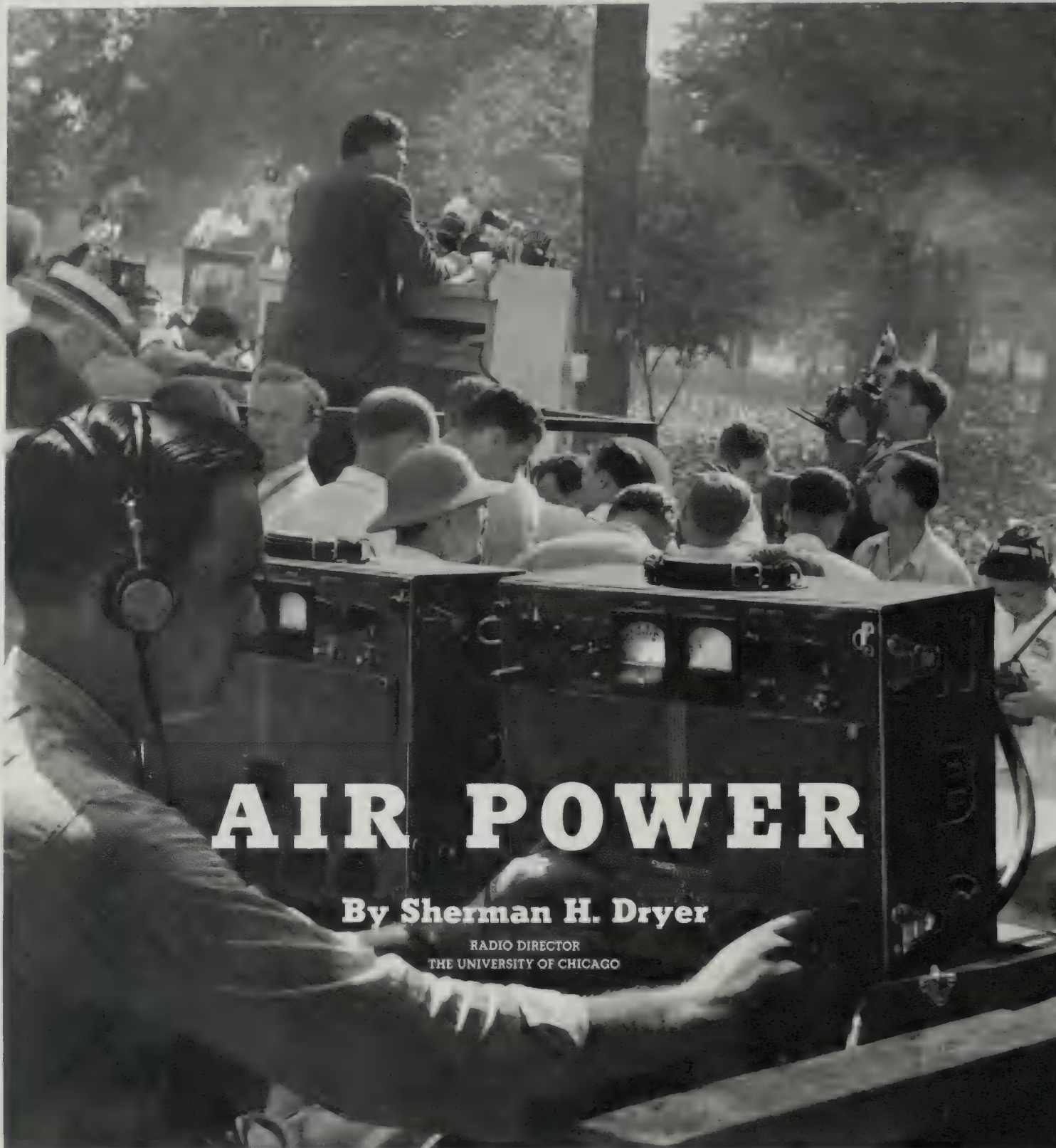


Left: Wall-bracket light in the living room, all set for reading. You can twist the flexible arm up when you want general light, reflected from the ceiling, or turn it back to give your plants a little night sun. Note warm color of shade, in place of cold metal. Left, below: Entrance to Collier's House on the terrace 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Prismatic glass, sunk flush in the overhanging eaves, diffuses light



Left, above: Two lights are enough for the girl's room, and they take up no floor or table space. Wall light swings between bed and chair. Ceiling light serves desk and dressing table. Both can be turned up for general lighting. Left: Similar ceiling light over boy's desk





# AIR POWER

By Sherman H. Dryer

RADIO DIRECTOR  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

VALENTINO SARRA

**Here's what makes a good radio campaign speaker. See how much of it Roosevelt and Willkie have**

**T**HE best vote-getting machine of this 1940 election will not be run by the Kelly-Nash boys or the Wall Street moguls—it will, instead, be controlled by average citizens with good ears and an inclination to sit home nights. The machine, obviously, is the radio—and it will win votes for those candidates who can win attention.

Radio presence has replaced baby-kissing for politicians.

In Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie, radio has found the personality politicians who will do for campaign broadcasts what the Fred Allen-Jack Benny feud has done for variety broadcast. Both Mr. Willkie and Mr. Roosevelt can wag a nice tongue, as the saying goes; they both sound as if they mean what they're saying.

Mr. Roosevelt's voice is like honey syrup oozing through the steel filter that jackets the microphone.

Mr. Willkie's voice, on the other hand,

is more like Vermont maple. Not as sweet, perhaps, but about as rich. . . .

Yet there are further and fundamental differences between these two gentlemen as radio personalities than meet the ear at first impact. And these differences, whether you know it or not, will to no small extent affect your reactions to each man, and hence will affect your vote.

Mr. Roosevelt is the glamor boy of radio campaigning. The word has spread that a microphone to him is what a snake is to an Indian fakir—something to charm. But Mr. Roosevelt's reputation as a dulcet Democrat is based on more than the simple fact that his political opponents (to date) have been raucous Republicans.

Mr. Roosevelt, for one thing, is not a "punchy" speaker. His vocal tones caress the microphone, smoothly and tenderly. He hits no high "peaks" on the engineer's control board. He has what the control engineer calls "a good level."

A good level is very important to radio speakers. It means that the engineer does not have to control your volume as you speak, and thereby fade you in and out like a lost echo running up and down a canyon.

As you "punch" a mike, the engineer must cut down the volume. The speaker momentarily sounds as if he were way off in the distance. The intimacy be-

tween him and you is lost. He's no longer in your living room: he's across the street. In radio, this is called poor mike perspective.

Elmer Davis, the popular CBS news analyst, has a level as smooth as the wake of a drifting canoe. So has Raymond Gram Swing, the basso profundo of the Mutual network.

H. V. Kaltenborn, NBC's cacophonous commentator, on the other hand, throws his words at a microphone with the speed and impact of machine-gun bullets. However, you seldom hear his voice fading and swelling because—being the voice of an experienced radio speaker—its highest register (loudest volume) seldom approximates the danger level of 100; the engineer merely "flutters" the voice on a narrow but erratic range in the lower register.

## Only an Expert Should "Punch"

As one who has produced many dramatized broadcasts, I must admit that a fluctuating voice may, in fact, be the most interesting kind of voice—one with shading, color and emotional quality. But—only when the punching is done deliberately by a person trained in radio technique, as an actor.

Most political campaigners, unlike these experienced radiators, have tongues and lungs that are punchy drunk. The misconception persists in

Wendell Willkie's voice is high "peaks" on the control board and each time the engineer has to cut the volume.

political circles that a good holler demonstrates political leadership; ergo, hell-raising speech is a vote-raising speech.

Actually, a punchy speech makes listening because your eardrums feel as if Gene Krupa was doing a swing performance of Tiger Rag on them. Hence, a punchy speech may lose listeners—and a listener lost may vote lost. That is why a level voice is less than a level head is required of candidates today.

I have checked Mr. Willkie's and Mr. Roosevelt's voices on the control board through the network lines that run to my studio. Mr. Willkie punches the needle a little too much—registering between 35 and 100, the levels you probably would have—the levels of a not yet experienced radio speaker. This results in a sharply fluctuating level at which voice rises and falls for emphasis, the needle, for a moment, wavers back and forth like a metronome beating for a jam session.

## Will Willkie Become a Smoothie?

Mr. Roosevelt, however, registers a pretty consistent 80 on the control board. This is the clue that Mr. Roosevelt is well trained in microphone technique, for his is the level of a radio professional.

Whether Mr. Willkie will become a smoothie on the air remains to be seen. I have had enough to do with training public figures on the air to make outdoor speeches and audiotape speeches to large groups of people that not help one's radio technique. The more studio speaking Mr. Willkie does, the better "professional" broadcast he will be—the better radio presence he will have.

Mr. Willkie's acceptance speech is a case in point. For Mr. Willkie was caught between the task of addressing tens of thousands of people at an outdoor rally, and the need of maintaining a good level for the radio. With the inevitable result: he tightened his throat, shouted from his throat instead of from his lungs. Eight times his voice cracked and even people wearing Willkie buttons, who sat with me at the Columbia Broadcasting System's New York studios, shook their heads sadly.

Take the case of Alf Landon: Peckinpah Jim Farley knows the major reason why Mr. Landon lost the 1936 election but the boys in my league know he played a big part.

Or the case of Herbert Hoover, whose radio "projection" does not lack a certain dignity and clarity, yet, in effect, like a muffled drum ominously and notatiously thumping out a beat for Salvation Army rally.

But Mr. Roosevelt has radio sense other than a good level. For example, he has developed a technique of speaking that permits him to project a distinctive kind of personality. This is the technique of *pause and reiteration*.

Let's see how it operates. Here's a paragraph from the Charlotte speech:

"Perception of danger to our institutions may come slowly or it may come with a rush and a shock as it has in the people of the United States in the few months. This perception of danger—danger in a world-wide arena—has come to us clearly and overwhelmingly. We perceive the peril in this world arena—an arena which may become so narrow that only the Americans

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Belgian civilians greeted the entry of British soldiers with joy. A few days later these same people were crowding the roads in a desperate flight to escape the war

# What Happened to France

By André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Germans trick the Allies into revealing their plans to repulse invasion. . . . The author, close to both Allied general staffs, is dismayed by the defense weaknesses. He is sent to London to appeal for help



ACME

## WHY THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE WAS SO QUICKLY SUCCESSFUL

AT THE beginning of May, 1940, I went to the French front to visit the Ninth Army, the one commanded by General Corap, which a few days later was to break under the battering-ram blows of the Panzer divisions. The general staff of that army was installed in the little village of Vervins, an old market town with sleepy streets and half-closed shutters, whose rough cobblestones resounded to the hurried tread of military men walking to their posts with the peaceful punctuality of civil servants. On the evening of my arrival I said in a letter to my wife: "I have found good men here, but they are rather old and moss-backed. . . ."

General Corap was a timid man, unmilitary in appearance and running to fat around the middle. He had trouble rolling his puttees and trouble getting into his uniform. His conversation was interesting, but one felt that his attention was directed wholly toward the past. He told me how, at the time of Fachoda, he had been mobilized against England as a young second lieutenant; and how in 1925 in Morocco he had captured the rebel Abd-el-Krim. This latter affair had been the peak of his career and, in the face of the task which now confronted the general, this peak seemed a molehill. I visited the troops outside Fourmies and Charleville and was struck by their lack of numbers. Returning to Vervins, I had the feeling of traversing an abandoned country. As the car rolled from one uninhabited village to another I could not keep from thinking of an invading army. How little trouble it would have had, once the frontier was crossed, in advancing as far as Vervins! And what would it have found at the entrance to the town? Wooden barriers that a child could have knocked down, a sentinel with a fixed bayonet and a police officer. That was not enough to stop an armored division.

The truth was that the general disposition of the Franco-English troops did not meet the requirements of the new war as they had been made clear in the Spanish campaign, nor even the eternal requirements of any war.

How were our troops actually arranged? The necessity of guarding a very long frontier had led the high command to establish a kind of thin ribbon from Dunkerque to Menton. This formation of troops in a line was a survival of the war of 1914. In that campaign it had been possible to maintain it for a long time because the enemy did not have at his disposal

means sufficient to break our lines. But it had been condemned as extremely dangerous by all the great soldiers of history. They had been unanimous in advising an arrangement *in depth*, and above all the formation of a mass of mobile reserves, able, in case the enemy pierced the first line, to counterattack or to close the breach.

But in 1940 because our effectives were miserably inadequate we possessed practically no body of mobile reserves. Our best troops were along the frontier. If the enemy cracked that line the rest of the country would become scarcely more than a parade ground for him. No doubt he would encounter numerous towns on the way. But who would defend them? The idea of a frontal attack—advancing very slowly, a few kilometers a day at most, as in 1914, and quickly forming vulnerable salients—was so deeply embedded in everyone's mind that no one had even thought of worrying about the defense of Douai or Vervins or Abbeville or Amiens.

THE colonels and the generals in command of these places, close though they were to the front, were amiable old men who had long since been retired from active service and had been recalled at the outbreak of the war to be entrusted with posts that the army considered administrative sinecures. Never had these honest bureaucrats, submerged as they were under waves of papers, considered what they would do if enemy tanks or motorcyclists, armed with machine guns, should present themselves at the gates of their citadel.

This situation was all the more serious because these villages behind the front and the railways that connected them constituted the *lines of communication* of our armies. The British army could be supplied by the railway line Amiens-Arras-Douai-Lille or at need by the line Abbeville-Boulogne. But if these lines were severed that army would find itself completely cut off from its bases. Its storehouses of food, equipment and munitions had been established at Le Havre, Chartres and Nantes; its advanced depots were in the region of Abbeville, Saint-Pol and Arras. What would happen to it if the enemy broke through the front and disrupted the communications between these depots and the armies? Clearly the latter, within a very few days, would be without food and shells. But what had the high command done to ward off this danger? What steps had they taken to stop an attack that would come not from the front but from the side? Exactly none.

And even if it had been deliberately decided to stake the whole Allied cause on a single card, the front line, then this line should have been held at all costs. Although it was not very strong, it did exist. In March and April great excavating machines, brought over from England, had been in operation on the British front digging antitank ditches much more formidable than those whose inadequacy had alarmed me in October, 1939. But the action that seems the height of human folly, after spending eight months in building blockhouses, was to abandon, at the first move of the enemy, all these fortifications, constructed at such great pains and expense, in order to engage in open country in the most hazardous of pitched battles.

"In this war the first one who comes out of his shell will be in great danger. . . ." It was General Gamelin whom I once heard make this statement. And so it is probable that this fatal sortie was not according to his wishes but rather was forced upon him by political considerations. It had certainly been prepared for a long time. For months I had seen the general staffs studying in detail "The Advance into Belgium" and carefully rearranging their marching orders in order to gain five minutes in their timetables on that day when the king of the Belgians should summon us. It had been calculated that the resistance of the Belgian army would give us time to occupy a line from Antwerp to Namur. General Giraud was to rush ahead as far as Bréda. The Germans themselves knew exactly what our movements would be in the event they invaded Belgium, for we had been obliging enough to hold a rehearsal under their very eyes.

It happened this way. One day a German airplane landed in Belgium. This plane carried officers of the general staff and a complete plan for the invasion of Belgium on a specified date. The German officers made a pretense of trying to burn their documents but they were careful not to succeed. We were immediately informed, and the British army was put in state of readiness No. 3, then No. 2, then No. 1—this last meaning that it must be prepared to march within two hours. Immense troop movements then took place, all the reserves advanced to the frontier, and the Germans, from the height of their reconnaissance planes, observed and recorded them, probably both delighted and amazed at the success of a stratagem that was at once so old and so palpable.

Naturally no invasion took place at this time, the Belgians did not summon us, and our divisions returned to their points of (Continued on page 53)





Aubrey's deep, delightful voice was soft and packed with meaning. Campion got the impression that Amanda was a trifle flustered.

## Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

### *The Story Thus Far:*

WAKING in a hospital room, Albert Campion is bewildered—he has no idea of his own identity, or of why he is in the hospital! However, he overhears himself accused of seriously injuring a policeman and, in his confused state of mind, determines to flee until he can recollect the circumstances more fully. He starts down the hospital corridor, undetected, but has to resort to a fireman's costume, which he finds in a hall closet, to disguise himself. But in taking the costume, he sets off the fire-alarm system. In the resulting confusion, he flees from the building, but not before he is stopped momentarily by an attractive girl. He eludes her and escapes finally in a coupé parked before the building.

He speeds down the highway, only to discover that he is being followed by another car. When his car at last breaks down, the other car draws up. In it are two occupants—Mr. Anscombe, an old man who seems to know him, and the beautiful girl who spoke to him in the hospital corridor!

He learns, from the girl, (who seems to know him very well) that he is Albert Campion, and that they're on the way to a dinner engagement.

On the way, they drop Mr. Anscombe at his home. Discovering that the old man has left a package in the car, Campion follows the path after him, but on further consideration of his own eccentric fireman's costume decides to avoid being seen in the light. He merely leaves the package on the doorstep.

Later, when they arrive at the home of Aubrey, their host, Campion finds his clothes laid out on the bed in preparation for the evening. And during the evening, he has one clear recollection, in which he knows that he has met the girl, Amanda, and that she belongs to him.

A short time later, he receives a letter which has been saved for him, from a Scotland Yard official, in which he learns that he is commissioned with a highly important secret mission—which he cannot remember. But he has no time to ponder the matter, just before dinner is announced, they arrive to question him. They announce that Mr. Anscombe has been found dead—derided—in his garden!

Albert and Amanda are the last two people to have seen him alive!



ferent types and standards, a diplomat among rooms, gracious and superior, capable of stimulating as well as of subduing, but none of its charm cut much ice with the man who stood waiting for them as he warmed the backs of his legs before the open fire.

Campion knew he was a county C.I.D. superintendent the moment he set eyes on him. He knew that as surely and in the same inspirational way that he had known Amanda's name or where to find a cigarette in the car. There was no mistaking that tall, bright-eyed, smiling superiority combined with a meticulous physical neatness. This last was a muscular and sartorial spit-and-polish, almost naval in its perfection. The stranger was the country policeman at his highest, an impressive specimen anywhere.

Aubrey, whose gaucherie had given place to remarkable energy apparently engendered by the emergency, thrust his visitor forward.

"Superintendent Hutch," he said briefly. "This is Mr. Campion, Hutch. Here we are. What can we do?"

"That's a question, isn't it?" said the superintendent, revealing an unexpectedly soft country accent, and Campion, glancing up sharply, became aware of the brightest eyes he had ever met smiling into his own with a startling intensity of horse sense behind them.

THE remark was clearly not intended to be taken on its face value. For an appalling instant it occurred to Campion that he had been betrayed and that Aubrey had got him to come quietly by a pretext. His face became wooden and he waited, his hands in his pockets, for the next move.

When it came it surprised him. Superintendent Hutch laughed a little. He might almost have been embarrassed. Glancing down at a disreputable piece of paper in his hand he said formally, "You are Mr. Campion, are you, sir?"

"It's a hundred to one I am." Campion did not say the words aloud but they came into his mind involuntarily and he smiled, only to freeze a moment later. The superintendent, catching his expression, had echoed the grin, secretly, alarmingly. His manner then became uncomfortably informal and he spoke as important policemen are apt to speak to cornered delinquents, affably and as if they were part of the family.

"I just want a brief account of your last meeting with the deceased," he said cheerfully. "Where did you leave him and when?"

He had a jaunty manner which sat well on his slightly comical countryman's face, with the long duck's-bill nose. He was evidently a local character and was very sure of himself.

Campion took the plunge without a pause. Hesitation, he felt instinctively, was death.

"I last saw Anscombe at his own gate," he began glibly. "We'd come from—er—the town."

"What town?"

HE HAD not the least idea. The shaky hands spread out before him and he wavered.

"I think we ought to have Amanda here."

"Amanda, sir?"

"Yes, my fiancée, Miss . . ." The hopeless pitfall loomed too late.

Lee Aubrey was staring at him but his surprise was not at Campion's astounding ignorance.

"I had rather hoped to keep Lady Amanda out of this as long as possible," he said briefly. He showed his annoyance and there was a suggestion of color on his high cheekbones.

Lady Amanda? Lady Amanda who? The utter hopelessness of the situation

might have defeated Campion at that moment, had it not been for Aubrey's irritation. Who was Lee Aubrey to spare Amanda? What was this blasted proprietary talk? Damn him and his chivalry.

"Ah, yes, of course, my mistake. That will be Lady A. Fitton, won't it?" murmured the superintendent, glancing down at the slip in his hand.

"No. It's Lady Amanda. As the sister of a peer she takes her Christian name." Aubrey gave the snippet of information casually and the touch of schoolmaster came oddly from him. "Lady Amanda was driving this afternoon. She gave Mr. Anscombe a lift into Coachingford when she went to meet Mr. Campion off the London express. They were delayed and didn't get back until just after eight. These are the brief facts. Mr. Campion can give you anything else you need, I think. You won't need to trouble her at all, will you?"

The last words were barely a question. He spoke with the complete assurance of authority.

The superintendent shifted his weight. He was not a young man and there was a deal of experience in his long head. Campion, who had been sidetracked momentarily by the two valuable names "Fitton" and "Coachingford" was not impressed by his hesitation and it dawned on him that as Principal of the Bridge Institute Aubrey was no ordinary power in the land.

"I think I ought to see her, sir, if you don't mind." Superintendent Hutch's soft voice was apologetic and he had a shy way of grinning, as if he knew a secret joke.

Campion, who was not at all sure that he had not, found the habit disconcerting.

Lee Aubrey clearly found his insistence astounding. He swung around on the policeman:

"Mr. Anscombe died naturally, surely?"

Hutch looked uncomfortable. "We're not absolutely certain, sir. He didn't do it himself, that's one sure thing. The chief constable is on his way over now. More I can't say, can I?"

"Good Lord!" Aubrey thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose dinner jacket. Then he whistled and stood for a moment irresolute, staring at the blank wall.

At length he turned abruptly. "I'll fetch her," he said. "Mr. Campion will tell you all he can. Apart from everything else this is rather unpleasant, the man lived on the Institute estate."

He went out, leaving Campion with the two policemen. Hutch said nothing. He stood studying his notes, his head bent earnestly over the small bundle of old envelopes and loose half-sheets of paper on which he appeared to have made them. His hesitation was unnerving. Campion was fully alive to the dangers of his position. Any question about the drive home from Coachingford must, if he stuck to the story Amanda had told Anscombe, introduce the suicidally dangerous subject of hospitals. It was the delay he dreaded most. He was getting a sufficiently clear angle on himself to realize that whatever he might or might not have done, it was no ordinary, straightforward crime of violence, and, meanwhile, there was clearly something of importance for him to do, and to do immediately, if he could get some sort of line on what it was.

What troubled him particularly was that he had a growing conviction that he had been nearing success when disaster had overtaken him. There was a sensation of discovery in the back of his consciousness, an impression that things were moving. Moreover, the curtain between this misery of ignorance and a

very clear vision indeed was tantalizingly thin.

Hutch was looking at him with his now familiar half-smile. He was waiting as though he expected Campion to speak first. The man who could not remember took a deep breath.

"How did Anscombe die?" he inquired.

The policeman grinned. There was no other word for the terrifying secret leer which spread over his face.

"We were going to ask you about that, Mr. Campion," he said.

IN THE moment of paralyzed silence that followed, the step in the doorway behind them came as a merciful release to Campion, and the brisk new voice sounded comfortingly commonplace. "Hello, Super. Mr. Aubrey here? Oh, it's you, is it, Campion? What a bad business, eh?"

It was the greeting of a familiar, anyway, and Campion turned toward the newcomer anxiously. He saw a heavy, round man in early middle-age, with a distinctive ugly face and impudent eyes beneath brows as fierce and tufted as an Aberdeen's. He conveyed energy and efficiency and the sturdy decisiveness that goes with a simple point of view and no nerves. It occurred to Campion that he looked like a man who did not believe in ghosts, but for the rest he was as much a stranger as anyone else in this new and confusing world. At the moment he was very full of the story.

"I'm supposed to have dropped in for coffee," he said, "but the chap who let me in tells me you haven't started to eat yet. He told me this dreadful tale about Anscombe, too. Poor old boy! He couldn't face it, I suppose. Or am I letting cats out of bags?"

The superintendent eyed him.

"It wasn't suicide, Mr. Pyne."

"Wasn't suicide?" The newcomer seemed first astounded and then embarrassed. "Well, I'm glad to hear it," he said. "Lucky there were only you two to hear me. I'm always putting my foot in it like that. There's been a lot of gossip about, you know. You've heard it, haven't you, Super. About the secretaryship of the Masters."

"Seems to me I did hear something." Hutch was very cautious.

"You must have." Pyne's eyes were amused beneath his tremendous brows. "It's been told me in strictest confidence by everyone I've met in the last three months. I heard that the job, like all these hereditary offices, took a fine old packet to keep up, and that the old man was on the verge of a smash and had made up his mind to resign. Naturally, as soon as I heard he was dead, I thought he'd done it himself. One would. It breaks an old man's heart to give up a position carrying a bit of easy money like that, especially when it's been in the family for generations. The biannual meeting of the Masters is sometime this week, too, isn't it?"

"Tomorrow."

IS IT? Very likely. They're such a secret high-and-mighty body that they don't trouble to publish a little thing like that." He laughed. "I like it," he said. "It appeals to the kid in all of us, that kind of mumbo-jumbo, even if it is only a sort of glorified parish council."

The superintendent looked frankly scandalized and Pyne, catching Campion's eye, burst out laughing. It was a pleasant, open sound, a trifle high-pitched like his voice, but full of limited humor.

"We're Philistines, we Londoners," he said. "The Masters are sacrosanct down here in Bridge. I'm sorry, Super. I'm behaving disgustingly. Poor old Anscombe! I didn't know him well, of course. I'd only met him once or twice.

(Continued on page 45)



# Somebody's Waiting for You

By Stanley Paul

**A great tennis champion meets the challenge of his life. There was more than a championship at stake**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

HE'D been up and down with the best of them. Trouble was, he hadn't known when to quit. They had, though, all the youngsters who'd started out with him—they were out of big-time tennis, every one.

Perhaps, Rusty McLarnin was thinking—sitting lazily in the room that he and Jimmy Grierson were sharing this week at the Brightwood Club—that accounted for the feeling that always seemed to be with him—vague loneliness, edged discontent, a little fear. He felt like a stranger in tennis this year, he whose game was a reference book from Nassau to the green summer turf of New England.

He'd had a chance to go pro, he'd delayed on it; the offer wasn't being renewed.

He could hear Jimmy Grierson shouting around in the shower, singing in that cracked skylark tenor of his. Jimmy was happy as all hell, had been now for an hour since he and Rusty had walked off the court with the menace of the quarter-final threat tucked away.

"Hey!" Jimmy yelled in a silence caused by the shutting off of water. "Borrow my best foulard. We're having dinner with my girl."

Rusty's mind drifted back to a time when he'd had a girl. Or had he? She was Jane Goodale, who'd come up with him, and for a while, in those years of carefree campaigning when they'd held mixed-doubles titles all the way from Palm Beach to Palm Springs, they'd had at least that honest affection for each other that only a couple of first-rate phonies can ever know.

Jane had walked out to go to work. She had another talent besides her way with a racket. She had ideas and she could sketch. She designed fashions now for a sportswear firm in New York, and she showed up at places like Sea Bright with a pad and crayons in her hand. She said things, though she laughed when she said them, like: "Why don't you turn honest, McLarnin? No fooling, the feeling is fine!"

Where did she get that honest stuff? Jane had been around in the game. She should know better. She knew he had to lay himself right on the line for everything he got. Of course there were places in the winter where the rooms were very luxurious, where you could look out to a cobalt sea hissing on a beach shingle dotted with vividly colored cabanas. Where sometimes a sporting host might offer to bet you a couple of hundred you couldn't hurdle a tennis net.

But they could slice it as thin as they wanted, and label it Grade-A for Amateur—its ultimate test was the gate.

But the committee was eagle-eying Rusty this year, holding him fast to the eight-weeks-with-expenses rule. They always got tough when they thought you were slipping. But there were ways of getting

around that. Which was where Jimmy Grierson came in.

He'd come walking into the picture during a spring week down in Virginia, and in less than half a day he was recounting episodes from Rusty's tennis history that Rusty had almost forgotten about himself.

It hadn't taken Rusty long to recognize idealization, see almost an idolatry of himself in the kid. There were other things, too, he'd discovered: Jimmy's freehanded way with plenteous funds, his good clothes, and his big blue roadster. Best of all, Jimmy—and his pals—were on the free list at the string of Grierson resort hotels.

What more natural, then, than that Rusty and the kid should team up? Rusty'd begun by yanking Jimmy back from his headlong invasion of the big time. They'd drifted from one Grierson hotel to another, spending long hours on the court.

THEN, this week, abruptly, he was springing Jimmy on them. He enjoyed seeing them have to swallow this new, hot dish he'd cooked up.

A couple of writers were being sarcastic. Farens had said this morning in the Journal: "So long as there are new players like young Grierson, the veteran McLarnin will never have to quit the game. . . ."

"Come on!"—that was Jimmy, impatient and tousle-headed from his shower, drawing shorts around his lean, hard middle. "We've got to hurry, kid!"

Rusty walked to the dresser and yanked his neck-

tie around in the glass, pulled a comb through his copper-glinted hair, eyed the image briefly—where did they get that veteran stuff? He could still step along with the best.

They went down to the lobby together. It was crowded with a lively, post-play throng. Over in a corner a cluster surrounded a gay kepi-type hat with a jaunty, feather cockade on it. The hat tipped back to reveal a face bright with laughter. It was Jane Goodale.

"Hi, McLarnin!" she said. "I want to meet your partner; been reading a lot about the man."

"Here he is," said Rusty. "Jimmy Grierson. Jimmy, somewhere in your handbook of the great there must be a page devoted to Jane Goodale."

"Is there?" Jimmy came alive. A grin wrinkled the little freckled pennants that flew at each side of his nose. "Who could forget you, Miss Goodale, in that Wightman Cup match in '35—"

"Jimmy's like that," Rusty interjected. "He can describe just the shot you made at 3:38 off your back hand, afternoon of June 10th; any year."

"Look, Miss Goodale," Jimmy seemed to do small, impatient dance step. "We're taking my girl out to dinner. Why don't you come along?"

Jane laughed and shook her head. "No, thank you. I drove all the way from New York. I just ran out here for an hour to get a preview." Her nice eyes went to the lad. "Watch her, Jimmy Grierson," she warned. "Your pal has a most engaging way."

Jimmy laughed aloud, (Continued on page 6.)



"Liking," he said, "has nothing to do with it. Before it's too late, I've got to talk with you. I want to see you alone. I'll arrange it," he told her. "Somehow"



# The Patriotic Murders

by Agatha Christie

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

## Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, and returns to his flat. An hour or so later, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him to say that Morley has committed suicide. A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes the dentist—healthy, happy, prosperous—has been driven to death. He starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Amélie Morley, a wealthy Greek, who had been Morley's last patient. But before the Belgian can interview her, Amélie dies of an overdose of dental drugs! The inference is obvious: having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley in a fit of remorse had shot himself. Nevertheless, Poirot does not accept the suicide theory. Nor does Reginald Barnes, an ex-secret service agent, to whom the case goes for advice. Mr. Barnes feels certain that a band of conspirators, trying to undermine the existent order in England, planned to kill one of Morley's last patients, the wealthy Mr. Blunt. His theory is that having failed to get Blunt, they murdered the dentist because he knew too much of their

Another curious angle is added to the case when Miss Maud Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death, disappears mysteriously. And Poirot, busy investigating various persons—Howard Raikes, a young radiologist from America, who had been in Morley's office about the time Miss Seale had been there; Frank Carter, the fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Mr. Blunt's wife, who is in love with Raikes, and others—has no idea what has become of her.

Then, a body found in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman, the head battered beyond recognition, seems to be that of Miss Seale. Further investigation, however, shows that the body is actually that of Mrs. Chapman—disguised as Miss Seale! Following this discovery, the search for Miss Seale is mysteriously called off by the foreign office.

Meanwhile, Poirot receives a warning, by telephone, to get out of the investigation. Later, when the Belgian accepts an invitation to week-end with Blunt, at his country manor, he recognizes the voice of Mrs. Olivera, Jane's mother, as the serious telephone voice. He questions Blunt, implying that the financier himself may be in danger from his own greed. And in answer to Blunt's sarcasm, he replies that there is the one crime of which anyone—given the proper circumstances—is capable!

## VII

LEAVING the room Poirot almost cannoned into a tall figure outside the door.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle."

Jane Olivera drew apart a little. She said, "Do you know what I think of you, M. Poirot?"

"Eh bien—Mademoiselle—"

She did not give him time to finish. The question, though, had but a rhetorical value. All that it meant was that Jane Olivera was about to answer it herself. "You're a spy, that's what you are! A miserable, low, snooping spy, nosing around and making trouble!"

"I assure you, Mademoiselle—"

"I know just what you're after! And I know now what lies you tell! Why don't you admit it straight out? Well, I'll tell you this—you won't find anything—anything at all! There's nothing to worry about! No one's going to harm a hair of my precious uncle's head. He's safe enough. He'll always be safe. Safe and smug and prosperous—and full of platitudes! He's just a stodgy John Bull, that's all he is—without an ounce of imagination or invention."

She paused, then, her agreeable, husky voice opening, she said venomously, "I loathe the sight of you—you bloody little *bourgeois* detective!"

She swept away from him in a whirl of expensive velvet drapery.

Hercule Poirot remained, his eyes very wide open, his eyebrows raised and his hand thoughtfully caressing his mustaches.

The epithet *bourgeois* was, he admitted, well applied to him. His outlook on life was essentially bourgeois, and always had been, but the employment



Poirot regarded with interest the face of the gardener. "Very curious," he murmured

of it as an epithet of contempt by the exquisitely turned out Jane Olivera gave him, as he expressed it to himself, furiously to think.

He went, still thinking, into the drawing room. Mrs. Olivera was playing patience.

SHE looked up as Poirot entered, surveyed him with the cold look she might have bestowed upon a black beetle and murmured distantly, "Red knave on black queen."

Chilled, Poirot retreated. He reflected mournfully: "Alas, it would seem that nobody loves me!"

He strolled out of the window into the garden. It was an enchanting evening with a smell of night-scented stocks in the air. Poirot sniffed happily and strolled along a path that ran between two herbaceous borders.

He turned a corner and two dimly seen figures sprang apart.

It would seem that he had interrupted a pair of lovers.

Poirot hastily turned and retraced his steps.

Even out here, it would seem, his presence was *de trop*.

He passed Alistair Blunt's window and Alistair Blunt was dictating to Mr. Selby.

There seemed definitely only one place for Hercule Poirot.

He went up to his bedroom.

He pondered for some time on various fantastic aspects of the situation.

Had he or had he not made a mistake in believing the voice on the telephone to be that of Mrs. Olivera? Surely the idea was absurd.

He recalled the melodramatic revelations of quiet, little Mr. Barnes. He speculated on the mysterious whereabouts of Mr. Q.X.912, alias Albert Chapman. He remembered, with a spasm of annoyance, the anxious look in the eyes of the maid-servant Agnes—

It was always the same way—people would keep things back! Usually quite unimportant things, but until they were cleared out of the way, impossible to pursue a straight path.

At the moment the path was anything but straight!

And the most unaccountable obstacle in the way of clear thinking and orderly progress was what he described to himself as the contradictory and impossible problem of Miss Sainsbury Seale. For, if the facts that Hercule Poirot had observed were true facts—then nothing whatever made sense!

Hercule Poirot said to himself, with astonishment



in the thought, "Is it possible that I am growing old?"

After passing a troubled night, Hercule Poirot was up and about early on the next day. The weather was perfect and he retraced his steps of last night.

He pursued his way through a rose garden, where the neat layout of the beds delighted him—and through the winding ways of an alpine rock garden, coming at last to the walled kitchen gardens.

Here he observed a sturdy woman clad in a tweed coat and skirt, black browsed with short, cropped black hair. She was talking in a slow, emphatic Scotch voice to what was evidently the head gardener. The head gardener, Poirot observed, did not appear to be enjoying the conversation.

A sarcastic inflection made itself heard in Miss Helen Montessor's voice, and Poirot escaped nimbly down a side path.

A gardener who had been, Poirot shrewdly suspected, resting on his spade, began digging with fervor. Poirot approached nearer. The man, a young fellow, dug energetically, his back to Poirot, who paused to observe him.

"Good morning," said Poirot amiably.

A muttered "Morning, sir" was the response, but the man did not stop working.

POIROT was a little surprised. In his experience a gardener, though anxious to appear zealously at work as you approached, was usually only too willing to pause and pass the time of day when directly addressed.

It seemed, he thought, a little unnatural. He stood there for some minutes, watching the toiling figure. Was there, or was there not, something a little familiar about the turn of those shoulders? Or could it be, thought Hercule Poirot, that he was getting into a habit of thinking that both voices and shoulders were familiar when they were really nothing of the kind? Was he, as he had feared last night, growing old?

He passed thoughtfully onward out of the walled garden and paused to regard a rising slope of shrubbery outside.

Presently, like some fantastic moon, a round object rose gently over the top of the kitchen garden wall. It was the egg-shaped head of Hercule Poirot, and the eyes of Hercule Poirot regarded with a good deal of interest the face of the young gardener who had now stopped digging and was passing a sleeve across his wet face.

"Very curious and very interesting," murmured Hercule Poirot as he discreetly lowered his head once more.

Yes, indeed, very curious and interesting that Frank Carter, who had a secretarial job in the country, should be working as a gardener in the employment of Alistair Blunt.

Reflecting on these points, Hercule Poirot heard a gong in the distance and retraced his steps toward the house.

On the way there he encountered his host talking to Miss Montessor, who had just emerged from the kitchen garden by the farther door.

Her voice rose clear and distinct: "It's verra kind of you, Alistair, but I would prefer not to accept any invitations this week while yourr American relations are with you!"

Blunt said, "Julia's rather a tactless woman, but she doesn't mean—"

Miss Montessor said calmly, "In my opinion her manner to me is verra insolent, and I will not put up with insolence—from American women or any others!"

Miss Montessor moved away. Poirot came up to find Alistair Blunt looking as sheepish as most men look who are having trouble with their female relations.

He said ruefully, "Women really are the devil! Good morning, M. Poirot.

Lovely day, isn't it?" They turned toward the house and Blunt said with a sigh, "I do miss my wife!"

Hercule Poirot said, "You have a young gardener, I noticed, whom I think you must have taken on recently."

"I dare say," said Blunt. "Yes, Burton, my third gardener, was called up about three weeks ago, and we took this fellow on instead."

"Do you remember where he came from?"

"I really don't. MacAlister engaged him. Somebody or other asked me to give him a trial, I think. Recommended him warmly. I'm rather surprised, because MacAlister says he isn't much good. He wants to sack him again."

"What is his name?"

"Dunning—Sunbury—something like that."

"Would it be a great impertinence to ask what you pay him?"

Alistair Blunt looked amused.

"Not at all. Two pounds fifteen, I think it is."

"What's needed is a new heaven and a new earth! And you sit there eating kidneys!"

She got up and went out by the French window into the garden.

Alistair looked mildly surprised and a little uncomfortable.

He said, "Jane has changed a lot lately. Where does she get all these ideas?"

"Take no notice of what Jane says," said Mrs. Olivera. "Jane's a very silly girl. You know what girls are—they go to these queer parties in studios where the young men have funny ties and they come home and talk a lot of nonsense."

"Yes, but Jane was always rather a hard-boiled young woman."

"It's just a fashion, Alistair; these things are in the air!"

Alistair Blunt said, "Yes, they're in the air all right. War is an upsetting factor. A new heaven and a new earth—And it can't be done."

He looked a little worried.

Mrs. Olivera rose and Poirot opened

"I've finished my letters," said Blunt appearing later in the morning. "No M. Poirot, I'm going to show you a garden."

The two men went out together and Blunt talked eagerly of his hobby.

The rock garden, with its rare alpine plants was his greatest joy and he spent some time there while Blunt pointed out certain minute and rare species.

It was all very drowsy and peaceful.

BLUNT paused at the end of the border, looking back. The clip of the shears was quite close by, though the clipper was concealed from view.

"Look at the vista down from here," Poirot. The Sweet Williams are particularly fine this year. I don't know when I've seen them so good—and there are Russell Lupins. Marvelous color."

Crack! The shot broke the peace of the morning. Something sang angrily through the air. Alistair Blunt turned bewildered to where a faint thread of smoke was rising from the middle of the laurels.

There was a sudden outcry of angry voices, the laurels heaved as two men struggled together. A high-pitched American voice sang out resolutely, "I've got you, you damned scoundrel! Drop that gun!"

Two men struggled out into the open. The young gardener who had dug so industriously that morning was writhing in the powerful grip of a man nearly a head taller.

Poirot recognized the latter at once. He had already guessed from the voice.

Frank Carter snarled, "Let go of me! It wasn't me, I tell you! I never drew a gun!"

Howard Raikes said, "Oh, no? Shooting at the birds, I suppose!"

He stopped—looking at the newcomers.

"Mr. Alistair Blunt? This guy here has just taken a pot shot at you and caught him right in the act."

Frank Carter cried out, "It's a lie! I was clipping the hedge. I heard a shot and the gun fell right here at my feet. I picked it up—that's only natural, that is, and then this bloke jumped on me!"

Howard Raikes said grimly, "The gun was in your hand and it had just been fired!"

With a final gesture, he tossed the pistol to Poirot.

"Let's see what the dick's got to say about it! Lucky I got hold of you in time. I guess there are several more shots in that automatic of yours."

Poirot murmured, "Precisely."

Blunt was frowning angrily. He said sharply, "Now then, Dunning—Dunning—what's your name?"

Hercule Poirot interrupted. He said, "This man's name is Frank Carter."

Carter turned on him furiously.

"You've had it in for me all along! You came spying on me that Sunday and tell you, it's not true. I never shot at him."

Hercule Poirot said gently, "Then that case, who did?" He added: "There is no one else here but ourselves, you see."

JANE OLIVERA came running across the path. Her hair streamlined behind her. Her eyes were wide with fear. She gasped, "Howard?"

Howard Raikes said lightly, "Hello, Jane. I've just been saving your uncle's life."

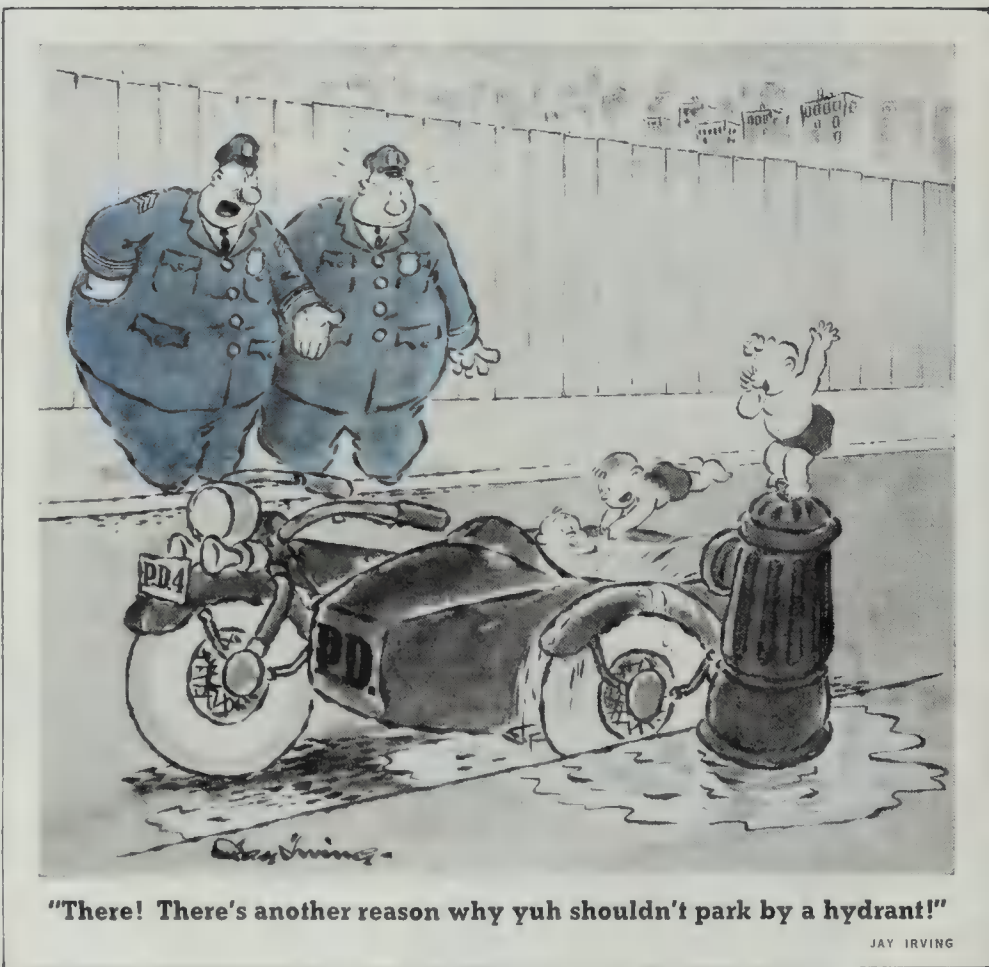
"Oh!" She stopped. "You have?"

"Your arrival certainly seems to have been very opportune, Mr.—er—" He hesitated.

"This is Howard Raikes, Uncle Alistair. He's a friend of mine."

Blunt looked at Raikes—he smiled. "Oh!" he said. "So you are Jane's young man! I must thank you."

(Continued on page 37)



"Not more?"

"Certainly not more—might be a bit less."

"Now that," said Poirot, "is very curious."

Alistair Blunt looked at him inquiringly.

BUT Jane Olivera, rustling the paper, distracted the conversation:

"A lot of people seem out for your blood, Uncle Alistair!"

"Oh, you're reading the debate in the House. That's all right. Only Archerton—he's always tilting at windmills. And he's got the most crazy ideas of finance. If we let him have his way, England would be bankrupt in a week."

Jane said, "Don't you ever want to try anything new?"

"Not unless it's an improvement on the old, my dear."

"But you'd never think it would be. You'd always say, 'This would never work'—without even trying."

"Experimentalists can do a lot of harm."

"Yes, but how can you be satisfied with things as they are. All the waste and the inequality and the unfairness. Something must be done about it!"

"We get along pretty well in this country, Jane, all things considered."

Jane said passionately:

the door for her. She swept out frowning to herself.

Alistair Blunt said suddenly, "I don't like it, you know! Everybody's talking this sort of stuff! And it doesn't mean anything! It's all hot air! They said it in the last war—a world for heroes to live in. I find myself up against it the whole time—a new heaven and a new earth, a world for heroes—the New Jerusalem. What does it mean? They can't tell you themselves! They're just drunk on words."

He smiled suddenly, rather ruefully. "I'm one of the last of the Old Guard, you know."

Poirot said curiously, "If you were removed, what would happen?"

"Removed! What a way of putting it!" His face grew suddenly grave. "I'll tell you. A lot of damned fools would try a lot of very costly experiments. And that would be the end of stability—of common sense, of solvency. In fact, the defeat of this England of ours as we know it. . . ."

Poirot nodded his head. He was essentially in sympathy with the banker. He, too, approved of solvency. And he began to realize with a new meaning exactly just what Alistair Blunt stood for. Mr. Barnes had told him, but he had hardly taken it in then. Quite suddenly, he was afraid. . . .





● Actual color photograph—G. R. Reavis, tobacco warehouseman, inspects an extra fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

## Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

AS TOBACCO EXPERTS like G. R. Reavis will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know . . . for they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker... Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

### ★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940  
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.



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**With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

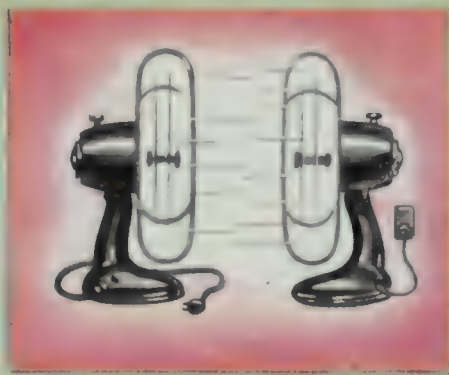


# THE BIG MOTOR

## *Fluid Drive*

### **NOW AVAILABLE ON**

### **NEW 1941**



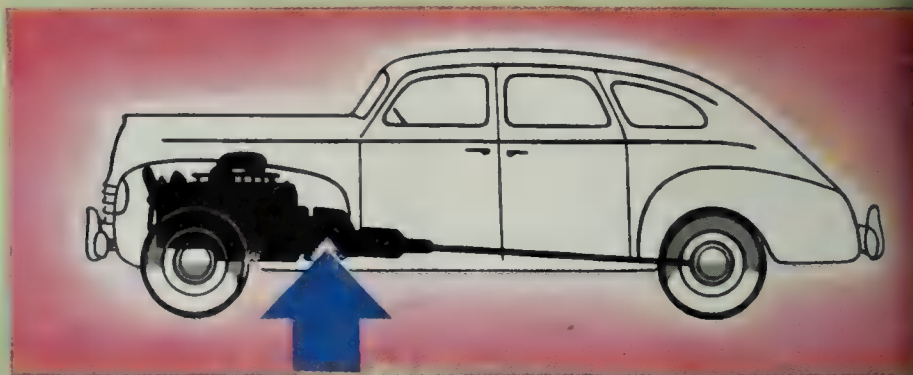
#### **SIMPLE AS THIS**

A current of air from the running fan will set the idle fan in motion, just as a breeze turns a windmill. That's the simple principle of *Fluid Drive*.



#### **ONLY 2 MOVING PARTS**

Equally simple in design. One fan-like wheel drives the other by directing a current of oil against it, fast or slow as governed by engine speed.



#### **MIRACLE HAPPENS HERE**

No rigid metal connections. Driving wheel fastened to engine, driven wheel to transmission system. Power transmitted through oil. That's why it's so miraculously smooth and silent under all conceivable driving conditions.

CHRYSLER Corporation's *Fluid Drive*, introduced to American motorists in 1938 on the higher-priced Chrysler cars, is now available on 1941 models of Dodge and DeSoto cars, and lower-priced Chryslers.

This latest great Chrysler Corporation *first* is standard equipment on the Chrysler Crown Imperial and New Yorker models, and may be had for a slight additional charge on other Chrysler models and on Dodge

## **YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST**



# NEWS OF 1941 !

## DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER

DeSoto cars. That's important, sensational news!

Luxurious as it is, *Fluid Drive* is vastly more than luxury feature. It's a new and better way of driving simpler . . . smoother . . . safer. It's easier on driver and passengers . . . easier on the car. Everyone who has tried it agrees that it's the drive of tomorrow . . . and you can have it today.

Smooth as oil! One fan-like wheel drives another, forcing oil against it. The result is extraordinary. You get away from a standstill as gently as a fall-

ing leaf. You mount to normal driving speed so smoothly and silently that you can hardly believe the speedometer. You change your pace or climb a grade so effortlessly that you're convinced there must be some supernatural power under the hood.

Your Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer invites you to try *Fluid Driving* without obligation. You just touch the throttle to go . . . touch the brake to stop. We believe you'll find it the simplest, smoothest, gentlest drive you've ever experienced.

## FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION !



# "And I thought Gramps was a Grump!"

1. All I knew about Grandfather was that he owned a gold mine in South Africa, and didn't like little girls. When he wrote he was coming to visit us, Daddy and Mummy said for me to be nice to Gramps, and not bother him.



2. "Should have been a boy!" Gramps grunted to me, the day we met him at the boat. "Would have loved to have a grandson," he added to Daddy. And after that, Gramps didn't pay very much attention to me.



3. When coffee was served after dinner that night, Gramps blew up. "Never touch the stuff!" he shouted. "Love it, too, but the caffeine in it keeps me awake!" So I said to Mummy: "Let's get Sanka Coffee for Gramps!"



4. "What good would that do?" Gramps snorted. "Why," I said, "Sanka Coffee is 97% caffeine-free, and *can't* keep you awake. I read about it in an ad!" "You did?" Gramps said. "Young lady, let me see that advertisement!"



5. "Humph!" said Gramps, reading the ad. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' I'll try it!"



6. So Mummy made Sanka Coffee for Gramps next day. "Delightful flavor!" he admitted. "Hope it lets me sleep!" Of course, it *did* . . . and was Gramps pleased! "Young lady," he said, "you're as smart as a boy!" And he bought me a pony!



**SANKA COFFEE**  
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

**PRICE REDUCED!**

The price of Sanka Coffee goes down again! Both "regular" and the popular, new "drip" grind are now selling at the lowest price in history!

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

**NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!**

## Big Girl

Continued from page 13

The crisis was surmounted by the arrival of Mr. Selznick, who had just been through all this on GWTW and could detect an unspirited vowel at a distance of three Culver City blocks. He laughed lightly, heh, heh, heh, and suggested gently that Mr. Ratoff confine himself to directing and Mrs. Rooney to checking up on stray adverbs and everything would be jolly.

"Hokeh," agreed Ratoff, "but don't blemming me hif pipples don't liking the lengwidge."

Operating under this compromise, *Intermezzo* was finished and proved to be nothing that would keep the judges on film awards from going home after the whistle blew. However, it established Bergman. There was immediately apparent that rumbling excitement which heralds the appearance of a new screen personality. Even before the picture opened, the rumors went chasing over Hollywood. One had the impression of an army of gnomes galloping frantically over the peaks of Beverly Hills on spitz hounds togged out to look like polo ponies. Bergman was famous before the picture was previewed and even more renowned when the public had a chance at it.

### Hollywood Had to Have Her

Not only is the Bergman girl a Swede but she is a big Swede, height five feet eight inches. That might handicap her if it weren't for the fact that she is also a stunner—a simple, unaffected, uncarmined sockeroo. Having slayed the movie audiences, she appeared lately on Broadway in the revival of Molnar's *Liliom* with Burgess Meredith and Elia Kazan, thus showing that she was an actress and not merely a dope pushed before the camera and worked with strings. Out at Selznick International they swear she'll be the biggest star in Hollywood in five years.

*Intermezzo* was a remake of a Swedish film by the same name that Bergman played in. Selznick bought it because he needed a part for Leslie Howard, who was under contract to him. The idea of grabbing Bergman came as an afterthought. Then it became a matter of life or death. Either Bergman

came to Hollywood or the body of Selznick would be found floating in Pedro Harbor. He phoned frantically Katherine Brown, his representative in New York. Grab the next boat and bring the lady back in the brig, if necessary.

"Like nothing, I will," answered Brown. "I've just got back from London and I hate the ocean. I'll cable."

But she soon found that cables don't sway the Swede. Scouts had been bling for years without success. There was another call from Hollywood. Mr. S. was on the wire. Miss Brown would either catch the *Aquitania* tomorrow or turn in her chips and get paid. So Miss Brown sailed and the deal was made after much difficulty because Bergman was quite content in Stockholm. She was the big shot there; had been married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom only two years ago, they had had a baby and Hollywood didn't seem such a much at that distance. As a result she got a contract that called for a wad of money and she does only two pictures a year.

Ingrid's mother died when she was two and her father, who was an artist and a photographer, died when she was twelve. They were an artistic family and she always had the intention of being an actress but she was so tall and gawky and shy that nobody at her school had any idea of her ambitions until she wrote the class play in her senior year. Before that she had secretly written other plays, both tragedies of Strindbergian desolation that a student could pass as comic relief. Despite this the Lyceum girls were still astonished when Ingrid entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

"Big, awkward Ingrid!" they called. "She'll trip and fall on her nose."

But instead of that she was chosen for the leading role in the Academy play her first year. It brought on a terrific rumpus, because that honor had always gone to a third term. The newspaper picked it up and the howling was a universal. The directors held a meeting and threw Ingrid out of the cast. But by this time the movie people, the vultures, were on



"I just asked him could he paint a flag and he said, 'Sure!'"

ALAN WOOD





Alarm Clock

CROCKETT JOHNSON

rail. If you don't want her, we want them, but with one proviso. "I'll act in the cinema," she said, "but if you will furnish me the same production I would have had at the Academy."

very shy, but very practical. She worked at the studios during the day and at night the professors at the Academy gave her private lessons. In all she had done eleven Swedish films, nine of them as the star. Instead of laboriously working her way up in the theater, she had been able to return to the Oscar Royal theaters as a guest player.

In some ways the Hollywood adventure was an anticlimax. She came alone and worked so hard to get through and then to her baby that she barely saw the boy. She wanted to live at a hotel but he made her take a house.

But her Swedish fans were a bit sore when she returned last summer. It was true of all other European countries, Sweden is Hollywood mad. They recall the pictures, they fall in love with the American stars, they think Hollywood is a platinum-lined version of a paradise.

They wanted to know who I'd seen in the pictures," she says, "and I had never seen any of them. They wanted to know if I'd seen the American stars, they think Hollywood is a platinum-lined version of a paradise. They wanted to know who I'd seen in the pictures," she says, "and I had never seen any of them. They wanted to know if I'd seen the American stars, they think Hollywood is a platinum-lined version of a paradise."

### Not Fitted to Pattern

The Selznick people don't know quite how to handle her. It isn't that she is temperamental but she doesn't fit into the pattern. She isn't an oomph girl and when she proudly admits that she is thirty-three and has a two-year-old daughter, she obviously can't go around in gossamer. This year when she came back from Sweden, she walked off the boat with Pia, the Swedish girl, swung over her shoulder in a fur-lined papoose sack.

She had arrived to do a Selznick version of Joan of Arc but since it was to be a billion-dollar production in heptameter with 400,000 extras garbed in gold armor, it was obviously impossible to do it. Vinton Freedley offered her a million dollars. She took the script, went to work and studied it and came back and said she couldn't do it. Freedley looked at her, looked at the script and then burst into a cry.

"You've read the wrong part! We need you to do Julia, the lead."

It was fortunate for her that Benno Berolzheimer directed the play because he used to direct foreign methods and knew how to guide her. Even so, one speech he threatened to throw her. They tried it often in so many different ways that it finally became an obsession with her. She couldn't do it. At the preview the night before the opening, it was so disastrous that they considered calling the play off. But she made it at the last minute and won the rave reviews.

"Still I can't do it," she admits. "It's awful acting in a foreign language. If anything happens in Stockholm and I miss a word, I can put in a dozen others. Here if I miss one, I think maybe they're going to shoot me."

### Ingrid Takes a Walk

Her life in Manhattan was like that of any devoted mother. When she wasn't acting, she was stirring up gruel for Pia. When she wasn't doing that she was walking. She walked for miles in Central Park; she walked in Harlem, being fascinated by the spectacle of Lenox Avenue on a Sunday; she was overjoyed by the re-opening of the New York World's Fair because then she could walk herself practically to death. She came galloping down to the New York Selznick office one day to report a great discovery in Central Park.

"You can rent a boat! You can row!" she cried.

When lofty Westchester devotees invited her out for the week end, she asked immediately for a pair of men's shoes and then said: "Please, I will run." So the other guests sat on the veranda and watched her loping over the hillocks like a zebra inflamed by spring. When she came back, she said: "Please, I will sleep." So she slept, watched by nobody but the angels.

She is gradually getting used to the sensation of having people come up to her in stores and begin a friendly conversation.

"It's a form of insult or disrespect when anybody does that to you in Sweden," she says. "I didn't always understand what they said and I thought they were criticizing me." She is frank and friendly with strangers but if the conversation is too rapid for her or too full of jargon or slang, she becomes shy. She almost literally seems to disappear. Interviewers who bait her (the good old American system for getting the truth out of the lofty) throw her into a panic. A hard-boiled New York reporter who asked if it was true that she was running out on her husband and taking up with Joe Blotz and Elmer Twitchnose was rewarded with a flood of tears that will undoubtedly make a better man of him in the future.

She was almost entirely unnerved by a persistent little boy who demanded not one autograph but dozens of them. When she finally escaped to a cab, he climbed in after her, got on his knees, lifted his hands aloft and began praying fervidly. She had no idea what to do but the Selznick representative with her was not so helpless. He took the little charmer by the nape of the neck and hurled him forth into the night.

"Oh, you've hurt him!" cried Miss Bergman.

"Hurt him, nothing," said the gentleman happily. "I've killed him. So long as I didn't use a gat or crown him with a dornick, it was legal. You're going to like America. It's a great country!"

Miss Bergman nodded hazily, not understanding some of those words but appreciating the spirit.

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



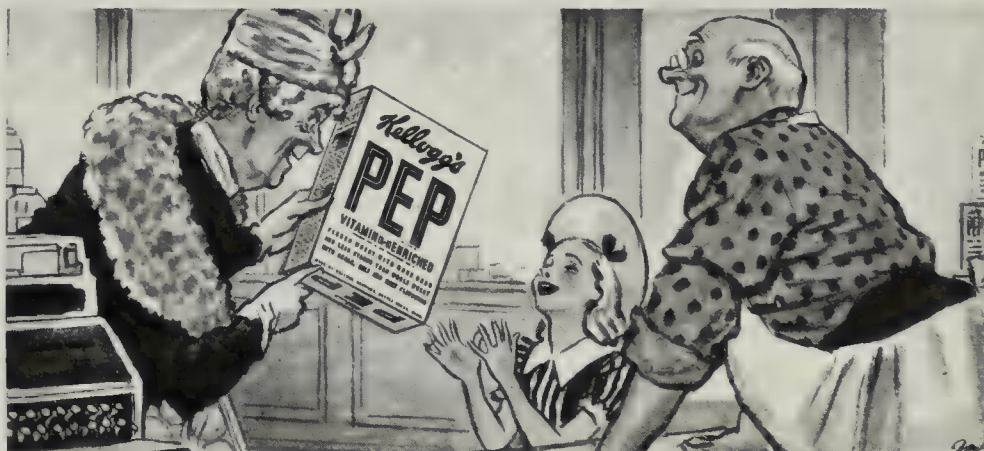
Margaret: No! Sally, no! Play it *right* for gran'ma. It's supposed to be a *dance*! Put some *oomph* into it!

Gran'ma: Margaret! I'd bet my last dollar I know what's ailin' that child!



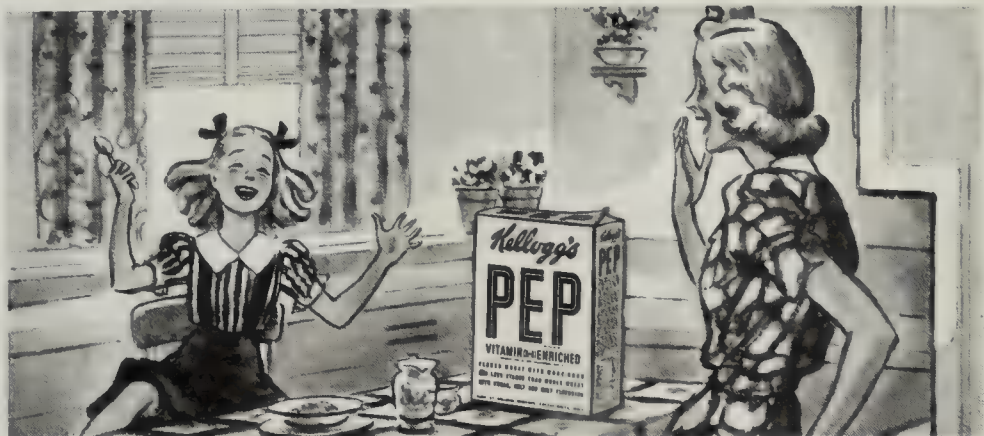
Margaret: Good Heavens! Mother—what do you mean?

Gran'ma: I'll bet this child just plain doesn't eat right—doesn't get all her *vitamins*! Get your hat, Sally, we're going to the grocer's.



Gran'ma: Here it is, Sally. Your first lesson in getting your vitamins. This crispy, crunchy, delicious cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—is an extra-rich source of two of the most important ones, vitamins B<sub>1</sub> and D.

Sally: When do I taste it, Gran'ma?



Sally: Wow! Mummy! This PEP tastes grand. Can I have it every day for breakfast?

Margaret: I should say you can!

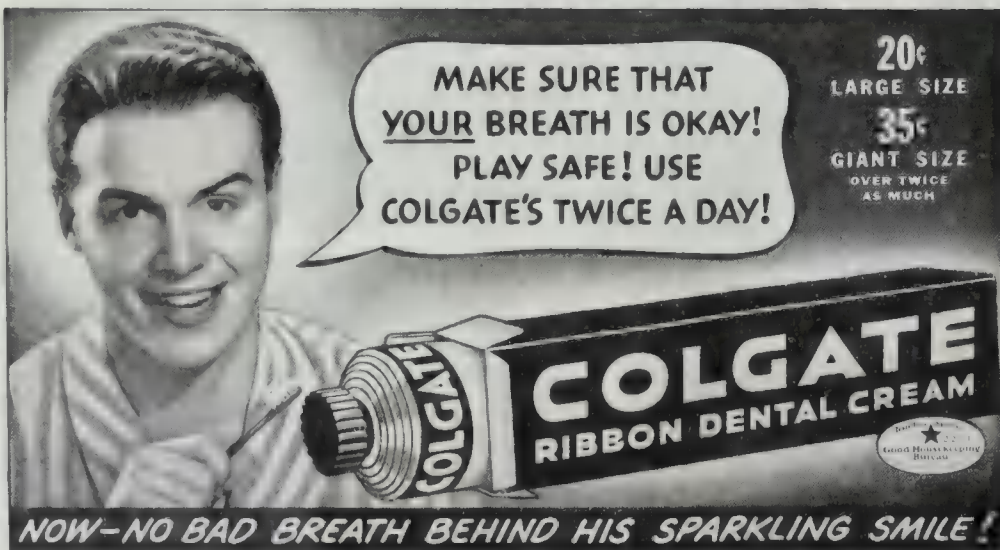
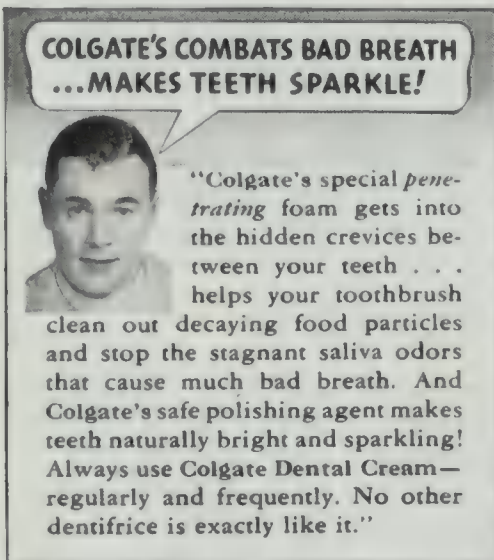
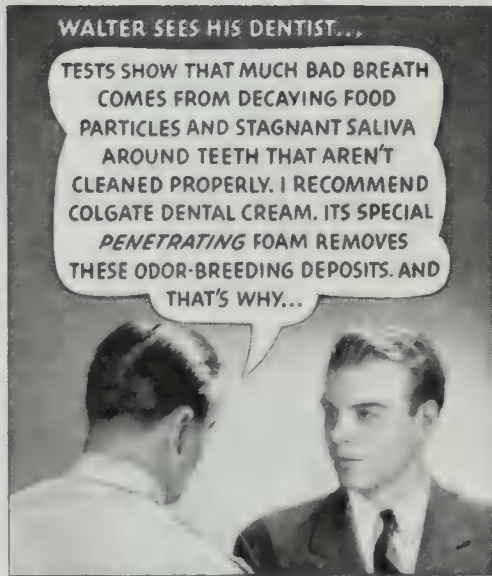
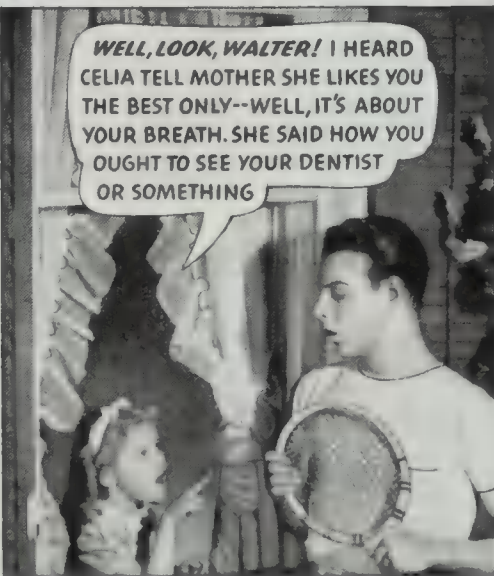
## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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## Lights On

Continued from page 16

strain. There are tubes of light under the cabinets to brighten every work surface, and you can't open a door—cupboard, oven or refrigerator—without having a light pop on to show you things. It turns off when the door shuts.

Knowing a good thing when he's used it, Mr. Versen doesn't mind repeating upstairs, either. The wall-bracket light is one repeater. Only in the boy's room and the girl's it extends from the ceiling, over the desk. The girl can tilt hers any way she needs it to light her face when she is using the dressing-table end of her desk. They both can be inverted, for general reflected lighting. The girl also has a wall light that swings between chair and bed. Her shades are enameled yellow, to match the curtains.

### Control Your Lighting

The double-decker bunks in the boy's room have built-in reading lights that are actually showcase reflector lamps—small, tube-shaped bulbs silvered on one side, and set into a reflector pocket, giving you a lot of light for little wattage. It's the way you control light for efficiency, not the power of the bulb you use that counts, says Mr. Versen.

In the master room, wall-bracket lights, with shades soft pale green to match the walls, extend out from the mirror. You adjust them to light both sides of your face in true theatrical dressing-table fashion and proceed to make repairs. Or you give up, and twist them toward the ceiling for general illumination.

In the corner of the room next the terrace is a small wall light without

the extension arm. It pivots and you want, making a streak of light shadow along the wall, or giving light through the window onto the race. Direct it up to the ceiling night light. On the table at the head of the beds is a sure-enough lamp in case you were beginning to waver. There are two standing ones down too, to make positive you have everything you want.

Bathroom lights? In the downstairs bath there's a wall light like the one in the master room. Also a photographer's red safe light, for use when the room becomes a darkroom. In the master bath the lights are like the ceiling lights in the many-purpose room, recessed in the ceiling over the bathroom counter to see that you do a good job of shaving. The other bath on the second floor is lighted by day through a skylight. At night you get the same effect, from fluorescent daylight bulbs above the ceiling of translucent glass. The glass is supported by a grid of wood, like an egg crate. Another from downstairs, it's similar to the the-bar light.

By such simplicity, cutting out variety and sticking to the job of putting light where you need it, the lighting of Collier's House is making a hit with everyone who sees it.

A booklet containing many more details about Collier's House of Light is now available. To obtain one free of ten cents to Mr. E. K. Simpson, Rockefeller Home Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.





## All the Tricks

Continued from page 10

getting started on Never Say Die. But we can work together after dinner, at night. Look," he said, laughing pleasantly as the thought came to him, "that fits nicely for you, too, Jenny, doesn't it? Why don't you come down to my place after the show and keep us company during the grind?"

"Yes," Eddie said eagerly. "Jenny, that would be swell." He was looking at her but she answered Bartlett.

"I wouldn't be in the way," she said to the producer. "If you wouldn't mind having me around. I'd learn so much by being with you."

GORDON BARTLETT had a duplex apartment on Twelfth Street right off Fifth Avenue. The tall walls, painted a deep blue, were ornamented only by framed programs of the different Bartlett productions. It was cozy there in the night stillness and Jenny Field, sitting with one leg under her, listened absently to the men's voices as they worked. Bartlett had a habit of walking around the room while Eddie listened to him and fretted with the script in his hands. Occasionally the producer, watching Jenny, would break off to smile at her artless pose and reflective silence. He would pat her head and then she'd turn her eyes up to him, giving him a weary, grateful look that was wholly priceless. Eddie, raising his head to see why she had made Bartlett stop, sometimes caught the exchange of warm glances. He didn't like to see it and spoke to her once or twice in pained, reluctant tones. "You're being childish," she'd say easily. "You're a kid. He just likes to have me around. It's nothing. And if you were really right—well, then I'd only be doing it for your sake, wouldn't I?"

He never knew what to say. Ina Wynne was still in Hollywood, there were delays and the script conferences weren't going as smoothly as they should. He always let the subject drop. As the days passed, the girls in the cast of Three Decades with Jenny grew sadder, more loving and bitterer. They must have all had a rush of hope, Jenny told herself, when they had learned she wasn't getting the lead in Eddie's play after all. But it somehow disturbed her, even though they couldn't tell exactly what she was up to, that she was seeing Gordon Bartlett at the conferences every night. Again and again they came to a point of saying to her: "Honey, do you like Rocco's any more? Darling, we hardly ever see you any more. You must be very busy these days, aren't you? I guess you won't be with us much longer. Big things for you, darling, are coming soon, aren't they?"

Jenny always gave them a knowing smile and didn't bother to answer. Bill Closwall left her alone until one day he caught her at the stage door out the alley before the performance. "I've been trying to get you all afternoon," he said. "That Hollywood job at Gulliver Studios—it's yours at last. The money came through this afternoon."

She took a moment to think. "No," she said. "Not for me, Bill." "Now, listen, sweetheart!" Closwall began. "What's hit you? You can't let this down. Who do you think you are? It's a hundred a week—twenty-six dollars guaranteed. You'd be a contract player and they'll give you plenty of work at Gulliver. Small parts, but you're Katharine Cornell yet and you can't let the experience. That's what you want most."

"No," she said. "I'd just get buried. It happens all the time out there."

Closwall couldn't understand it. He

leaned against the brick wall under the light of the single electric bulb. "Hey, what is this anyway? You're no better off in Three Decades. They've got two hundred extras in this cavalcade, you know." Suddenly he stopped arguing and studied her face. "Listen," he said, "if it's Gordon Bartlett, you're just wasting your time. He's got nothing for you with Eddie's show."

"I know," she said.

"Yes, yes, you say you know but you probably think you're going to talk him into giving you the part. Charm him or something. I thought you knew better. That whole thing's a phony. It smells. And it isn't Wynne either that's keeping you from the lead. Listen," he said, "this is how these things go. Bartlett signs Eddie to a Dramatists' Guild contract, gives him a hundred bucks to tie him up for a month, keeps him happy by promising him the moon, and then he goes to work on Wynne on a long-shot chance. If she likes the script and signs by some miracle, fine. Then Bartlett can raise the money on the strength of a Hollywood movie star and he can put on the show for a quick shot at a hit. The whole trouble is every star in Hollywood hollers she wants to come east for the living stage. Yes, they holler but you never see them come. Bartlett may be a good man to know, honey, but this time he's got nothing for you. Wynne's never coming east. Bartlett won't raise the dough. Eddie's just chasing himself blue in the face over nothing. I wouldn't expect him to know what's going on by himself but, frankly, I'm disappointed in you, Jenny. I didn't think Bartlett could fool you so badly." He explained it all patiently to her but the expression on her face stayed fixed.

"Bartlett didn't fool me," she said. "I knew the whole setup from the start."

The agent stared at her. "You knew? Well, I don't understand it! Then what are you stalling for? Sign up with Gulliver and go out to the coast!"

"What you forget, Bill," Jenny said slowly, "is that Gordon Bartlett's putting on Never Say Die. And he's got the money for that show."

Closwall's eyebrows went up on his forehead as he finally saw what she was working for all this time. "But Eddie?" he asked. "What about Eddie? You're letting him live in hopes. You're letting him sweat and plug away. I've seen some pretty hard babies in my time but I never thought you'd use your own husband just so you could be near Bartlett and play him for a spot in Never Say Die."

"I'm not hurting Eddie," she shot back at him. "I'm not keeping Wynne in Hollywood, am I? And if I can help myself, why shouldn't I?"

Closwall shook his head helplessly. "You're pretty cold-blooded," he said. "Jenny, you sure know what you want."

She didn't answer. She turned and calmly went inside on her way to the dressing room.

ANY feelings of guilt she had about Eddie never lasted very long with her. She told herself Ina Wynne might still come east, Bartlett might still live up to all the promises he had given Eddie, and besides, all theatrical ventures were speculative and uncertain. Nothing was ever sure on Broadway, and she'd be a fool to pass up a big chance for herself. She kept silent until that afternoon after she had lunched with Bartlett and come back to the hotel to find Eddie depressed and worried. It was almost three weeks since he had signed the contract.

"What's the sense in fussing over

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crazy little changes?" he broke out irritably. "I don't know why Bartlett keeps pestering me with all these revisions. Why doesn't he get Wynne here? Why don't we get going?"

"Eddie," she said, "Eddie, listen."

"What?" The frown was deep on his face as he paused to listen.

"Wynne's not leaving Hollywood, Bartlett told me. I just had lunch with him."

**T**HE news seemed to stun him, catching him unprepared. His mouth hung open stupidly. "He told you? You had lunch with him?"

"Yes. I'm sorry it's me who's telling you but you have to know. Bartlett can't raise money for the production. He's dropping the play."

"I don't get it," Eddie cried in a burst of resentment. "After everything he said to me, it just doesn't make sense. The play's good, Wynne or no Wynne. It's a good show, isn't it?"

"Well, don't blame me," she said softly. "It isn't my fault. They sell a show to backers on the cast, on the star, not on the script. That's the way it is."

He looked at her for a moment. His anger broke. He slumped into a chair and miserably held his hand up to his face. In the silence there was a knock on the door and Bill Closwall walked in.

"Congratulations," he said at once to Jenny. "I came over as soon as I heard."

"Congratulations?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," Closwall said, wondering. "Don't you know yet? Bartlett's giving Jenny a tryout for the girl lead in Never Say Die."

As Eddie rose to his feet, a blank, bewildered expression on his face, Jenny cursed Closwall furiously under her breath for a blundering idiot. Eddie would have had to know sooner or later but it didn't have to be just then.

"I've just told him Bartlett's dropping his play," she told Closwall.

"Oh, I see," the agent fumbled. "I forgot that. I thought it was all ancient history by this time." He stopped, realizing he was only making things worse.

Eddie's lips were twisted in a bitter smile. He kept his eyes fixed firmly on his wife. "Ancient history. I guess you all knew about it but me. Oh, boy," he laughed, "what a prize chump. I know now why you made me keep going back to Bartlett's place. You always told me everything was going to be all right and I guess you knew what you were talking about. I understand all those loving smiles, those sweet looks you gave him. So if I was really right and if you were really putting on an act for Bartlett, it was only for my sake, wasn't it?"

He mimicked her words to him with cruel, merciless effect.

"Sure," he cried, his voice rising. "Be smart and clever and work all the angles. Use everyone for all he's got no matter who he is. Be tough, mean, disloyal, anything. Get what you want. Don't bother with talent. That's unimportant to an actress, and experience is just a waste of time. The only thing that counts is to get ahead, and it's a lot of sentimental junk to let anything stand in your way." He picked up his hat and coat and went to the door. He faced Jenny, making an effort to restrain himself, to lower his voice. "All you ever wanted out of me was a chance to meet some big shot. Well, I produced my big shot for you and I hope you get your money's worth. My wife," he said, his hand on the knob. "My wife—she knows all the tricks." He closed the door and was gone.

The room seemed strangely quiet after he left. Closwall had hidden himself in a corner and Jenny, feeling angry, unhappy and a little guilty too, bit her lip and walked slowly to a chair.

"I didn't do anything against him," she said. "He's just sore on account

of his play and because I got a break."

"Of course," the agent said. "Well, you can understand how it is. When a person wants something as bad as you kids want it, and when he nearly gets it and then loses it—well, it's more than disappointment. It's a kind of poison. He thinks the whole world's been plotting against him. He goes a little wacky. Somebody ought to keep an eye on Eddie until he gets over it. He's taking it hard."

Jenny let him talk. She kept her eyes on the carpet and the more her conscience troubled her the angrier she grew. "I didn't do anything against him," she said over and over again. "I didn't hurt him. I didn't scheme and plot against him. He's just crazy. It's a neurotic delusion. He's got a persecution complex or something."

"Yes," Closwall said carefully from his corner. "It's a complex. The whole trouble, though, with people who have complexes is that very often they've got some good reason for their insane delusions."

"Oh, get out," she flared up at him. She was almost crying. "You know everything. You're so wise. Oh, leave me alone."

**E**DDIE didn't return to the hotel that night and Jenny didn't see him the next day but she told herself fiercely that she didn't mind. Working with the script of Never Say Die, she spent the whole day in her room. She had decided to stay on with Three Decades for a while longer until everything was definitely set with Gordon Bartlett, but when she went to the theater that evening she saw no one, and if any of the girls tried to talk to her she showed no interest and waited impatiently to be left alone.

The other actresses buzzed in corners and sent her stony, disapproving glances. She knew they had learned about the part in Never Say Die and about Eddie as well. She could guess they were all busy making up nasty little details, energetically elaborating a rich tale to show her as being completely cheap, unscrupulous and disgusting. Jenny didn't care. She hated them. She hated their stupid, hopeless ambitions and their malicious jealousies.

The run-through performance was scheduled for three o'clock the next afternoon, but when Jenny reached the gloomy, deserted-looking auditorium there was one delay after another and she had almost an hour to while away. She saw Bill Closwall sitting deep in the theater, one leg hooked over the armrest of the seat next to him. Their eyes met but he didn't come forward to meet

her and so she stayed where she was. Bartlett introduced her to the back stage. These were a pair of brothers, harassed men who inspected her frantically as they chewed on cigars. Their faces were baldly doubtful and as one of them stared at her he kept scratching his head in a way that seemed insulting.

Bartlett finally led her up to stage. Off in the wings, he whispered nervously to her. "Go out there and show them what you can do. Remember, I'm depending on you."

"Don't worry," she said calmly. "They'll like me. You'll see."

Her confidence was perfect. It gave Bartlett courage. He ran down the steps, smiling, and clapped his hands quietly. The actors began.

The moment her cue came and she stepped in front, she forgot herself, got everything except the character she was playing. Using makeshift props, ignoring the brick wall behind them, ignoring the bare stage and the ineptness of the costumes the actors were wearing, she moved through her performance with a complete belief in what was happening. She injected into her performance a sincerity that nearly lapsed for a moment. The first act forty minutes or so, but when the act stopped she was hardly aware any time at all had passed. Bartlett called out that there would be a minute interval for rest and they straggled off stage.

Jenny was tired but she felt sure. She went down the steps and groped around backstage until she found the alleyway led to the front of the theater. The stage was covered with heavy curtains and she pushed through them into the orchestra, she saw the two brothers, Bartlett arguing heatedly in a group.

"Stinks!" one of the backers was waving his hand at Bartlett. "An amateur. What are you trying to do on us? She smells up the place—"

Her heart had stopped. Everything inside of her went sick all at once as was as though the blood were drained from her, but the expression on her face didn't break for an instant. She smiled serenely enough. Bartlett had been nudging the heavy man and now three of them were looking at her.

"Oh, I'm sorry, girlie," the brother said. "See, I didn't quite realize. With these expressions, it's just a way of life."


"What it is," the other brother said diplomatically, "you got talent, a plenty of talent. You'll go far. For a show like this, you see, we need another type altogether. An actor



"Go 'way—it's my turn! You drove Aunt Ruth the last time"

ADOLPH SCH





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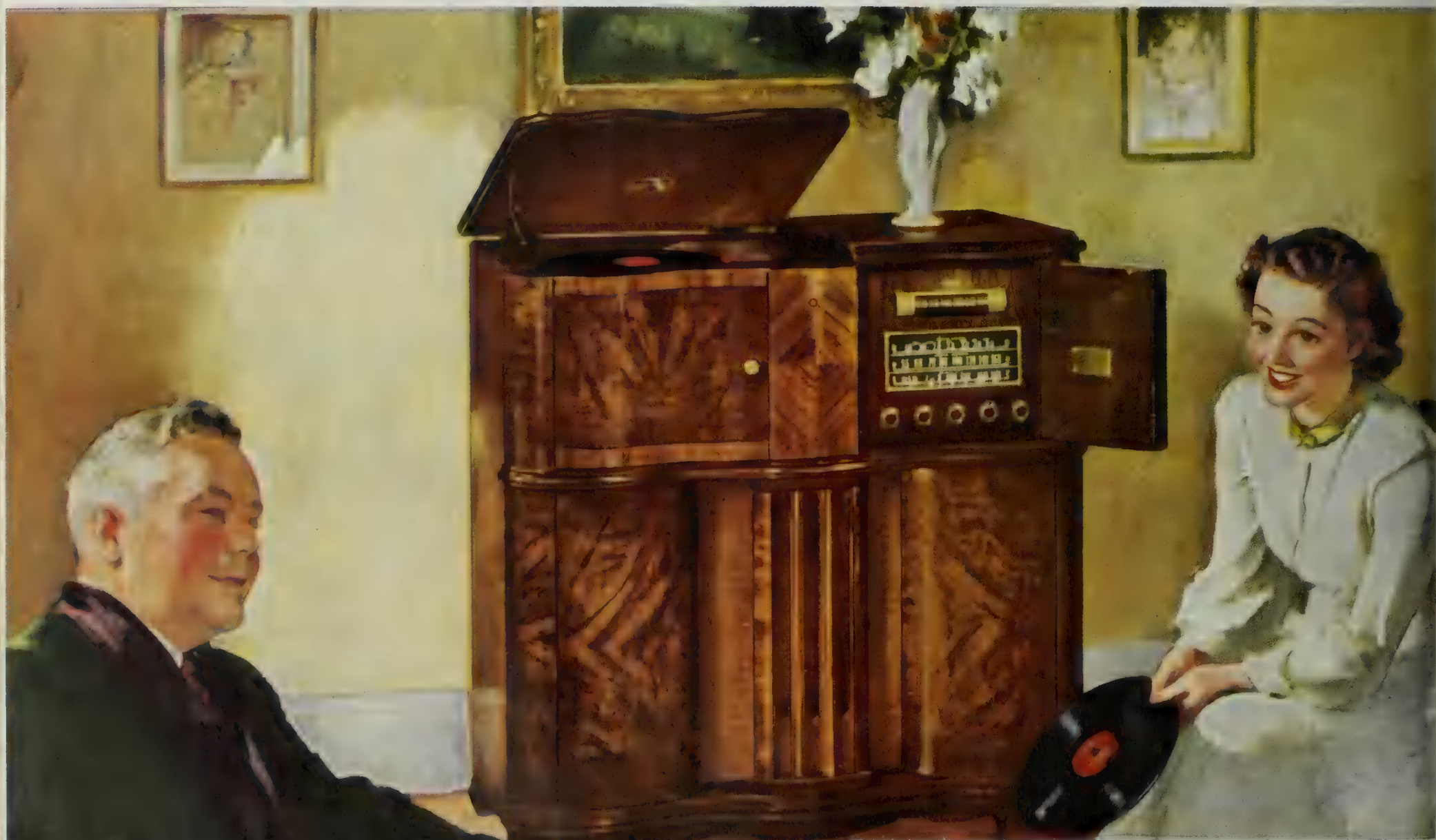


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actress, more mature, a woman, not a girl. You know."

"Oh, of course," she said, forcing herself to say the words with easy nonchalance, fighting desperately to keep back the tears. "I know. It's just a case of miscasting."

"Now you said it, girlie," the first brother said hopefully. "Miscasting, yes. You hit the nail on the head."

Bartlett took her elbow and walked her away, going up the aisle with her. He was mumbling explanations and apologies to her but she wouldn't listen and blithely brushed his excuses aside.

"It's perfectly all right," she assured him. "I don't mind at all. These things happen. And there are plenty of other offers for me to consider." Her eyes wandered as she spoke and she looked for Bill Closwall but he was gone. "Well," she laughed, "I guess there's no point in going on with the other two acts. I guess I might as well leave now. I guess..." Her voice trailed and, without looking back at him, she left abruptly, going into the empty lobby and then out to the street.

The throngs of people filled the sidewalk. Bustling past her, they seemed self-contained, inhumanly hard and indifferent, concerned only in their own affairs. They didn't stop to notice her even though she was crying and the tears were at her eyes. Alone and numb, she made her way slowly back to her hotel. She thought of the humiliation she would have to go through when the girls would all group around her to say what a louse Gordon Bartlett was and how shabbily he had treated her. Outwardly they would all be sympathetic and endearing; they would comfort her glibly, Jenny knew, but within themselves they would gloat and be happy. And then she found she no longer hated them. They were all like herself, she saw, living in the dreary hotels off Broadway, eating quick drugstore meals, waiting from day to day, and as they waited they all had to battle constantly not only for some opportunity but also to maintain their courage, their confidence, their hopes, themselves. She felt achingly lonely. With all her heart now she wanted someone near her, someone she could trust and cry to, and thinking of Eddie, the realization came to her with a sweeping rush of pain that she had been utterly wrong and shameless.

She was surprised to find Bill Closwall waiting for her in the hotel lobby. He drew her aside to a corner where they could be alone.

"Well," she said hopelessly, "you saw it. You know."

"I stayed ten, fifteen minutes. It was enough."

"All right. Then say it. So I wasn't so smart. So the tricks didn't work out after all..."

HE MADE her stop. "Never mind that now," he said. His face was glum. "It doesn't matter. Listen, Jenny. You know show business and movie people. When you need them, they lose interest in you. When you turn down an offer, they think you must be wonderful. And when Gulliver Studios heard you were getting the lead in Never Say Die they went a little hysterical with excitement. They took it into their heads you must be the hottest prospect on Broadway since John Garfield." He paused and watched her face carefully. "The offer was on the teletype this morning. They've got an important spot for you in a picture they're beginning to shoot. They want you out there right away. It's seven-fifty a week and there'll be thirteen weeks of it anyway until they find out whether you're worth it or not." He finished and waited.

The exultation shot through her, bringing new life. She beamed and clasped her hands. "Oh, Bill!" she cried,

nearly weeping. "Bill, it's so magnificent for me! It's everything I want at this time, too. I'm so happy..."

Then she had to halt. She had noticed the sober, thoughtful expression on his face. "What?" she asked. "What?"

"Well, nothing," he said. "It's just Eddie. He's been drinking. You went a little wild and all that. He's up in the lockup in Philadelphia. He'll be all right now. I had a man checking on him and we brought him home this afternoon. He's in the upstairs. Jenny," he said, "he could use somebody around him for a while. Needs somebody strong, right now."

Closwall had stopped talking but Jenny didn't speak. She could feel his eyes on her even though she wouldn't meet his gaze. The first flush of anger was gone. She stood in the dim light of the lobby and debated within herself whether to go home or to stay. She felt cool and unexcited as she considered the offer.

"They've booked a reservation for you on the seven-o'clock plane to Newark. The contract's waiting for you in Hollywood. Of course," he said liberally, "of course, I'm an agent and I get ten per cent. That's how I make my living. I don't have to know about anything else and ten per cent of seven hundred and fifty dollars is a nice piece of money each week. Of course," he said, "He lingered a moment or two and then left her alone."

JENNY sat in the large dressing room before her mirror, completely absorbed as she put on her make-up for the evening's performance of Three Dollars. She had come early and so she was alone in the room which she shared with five other actresses. She spent nearly an hour in regrets. She dabbed grease paint on her face and then worked it in with her fingers. Then she lightly touched on a coating of powder. Bill Closwall had come up to the opened door but she didn't know he was there until he said, "I was at the airport," he said quietly. "I didn't see you."

"No," she said. She didn't turn to look at him but her voice was firm and sure. "I decided against Hollywood. There's no sense in going out there just for the money and I think it's better for me to stay east. I'd rather work the stage. I'm not interested in pictures just now."

For a moment Closwall didn't speak. "That's right," he finally said. "You certainly know what you're doing. You're smart, Jenny." She couldn't see his face but he was smiling broadly. He shook his head in the helpless wonder she drew from him, and as he started to turn away he was whistling happily to himself.

Jenny picked up the pot of rouge and leaned close to the mirror to get the color on her face just right. She worked patiently. With painstaking care, giving full time to each detail, she applied the eye shadow to her lids, brushed mascara on her lashes, darkened her eyebrows with the pencil. Her resolution had never broken. With her body lived Jenny Field—herself, free from everyone outside, a separate identity that would never pause to be hurt. She would succeed. Her heart she knew it had to come to her.

She heard the girls in the passage outside now. Their voices came and went, a little gayer tonight than of late. Jenny thought, because she had learned of her failure at the rehearsal. They came on, and when they were alone in the room they all rushed to her. They put their hands around her shoulders and hugged her and their sympathy gushed: "Dear Jenny, they cooed, 'it must be so terrible for you. Darling, we're so sorry. Of course, Gordon Bartlett's such a louse. It's just terrible to deal with, darling, but one always says that..."



## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 24

With a puffing noise as of a steam engine at high pressure Julia Olivera appeared on the scene. She panted out: "I heard a shot. Is Alistair— Why—" "I stared blankly at Howard Raikes. "You? Why, why, how dare you?" "Jane said in an icy voice, "Howard has saved Uncle Alistair's life, Mother." "What? I—I—" "This man tried to shoot Uncle Alistair, and Howard grabbed him and took his pistol away from him." "Frank Carter said violently, "You're a body liars, all of you." "Mrs. Olivera, her jaw dropping, said quickly: "Oh!" "I took her a minute or two to readjust my poise. She turned first to Blunt. "My dear Alistair! How awful! Thank heaven you're safe. But it must have been a frightful shock. I—I feel quite faint myself. I wonder—do you think I could have just a little brandy?" "Blunt said quickly, "Of course. Come back to the house." "He took his arm, leaning on it heavily. "Blunt looked over his shoulder at Poirot and Howard Raikes. "Can you bring that fellow along?" he asked. "We'll ring up the police and send him over." "Frank Carter opened his mouth, but no words came. He was dead white, and his knees were wilting. Howard Raikes asked him along with an unsympathetic air. "Come on you," he said. "Frank Carter murmured hoarsely and unconvincedly, "It's all a lie. . . ." "Howard Raikes looked at Poirot. "You've got precious little to say for yourself for a high-toned sleuth! Why don't you throw your weight about a bit?" "I am reflecting, Mr. Raikes." "I guess you'll need to reflect! I should say you'll lose your job over this! It isn't thanks to you that Alistair is still alive at this minute." "This is your second good deed of the day, is it not, Mr. Raikes?" "What the hell do you mean?"

"It was only yesterday, was it not, that you caught and held the man whom you believed to have shot at Mr. Blunt and the Prime Minister?"

Howard Raikes said, "Er—yes. I seem to be making a kind of habit of it."

"But there is a difference," Hercule Poirot pointed out. "Yesterday, the man you caught and held was *not* the man who fired the shot in question. You made a mistake."

Frank Carter said sullenly, "He's made a mistake now."

"Quiet, you," said Raikes.

Hercule Poirot murmured to himself, "I wonder. . . ."

DRESSING for dinner, adjusting his tie to an exact symmetry, Hercule Poirot frowned at his reflection in the mirror.

He was dissatisfied—but he would have been at a loss to explain why. For the case, as he owned to himself, was so very clear. Frank Carter had indeed been caught redhanded.

It was not as though he had any particular belief in or liking for Frank Carter. Carter, he thought dispassionately, was definitely what the English call a "wrong un." He was an unpleasant young bully of the kind that appeal to women, so that they are reluctant to believe the worst, however plain the evidence.

And Carter's whole story was weak in the extreme. This tale of having been approached by agents of the "secret service"—and offered a plummy job. To take the post of gardener and report on the conversations and actions of the other gardeners. It was a story that was disproved easily enough—there was no foundation for it.

And on Carter's side, there was nothing at all to be said. He could offer no alternative explanation, except that somebody else must have shot off the revolver. He kept repeating that. It was a frame-up.

No, there was nothing to be said for Carter except, perhaps, that it seemed an odd coincidence that Howard Raikes

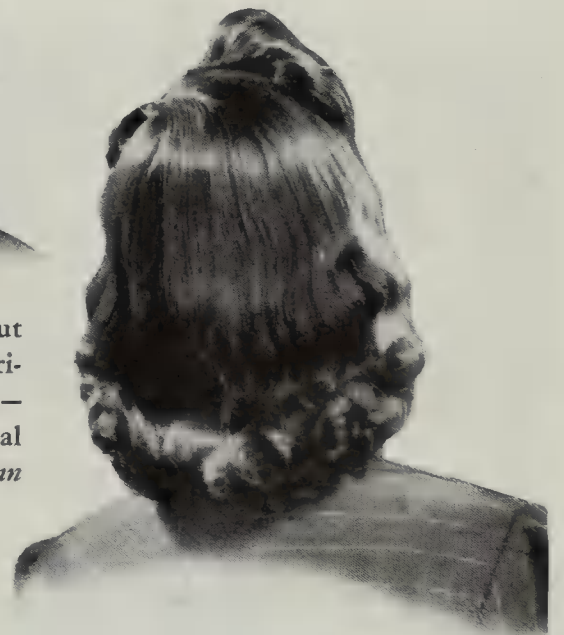
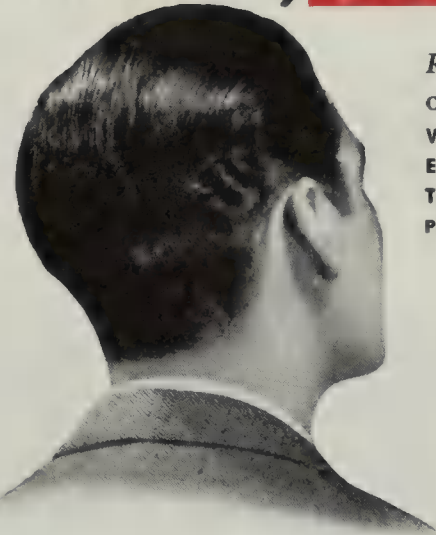
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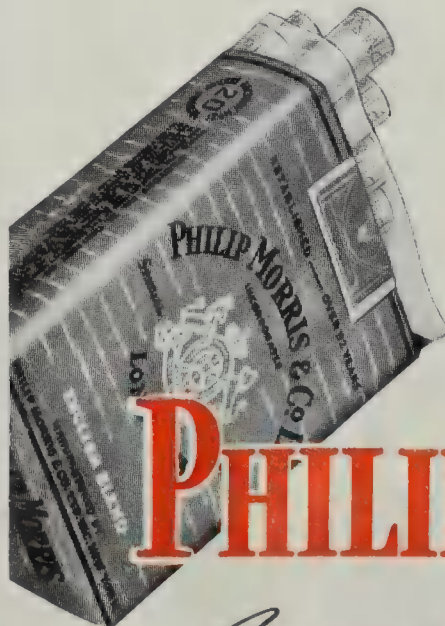


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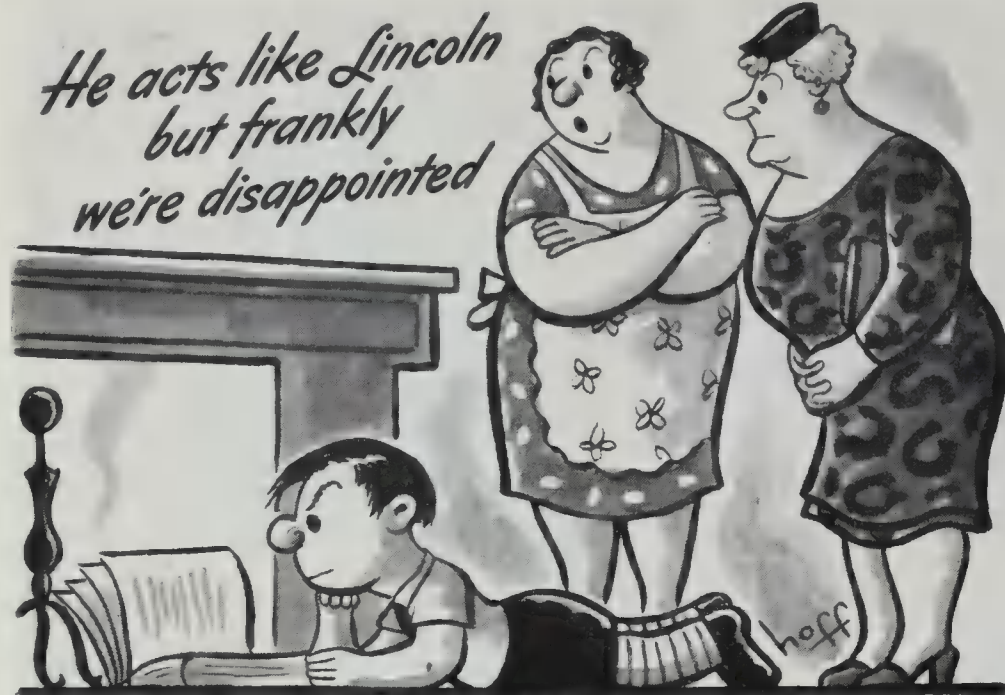
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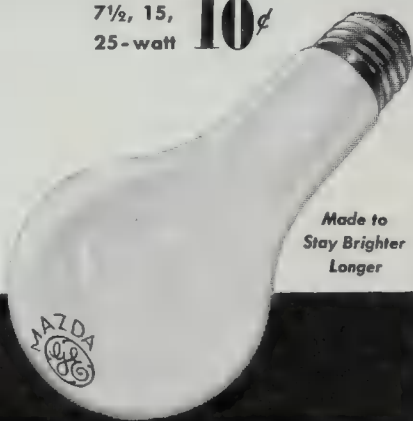
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should have been present two days running at the moment when a bullet had just missed Alistair Blunt.

But presumably there wasn't anything in that. Raikes certainly hadn't fired the shot in Downing Street. And his presence down here was fully accounted for—he had come down to be near his girl. No, there was nothing definitely improbable in his story.

It had turned out, of course, very fortunately for Howard Raikes. When a man has just saved you from a bullet, you cannot forbid him the house. The least you can do is to show friendliness and extend hospitality. Mrs. Olivera didn't like it, obviously, but even she saw that there was nothing to be done about it.

Jane's undesirable young man had got his foot in and he meant to keep it there!

Poirot watched him speculatively during the evening.

He was playing his part with a good deal of astuteness. He did not air any subversive views, he kept off politics and the war. He told amusing stories of his hitchhikes and tramps in wild places.

"He is no longer the wolf," thought Poirot. "No, he has put on the sheep's clothing. But underneath? I wonder..."

As Poirot was preparing for bed that night, there was a rap on the door. Poirot called, "Come in," and Howard Raikes entered.

He laughed at Poirot's expression.

"Surprised to see me? I've had my eye on you all evening. I didn't like the way you were looking. Kind of thoughtful."

"Why should that worry you, my friend?"

"I don't know why, but it did. I thought maybe that you were finding certain things just a bit hard to swallow."

"Eh bien? And if so?"

"Well, I decided that I'd best come clean. About yesterday, I mean. That was a fake show all right! You see, I was watching his lordship come out of 10 Downing Street and I saw Ram Lal fire at him. I know Ram Lal. He's a nice kid. A bit excitable but he feels the wrongs of India very keenly. Well, there was no harm done, that precious pair of stuffed shirts weren't harmed—the bullet had missed 'em both by miles—so I decided to put up a show and hope the Indian kid would get clear. I grabbed hold of a shabby little guy just by me and called out that I'd got the villain and hoped Ram Lal was beating it all right. But the dicks were too smart. They were onto him in a flash. That's just how it was. See?"

Hercule Poirot said, "And today?"

"**T**HAT'S different. There weren't any Ram Lals about today. Carter was the only man on the spot. He fired that pistol all right! It was still in his hand when I jumped on him. He was going to try a second shot, I expect."

Poirot said, "You were very anxious to preserve the safety of M. Blunt?"

Raikes grinned—an engaging grin.

"A bit odd, you think, after all I've said? Oh, I admit it. I think Blunt is a guy who ought to be shot—for the sake of progress and humanity—I don't mean personally—he's a nice enough old boy in his British way. I think that, and yet when I saw someone taking a pot shot at him I leap in and interfere. That shows you how illogical the human animal is. It's crazy, isn't it?"

"The gap between theory and practice is a wide one."

"I'll say it is!" Mr. Raikes got up from the bed where he had been sitting. His smile was easy and confiding. "I just thought," he said, "that I'd come along and explain the thing to you."

He went out, shutting the door carefully behind him.

"Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: preserve me from the violent man," sang Mrs. Olivera in a firm voice slightly off the note.

There was a restlessness about the enunciation of the sentiment, which made Hercule Poirot deduce that M. Howard Raikes was the wicked man immediately in her mind.

Hercule Poirot had accompanied his host and the family to the morning service in the village church.

Howard Raikes had said with a faint sneer, "So you always go to church, M. Blunt?"

And Alistair had murmured vaguely something about it being expected of you in the country—can't let the pars down, you know—which typically English sentiment had merely bewildered the young man, and had made Hercule Poirot smile comprehendingly.

Mrs. Olivera had tactfully accompanied her host and commanded Jane to do likewise.

**T**HE tenors and basses demanded with gusto, "Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked; preserve me from the violent man; who have purposed overthrow my goings."

Hercule Poirot essayed a hesitant baritone.

"The proud have hid a snare for me," he sang, "and cords; they have spread a net by the wayside..."

His mouth remained open.

He saw it—saw clearly the net in which he had so nearly fallen!

A snare cunningly laid—a net with cords—a pit open at his feet—dug carefully so that he should fall into it.

Like a man in a trance Hercule Poirot remained, mouth open, staring in space.

He remained there as the congregation seated themselves with a rustle until Jane Olivera tugged at his arm and murmured a sharp, "Sit down."

Hercule Poirot sat down.

He was in a daze—a glorious daze where isolated facts spun wildly around before settling neatly into their appointed places.

It was like a kaleidoscope—shades of buckles, No. 10 stockings, a damaged face, the low tastes in literature of the page boy, the activities of the Amberiotis and the part played by the late Mr. Morley all rose up and whirled and settled themselves down into a coherent pattern.

For the first time, Hercule Poirot was looking at the case the right way up.

"For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king. Here cometh the first lesson," quavered the aged clergyman all in one breath.

As one in a dream, Hercule Poirot rose to praise the Lord in the Te Deum.

"M. Reilly, is it not?"





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young Irishman started as the spoke at his elbow. turned.

ending next to him at the counter of shipping company was a small man with large mustaches and an egg-shaped head. "You do not remember me, perhaps?" "You do yourself an injustice, M. Poirot. You're not a man that's easily forgotten."

turned back to speak to the clerk at the counter who was waiting. His voice at his elbow murmured: "You are going abroad for a holiday? Not wise in wartime?"

"Not a holiday I'm taking. And myself, M. Poirot? You're not going your back on this country, I think sometimes," said Hercule Poirot, "I'm on a short trip to the country." "I'm doing the same," said Reilly. "I'm going to Ireland I'm bound for." He said: "And I don't think I'll be coming back, either. Later, maybe, I'll go to America."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. Reilly. Well, then, abandoning your practice on Queen Charlotte Street." "You'd say it was abandoning me, wouldn't you?" "I'm nearer the mark."

"Need? That is very sad." "It doesn't worry me. When I think of the other day, I shall leave behind me a very un- happy man."

"I'm pained engagingly. I'm not I who'll be shooting myself out of money troubles. Leave them to you, I say, and start afresh. I've got qualifications and they're good. I say so myself."

"I saw Miss Morley the other day."

"Is that a pleasure to you? I'd say not. A more sour-faced woman I've never lived. I've often wondered what she was like drunk—but that's what no one ever knows."

"Did you agree with the verdict of the coroner's court on your friend's death?"

"I don't," said Reilly emphatically. "I don't think he made a mistake in his injection?"

"If Morley injected that with the amount that they say he

did, he was either drunk or else he meant to kill the man. And I've never seen Morley drink."

"So you think it was deliberate?" "I'd not like to be saying that. It's a grave accusation to be making. Truly now, I don't believe it."

"There must be some explanation." "There must indeed—but I've not thought of it yet."

Poirot said, "When did you last actually see Mr. Morley alive?"

"Let me see now. It's a long time after to be asking me a thing like that. It would be the night before—about a quarter to seven."

"You didn't see him on the actual day of the murder?"

Reilly shook his head.

"You are sure?" Poirot persisted.

"Oh, I'd not say that. But I don't remember—"

"You did not, for instance, go up to his room about eleven thirty-five when he had a patient there?"

"You're right now. I did. There was a technical question I had to ask him about some instruments I was ordering. They'd rung me up about it. But I was only there for a minute, so it slipped my memory. He had a patient there at the time."

Poirot nodded. He said, "There is another question I always meant to ask you. Your patient, Mr. Raikes, canceled his appointment by walking out. What did you do during that half-hour's leisure?"

"What I always do when I have any leisure. Mixed myself a drink. And as I've been telling you, I put through a telephone call and ran up to see Morley for a minute."

Poirot said, "And I also understand that you had no patient from half past twelve to one, after Mr. Barnes left. When did he leave, by the way?"

"Oh! Just after half past twelve."

"And what did you do then?"

"The same as before. Mixed myself another drink!"

"And went up to see Morley again?"

Mr. Reilly smiled.

"Are you meaning did I go up and shoot him. I've told you already, long ago, that I did not. But you've only my word for it."

Poirot said, "What did you think of



"Er—later on for that, Watson!"

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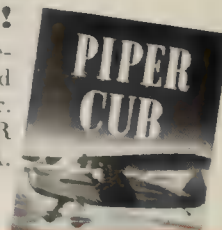
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the house parlormaid, Agnes?" Reilly stared.

"Now that's a funny question to be asking."

"But I should like to know."

"I'll answer you. I didn't think about her. Georgina kept a strict eye on the maids—and quite right too. The girl never looked my way once—which was bad taste on her part."

"I have a feeling," said Hercule Poirot, "that that girl knows something."

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Reilly. The latter smiled and shook his head.

"Don't ask me," he said. "I know nothing about it. I can't help you at all."

He gathered up the tickets lying in front of him and went off with a nod and a smile.

Poirot explained to a disillusioned clerk that he could not make up his mind about those tickets after all.

Poirot paid another visit to Hampstead. Mrs. Adams was a little surprised, perhaps, to see him. Though he had been vouched for, so to speak, by a chief inspector of Scotland Yard, she nevertheless regarded him as a "quaint little foreigner" and had not taken his pretensions very seriously. She was, however, very willing to talk.

AFTER the first sensational announcement about the identity of the victim, the findings of the inquest had received little publicity. It had been a case of mistaken identity—the body of Mrs. Chapman had been mistaken for that of Miss Sainsbury Seale. That was all that the public knew. The fact that Miss Sainsbury Seale had been probably the last person to see the unfortunate Mrs. Chapman alive was not stressed. There had been no hint in the press that Miss Sainsbury Seale might possibly be wanted by the police on a criminal charge.

Mrs. Adams had been very relieved when she knew that it was not her friend's body which had been discovered so dramatically. She appeared to have no idea that any suspicion might attach to Mabelle Sainsbury Seale.

"But it is so extraordinary that she has disappeared like this. I feel sure, M. Poirot, that it *must* be loss of memory."

Poirot said that it was very probable. He had known cases of the kind.

"Yes—I remember a friend of one of my cousins. She'd had a lot of nursing and worry, and it brought it on. Amnesia, I think they called it."

Poirot said that he believed that was the technical term.

He paused and then asked if Mrs. Adams had ever heard Miss Sainsbury Seale speak of a Mrs. Albert Chapman.

No, Mrs. Adams never remembered her friend's mentioning anyone of that name. But then, of course, it wasn't likely that Miss Sainsbury Seale should happen to mention everyone with whom she was acquainted. Who was this Mrs. Chapman? Had the police any idea who could have murdered her?

"It is still a mystery, Madame," Poirot shook his head and then asked if it was Mrs. Adams who had recommended Mr. Morley as a dentist to Miss Sainsbury Seale.

Mrs. Adams replied in the negative. She herself went to a Mr. French in Harley Street and if Mabelle had asked her about a dentist she would have sent her to him.

Possibly, Poirot suggested, it might have been this Mrs. Chapman who recommended Miss Sainsbury Seale to go to Mr. Morley.

Mrs. Adams agreed that it might have been. Didn't they know at the dentist's?

But Poirot had already asked Miss Nevill that question and Miss Nevill had not known or had not remembered. She recollected Mrs. Chapman, but did

not think the latter had ever mentioned a Miss Sainsbury Seale—the naming an odd one, she would have remembered it had she heard it then.

Poirot persevered with his questions.

Mrs. Adams had known Miss Sainsbury Seale first in India, had she? Mrs. Adams agreed.

Did Mrs. Adams know if Miss Sainsbury Seale had met Mr. or Mrs. Albert Blunt at any time out there?

"Oh, I don't think so, M. Poirot," he meant the big banker? They were some years ago staying with the roy, but I'm sure if Mabelle had met them at all she would have talked it or mentioned them.

"I'm afraid," added Mrs. Adams with a faint smile, "one does usually meet the important people. We're all snobs at heart."

"She never did mention the Blunts," Mrs. Blunt in particular?

"Never."

"If she had been a close friend of Blunt's probably you would have known?"

"Oh, yes. I don't believe she knew anyone like that. Mabelle's friends were all very ordinary people—like us."

"That, Madame, I cannot allow," Poirot gallantly.

Mrs. Adams went on talking of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale as one talkative friend who has recently died. She called all Mabelle's good work her kindnesses, her indefatigable work for the mission, her zeal, her earnestness.

Hercule Poirot listened. As Mrs. Adams said, Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was a person. She had lived in Calcutta, taught elocution and worked among the native population. She had been a respectable, well meaning, a little stupid and perhaps, but also a woman with a heart of gold.

And Mrs. Adams' voice ran on as if it was so much in earnest over everything. M. Poirot. And she found people apathetic—so hard to rouse. It was difficult to get subscriptions out of people—worse every year, with the cost of living rising and the cost of living rising and the cost of living rising. She said to me once: "What one knows what money can do—wonderful good you can accomplish with it—well, really sometimes, Alice, I would commit a crime to get it. It shows, doesn't it, M. Poirot, how strongly she felt?"

"She said that, did she?" said Poirot thoughtfully.

He asked, casually, when Miss Sainsbury Seale had enunciated this particular statement, and learned that it had been about three months ago.

He left the house and walked away lost in thought.

HE WAS considering the character of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale.

A nice woman—an earnest and kind woman—a respectable, decent woman. It was amongst that person that Mr. Barnes had suggested a potential criminal could be found.

She had traveled back on the boat from India as Mr. Adams. There seemed reason to believe she had lunched with him at the Savoy.

She had accosted and claimed acquaintance with Alistair Blunt, claiming to an intimacy with his wife.

She had twice visited King Mansions where, later, a dead body had been found dressed in her clothes with her handbag conveniently lying by it.

A little too convenient, that!

She had left the Glengowrie Hotel suddenly after an interview with the police.

Could the theory that Hercule Poirot believed to be true account for all plain all those facts?

He thought it could.

(To be continued next week)



## Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 21

didn't know him at all, did you, Campion?"

appear to have been the last person to have seen him alive." The remark seemed to be the most cautious he could make in the circumstances but it was not altogether fortunate. Amanda, who followed Aubrey into the room at that particular moment, heard and said the first and natural thing to come into her head.

"He was there, too," she said, "unless you saw him in the garden when you showed him in."

Everybody looked at Campion. Aubrey and Hutch looked because they knew where Anscombe had died and Amanda and Pyne looked because the others were looking.

"That's right," said Campion. "I followed him into the garden with a parcel he'd left in the car. I didn't catch it, though, so I put the package on the doorstep and went back."

There was another pause after he had spoken and again it was broken by Pyne.

"What an extraordinary thing to do, a boy," he said, and laughed awkwardly.

Campion hesitated, remembering his reasons for not ringing the doorbell, and, meanwhile, Amanda leaped to the rescue.

"We were so late," she explained. "I was jittering in the car in case we wouldn't have time to dress. I begged Al not to be a moment and he wasn't." "How long would you say you were, then?" The superintendent was making cryptic glyphs on the back of one of his pressing envelopes.

"I don't know exactly. A minute and a half, perhaps. I went straight up the stairs and I came straight back again." "You didn't meet anyone or hear anything?"

"No. What was there for me to hear?" "Hutch was magnificently deaf to the situation."

"I think I'll ask you to step across the hall, if you don't mind, sir," he said rudely. "I'd just like to see exactly

where you put that parcel. We haven't come across it yet."

"I'll come too, shall I?" Amanda's young voice was eager, as usual, and Campion found it very comforting. She at least was definitely on his side.

The superintendent was dampening, however.

"No, Miss — er — Lady Amanda. That'll be quite all right," he said firmly. "I won't disturb Mr. Aubrey's dinner party more than I can help. If I want any more from you I'll know where to find you, shan't I?"

"You'll come back later on, then, Hutch." Aubrey spoke for the first time since his return from the drawing room and Campion, glancing at him, saw that he was annoyed by the whole situation. It was such an unexpected reaction that he noticed it and filed it for future reference. However, Aubrey caught his glance and evidently realized that he had betrayed a weakness, albeit a somewhat godlike one, for he smiled at Campion awkwardly and murmured apologetically, "It's absurd, but I believe I'm worrying about my wretched duties as a host. One finds oneself doing incredible things like that."

His complete frankness was disarming. He did not change his mind and Campion saw himself delivered over to Hutch, alone and unprotected.

While he had someone with him to use as a stalking horse he felt he had at least an outside chance of getting by with his damning disability undiscovered, but alone he felt that the superintendent must detect him in five minutes. Some of his alarm must have shown itself in his face for, as he turned from Aubrey, Pyne suddenly laid a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"I'll come along with you," he said. "Any reason why I shouldn't, Super?"

The touch of belligerence in the question was unmistakable, and Campion was aware of Hutch's bright eyes regarding him curiously.

"None at all," he said grudgingly. "We'll go at once if you don't mind. The chief constable will probably be

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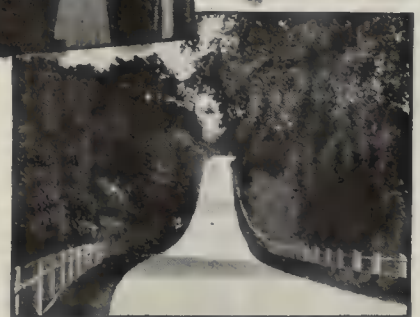


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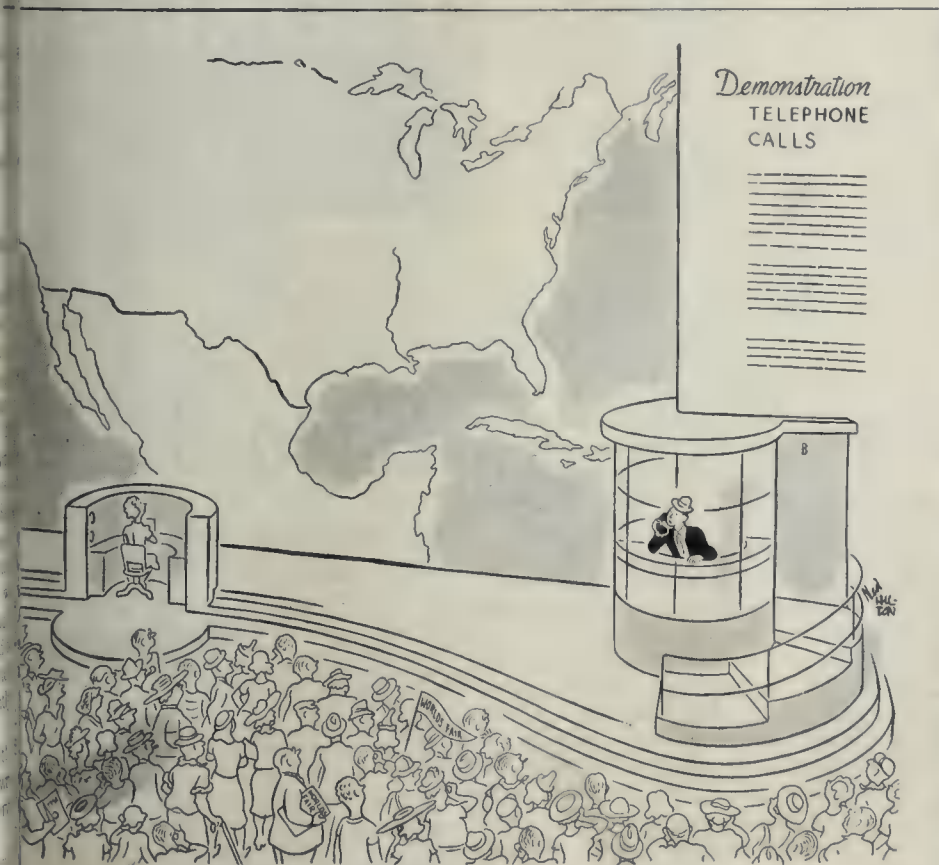
# Pennsylvania

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there by now and we can't keep him waiting."

He led the way and they followed him.

The three men made the short journey on foot. It was a ghostly night. The moon had come out of the clouds and was riding high and serene, her blunt horns cutting into the sky, but the ground mist had become thicker, so that the superintendent, marching along in front, looked like a ridiculous bust of himself, his head and shoulders alone clearly defined in the cold light.

They passed down the drive with the gravel crunching under their feet and out of the misty sea around them other buildings, some of them very square and modern, rose up on either side.

Pyne shook his head. "You can't help handing it to Aubrey," he remarked. "In seven years he's turned this place from a museum into a living brain factory. There's more valuable work done in these twelve acres than in any other place in the country. He's got breadth of vision, that chap. I've never met such a personality, have you? It gets me every time."

Campion hardly heard him but his voice, friendly and matter of fact at his elbow, was very reassuring. He wondered how long he had known the man and what degree of friendship was theirs. It seemed ridiculous to think of it but they might be partners, or school friends, or members of the same profession.

THEY passed through the wrought-iron gates and, turning on to an old and narrow pavement made of the thin rectangular flags of other days, they came up to the entrance through which Campion had last seen Ancombe disappear. There were several cars drawn up against the curb and a shadowy figure in uniform came out to challenge them.

While Hutch was talking to him, Campion grew acutely aware of Pyne. The stocky man had become unnaturally still. He was standing on the pavement looking up at one of the high stone pillars of the gateway which rose up white in the moonlight.

"Interesting?" he murmured to Campion, and there was just a shade more than the ordinary casual question in the remark.

Campion looked at the gate pillar and saw nothing more than the heraldic leaden eagle on the top. It was a nice piece of period decoration but too small and in no way remarkable.

"Charming," he said politely, and turned back to the man. The light was deceptive but he thought he saw a gleam die out of the bright round eyes.

The superintendent's minion had stepped aside by this time, however, and the little procession moved on into the dark garden. Just before he passed behind it, Campion glanced at the pillar again. He caught it at an angle and saw upon its smooth surface something he had not noticed before. His heart jolted violently and once again all the old, dark anxiety, which was mingled with an exasperated yet fearful curiosity, swept down upon him. In shallow relief, and now outlined by the shadow which the angle gave it, the house number showed up clearly. It was a 15.

Campion's first reaction after the shock was one of complete relief and his first impulse was to turn to Pyne as to a proven friend, but second thoughts brought misgivings. The dead man, Ancombe, had also indicated that he attached some special significance to the number, and he had not been a friend—or at least Amanda had not seemed to think so. It occurred to Campion that he was pinning a lot of faith to Amanda. Pyne was friendly and evidently knew him well, perhaps even better than the girl. He decided to

await his opportunity and put out a feeler on the subject. It was as well to go cautiously.

Just then there was not much time for investigation. As he entered the drive, Hutch crossed over to him and walked by his side, while, to his intense discomfort, he found that the sergeant had come up on his other elbow, separating him from Pyne.

"Just show us exactly what you did, sir," Hutch spoke formally, and it occurred to Campion that the words were very familiar, as if he had heard them many times before, which was absurd. He did what was required of him and pointed out the exact spot in the corner of the doorstep where he had deposited the bundle.

"It was not a big parcel," he said. "It measured about six by five, I should think. I took it that it was a couple of books."

Hutch seemed satisfied. "You just went away without ringing," he remarked.

It occurred to Campion that the literal truth, which was that he happened to be dressed up as a fireman and did not wish to be seen, might be misunderstood, so he repeated his original story about the hurry. The superintendent made no comment.

"One does things like that every day," said Pyne, obviously with only the best of intentions. "They only sound so jolly fishy when something happens. You're being damned mysterious, Superintendent. There's no question of foul play, is there?"

"There's always a question, sir," Hutch sounded reproachful. "I'd like you to see him, Mr. Campion. He's been taken into the house. Lead the way, will you, Sergeant?"

Even in his uncertain state Campion realized that the request was extraordinary from a policeman to a layman. It seemed hardly likely that Hutch had reverted to the ancient custom of confronting the suspected murderer with the body of his supposed victim, and it went through Campion's mind for one wild moment that he might himself be some sort of eminent pathologist, but he dismissed the theory immediately since the idea conjured up no answering memory.

Yet, as they stood in the brightly lit bedroom, overcrowded with furniture and still full of the medicine bottles, books and intimate personal impedimenta of the dead man, again Campion was touched with that sense of the familiar.

Ancombe was lying on his face and the pillows had been removed, so that his head received no support. He was still clothed in the light raincoat which he had worn in the car.

THE four men, Campion and the superintendent, Pyne and the sergeant, stood around the bed in complete silence. If Campion and the police were stolid, Pyne was rattled. His heavy cheeks were several shades paler and his paunch drooped. He whistled through his teeth.

"Horrible," he said. "He's broken his neck, hasn't he? How on earth did he do it?"

The superintendent turned away from the sprawling body with the dreadful, unnatural angle of its head and looked at Campion earnestly.

"There's a little bit of a lawn at the left of the drive," he said. "I don't know if you noticed it? It's very dark there, hidden from the road by the wall. Well, in the middle of this lawn there's a sort of ornamental basin, a lily pool I think they call it. It's in a saucer-shaped hollow and there's a ring of very shallow brick and stone steps leading down to the actual water. We found him on his back, lying across the flight if you see what I mean?"



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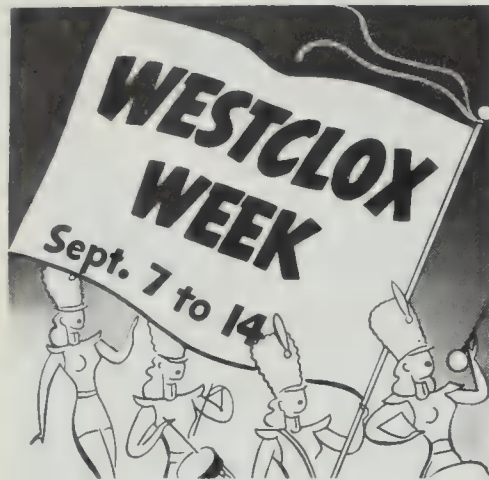
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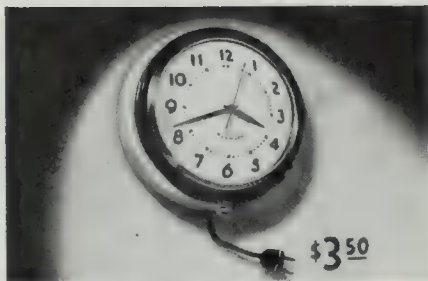




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unreal and confusing as pantomime scenery in the unnatural glow, Campion edged closer to Pyne. It was difficult to choose a sufficiently noncommittal opening but at last he ventured a sighting shot.

"Not much like the old days," he said heartily.

Pyne seemed engrossed with the exhibit, or at any rate he took some seconds to reply. Then his cheerful murmur came briskly out of the darkness:

"When we were in the States together, you mean?"

"Yes." Campion did not wish to be drawn into any further reminiscences

## FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists  
No. 3



Some years ago John Arthur Ruge (Roogy) saw a movie in which an artist fell in love with and married a beautiful model who inspired him to paint a masterpiece. This so impressed our subject that he rushed to art school and studied for four years. (Something of what he learned is shown on the opposite page.) Originally (1916) from Minnesota, Ruge moved in 1925 to New York where he likes to "lunge around golf courses and sit in night clubs watching the customers wear themselves out doing the Conga."

until they had had time to talk, but it was not going to be so difficult after all. They were old friends; that was the main thing.

His immediate hopes were defeated a minute or two later, however, when they were all three walking back to the Principal's house together. At the Institute gates Pyne took his leave somewhat abruptly.

"I must get back at once," he said. "You know what work is, Superintendent, and you know where to find me if you want me, don't you? I'll see you in the morning, Campion. This is a bad business, Super. I believe it's turned me up a bit. I'm a novice, you know. I feel like a kid at the hunt who's been blooded."

He stumbled off down the road and the policeman looked after him and laughed soundlessly.

"I'm afraid we've upset that stomach of his," he said. "Serve him right for nosing in. Look here, Mr. Campion, I shan't come back with you now because I've got to wait for the chief. I don't know what's delaying him. He ought to have been here hours ago. I only came along here because I wanted a word with you in private if I could get it. I wasn't

quite accurate up at the house when I said we hadn't found the parcel. I wanted an excuse for getting hold of you. We had found it, of course, just exactly where you'd put it. I didn't want to go into it up there because in some ways it's rather peculiar, and I thought you might be particularly interested. Do you know what it contained?"

He bent closer and a trick of the light gave his face a menace that it did not normally possess.

"Close on four thousand pounds in cash," he said softly. "I found it interesting because we had another case earlier today in Coachingford when a lot of money cropped up. It's been a very funny business altogether over there, with one of our fellows laid out and an unknown in hospital. When I come along, I'll tell you about it."

To Campion it seemed that the great, starry arc of the sky above him reeled over and back like the lid on a bacon dish, but if the superintendent knew what he said his game of cat and mouse was inhumanly effective. He gave no sign of meaning more than his actual words, but just before he turned on his heel and left his victim to go up the drive alone he made one further remark which was, if anything, even more annihilating than the first.

"I wonder at that fellow Pyne sticking to us like that," he said earnestly. "He only met you three days ago. He told me that himself last night. And he doesn't know me at all. You wouldn't think any man would thrust himself forward like that, would you? I'll be seeing you later, then."

"I'M AFRAID Hutch has let us down. It's abominably late."

Lee Aubrey broke a long silence with the remark, which he delivered with an effort, as if he had been thinking of it for a long time. He, Campion and Amanda were sitting around the fire in the drawing room with the candles burning low and the uncomfortable silence of the night bearing down upon them. Campion had returned from Anscombe's house just as the dinner guests were leaving and had found himself let in for a more or less formal tête-à-tête, his host the one person in the way.

He was more than anxious to talk to Amanda alone. Every time he set eyes upon her she became clearer and dearer to him. Whatever other values were upset, whatever other mistakes he made in this new nightmare world of his, she was real and solid, a living part of that self which he was rediscovering so painfully.

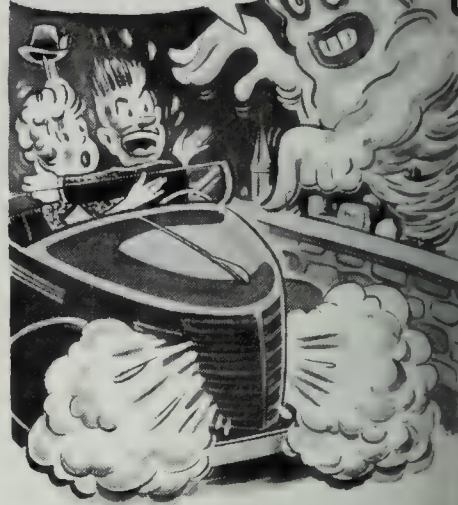
She was sitting curled up in her chair between the two of them, very much alive but gloriously composed. She looked very young and very intelligent, but not, he thought with sudden satisfaction, clever. A dear girl. The girl, in fact. His sense of possession was tremendous. It was the possessiveness of the child, of the savage, of the dog, unreasonable and unanswerable. He glanced irritably at Aubrey.

The great man had risen and was leaning against the mantelpiece. Suddenly he laughed.

"Well," he said, "we've thrashed it all out, haven't we? Anscombe appears to have fallen down and broken his neck: that's all it amounts to. I'll go up and see poor old Miss Anscombe in the morning. Until Hutch condescends to report we can't do anything else. You look fantastically tired, my dear fellow. Why don't you go to bed? Amanda and I will give the wretched Hutch another half-hour. Don't you think so?"

The final question was put directly to Amanda and as he looked at her his expression softened so much that the change was positively theatrical. However, he seemed quite unconscious of

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aying himself and it was as if he not in the habit of considering self objectively, ever.

manda avoided his eyes and might not, for the light was deceptive, have been. Her involuntary behavior seemed to annoy her, however, for she looked at him squarely.

"Very well," she said.

Campion sat up. In the ordinary way might well have been startled, for there are few hosts who send their guests off so blandly, but now, in his confused state, he was bewildered.

First Campion had every intention of refusing baldly and of forcing him upon them, but Amanda swept the shining ground from under his feet. "Good night, Albert," she said.

WENT up to his room and sat on his bed with the door open, as if he were a schoolboy in the throes of a first affair. Until that moment he had not fully assimilated her announcement earlier in the evening. So many things had happened since then and the emlike quality of his new existence seemed to allow of lightning changes of content and fact. Now, again, it seemed to him that Amanda was real, being real, she was consistent, the concrete thing in a world of fantasy. He meant what she said. She was not going to marry him. Beside this actual matter all the other inconsistencies—his cat-and-mouse behavior of the past, the too friendly Pyne who had led him into a betrayal and then disappeared on heaven knew what torments and subversive mission—faded into fantasy.

On top of this blinding desolation came a new fear. It was a fear for Amanda. It occurred to him that it was the first completely unselfish thought he had since the disaster, or, of course, in his life, for all he knew. It was filled with something he knew about some vulnerability he had forgot-

ten, and with something he knew about Aubrey. There was something from which he must protect her. She was a responsibility of his, quite as much a responsibility as that other which was rapidly assuming such enormous proportions. Apparently he was a responsible person. It seemed a pity he had lost half his mind.

He got off the bed and walked out into the upper hall. He strode up and down there for what seemed an eternity, his footsteps deadened by the heavy carpet. The lights were very bright, with the cold brilliance which seems to be a part of the middle of the night, and when the drawing-room door opened he walked over to the banister without hesitation and looked down.

"Good night, Amanda."

Aubrey's deep, delightful voice was soft and packed with meaning. He was leaning against the doorpost with his head bent and a lock of his thick hair drooping boyishly forward. He had taken Amanda's hand and was swinging it backward and forward in the careless, inarticulate fashion which Gerald du Maurier used to use so effectively in so many of his scenes. He was not a man who would ever appear handsome, but his whole pose was negligently graceful, which was odd in such a large-boned, loosely constructed figure.

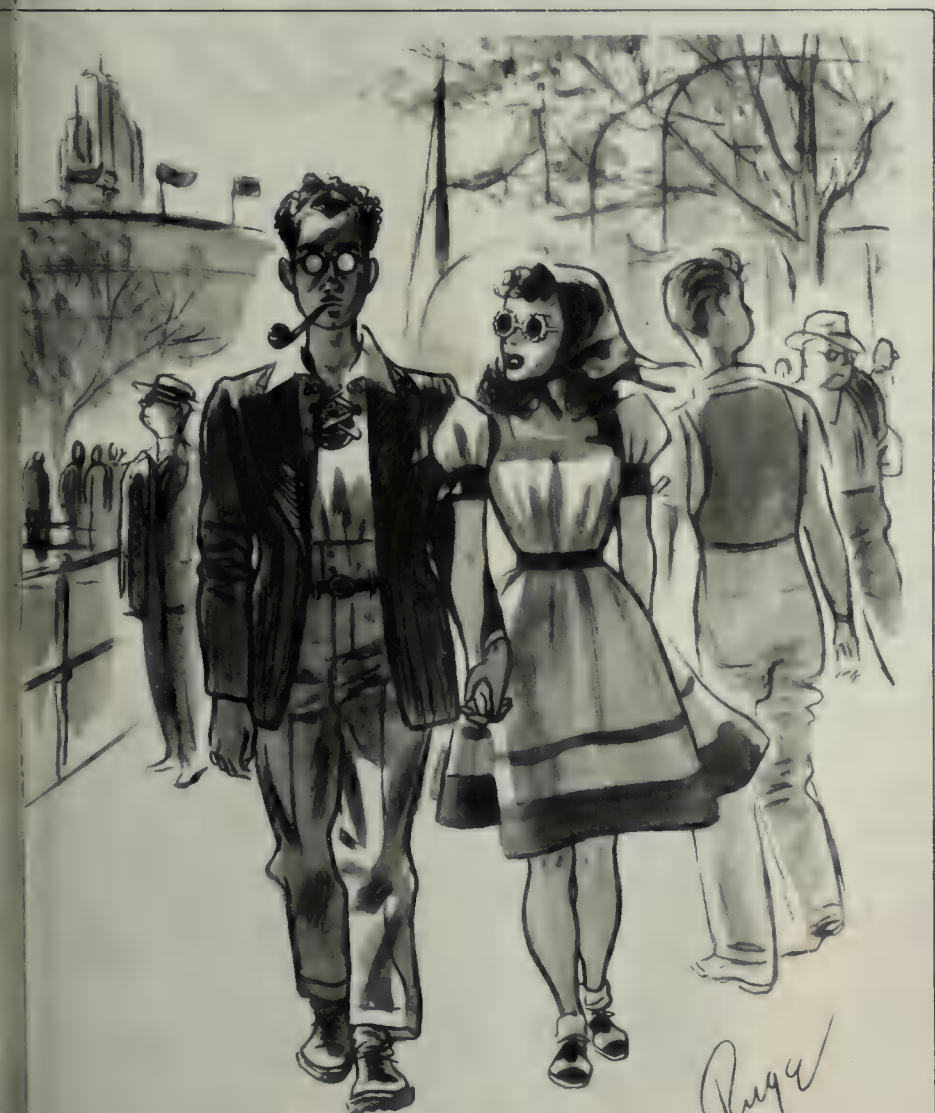
Campion got the impression that Amanda was a trifle flustered and also that the condition was hitherto unknown to her.

"Good night, Lee," she said, sounding positively schoolgirlish in an effort to be matter of fact. Then, turning away, she hurried upstairs, to arrive pink and a little breathless before Campion in the upper hall.

She was astounded to see him and obviously accepted the first explanation which came into her head.

"What's the matter?" she demanded. "What's happened?"

(To be continued next week)



"Maybe we should see the medical exhibits after we eat"

JOHN A. RUGE



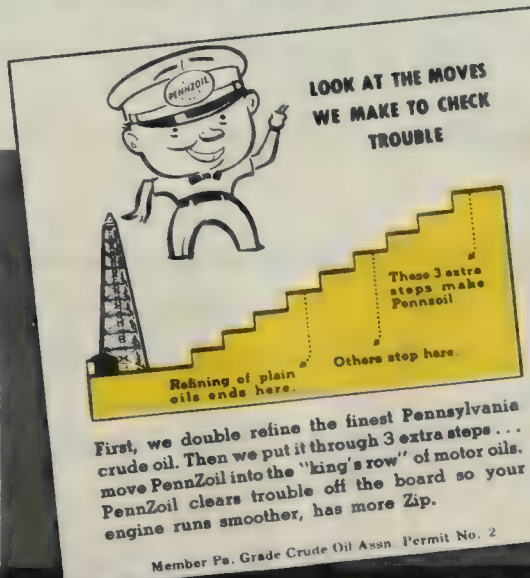
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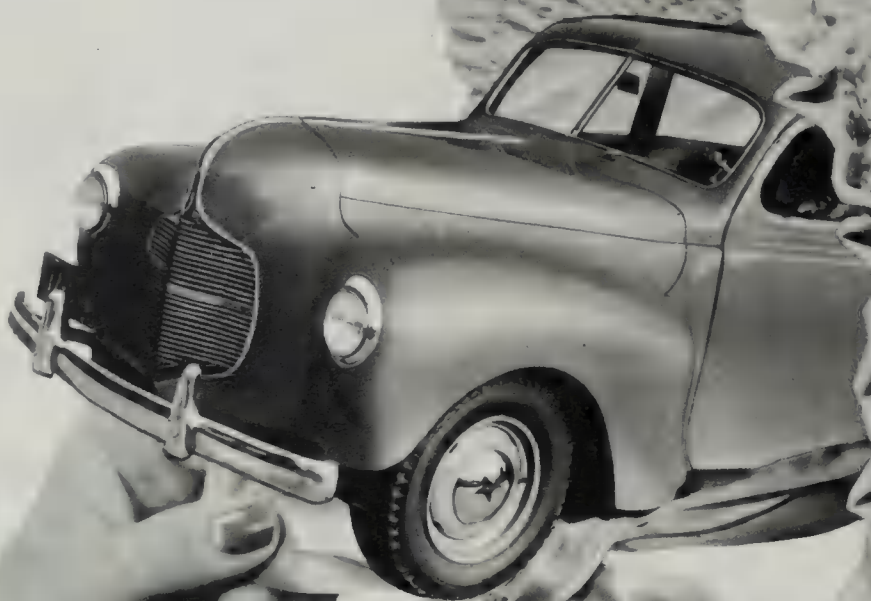


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# BRINGING UP BABY

THE FAMILY PRIDE and joy that sits in the garage, instead of the high-chair, is one of the household's major investments—and interests.

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More P.S. articles will appear during the coming months. Watch for them in COLLIER'S.

---

## HOW IS YOUR "CAR-Q" (Answers on Page 64)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| A. What actually happens when you "give it the gas"?             | D. How many places on your car need lubrication?    |
| B. How does hot water affect the condition of your car radiator? | E. Where is your engine liable to wear out fastest? |
| C. What causes firing in the cylinders?                          | F. What does the distributor do in your engine?     |
|  | G. What causes "ping" in your motor?                |
- 

# P.S.

## PREVENTIVE SERVICE

*sponsored by Collier's*

## FOR MOTOR CAR OWNERS



## Air Power

Continued from page 18

in the ancient faiths." (Italics mine.)  
 read that paragraph aloud, not too  
 It rolls beautifully, doesn't it?  
 you know why? Well, for one thing  
 is a kind of rhythm that grows out  
 the reiteration of words and phrases.  
 her, it sounds *important*—because  
 pauses—set off by dashes in the  
 president's own copy—project empha-  
 and authority.

is technique of pause and reitera-  
 is a very deliberate one. I have  
 finished studying eleven of the  
 president's addresses and in every one,  
 without exception, this repetitive pat-  
 tern is threaded throughout.

### It Makes You Feel Friendly

his address to the American Youth  
 Congress on the eleventh day of Feb-  
 ruary, 1940, you hear it again:

"This is a *straight-from-the-shoulder*  
 fact—a sad fact. . . . It is also a sim-  
 ple *straight fact* that in 1930, 1931, and

just by way of further illustration  
 the fact that we have been making  
 progress, since those dark days, not as  
 the progress, of course, as we want or  
 it, but just by way of illustration let  
 me repeat. . . ." (Italics mine.)

your eyes aren't trained, as a radio  
 technician's must be, to "hear" these  
 scripts, then read them aloud. Note  
 the breaking up of the sentences—  
 use of pause—projects not only an  
 informality to the words—a friendliness  
 more important, the effect of *spon-  
 taneity*—the effect that Mr. Roosevelt  
 in his libbing remarks, in a natural  
 way, to his listeners.

is all contributes to making him a  
 "warm" personality, one with whom we  
 feel friendly. He's talking to us!

Mr. Willkie's technique, on the other  
 hand, might be called *directness* and  
*simplicity*.

Let's study directness first: Here is  
 the opening paragraph of Mr. Willkie's  
 address at Wooster College last January:  
 "There are several reasons why I ac-  
 cepted your invitation to speak here to-  
 day. First of all, I appreciate the  
 honor of being the speaker at this cele-  
 bration of your seventieth anniversary.  
 I am glad to have the opportunity to  
 contribute to the work which this col-  
 lege has done, and to the program which  
 it hopes to develop in the future. Then,  
 I have a special interest in any  
 activity connected with Ohio, because  
 it is the state where I really started  
 my business career and where I now  
 have as many friends as in my native  
 state of Indiana. . . ."

There are no dramatic tricks in that  
 paragraph. It is a direct, simple state-  
 ment. Now, that we may understand ex-  
 actly the difference between Mr. Willkie's  
 technique of speaking and Mr. Roose-  
 velt's, compare the above paragraph  
 with the following opening paragraph of  
 the president's Charlottesville address:  
 "President Newcomb, my friends of  
 the University of Virginia. I notice by  
 the program that I am asked to ad-  
 dress the classes of 1940. I avail myself  
 of that privilege, but I also take this  
 happy occasion to speak to many  
 of the classes—classes that have gradu-  
 ated through all the years, classes that  
 are still in the period of study, classes  
 that are one of the schools of learning of  
 the nation, but classes that have come  
 through the great schools of experi-  
 ence. In other words, a cross section, a  
 cross section just as you who graduate  
 are a cross section of the nation  
 whole." (Italics mine. I couldn't  
 find 'em.)

The difference between the two styles  
 is apparent: One flowery, deliberately  
 repetitious; the other, simple, direct.  
 Both are probably most effective for  
 the men who speak them.

One of Mr. Willkie's best radio ad-  
 dresses was the one he made on NBC's  
 Town Meeting of the Air, in January,  
 1938. The subject was "How Can Gov-  
 ernment and Business Work Together?"  
 and Mr. Willkie shared the platform  
 with Robert H. Jackson, then assistant  
 attorney general.

The selections I have taken from Mr.  
 Willkie's address are from a recorded  
 playback of the broadcast which I heard  
 a few days ago.

Mr. Willkie began:

"I wonder if it seems strange to any  
 of you tonight that we should be dis-  
 cussing the question of whether or not  
 the government should co-operate with  
 American business? I have an idea that  
 if, from the town meetings of the past,  
 our forefathers should arise to attend  
 this meeting, they would be a little puz-  
 zled by such a topic. They might ask,  
 with some surprise, if it was not the  
 function of American government to  
 encourage the development of private  
 enterprise. . . ."

Could you say that any more directly?  
 More simply? I don't think so.

Is such a technique dramatic? Does  
 it "project" the personality of the  
 speaker? Is it as effective, from a radio  
 point of view, as Mr. Roosevelt's pause  
 and reiteration?

### A Good Guy Mustn't Go High-brow

The answer to these questions is yes  
 —for Mr. Willkie. His tones are pure—  
 and average. There is no Harvard harp  
 where his vocal cords ought to be. As  
 long as he employs a direct technique  
 in his addresses, he won't sound as if  
 he's "putting on airs" or trying to be an  
 "orator." It is embarrassing to hear a  
 good guy's voice trying to go high-brow.  
 But that's the way Mr. Willkie's would  
 sound if he were to read a Roosevelt  
 address.

I recall at this point the sad case of  
 Elmer A. Benson, the Farmer-Labor  
 governor of Minnesota who was de-  
 feated in 1938 by Republican Harold E.  
 Stassen, now a close adviser to Mr.  
 Willkie.

It was Mr. Benson's exquisite mis-  
 fortune to succeed as governor one of  
 the best "beat the drum, boys, and light  
 another flare" radio speakers in Amer-  
 ica—the late Floyd B. Olson.

Mr. Benson's voice, like Mr. Will-  
 kie's, was that of a good guy. As United  
 States senator he made some radio talks  
 —all good, solid and average. And the  
 people liked them.

After Governor Olson died and Mr.  
 Benson began his gubernatorial cam-  
 paign, a metamorphosis took place. The  
 lamb became the lion. Certain of Mr.  
 Benson's ghost writers insisted he give  
 "fightin' talks." Actually, they were  
 frightful squawks. Mr. Benson was now  
 out of true character.

The people heard—and knew it was  
 phony. The radio technique, that is, not  
 Mr. Benson's integrity, which even his  
 political enemies admitted was high.

Then Harold E. Stassen began to  
 talk on the radio. Mr. Stassen's voice,  
 like Mr. Benson's and Mr. Willkie's,  
 was good, solid, average. But Mr.  
 Stassen did not make Mr. Benson's  
 mistake of regarding a microphone as  
 a verbal punching bag. Mr. Stassen did  
 not put on airs—which is why he clicked  
 on the air.

The second element of Mr. Willkie's



## Your Motor Oil, too, Must be Kept Clean!

Time and again you've seen how quickly a spick-and-span car gets dirty as you drive. If you could only see how dirty your oil gets, too! Without the benefit of constant "cleaning," dirt sucked in from the air combines with impurities within the engine itself—forming an abrasive mass that ruins the smooth surfaces of moving parts. First thing you know, the engine loses pep and power. Next thing is a stiff repair bill.

Make sure your engine is protected by a genuine Purolator Oil Filter. Purolator keeps both oil and engine clean. If your car is factory-equipped with a Purolator (every fourth car made today is Purolator-equipped), have the cartridge changed regularly. If your car doesn't have a Purolator, by all means get one now! Don't take chances with dirty oil. . .

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 tings for Ford, Chevrolet,  
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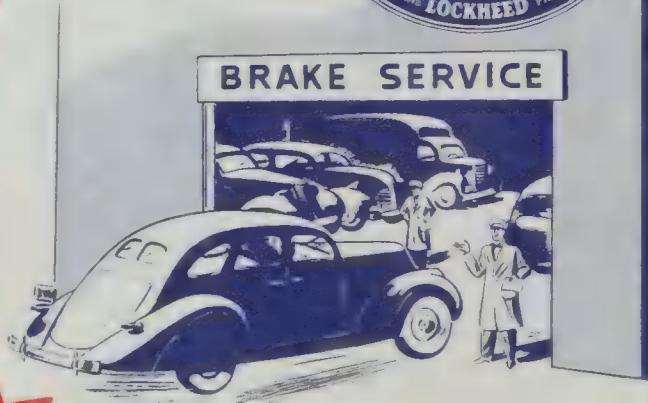
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# Wagner

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technique is *definition*. I was struck at once, in listening to some of his talks, and in eye-hearing others, at the immediate definition of terms, ideas and points which he makes in the progression of the address. A few examples from Town Meeting to illustrate:

"After all, a large corporation is simply a corporation in which as a rule the interest is divided among a great many small stockholders. . . ."

"The oil industry, for example, is one in which there are a number of very large companies of the kind Mr. Jackson dislikes. . . ."

"Mr. Jackson is mistaken: The Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, of which I have the honor to be president, operates in *eleven* states, five of them in the North. . . ."

And here are a few examples from the Elwood acceptance speech:

"I need the help of every American—Republican, Democrat or Independent—Jew, Catholic, Protestant—people of every color, creed and race. . . ."

"As you who lived here with them well know, they (Willkie's parents) were fiercely democratic. They hated oppression, autocracy or arbitrary control of any kind. They believed in the qualities that have made America great—an independent spirit, an inquiring mind, a courageous heart. . . ."

"We must admit that the loss of the British fleet would greatly weaken our defense. This is because the British fleet has for years controlled the Atlantic, leaving us free to concentrate in the Pacific. . . ."

This technique of defining terms, ideas and points as soon as they are uttered is a very effective one, for it draws the audience down the path of the speaker's thinking, and does not permit the audience's mind to wander off into other possible interpretations. Read the paragraphs above aloud again, and you will find yourself accepting Mr. Willkie's definitions almost automatically. Yet you and I have both heard other definitions of large corporations, depression cures, etc., offered—good ones, too. Mr. Willkie knows that—and his technique is geared so that we won't think of any other definitions while he's talking.

## Willkie's Number One Hurdle

Mr. Roosevelt's voice has what radio advertisers call "a lot of product appeal." When Mr. Roosevelt says "My friends," or "I hate war!" you know that Mr. Roosevelt and nobody else is speaking. For the Roosevelt voice and voice manner are distinctive, and stand out, and do not sound like everybody else's voice.

But if you heard Wendell Willkie on the radio right now—if you tuned in three minutes after the announcer had identified him—would you know it was Wendell Willkie?

The chances are you would not; and so the business of winning radio-listener cognizance is Mr. Willkie's Number One hurdle.

How many people have probably heard Mr. Willkie on the radio? Well, let's see. Prior to his nomination, he appeared on two national network programs—the Town Meeting, and Information Please. The Town Meeting of the Air, in January, 1938, had an audience of some four million. Before the debate began, Mr. Denny, the moderator, spoke for three minutes (a long time at the opening of a broadcast) about the history of the Town Meeting series. He then introduced Mr. Jackson, who spoke for about fifteen minutes.

Whatever evidence we have of radio-audience loyalty points to the fact that at least one quarter of the original audience was lost by the time Mr. Jackson finished his part of the evening's discussion. The same thing happens

each week to the University of C Round Table. We probably lose original listeners proportionately the Town Meeting during a broadcast but that is only because we are a minute program and Town Meeting a sixty-minute program. It is so easier to hold original listeners for than for sixty minutes.

As for Information Please—it is a popular program, but, contrary to popular impression, Information Please is not one of the four or five top shows of the air. As a matter of fact, it is in thirtieth place in C.A.B. (audience) ratings.

Do these microphone appearances make Mr. Willkie a "radio personality"? Obviously not.

## Fireside Chats Aren't Patent

But how popular is Mr. Roosevelt's "radio personality"? How many people listen to him? How does his audience compare with the audience of other radio figures?

With a few but important exceptions Mr. Roosevelt's top audience is equal to the top audience of other radio figures. For example, when President opened Congress on January 4, 1939, only 16 per cent of the set owners heard him. When he addressed the Retail Federation on May 22d, only 10 per cent of set owners heard him. However, when he opened the special session of Congress on September 21st, 60 per cent heard him—one of his highest audience ratings.

In April, 1939, the Fortune poll reported that 24.1 per cent of the set owners "usually" listened to Mr. Roosevelt's fireside chats; 38.6 per cent reported that they "sometimes" listened, and 37.3 per cent said they "never" listened. The fireside chat is a Roosevelt invention; but the President has no patent, and other candidates can copy it, for it is easy listening, pleasant listening. There are no crowd-pleasing orators introducing you to stimulate excitement. No banal, corny orators introducing you to voice will bounce like a tennis ball. Rather, a small studio, one microphone, a comfortable chair, soft lights, a few seconds' silence as the station-bank given. The announcer's signal. A begin to talk—with your friends, at home—a guest, not a leader, not a candidate. . . .

Mr. Willkie, if he can be trained in style, should go on the air during the campaign, "taking time out from politics, fellow Americans, to discuss with you our mutual problems and ideas. The technique of the fireside chat is informality-plus. This is not to be achieved, as those of us who produce discussion-and-talk shows, or who have ever had to speak on the radio know. First, the illusion of a speaking script must be projected. If you think it is easy to read without sounding as if you're reading, try it sometime. The chances are you won't fool anyone. But a lot of the time Mr. Roosevelt makes it as if he were just talking. That makes you feel as if you'd like to listen. Or are you?

And when a candidate for the presidency of the United States—Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Willkie—you feel that way why you're inclined to listen. Or are you?

At any rate, the campaign campaign both camps think you are. They're going to let loose with radio artillery between now and November 5th. The order of the day is to go to Admiral Roosevelt and Willkie—"Don't shoot until you see the pink of their ears—then talk fast!"



## What Happened to France

Continued from page 19

picture at the expense of great quantities of gasoline. But General Marlene, director of military intelligence and a man with a thorough knowledge of the German army, who alone of all the English held pessimistic views about the issue of this campaign, refused to consider an offensive against the Low Countries a certainty.

"The hundred and ten German divisions are still in the region of Aix-la-Chapelle," he said. "They're not being moved here without reason."

On May 11th I entered Belgium with British columns. In the charming towns, with their ancient houses, in the well-kept villages, women standing on their doorsteps, with vases full of flowers offering them to the soldiers. One of the British war correspondents who had described this triumphant entry with honest optimism was summoned back to reality by a telegram from his paper: "Less news; more facts, please." He had been obeying that order. From the second day the flowers disappeared and the soldiers made themselves brutally felt.

THE Belgian villages women still stood on doorsteps but they were looking anxiously at the sky. Nevertheless the German airplanes had thus far done no damage. Here and there in a village two or three houses had been destroyed. Elsewhere the Germans had been at a grade crossing and had hit a watchman's house. In the open country a few buildings were burning, among them a convent and its chapel. None of this seemed very serious to me. It was wrong. The purpose of these bombings was to terrify the civilian population and in this they were completely successful. Later on we discovered that in each village there had been a number of the fifth column, a German agent, whose duty it was, as soon as the first bombs fell, to say to the inhabitants:

"Have at once while there is still time! This village will be destroyed soon, and the Gestapo will follow the fliers. You know how they treated the Poles!"

The people listened to them. The village, infected with a strange collective panic, would leave with its curé, its town officers. The streets were flooded with refugees. It was a amazing spectacle. First came the rich, driven by chauffeurs in long gloves and smart caps; then the middle class, driven by their owners, with a mattress tied across the back; then the big country carts pulled by horses and carrying whole platoons, battalions, armies of bicyclists.

Nothing is more contagious than panic. As soon as this tidal wave, which formed near the French frontier, reached a new town it caught it up and carried it along with it. Our motorized divisions, which had set out on the first day in such fine formation, floundered in these waves of human beings.

Even in the war of 1914, even at the moment of the break in the front before the Germans did we see similar disorder. Because now the terror was more than in 1914, because stories of the German no doubt spread deliberately, and even those who were passionately devoted to their lands, with a desire to escape at all costs from an undreaded and dreadful danger; because the German had spread alarming news among the masses of peasants who in 1914 had been uninformed and hence inert; because the German air force possessed so great a numerical superiority

that these unfortunates gained the impression that they were undefended.

To stop these people and force them to remain in their places would have required extreme firmness on the part of the civil and military authorities, and absolute refusal to allow anyone to leave his home, and also some appearance of defense, a few machine guns mounted on the roofs, and a greater number of Allied fighting planes in the skies of Belgium. But too often the authorities themselves were carried away by the tide; as for the machine guns and airplanes, there were none. Helplessly abandoned to their fears, everyone started off straight ahead without goal and without order.

To this horrible confusion, which prevented the execution of orders, was added bad luck, which kept those orders from being issued in time. Not only were the generalissimo and fifteen generals changed in the midst of the battle but General Weygand, who had to come from Syria, was delayed on his trip by a storm. The group of armies of the north that had received the brunt of the attack was commanded by General Billotte, a man of great energy with a thorough understanding of his trade; at the most critical moment in the battle he was killed in an automobile collision. General Blanchard, who took his place, was, like him, an able leader, but he was taken by surprise without well-established communications with his troops and in most unfavorable circumstances for directing battle.

Indeed, when one reflects upon the uninterrupted sequence of accidents, failures and fatal coincidences that alone made possible so complete and sudden a catastrophe, one cannot fail to be reminded of those classical tragedies in which Fate pursues, by the most improbable combination of events, an unfortunate hated by the gods.

I was with the British general staff when the latter learned of the disaster at Sedan, the German break-through and the rout of Corap's army. For two days my English comrades—from delicacy, I think, and perhaps also from timidity—did not tell me about it. The official communiqués continued to be cautious and obscure, but I could easily see that something was being kept from me. I noticed that my friends stopped talking when I entered a room. Also orders for a retreat had been given. Finally the British told me what they knew.

THE break-through had been immediate and complete. How had this been achieved? As a result of mass, surprise and terror. Thousands of tanks equipped with flame-throwers and airplanes equipped with sirens had been hurled upon Corap's army. The bravest men, placed unexpectedly before such a menace, for which they had not been prepared, had little chance of holding their ground.

Even so they would have tried to resist if they had had guns capable of stopping tanks. One can imagine their horror when they discovered that their shells could not penetrate the armor of the most powerful German tanks. The Skoda Works had built armor plate thicker than any that had been foreseen and these new tanks ignored our projectiles as Gulliver had ignored those of the Lilliputians. Our artillerymen discovered fast enough that our seventy-fives, fired in certain circumstances, could serve at need as antitank guns; but this was an expedient and not an organized defense.

All of us asked one another in the

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month of May: "How did they pass the Meuse? Hadn't the bridges been mined?" What was said then in the British army was that parachutists or spies had killed the men whose duty it was to blow up the bridges and that, moreover, the number of mines had been insufficient. In addition the advance of the German motorized units had been so greatly aided in Ardennes by the fifth column that their speed greatly exceeded anything that had been foreseen and Corap's army was taken by surprise.

ONE of the most courageous actions of the war was performed over the Meuse. Certain French and English aviators received an order to destroy specified bridges at all costs. Two groups of bombers, one from each country, sacrificed themselves. The French went first at a low altitude, then the British followed. I never learned the number of French losses but I know that of sixty British planes forty did not return.

This example, as well as a thousand others, proves that the most heroic courage was not lacking in the Allied armies. It is *not* true that the soldiers showed themselves from the beginning morally incapable of resistance. But just as microbes, which try without success to attack a healthy body, can easily permeate an organism already weakened by fatigue or worries, so the elements of moral weakness which existed in our armies suddenly began to multiply as soon as one dreadful experience had shown them the insufficiency of our armament.

Victory and defeat are habits. Lieutenant de Jumilhac, who had acted as my guide when I visited Corap's army and who was a horseman, said to me while talking about the Norwegian expedition:

"It's bad business that our first enterprise in this war met with failure. A young horse must never be defeated in his trial runs. If he is, he gets the habit, loses his self-respect and comes to consider it perfectly natural that he should stay behind."

What is true of horses is also true of armies. A victorious troop acquires a vital force which multiplies its strength; a vanquished troop loses its confidence.

After the disaster at Sedan the myth of the enemy's invincibility spread rapidly and served as an excuse for all those who wanted to retreat. Terrifying reports preceded the motorized columns and prepared the ground for them. These columns, veering toward the west, took our armies of the north from behind. Trying to elude them, the British general staff to which I was attached took me with it toward Arras. The city was buzzing with rumors: "The Germans are at Douai. . . . The Germans are at Cambrai. . . ." All this was to be true a little later; at the moment it was false; but a phrase murmured from shop to shop, from house to house, was enough to set thousands of men, women and children in motion, and even to startle military leaders into ordering their detachments to retire toward the coast, where as it turned out they were captured.

German parachutists in Holland and Belgium played a role that was real enough, but fear of them increased their effectiveness tenfold. In the eyes of the peasants and soldiers every costume became a disguise. No priest was considered a priest any more; an officer in uniform might prove to be a fake officer; authentic telephone messages were received with suspicion. Jean Cocteau, when I saw him a little later, told me with a poet's vivid conciseness: "All you see now on the roads of France are nuns winding on their puttees."

It was these myths and rumors, a hundred times speedier than Messer-

schmitts, that explain how such small forces were able to occupy important positions without a fight. A few motorcyclists, bold and well-armed, would enter a railway station, kill a few employees and disrupt the train service. Often those in possession could not should have defended themselves. I encountered a group of British engineers who, with shovels and pickaxes, had killed one at a time all the members of an advance motorcycle detachment.

The defense of Arras by the W. Guards and by a handful of French Zouaves was another example of what could be done in this war-behind-the-line by a group of resolute men. I saw the W. guards, aided by a French officer, Commandant Poumier, prepare the defense of their positions with great calm. They all the entrances to the city they erected sandbag barricades which protected machine guns and antitank guns. When the German tanks arrived, they stopped them by destroying some and setting others to others. The enemy column made a detour around the city, but the Zouaves' effective and courageous resistance continued for almost a week, then the W. guards and the Zouaves retired in good order toward Dunkerque.

Such strong points, had there been enough of them, would have made possible the counterattack that General Weygand had planned and that was designed to close up the breach from Arras to Bapaume behind the German motorized columns. The disorder caused by the fugitives, the lack of reserves, the disruption of lines of communication and the disorganization of the German general staffs by the enemy air force prevented it from ever being launched. The speed with which information was supplied by the German espionage service approached the miraculous. Had there been a general established himself in some village when the enemy air force came to bomb him.

Blitzkrieg, as it had been described by the Italian General Douhet and as the Germans had waged it in Poland (a war we believed impossible against an army well established in its positions) was proved possible and victorious through the German superiority in equipment and the inadequate number of our effective forces. Our lack of arrangement in depth was also by that imprudent, that made advance into Belgium which rendered useless the network of subterranean communications established by our armies in the course of eight months.

AMIENS was the parting of the ways for my English comrades and me. We had arrived there in a torrent of tears. The whole city was full of tears. Around the railroad station, seated on their bags, on sidewalks, on pavements they made an immense human carpet worked in dull and lifeless colors. They had emptied the larders of the restaurants, the ovens of the bakeries, the shelves of the groceries, as completely as necrophagous insects clean a corpse.

The charitable Salvation Army was able to give me a cup of tea. I went to sleep rolled up in a blanket.

At three in the morning, Colonel Medlicott, with whom I had gone, sent me word that it was dangerous to remain in Amiens, that he was staying for Boulogne and that he assigned me the duty of taking back to Paris a French journalist attached to the British army, for whom to his great regret he no longer had means of transport.

This was an order that was easier to give than to carry out. The Germans were approaching and thousands of refugees besieged the station. The women emitted shrieks. The only train that was still scheduled to leave for Paris carried as many as twenty persons in each compartment. Distracted men



inding babies through the win-  
 travelers crowded on the seats,  
 hil never seen the babies before,  
 ghem: "You'll give him back to  
 aris. . . ."

nd a place in any of these cars  
 eless. Finally an ingenious and  
 ight military commissioner au-  
 ze us to get into the baggage car  
 as taking to safety the cash  
 e railroad stations and from  
 branches of the Bank of France.  
 it was, standing between boxes  
 th coins in a train pursued by  
 airplanes, that we returned to  
 t took us fifteen hours to make  
 that in ordinary times takes  
 wo. At each grade crossing we  
 et by a flood of refugees, rising  
 ose-colored waves. My journal-  
 nds attracted attention by their  
 (it was not the same as that of  
 ry) and I heard people murmur:  
 utists!" At one station a woman  
 tell me they had found a spy  
 id as an officer in the next car  
 a policeman had shot him with  
 ver. It was probably untrue but  
 e an idea of the atmosphere of  
 and suspicion produced by this

ithless, the conductor of the  
 up car, a solid old Frenchman,  
 bred and ruggedly built, main-  
 is equanimity:

ne is nothing I can do," he said to  
 eges, extending his arms across  
 of the car, "nothing at all! You  
 et in. This is a car containing  
 ave my orders to let no one on  
 d I shall let no one aboard. No,  
 er woman, I am not heartless.  
 d all of you leave home? Be-  
 bomb fell on your village? Well,  
 hat? I saw plenty of bombs fall  
 '14 and '18 and torpedoes and  
 en barrages, which are much  
 No one ran away because of  
 hat's that you say? That you're  
 Oh, yes you are. In this  
 yone is a soldier, since every-  
 nder attack. Don't you know  
 helping the Germans by choking  
 ois, swamping the stations and  
 up the trains and the troops?  
 is moment there is only one thing  
 rters: to win the war."

ain went on very slowly. Above  
 an bombers, pursued by Eng-  
 iger planes, tried to destroy the  
 On an embankment some  
 umping first to the sky and then  
 ound, joyfully indicated to us  
 of the Germans had been shot  
 looked at the conductor who  
 regarding all this noise, and was  
 ychecking off his cash boxes. At  
 ie I still had hope. . . . However,  
 saw the terrifying refugees all  
 e railroad from Amiens to Creil  
 id the impression of a cataclysm  
 oning could stop.

exhausted when I arrived at the  
 Nord but I had only one idea  
 communicate as quickly as pos-  
 those who could make use of  
 mation, the things my comrades  
 d observed in the course of the  
 It seemed to us that a small

number of measures, relatively easy to  
 adopt, would deprive the enemy of some  
 of the opportunities he now had of suc-  
 cessfully repeating the same operation.  
 I immediately composed a memoran-  
 dum intended for Paul Reynaud, drawing  
 his attention to the necessity of re-  
 placing the superannuated commanders  
 in the villages directly behind the front  
 by younger men who would be more  
 resolute in defense; to the necessity of  
 prohibiting civil populations from all  
 movement; to the ways of defending  
 cities against incendiary bombs and to  
 other subjects of a like nature.

**WHEN** I presented myself at the min-  
 istry of war, Roland de Margerie,  
 Reynaud's head diplomatic secretary,  
 said to me: "Wait, you will see the chief  
 himself."

A little later, I was in fact taken into  
 the office of the premier and handed  
 him my memorandum. But I found him  
 so completely submerged by the com-  
 plaints that everyone was showering  
 upon him that I had no illusion about  
 any chance our modest suggestions  
 might have of being acted upon. On that  
 occasion Reynaud gave me the impres-  
 sion of a courageous boxer bravely try-  
 ing to stay on his feet but already  
 reeling and offering an easy target for  
 a knockout blow. I stayed only a min-  
 ute, but before I left I asked him, "Do  
 you see any reason for hope?"

"As long as the patient is not dead,"  
 he replied, "the doctor always tells the  
 family there's still a little hope."

He was standing in front of his desk,  
 his head thrown back, hands in his pock-  
 ets. I have not seen him since that day.

I was received on the following day  
 by my military superiors and I found  
 them less pessimistic. They were loud  
 in their praises of the disposition of the  
 troops in depth along the lines of the  
 Somme and the Aisne. General Wey-  
 gand had decided, they told me, to make  
 no attempt to form a continuous line but  
 to allow the tanks if necessary to pass  
 between the occupied positions and to  
 hold the latter in order to prevent the  
 infantry and artillery from following the  
 tanks. Unfortunately we had lost our  
 best divisions in the north and the new  
 line was even thinner than that of the  
 tenth of May.

On the third of June Paris was  
 bombed by two hundred and forty air-  
 planes. On that day Duff Cooper, the  
 British minister of information, had  
 come to Paris and I had been invited to  
 lunch with him by two French ministers,  
 Frossard and Jullien. This luncheon  
 took place at the Ritz; at the moment  
 when we were about to sit down at the  
 table the sirens sounded an alarm. Im-  
 mediately the waiters, according to  
 regulation, disappeared into the cellars.  
 The ministers and their assistants found  
 themselves in an embarrassing situation.  
 To seek shelter seemed to them to show  
 lack of courage; to serve themselves  
 lack of dignity. They took the course of  
 sitting down at the table in front of  
 empty plates and waiting to the ac-  
 companiment of a violent cannonade.  
 But the alarm was a long one, and the

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# DOUGLAS

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## INSIDE WILLKIE'S HEAD

and heart, too, for that matter—an intimate ap-  
 praisal of Willkie the man, by Bruce Barton, who  
 was a leader in Willkie's fight for the nomination

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S





My dentist had no toothache — it was his pride that was hurt.

He said, "I did a beautiful cleaning job on your teeth last time you were here and now look how dull they are!" And then he gave me a valuable tip—

"Why don't you try chewing Dentyne — regularly, every day! It's extra firm chewing gum, you know. Helps cleanse and polish your teeth. Yes, helps 'em keep their bright sparkle. Gives your teeth healthful exercise, too, and tones up gums and mouth tissues. Try some Dentyne right now!"

One taste of that spicy flavor and I was all for Dentyne — it's so delicious, so refreshing! I bought a package quick — it's just the right shape to slip into my bag, so I always have Dentyne handy. And it does help keep my teeth pearly-bright. But try Dentyne yourself — buy a package today!

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



... MOUTH HEALTHY

**DENTYNE**

greater their hunger became the duller grew the conversation. A secretary went to telephone the prefect of police and returned with the report:

"It's serious. Bombs have fallen on the Citroën Works. The ministry of aviation is in flames. There are several hundred casualties."

When I returned home my children told me they had seen the airplanes very high up like a swarm of bees, flashing in the sunlight. Paris did not seem at all terrified by this bombing. On that occasion I came to the conclusion that the German threat against London would not be as frightful as people had thought. The following day news came that the new German offensive had been launched all along the fronts of the Somme and Aisne. As General Gort and his staff were no longer in France, I made a request to join the Royal Air Force, and permission was granted.

THE general headquarters of the advanced striking force was established at that time at Troyes. I was received there by the commander, Vice-Marshal of the Air Playfair. When one has met a number of the leaders of the Royal Air Force one is struck by a strange, indefinable similarity among them. These handsome faces, with blue eyes that remain young even under gray hair, this combination of gentleness and firmness, this friendly but efficient discipline, are characteristic of the army of the air.

"Although the German air force is superior in numbers," Marshal Playfair told me, "it is certainly inferior to ours in quality. Their losses are three or four times higher than ours, so that today our situation is better than at the beginning of the battle."

But the French aviator Saint-Exupéry, author of *Night Flight*, whom I met a few days later, gave me a quite different report.

"The Royal Air Force," he told me, "is much too optimistic. For my part I am certain of one thing: my squadron has suffered terrible losses; very soon it will cease to exist."

I saw in the neighborhood of Troyes two fine squadrons of Hurricanes and some nineteen-year-old boys with blond hair and blue, forget-me-not eyes, each one of whom had to his credit more than ten victories, but I was struck by the small number of machines. The British had in France, at least in the region I visited, no more than a few squadrons. When I returned to Paris (where I found a very sinister communiqué that talked of motorized columns at Forges-les-Eaux and at the gates of Rouen), I communicated my impressions to my chief, Colonel Schiffer, and I added:

"I am sure the English still have a large number of fighter planes in England. We must get them to give them to us. It's their fate as well as ours that's being decided at this moment."

"You must go to London," he said, "and send out a sort of SOS to the English people by radio; apparently public opinion over there does not understand the desperate character of the situation."

"I shall be glad to go, Colonel. But I must have an order."

"I shall talk to G.H.Q. about it."

G.H.Q. sent Captain Hermant, with whom I had a conversation, and it was decided I should leave for London on the tenth of June in an army airplane. The news grew worse and worse. The German tanks had now arrived at Vernon, then at Mantes, that is, at the gates of Paris. The government continued to swear it would defend the capital, but on Sunday, the ninth of June, as I was passing through the Place de la Concorde in front of the ministry of the navy, I saw sailors loading immense vans.

On the tenth of June at seven in the

morning, Roland de Margerie telephoned me that I had better send my wife south.

"Is the government leaving?"

"Today."

"But Paris will be defended?"

"No."

At that moment I knew everything was over. France, deprived of Paris, would become a body without a head. The war had been lost.

I was due at the Buc airport at noon. My wife and I decided to visit, perhaps for the last time, those corners of Paris we loved best. And so we said goodbye to the Invalides and the Quays of the Seine and the Place Dauphine and Notre Dame. The city had never been more beautiful. The sky was of a very pale blue, the air soft. In the streets, traffic policemen stopped our little car with as much punctiliousness as if the world were not about to come to an end. The salesgirls in the store we entered were alert and obliging. One sensed tears in everyone's eyes, but each went about his business without talking about the great sorrow.

"The common people of France are magnificent," my wife said. "At once simple and brave. How can men like that have been defeated?"

"Men," I replied, "can do nothing against machines. They were ordered to defend a line. They would have defended it. But it was never attacked. It was taken from behind and encircled."

"I still can't believe," she said, "that the Germans are going to march into Paris. . . ."

A few days earlier we had had a long conversation about this entry of the German army into Paris with one of our dearest friends, the surgeon Thierry de Martel.

"As for me," he had said to us, "my mind is made up: the moment I learn that they are in the city I shall kill myself."

And then he explained to us at length that most people do not know how to kill themselves, and bungle the job, but that a surgeon holds the revolver as precisely as he holds a scalpel and always hits a vital spot. Then, half-seriously, he added: "If you, too, have no desire to survive our misfortunes, I offer you my services. . . ."

At ten o'clock in the evening, when I was already on the plane bound for England, the sound of the telephone interrupted my wife, who was sadly selecting the few objects she could take with her. It was Thierry de Martel.

"I wanted to find out," he said, "whether you and your husband were still in Paris."

"André has been sent on a mission to

London," she replied, "and, as for me, I am leaving tomorrow at dawn."

"I am going to leave too," he said in a strange tone, "but for a much longer voyage. . . ."

My wife, remembering our conversation about suicide, understood that he was going to kill himself and attempted to dissuade him:

"You can still do much good said. Your patients, your assistants, your nurses, all of them need you."

"I cannot go on living," Martel said. "My only son was killed in the last war. Until now I have tried to believe he died to save France. And now it is France, lost in her turn. Ever since I have lived for is going to disappear cannot go on."

And when she continued to plead with him he hung up.

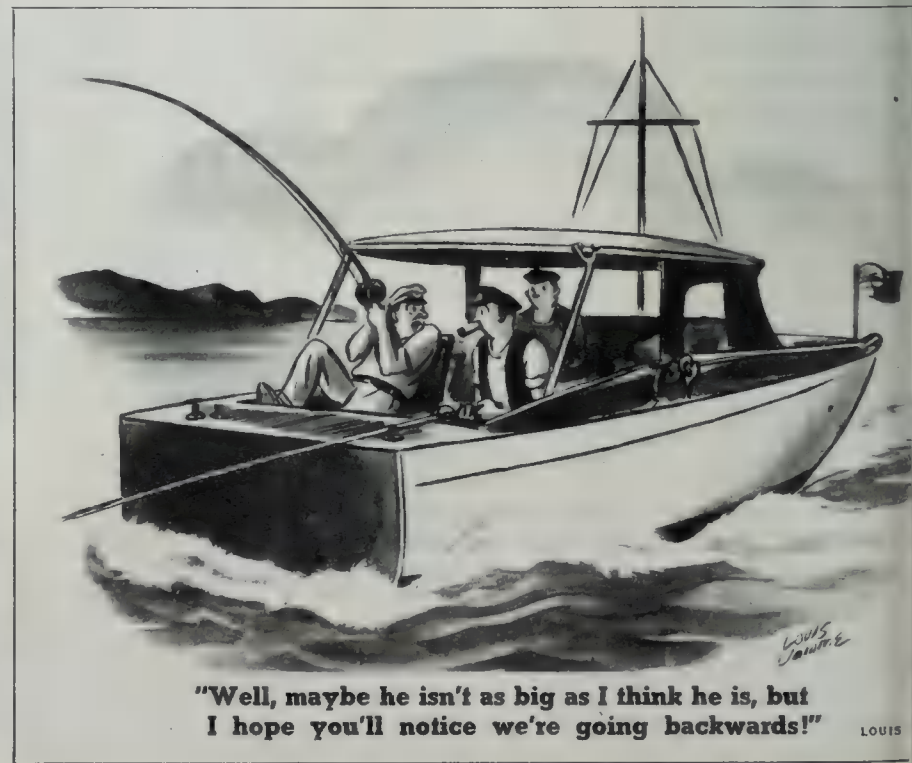
ON THE twenty-fifth of June during a stopover of the clipper at the American Consulate, my wife, glancing over an American newspaper, learned that Thierry de Martel had killed himself by an overdose of strychnine at the moment the German army made its entrance into Paris.

In him we lost an incomparable man and France one of the noblest types of man bred. This surgeon was a great gentleman. He had made fortunes as a doctor and used them to support free clinics in which he operated on thousands of unfortunate people. I know of a case in which he saved a man from death, by an operation that he alone could perform, a man who had pursued him for years with jealousy and hatred. He had proved on a thousand occasions his physical and moral courage. There is no better measure of the immense confusion of the French in the face of this complete disaster than the emotion by this brave man that he was unable to go on living.

During the retreat from Flanders, the road from Vimy, an old French peasant woman, standing on her doorstep and watching the procession of refugees stream by, said to me: "The pity of it, Captain! Such a country. . . ."

The pity of it, I thought in my mind when I learned of the death of Thierry de Martel. It was maddening to think that such people (for France had produced more than one) found themselves driven to despair, and a great civilization saw itself foredoomed, because of a few thousand tanks and ten thousand planes, which we could have bought without trouble, were not constructed in time.

The fifth and concluding article of this series will appear next week



"Well, maybe he isn't as big as I think he is, but I hope you'll notice we're going backwards!"

LOUIS



## "All Aircraft Returned Safely"

Continued from page 11

"Here are your instructions for tonight. You all have target maps in front of you. The primary target is an airfield factory at (we can't mention the names of targets or give the full names of pilots). We don't know much about defenses around the primary target. When you get there, use your own judgment. You'll see by your maps that it's about 700 miles from here. The weather should be good all the way. If you can't find the primary target or if visibility is bad when you reach it, the second primary target will be ———. You know all about that." There was a stirring in the room and smiles appeared on the faces of the boys. I knew about that secondary target too. It was in the Ruhr, which was full of oil tanks and munition factories. In the army they talk of a place as being to be stormed as an "objective" but in the R.A.F. it is always "target."

### A Perilous Night Ahead

"You know what to expect there," the commander continued. "Now you should be over your primary target at midnight, or a few minutes afterward. When you find the target, drop your bombs and give us a signal that you are okay and are returning. If you go to the secondary target be careful not to bomb northeast of it. That is a residential section. Be very careful to avoid that. Incidentally, you will carry pennies with you. Drop them if possible over residential sections."

"Pennies" today was the code word for pamphlets. Millions of pamphlets were being dropped over Germany every night.

Now the Intelligence officer said a few words. He told what he knew of both targets and what defenses the boys would be up against. This seemed to soothe the fifty silent lads in uniforms. There were just fifty of them, five to one of the ten bombers.

Incidentally, on the way back," the Intelligence officer said, "watch out for searchlights near any of the Channel ports. If you aren't being teased too much when you are over them have a look and see what they are. Any questions?"

"What is the moon tonight and how much light will we have?" a pilot asked. "Quarter moon," the Intelligence officer said. "Daylight will come at about 4 A. M. You must leave your target area to be clear of enemy territory before daylight."

There were no more questions and, the youngsters in any classroom, they piled out of the door. It was tea-time now. We went to the officers' quarters and tables were piled with bread, butter, cakes and large pots of tea. Brownie and the tall Scotsman named Ted, and chunky little Red and I sat and talked and I was the only one thinking of the perilous night ahead. After the men went to study maps in the room.

Two hours of this and it was dinner-time. The whole group assembled in the mess room for cocktails. They sat around the table, laughing, having sherry, beer, whisky or Martinis and it was all very pleasant. The O. C. (officer commanding) entered and everyone stiffened for a moment and then, when he smiled, everyone relaxed. The R.A.F. officers were all too busy to bother with useless formalities. They are very close to their work. It was a pleasant dinner. These boys seemed completely indifferent to the faces they would see either that or

completely confident. Then they drifted away to change clothes.

The ten planes were being warmed up. It was almost eight but the sun sets very late in England in the summer. I walked with Brownie to his plane.

"Wish you were coming along," Old Brownie said cheerfully. "Looks like a nice night."

The setting sun was just casually putting an end to a beautiful day. The clouds were very high and there was practically no breeze. All twenty motors (the Whitley is two-motored) were humming now. I walked with tall Pete to his airplane. Pete looks like Gary Cooper, lanky, amiable, slow-talking.

"Wish I had a book to take along," he said.

In my pocket I had a paper-bound detective story called *The Green Diamond Mystery*. I gave it to him, but wondered when he'd get time to read it.

"I'll let the kid fly for the first few hours," he said.

"Have a good trip," I told him, "write to me every day."

He grinned and climbed up the tiny ladder into the huge plane. They were all giving the motors a final blast at full throttle. Then the huge, dozing earth-bound planes suddenly became live, mobile things. They didn't look lazy and unwieldy now as they trundled around into the wind. After fifty feet their tails lifted and after 200 yards their wheels raised. One by one, they lifted themselves into the air, at two-minute intervals. In the air they looked slim and full of eager vitality. They circled once and then surely, swiftly they soared away and soon even the sound of their motors died.

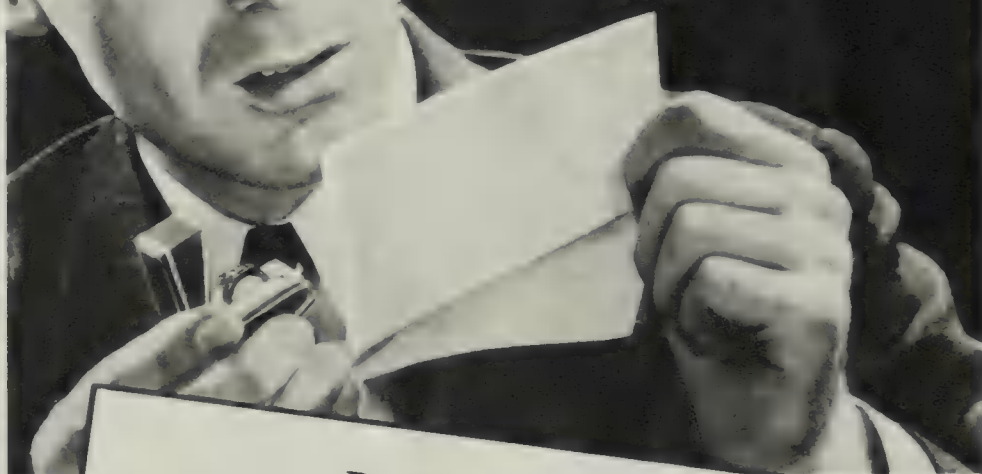
The airdrome seemed strangely quiet now and lonely as a college campus looks and feels in vacation time. Some of us played cards for a while and then several pilots who weren't working tonight took me to the local pub in a near-by town. We talked of many things, sitting around there, but we didn't talk about the ten pilots and their crews who were now gradually approaching enemy territory. I couldn't think of anything else. I could imagine Pete reading his detective story, stopping every few minutes for a quick check with his crew. I could imagine Old Brownie and Alec sitting there casually, lightly fingering the controls, looking at a dozen instruments at once.

### To Keep the Pilots Awake

Time passed very slowly. We went back to the airdrome. Everything was pitch-black. The dying moon, having only one quarter of its life left, was giving little light to a blacked-out world. It was bright enough inside of "Operations." Then I went into the holy of holies, the Operations room. This was the heart of the airdrome. Here were the wireless and the telephones and maps, and now and then the wing commander would make marks on the maps.

The clock moved slowly. Once the yellow signal was given, meaning that an unidentified aircraft was in the neighborhood. Other reports came in. On a map we followed its course, wondering whether it was an enemy bomber. Then the word came that it was an English training plane. England is so full of defending fighting planes that it has become hazardous to train bombers at night. They are no sooner in the air than they find a Spitfire or a Hurricane nosing inquisitively against them. There is always the danger that the

— and so, John, I am  
returning your  
engagement  
ring...



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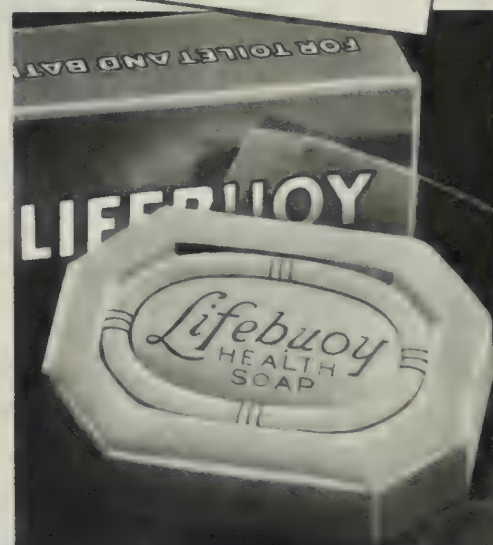
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bomber might be mistaken for a Heinkel or a Dornier. Now most of the training is done either in Canada or over France.

It was a little after midnight and now reports began to come in. The pilots of our bombers had reached the target; had found it; had dropped their bombs; had started home. Pete checked in with his one word "Okay." So did Alec and so did Red. There was a chart on the table and, as word came from the radio room, the squadron commander would check them off, one by one. By one o'clock nine of them had checked in and were now on their way home.

But we hadn't heard from Brownie yet. No one mentioned it. We listened to a German radio maintained for the amusement of German pilots. It was good music. At ten-minute intervals, over and through this music, would come three staccato dashes, repeated three times. This was a German beacon. The music was just to keep the pilots awake. The Germans use beacons a lot and the R.A.F. know where each is located and sometimes use them too.

Officers who had left orders to be called at two o'clock drifted into the room. They looked at the chart. Everyone was all right but Brownie. Still no one mentioned it. I had only met Brownie twenty-four hours before but now I felt sick with worry. Someone brought in tea. We drank it and talked about a speech Churchill had made the day before.

I was visualizing long fingers of white light reaching up for Brownie, covering him with light. I imagined him trying to swerve away from it and meeting another long finger coming through the sky. I saw him desperately trying to get into the merciful blanket of a cloud and I saw the tracer bullets go up after him and pom-pom guns, and then the heavy stuff battering the sides of his plane.

It was four o'clock now. I walked out onto the field. A faint dawn was showing in the east but above it was cloudless. A wind from the west brought a chill with it. Then faintly I heard the sound of a motor. It became a roar and then the plane came into view. It was flying low and its lights showed brightly through the thinning night. Green lights, the "Come on in" signal, blinked from the field and the big ship landed. It taxied to its hangar. Figures climbed down and I walked to meet them. Tall, lanky, Pete the Scotsman had landed safely.

#### Home to Roost

"You can have this book back," he said. "I guessed who did it in the first ten pages."

"How was the trip? Any trouble?"

"No, they threw some stuff at us but it wasn't bad. Damn' cold though at sixteen thousand feet—fifteen below."

Another plane was approaching and then another. While one landed, another circled. Two more approached. The chickens were coming home to roost. But what of Brownie? One by one they landed. The crews walked straight to the Operations room to report everything that had happened. I went back and listened.

Pete said, "We found the target at 12:05. There were cumulus clouds at four thousand that were breaking. I dropped the one 'stick' and then went back and dropped the rest. The clouds thickened and I turned for home. Listen—about those lights over the Channel. I had a good look at them. That's phosphorescence, I think. It's shallow in there and it may be that the light from the moon hits the rocks on the bottom and that light is reflected."

Alec reported, "Found the target. The clouds were getting thick. Dropped two sticks but couldn't see result."

Red reported, "Never could find target. Too many clouds. Went to secondary target. They got a lot of light stuff there and plenty of searchlights. I dropped a couple of flares. I guess they figured it was me. Went down in flames and the searchlights went out. It was easy to pick out target then. I dropped my bombs. Saw a big explosion. Hit it, I guess."

Questions were asked. I kept keeping one eye on the door. A man opened and a fair-haired lad with blue eyes and slightly apologetic walked in. It was Brownie.

"You scared us," I told him. "I never got your report."

He looked blank. "I forgot all about the damn' thing," he said. "Never catch it."

The wing commander looked at Brownie and then wrote, "All returned safely." Brownie gave a report casually as the others had. We all went to the mess for bacon, eggs and hot tea. Nine crews were joking, kidding one another.

#### More Than Halfway to New York

England is a country that produces great many old fools who somehow find their way to high places. England doesn't produce many young fools. These kids weren't fools. They did a great job tonight and they knew it. They weren't going to get serious about it.

"Say, I got a scare just before reaching the target," Alec said to Red. "An aircraft came out of a cloud a hundred yards away. I told the watch it. I was hoping it was a friend. It looked like one. And who was it? Was Red?"

"Yeah, I saw you, too," Red said, munching some bacon.

"Where's Eddie?" someone asked.

"He'll be right along," someone said.

"Bet he'll have a swell time," Brownie laughed. "He'll say, 'I was, at twenty thousand feet, in my knees to the rudder bar. I was right up there in the sky. I feel of ice on my wings and twenty mileserschmitts around me. I got there by one, and then went down and dropped my bombs on a Dornier factory. Flames shot a thousand feet in the air.'"

Eddie walked in then, a big, tall, fair-haired kid who was twenty-two or so. He looked very unhappy.

"I could not find the main target," said dejectedly.

"Did you bring your bombs back?" Red asked.

"No," Eddie said casually. "I dropped them on the secondary target. I went around and found five big oil tanks. I dropped my bombs on them and you should have seen those flames. They were—"

"They were two thousand feet high," Brownie said.

Eddie looked hurt and ordered bacon and eggs. Brownie and I walked to the side. It was six-thirty now and the dawn was touching the hangars, making them almost bright.

Brownie yawned, "How about you? Shut-eye? This has been a long night."

"Sure," I said sarcastically. "Tough day. How far did you go tonight?"

"About 1,500 miles," Brownie said. "That's more than halfway from New York," I said.

"That's a flight I wouldn't make," Brownie said. "All over. Not me. This was a cinch compared to that. I'll see you later. How about Pete and you and me going into tomorrow? We'll have the night shift."

I said, "Sure, that'll be swell. Then I went to bed."



## Waikiki Mirage

Continued from page 15

ed by an awful woman and didn't  
e in anything any more. What  
you do?"

oking around the room Mrs. Craw-  
as unable to detect any literature  
ellow tinge. "Who is this man?"  
sd cautiously.

His—uh . . . just a man," Virginia

Back home?" Ellen Crawford thought  
ing Mrs. Howard a polite note of  
ng.

no," Virginia said, "right here."  
h's head reeled. She said, "Vir-  
re you making this all up?"

course not," Virginia said in-  
tly.

th thought quickly, maintaining a  
ul look of interest. A cable to  
ia's mother tonight. There was a  
t for the mainland day after to-  
y if she could wangle a reservat-

it. Tonight was the dinner party  
h Murgatroyds'. She could keep  
e on her there. Tomorrow she

stick to Virginia like a shadow  
od willing, day after tomorrow,  
r on a ship bound for home. Un-

h, strategy was plainly the only  
She said, "It sounds a terribly  
eing problem. I wish I had time

about it now but I'm due at the  
dinner's." She felt some misgiv-

out leaving Virginia alone. "You  
t," she said hopefully, "like to  
our hair done?"

id it done yesterday."

Apap would be nice," Ellen said,  
y'll be fresh for tonight."

some letters to write and I have  
an up on my diary."

it take you all afternoon?"

yes," Virginia said.

n be dressed by seven," Ellen  
We'll discuss your problem when  
d time to think about it."

nia went to the door with her.  
nise I'll break it to him gently,"

ed.

ak it to him?"

pin," said Virginia. "And be-  
ne, Mrs. Crawford, nothing will  
eak up my friendship with John."

"Oh . . . John," Ellen said. She had  
quite forgotten about John. She closed  
the door and went directly to the cable  
office. Her message to Mrs. Howard  
read: V MADLY IN LOVE WITH SCOUNDREL  
ADVISE IMMEDIATE RETURN TO MAINLAND  
REGARDS ELLEN.

Alone, Virginia gazed raptly into  
space. Then, after chewing her pencil  
a while the result was: "Dear Diary. I  
have neglected you. But you will for-  
give me when you know why. I am  
madly in love and have been very busy.  
Diary, I have met the man who is my  
destiny."

In the throes of composition she  
glanced idly out of the window. The  
sun was going down. Beach boys were  
collapsing the huge striped umbrellas  
and carrying in the gaily colored pads.  
And the man of Virginia's destiny was  
sitting on the prow of a beached out-  
rigger canoe watching, with melancholy  
mien, the sunset.

VIRGINIA put on a bathing suit, hur-  
ried downstairs and out of the hotel.  
She walked past him once and he didn't  
notice her, so engrossed was he in his  
memories that burned without blessing.  
She walked back. A voice broke in on  
Mike's wondering whether or not it  
would rain, saying, "Hello."

He jumped. "Oh . . . hello," Mike  
said.

Breathlessly Virginia said, "Should I  
sit there beside you?" She gazed long-  
ingly at a bit of seat Mike was not  
occupying. He moved over. Virginia  
sat down and stared with large, tragic  
eyes at the setting sun. After watching  
her a moment Mike said, "Is something  
the matter?"

She turned eyes steeped with pity full  
upon him. "I was thinking about wasted  
lives," she said.

"Oh," said Mike. There wasn't, really,  
any answer to that. He contented him-  
self by examining the tilt of her nose  
and a soft curl lying at the nape of her  
neck. She was certainly a pretty little  
thing when she hadn't been drowning.  
"I wouldn't think about wasted lives if I



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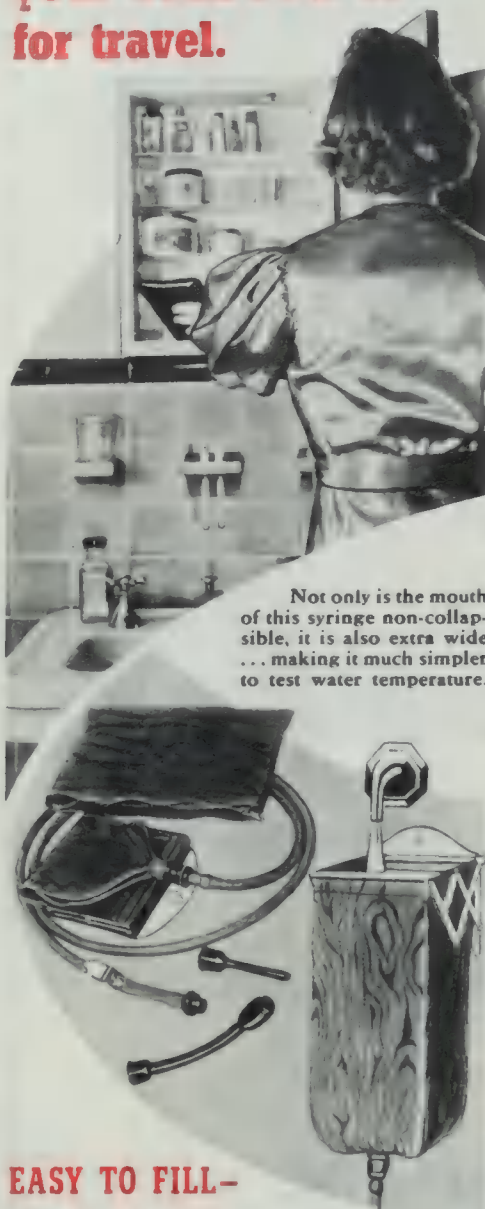
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were you," he said. "There isn't much, actually, that's worth being unhappy about."

"I'm talking about love," Virginia said simply.

"Oh... love," Mike said.

"Suppose a woman isn't worth anything to begin with," Virginia went on. "And a nice man, for instance, never knows that she doesn't really love him but only wants the presents he brings her because he is rich. Then when his money is gone she spurns him. You know?"

"I know," Mike said gravely. How intense she was and what long eyelashes she had!

"He would go away and try to forget but her face would haunt him," said Virginia, "but he should not forget that somewhere there might be a girl who would—uh—go through fire for him. And he might look back years later and say, 'What a fool I was to think I loved that other one.' He would be married then and have children, of course."

"Of course," Mike said.

"Children," Virginia said, "make a man's life complete."

Mike nodded solemnly, thinking privately that if she was any sample she was quite right. She was certainly making him very happy, just looking at her. He knew if he sat there any longer he was going to kiss her. The urge was as insistent as a sneeze rising in church. He stood up and pulled her to her feet. "Let's go for a quick dip," he said.

**S**HE swam with the same kind of intense concentration with which she talked. Mike paced his strokes to stay near her. When they came in he gave her his hand to help her through the shallow water and then when he held her robe and felt her shivering as she got into it he just suddenly leaned down and kissed her. Immediately remorse overtook him. "I'm sorry," he said.

Virginia said intensely, "Oh, you mustn't be. A man has to fall in love again sometime. It isn't fair to expect him to live with a memory. I mean..."

"Look," Mike said, taking hold of her two shoulders, "what is your name?"

"Virginia Howard."

"Well, Virginia Howard, you go straight inside and have a hot bath. You're shivering. I will call on your mother tomorrow."

"Oh, but I'm not cold. I..."

"You are cold," Mike said, "and you're going to do as I tell you or there'll be awful trouble."

She stood on tiptoe, kissed him again and then without a word padded obediently toward the hotel entrance for bathers. For a moment Mike considered going after her and inviting her to the party that night but he thought better of it. Meeting her mother in a crush of people wasn't exactly the way he wanted it. It was bound to be a rout what with the Murgatroyds bringing their dinner guests in later. He waved as she went through the doorway and went home to dress.

Virginia had her bath and got into her clothes in an almost comatose state. Engaged. She, Virginia Howard, was engaged. Really, this time, not the old frat-pin business. This was an honest-to-goodness engagement, the sort you read about. What would Mrs. Crawford say? Sudden fear gripped her. Mrs. Crawford would pry about his family and his past. That awful past of his!

All during the ride to the Murgatroyds', John kept trying, under cover of darkness, to hold Virginia's hand. John had magnanimously forgiven the surf-board episode and was prepared, as he put it elegantly to himself, to do a little smooching. Virginia snatched her hand away as fast as he grabbed it because, to her way of thinking, her hand no longer belonged to her.

At dinner Virginia was very quiet. She was dying of pneumonia. Mike knelt through the soup, fish and entree and begged her to live for him. Virginia arrived at the convalescent stage just as the butler arrived with coffee. He was a little surprised to hear her murmur, "Our love is stronger than death."

Gulping his coffee hastily, John leaned over and twitched at her sleeve. Virginia turned to him with a weak and tender glance, left over from the convalescence.

John said hoarsely, "Let's go out in the garden. This joint gives me the vapors." The vapors was John's most persistent and nagging disease.

In the garden Virginia took the bull by the horns. "John," she said, "I feel there is something I should tell you."

John grabbed at her. "I feel there is something I should tell you," he said greedily. In the ensuing scuffle the leis of ginger flowers he had bought her were badly bruised but Virginia emerged from the conflict victoriously unknissed, yelling, "I'm pledged to somebody else!"

"You're what?" John said.

"My poor John," Virginia said, with the rapidity of one who has frequently rehearsed a speech, "I have met my great love. I was such a child, John... such an inexperienced child... and nothing will ever break up our friendship."

John said belligerently, "What do you mean 'poor John'?"

Mrs. Crawford was, at the moment, prowling among the trees trying to round them up to go on to the house of a man named Lester. She called, "John! Virgin-hia!" They suspended hostilities and joined her in silence.

The Lester house was large, situated down a steep hill off the road and overlooking the water. Grass mats had been spread on the lawn and Japanese lanterns in gay colors with black rims were strung crisscross between two poles at either side which were topped by flares.

Virginia's first impression as she came out onto the veranda was that there were a great many people there. Then she saw Mike. He was wearing a tropical dinner jacket. Beachcombers didn't have tropical dinner jackets. And engaged men didn't have tall, lovely girls hanging onto their arms and laughing up

into their eyes. Somebody touched her arm. "If it isn't my little hula girl," Lillian Dexter said. "How are your muscles?"

"Stiff," Virginia said, without moving her eyes off Mike.

"I didn't know you knew the Lester family," Lillian Dexter said.

"I don't," said Virginia.

"You saw Mike Lester this morning at the studio, remember?"

"Is that his name?" Virginia asked.

"Who... who is that girl with him?" Lillian looked across the lawn. "Myra Lester," she said.

"Miss," Virginia said, "or Mrs. Lester?"

"Mrs. Myra Lester," said Lillian Dexter. "She's your hostess. You like to meet her?"

"Later," said Virginia.

**M**IKE saw her then as she turned to go into the house. By the time she reached the veranda she had disappeared. He saw John standing looking bewildered and said, "I'm John Lester. How do you do? I saw you surfing this afternoon."

"I'm John Crawford," John said. "How do you do?" They shook hands.

Mike said then, "Is there anything you can get you? A highball? My mother makes a wonderful julep. He's coming out over there at the other end of the veranda."

"Thanks," John said, "but I think I had my quota for the evening. I neglected to mention that his quota was none. If he seemed a bit preoccupied was because he was thinking up a way to that 'Poor John' crack of Virginia. Just wait until he got her alone. He has a few things to tell her."

Virginia crept into the house and found a dressing room and stood in it carrying her ruined life. She sat there shaking all over. From her habit she hiked right into a chair and spent years in as many months. When she was called upon to nurse for malaria the suffering was in Great tears rolled down her cheeks. She took her hand at the last and said, "I wronged you, Virginia," and she died. "It doesn't matter... now. I have devoted my life to serving others. I'm happy. Would you like to see a picture?"

Myra Lester, looking down at



"Don't be alarmed, dear... it isn't a guest towel"

ROLA



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anxiously as a woman can look while powdering her nose, said, "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing, thank you," Virginia said. Poor woman. Her heart was probably all his. Maybe she'd die never knowing that he had been unfaithful to her. She said suddenly, "Are you happy, Mrs. Lester?"

"Divinely," Myra Lester said. "Why, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm happy," Virginia said, "but I'm not married."

"But that's when you're happiest," Myra said. "Don't you think being married is nice?"

"I think it must be awful."

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"Well, for instance, if I had a husband I'd worry," Virginia said.

"About what?"

"I'd hate to think my husband loved me and then, for instance, find out that he kissed other women," Virginia said. She clenched her fists. "Just walked up to them and kissed them without knowing their names or anything and a nice wife like you waiting at home for him all the time."

Myra Lester's face changed suddenly from that of a happy woman to that of an angry woman. Virginia noticed the change. Myra said, "What did you say?" between her fine, white teeth and Virginia came conscious.

She gasped, "Oh . . . I'm sorry . . . I . . ." and lunged for the door.

Both John and Mike saw her whip across the veranda and dart into the garden. For personal reasons quite independent of each other, they both followed her. Myra Lester came, an avenging fury, to stand in the doorway and look at her perfidious husband who was, with every outward evidence of innocence, mixing mint juleps and handing them out. She started for him.

Mike overtook Virginia by a hedge. She was trying to get through it and into the road. He hauled her back. John paused on the other side of the hedge in his headlong pursuit because what he had to say to Virginia was private.

Virginia said, "Please don't touch me, Mr. Lester."

"All right," he said, "but why not go through the gate? It's cleaner than the hedge. What's the matter with you, Virginia?"

"I hope," Virginia said through stiff lips, "that you don't think anything meant anything to me, either. I mean just because I let you kiss me doesn't mean that I thought we would be married or anything like that. I've kissed lots of people and anyway I'm engaged to be married already."

Mike said, "Oh, I see."

"Yes," Virginia said, "I am engaged to marry John Hillary Crawford the third. And my fiancé is very funny. He won't understand my being out here alone with you."

JOHN couldn't stand it any longer. He burst through the hedge. "I'm not funny," he said wrathfully, "and we're not engaged any longer and you give me back my fraternity pin right here and now in front of witnesses!"

By witnesses he meant Mike and another distracted young man who had burst through a second section of the hedge in search of Mike. "Mike," said Allen Lester, "do come and do something about Myra. She's gone absolutely batty . . . accusing me of all sorts of things. Now she's having hysterics. What do I do?"

Mike said to Virginia, "Stay right here. Don't you move." He went with his brother in the direction of the sound of hysteria.

Virginia clawed at the clasp of John's fraternity pin and thrust it into his hand. "Here, take your old pin," she said, "who wants it?"

"Poor John my eye," said John, as thrust it into his pocket.

"Oh, leave me alone," Virginia sobbed. "I'm so miserable!"

She found the gate and a taxi outside it. Crawling in, she directed the driver to the hotel and then lay on her face in the back seat having a good old-fashioned cry.

At the hotel she lay down on her bed and went on crying. Life was awful. Everything was pretty until you got close to it and then it exploded in your face. People were awful. They lied and kissed people and it didn't mean anything.

"I MUST tell you, Mr. Lester," Ellen Crawford was saying in a taxi, "that little Virginia is a most unreliable source. In view of what you tell me I hesitate to say this but . . . but I don't think a child knows what love means."

"Yes she does," Mike said. "She's in love with me."

"But tomorrow it may be all over," Ellen warned. "Why, only this afternoon she was madly in love with that beachcomber who does nothing, so as I can figure out, except drink and boast of the woman he loved before Virginia fell in love with him."

"Umm hmm," Mike said. "The woman's face is haunting him and he's wasting his life."

"How in the world did you know?" Ellen said.

"Oh, I know a lot of things," said Mike. "I can surf and sail a boat and manage a sugar plantation and I know a lot of other things too."

Virginia's sobbing had died down when the door opened. She was simply crying drearily and staring at the ceiling. They ranged around the bed, Ellen, Mike, Myra and Allen, and stared down at her. Their collective stare brought forth another loud wail. Mike leaned down and touched her. "Look, Virginia," he said, pointing to his brother, "do you know this gentleman?"

Virginia shook her head vigorously and tried to get it under the pillow. She pulled it out again. "Do you know me?" he said. She nodded and did for the pillow again. Firmly, he cut off her retreat. "Did I kiss you this afternoon?"

Then she really howled. Mike turned to Myra: "You see? I told you."

"Brothers," said Myra darkly, "I have been known to lie for brothers."

"Now about this beachcomber," Ellen said worriedly.

"I'm her beachcomber," Mike said. "She's been trying to reform me all afternoon. I didn't reform well because I didn't know I was a depraved character. Now will all you earthbound grownups get out of here and leave me alone?"

When the door closed behind them, Mike sat down on the edge of the bed. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he said.

Virginia gulped. "Y-yes," she said.

"So do I," Mike said. "Now let's close our eyes and go down and tell our brother's wife he doesn't go around kissing strange girls. Then we can have a nice long talk about love and reform and I'll forget about that other woman and we'll be very happy. How about it?"

"O-oh," Virginia said, "you're posing to me!"

"Definitely," Mike said. "It's dangerous to leave you around loose."

"Just think," Virginia said, rosy-eyed, "I might have broken up with your brother's home and they might have gone on for years and years never knowing that he hadn't been unfaithful. They might have died of broken hearts."

"Now don't start," Mike said. "You're going to have a very adventurous romantic life and I don't want you worn out before we start."



## Somebody's Waiting for You

Continued from page 22

ed said quickly, "Him! Say, I'd trust Rusty with anything, any time. Look, I'll scare up the car."

Rusty shrugged when he'd left them. "I'm not even a romantic menace any more."

Jane was watching Jimmy through a window, saw him scissor his long, flared legs over the door of the big, blue duster and tool it around to the porch. "Nice kid," she said. "You must be fond of him."

"I am," Rusty honestly replied; but he wondered if that was oblique imputation. It bothered him all the way to town.

He watched from a chair in the Copley by while Jimmy strangled a telephone, saw his face light up and yearn to the mouthpiece when he obviously reached the wanted voice. What would he be like, Rusty wondered. Wellesley field-hockey freshman with a flat voice and flat heels? What other kind could Jimmy have?

Jimmy walked back. "She'll be right down now. Any minute, pal!" He backed Rusty lightly on the shoulder. "Stand up, you dope, and look handsome! This doesn't happen every day!"

HE wasn't at all what he'd pictured, coming toward them from the elevator bank. There was nothing flat-heeled about this one. Her stride was a light, easy thing to look upon, graceful on exquisitely fashioned slim legs. She was intense with abundant, lovely life—there was warmth, a pasted flame of heat at the column of her throat. Her body was fully and sweetly curved with living, uncrowded lines. Her mouth was delicately open-lipped in greeting. Her voice on the "Jimmy!" was low and clear.

Pleasure in reunion lighted her eyes, brought up little flaming pin points in them, like tiny, golden candles—Rusty could see them burning there.

"Marilyn! Marilyn!" said Jimmy. Rusty liked her name at once. "This is Rusty McLarnin, Marilyn Patterson! My gal and my pal! Have a look!"

"Hello." Her hand was warm in Rusty's.

What did I tell you!" Jimmy crowed. But you didn't," said Rusty, still looking at her. Was he staring?

The girl said: "Jimmy, your father told me to tell you that if you win tomorrow, he'll fly up for the finals Saturday."

"Wait here a minute, you two. I'll wire him to make a reservation now."

It gave Rusty a little time alone with Jane. He moved in a bare half step. He saw her make an instinctive gesture of retreat. He liked that. She was highly conscious of him. Her eyes came undoubtedly to his.

He seems so confident," she nodded to Jimmy. "I suppose it's because he's playing with you. He thinks you're the best in tennis—ever! He also thinks you're a great guy."

Rusty said: "It isn't hurting him to think so, whether I am or not."

"No," she said, "I guess it isn't."

Rusty nodded toward the wire desk where Jimmy was hunched in a scribble.

"Boy and girl?" he asked.

"We grew up together."

Rusty smiled. "All the way to here."

"And beyond," she added very quickly.

"Oh, of course," Rusty said. "And why not?"

He saw color rise in the small, rounded planes of her face. She, too,

knew that there was an answer to that question: that sometimes two people in one meeting by the merest exchange of a word, a glance, brief contact of fingers can set up a small, fierce blaze. No one had ever hit him this way. Never. Not even Jane.

Jimmy came hurrying back to them. "Let's eat in the Sheraton Room. Tennis crowd may be in there. Like to have them meet you. Nice bunch."

Jimmy proved right. A table hailed them, its occupants cordial in their greeting, perfunctory, as always, toward Rusty, but positively eager in meeting the girl.

Rusty was almost rude in getting her away before Jimmy made her known around the board; even as someone was calling for more chairs, Rusty said to her—he didn't ask, "Dance with me, Marilyn." It was his first use of her name. It made a small melody in his mouth.

Her breath came quickly in a corner where, shielded from the table, he drew her close. He felt a ruthlessness within himself; his arm was urgent at her waist, her body stiffened against his own.

With her right hand she pressed away from him. He laughed, let her hear it, drew her closer as the music drifted and died. "Nobody's going to get hurt," he said.

She was silent as he led her to the table, but he knew by the way her eyes stole across the board with a look at once resentful and furtive that she was not going to forget their dance.

He made small talk and watched her dance with Jimmy. Jimmy was such a poor dope. He'd never know... never... you'd have to draw him a diagram.

Then Rod Haven blew in from the lobby with a protesting Jane Goodale on his arm. "Snared her," he said triumphantly. "She thought she was going to get to bed. What'll it be, Jane?"

Jane took the chair at Rusty's side. "Something to make me sleep."

"Who's your money on Saturday?" asked Trix Reghart, a sun-tanned little dervish just out of the juniors.

"McLarnin and Grierson, if McLarnin wants to win. You always win when you want to, don't you, McLarnin?" Then she dropped her voice to a more subdued note. "Why, McLarnin," she said, "you old fire horse! What makes you tremble that way? What's coming down the wind, McLarnin?"

BEFORE he got his eyes away from the dance floor, she had followed them to Jimmy and his girl.

"Oh!" Jane said. "Would that be the lovely anything he could trust you with any time?"

Rusty turned to her brusquely and he'd never been that way with Jane. "You're way off form on your guessing." He pushed back from the table to rise. "I'm tired," he said, "Tell Jimmy I left. Tell Jimmy and his lady good night."

He couldn't run away from the memory of Marilyn. It was with him through the night, and when he awakened. He spent breakfast trying to forget her. When it was over he knew that he could not.

He had no further need for memory when they walked out on the court that afternoon. She was the first thing of which he was conscious, once within the enclosure of center court. She sat down front in a box at the rail looking lovely, smartly turned out.

Perhaps her presence was the reason that he and Jimmy clicked as they never had before: were component and flashing members of a hard, driving, fierce

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attack that swept them into the finals in three straight, blistering sets.

Jimmy was obviously suppressing exultation as they picked up togs and rackets; as they stopped for a word with Marilyn he was nearly at the emotional flash point.

"You were wonderful. Wonderful!" said Marilyn.

"Weren't we though!" Jimmy agreed. Rusty said: "Take a duck for the showers. I want to get a line on tomorrow's match."

He slipped around the rail to sit by Marilyn, looked once around the enclosure, saw Jane Goodale, pad on her knees, brow drawn down as she sketched. He thought she looked up and stared their way. No, she didn't. Jane wouldn't stare. Anyway, what difference did it make? He leaned toward Marilyn, pulled on a camel's-hair coat against his increasing chill. He said, "You and I add up to something," with a deep intensity in his voice. She made no answer.

He went on: "I've got to know what it is."

She spoke then. "I wanted to like you," she said. "I still want to like you. For Jimmy's sake. Why won't you let me—please?"

"Liking," he said, "has nothing to do with it. Before it's too late, I've got to talk with you. I want to see you alone." He stood up then and closed a muffler at his throat. "I'll arrange it," he told her. "Somehow."

Rusty didn't have to do any arranging. Jimmy's father had taken care of that. Jimmy was rushing through dressing. A wire lay beside him on the bench.

"Dad's landing in an hour. I'll have to meet him," Jimmy said. "Do me a favor, Rusty: dinner'll be terribly dull. Family bilge. You know. Take the car and take Marilyn somewhere."

Do him a favor! That was pathetic. "Sure, kid," Rusty said, and tried not to feel like a heel.

Rusty remembered a spot near Cohasset when, at twilight, there was beauty on the sea. When he reached it he turned off the shore highway and charged spinning rubber up a bastion of salt-polished stones. They crunched to a stop by a seawall.

There was only the gentle, rhythmic wash of a summer sea on the sand. The sweep of the beach was deserted.

"Marilyn," Rusty said; they'd hardly spoken since pulling away from the club.

"Please, a cigarette," she said to him.

That, he knew, was defense. He disregarded it utterly. Broke through it, and took her in his arms. His hand was urgent at her shoulder, drawing her, holding her close.

"I love you!" His voice was harsh with feeling. "I've never said that to anyone . . . ever . . ."

"No!" she protested. "Jimmy . . ."

He blocked the words that were to follow with hungry, demanding lips. She fought against him for a moment—then he felt all resistance drain away, go out of her entirely with a long-drawn sigh; her mouth was sweet and seeking against his own.

This was the way he had dreamed it. It was their world. For a moment, they were safe. She stirred, and he sensed that she was thinking. He said: "I'll tell him . . . tomorrow afternoon."

FENNO and Stearns, against them in the finals, were no Sunday competition at the club. Maybe that was why Jimmy was so silent, so tense in the way he moved about.

Marilyn's eyes, as they rallied, seemed to reach out to him. Beside her, sat a gray-haired, square-jawed older man—the same look of eagerness on his face that was the habit of his son, tempered a bit by the years.

Her eyes seemed to say: "This much

for Jimmy. This little thing, at the least."

They swept into it and Rusty gave them McLarnin at McLarnin's flashing top form. McLarnin's blistering backhand. McLarnin's smoking forehand drives. The "whomp" of McLarnin's racket as McLarnin came up with an ace.

That was the way it was right from the beginning, until incipient weariness sent tiny signals up the long length of his legs.

This was where he'd schooled Jimmy to take over. But, shockingly, Jimmy wasn't ready. Jimmy was torpid, slow; unsettled, flubbing like a tyro. They left the court at the end of three sets with two of them gone forever, only one tucked away in the bag.

RUSTY held back, looked over at Marilyn. He wanted to smile reassuringly, make it, if he could, seem to say: "Don't worry! Don't worry! There are still two sets."

But would there be? Rusty was tired, drained, completely washed out. The smile when he broke it felt wooden and he saw no response on her face. He saw nothing there but a sharp despair.

"McLarnin," said a voice on the pathway. He turned toward it wearily. It was Jane. "It's my fault," she said.

"What's your fault?"

"The way that Jimmy is playing." She opened a loose-leaf book. "See?" she said. "Jimmy saw it, too, when he came looking for you last night. He sat with me for a while in the lounge and I let him run through my book of sketches. . . ."

The simple lines, though roughly blocked were unmistakable. Jane had caught that look on a young girl's face that had shown itself on Marilyn's, tension, distress, almost fear, when Rusty had leaned so close to her the previous afternoon and said: "I've got to see you alone."

And the figure beside her, impetuous in attitude: it was McLarnin's head close in urgency; there was almost a desperation on the face.

It wasn't a pretty picture, at least for Jimmy to see.

"Go in there and fix it," Jane said to Rusty. "Just tell him it's one of those things that happens. That you're sorry you had to turn around and walk back a few years for Marilyn and yank her out of his life. Tell him you'll be good to her. He'll feel better."

Rusty went into the locker room. Jimmy was there, slumped on a bench, his head dropped down in his hands. If the kid would only get up and sock him! But he didn't.

"Jimmy . . ." Rusty slowly said.

Jimmy's head came up and then Rusty saw what lay in his clouded eyes. It wasn't scorn, or hate, or anger. It was a sickness, and not of the flesh. It was the first shoddy seam in Rusty's bright fabric of dreaming and, once rent, it began to drop apart. He could feel it tatter and drop away as he stood there looking down. He could almost laugh aloud at his hopelessness—what had he to offer any girl but a reputation as a top-flight tennis player—which would drop away overnight.

Here sat the only friend that tennis had ever given him. The kid who thought he was such a great guy, looking up at his hero with this terrible sickness in his eyes.

Rusty's voice was harsh when he spoke again: "What the hell is the matter with you, Jimmy? Your old man's out there, and your girl!"

He heard his voice going on, the things it was saying almost fascinated him: "And if you can't think of yourself or your folks, think of me. I have a girl out there, too, you know."

Shock and wonder came into Jimmy's

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**ANSWERS to the P. S. Question on Page 50**

- We say—"give it the gas" when in reality pressing down the accelerator we merely open a valve to let more air in. As this air rushes through the carburetor it picks up drops of gasoline. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* December 9, 1939.
- Hot water has a habit of leaving a little scale on the inside of boilers or even on the passages through which the water travels as small as a 32nd of an inch in diameter. If the passages become clogged, circulation is slowed down and overheating results. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* November 4, 1939.
- The firing in the cylinder is created by having electricity jump a little gap of about 25/100 of an inch from one to the other electrode spark plug. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* November 4, 1939.
- Depending on the make of car, there are 25 different places that need to be lubricated. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* March 30, 1940.
- The first wear comes on the piston rings and bearings. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* January 27, 1940.
- Here is the "substation" which distributes electricity to each spark plug in the sequence, and at the proper time. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* November 4, 1939.
- "Ping" or "gas knock" or "spark knock," have become such common terms, are often the result of the gas burning from two different causes the two waves of combustion to the piston like sudden blows. —from the P. S. article in *COLLIER'S* June 1, 1940.

If you would like to have a little book of questions and answers covering the material in this and other P. S. messages, merely PREVENTIVE SERVICE, COLLIER'S, 250 Ave., N. Y., asking for "P. S. Question Answers," enclosing ten cents in stamps.



yes. It was good to see that beaten book go. "Your girl?" he said, and his jaw dropped.

"Didn't you hear Jane Goodale at the opey? Didn't you hear her say: 'McLarnin can win whenever he wants to?' at chance, Jimmy, playing with you! Come alive, you dope! Snap out of it!" "McLarnin!"—a ball boy thrust his head in the door.

"Be right out, son. Jimmy, come on." It was like breathing life into a puppet whose strings had been severed. Rusty killed the kid through the next set. Jimmy was overeager in sharp contrast to his lassitude before. He fought for control, sometimes he had it—his forehead was a smoking, wicked thing. His powerful smashes when he leaped to the ball were becoming ungettable kills.

THEY closed out in a rush at two even. Jimmy came crowding to the top of his form when the final set got under way. He was sure-footed now, and jiggling, eager to wear on the ball.

His racket machine-gunned felt-pelted bullets. He usurped three fourths of the court. Rusty let him, felt no surge of resentment. He had little left with which to guard what was his own.

Fenno and Stearns in mounting desperation threw all attack that they could muster. Rusty raced with legs one leaden and reached with a heavy arm. But they pulled out games, he and Jimmy. Pulled the set to an even three all. Got the next game on Jimmy's whipping service. Another with placements and craft. Came out in the end, five games to three.

Rusty's vision smoked up. He had to focus and do it with effort. He held up his hand to the ball boy, let three fresh balls gather there. His wide shoulder went down and his racket went up. It snapped at the ball with a mighty Whomp!—an unreturnable ace.

"Oh, kid, kid, kid!" Jimmy was chattering, softly under his breath. You didn't need your eyes to place them like that with McLarnin's years on the court. You could tuck one away in a corner with a blindfold over your face. It was the wide returns that had you guessing, that you couldn't be sure of at all.

But you didn't need to be sure of anything if you had Jimmy. Jimmy could be there and ready, waiting for anything, seemed. He could lean on the ball with your own blinding speed. He was something from out of your past.

Rusty heard the referee say: "Forty-two!" Where in hell had they picked up that lead. An ace would do it. He whipped at the ball, and the referee sang out: "Fault!"

Damn! That would have done it. He was careful. His second ball went in. Stearns returned deep and wide with power. Oh, too wide! Too far for a get! He forced Rusty over into the vacant court, racing, running, gasping. He had to call on all he had left to get there—but he spent it on one wild swipe, one for the money off his backhand—it smoked and kissed at the tape, went smoking beyond it to kiss a corner—

forced Fenno racing, tumbling back. Fenno did well to trap it with a soft, defensive floating lob.

Rusty, running back, saw Jimmy waiting, racket dropped down behind his shoulder, dancing around a little a bare six feet from the net.

He knew, then, that it was over. He slowed, dropped into a walk. Jimmy would never miss on that one. He would tuck it, for keeps, far away.

Not quite over, though, for there was something else that Rusty wanted to see. He came to a stop and turned toward the stands. Over there, Marilyn's sweet face.

He watched that face turn downward with sharp suspense on it, tenuous waiting in the uplifted eyes, down—oh, slowly, with the falling ball. Then "Whomp!" went Jimmy's racket. Marilyn's face was ecstatic in relief. There was joy there, gladness, triumph. It was what Rusty wanted. He would always remember that look. He carried it away with him now.

His handshake at the net was hurried. Three minutes saw him in his room. It was there, a bit later, that Jimmy found him. Jimmy was jubilant, breathless in the door.

"Come on, pal! Get dressed! Dad's buying! And how he's buying!" Jimmy said.

"No, thanks, kid."

"Jane?"

"Well, we have got a date."

"Well, get her, dope! It's a party."

"Uh-uh. We'd rather be alone. Not up to youth and laughter."

"Oh," said Jimmy. "Like that, eh?"

"Yes, it's like that," said Rusty.

Through the window he saw the roadster roll out from the parking area and come along up the drive. Marilyn was driving. She didn't look upward. Rusty was very glad. He had the snapshot of Marilyn that he wanted printed forever on his mind.

Rusty said: "Look, you'd better beat it, kid. Somebody's waiting for you."

He waited ten minutes. Packed his bag and went down. He liked it this way. No farewells.

"Hey," said a voice on a chiding note. "Where are you going, McLarnin, so big and noble and brave?"

RUSTY put his things down. "Hi, Jane," he said. "I don't know, really. Somewhere. Maybe I'm turning honest."

She said: "If you're not hating me much, McLarnin, I can give you a lift to New York."

She said, while they waited to fill up at a station, "If it helps you any, the girl looked back till the car was out of sight. That book isn't closed, McLarnin; you can still write another page."

"Nope," said Rusty. "Nothing to write. Nothing to offer, either, but a lot of secondhand dreams."

"I'm sorry it happened," said Jane.

"Aren't you angry at me?"

"Nope. It was a good way to have it happen. You see, Jane, nobody got hurt."

Jane said a little uncertainly, "It kind of looks like my fine Italian hand . . . well, I mean, McLarnin, you might think that I was jealous. That I might even want you myself. Isn't that a laugh?"

"You're not laughing, Jane."

Rusty paid for the gas. Jane said, "McLarnin, how does it feel? You've turned honest already."

Rusty said: "It feels like you said it would. No fooling, the feeling is fine!" That was one answer. Were there others? he wondered, as they bowled along through the dark. Answers to what would he do for a living? And to this, which was bothering him a lot: What was he? A damned fool? A softie? Or a great guy like Jimmy Grierson thought?

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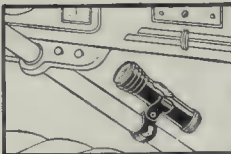


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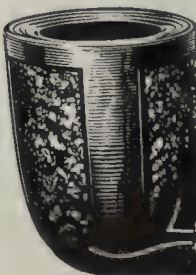
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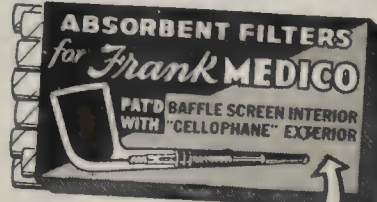
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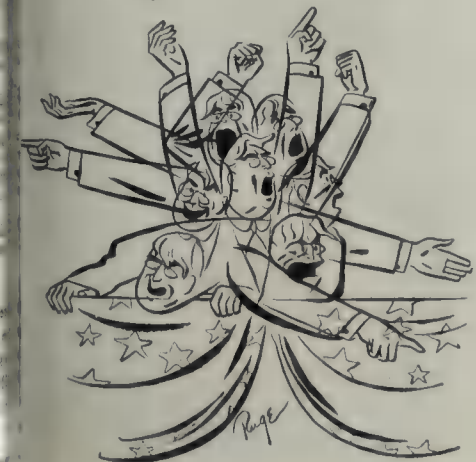
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## The Battle of Washington

**W**E HAVE witnessed the Battles of Poland, Norway, Flanders and France; are witnessing the Battle of Britain at this writing.

There is another battle going on which, though bloodless, is more important to the United States and its people than any of the others. It is a battle that cannot be lost if we are to continue a safe and sovereign people.

This battle is the Battle of Washington. It has been going on ever since May 10th, when Hitler tore into Holland and Belgium after eight months of "phony" war, and convinced Americans that his philosophy might be phony but his army was anything but.

The Battle of Washington is raging on many fronts. It is a fight to arm ourselves to the teeth, by land and sea and air, and to arm ourselves as fast as we can. Main specifications are a two-ocean navy fanning out from a core of 35 battleships, an air force of some 50,000 planes with the trained men needed to fly them and service them, and a highly mechanized army of anywhere from 500,000 to 1,000,000 men.

Most important of the Battle of Washington's manifold fronts is the front that runs, so to speak, through the American heart, the American soul.

We have to change our whole historic attitude toward military training and military service. If American public opinion cannot line itself up voluntarily and wholeheartedly behind the idea of universal selective military service, the Battle of Washington will not be won. In the losing of it, we may lose everything that matters to any of us.

So we'd all better concentrate on several facts:

For one—a big military establishment will NOT automatically sow the seeds of Fascism here, or turn our young men into blowhards and bullies.

No such thing happened in 1917-18, when our National Army at its peak numbered

about 4,000,000 men, or more than 1/30 of our entire population at that time.

The reason why it didn't and won't happen here is that militarism, Fascist tendencies and so on either exist in the souls of people or they don't. Most of the Germans in Germany like fighting and uniforms and regimentation. So do many of the Japanese. So do the only people who have any power in Italy and Russia. Democratic armies historically have fought no aggressive wars.

Americans never have been given to slave-state ideas. We shall not implant those ideas in ourselves by building up a large, democratically administered defense machine for our protection.

This machine, if it has to fight at all, will fight to keep a slave state from being imposed on us by outsiders. If we build the machine big and efficient enough, it perhaps won't have to fight at all.

We can understand the feeling of such opponents of universal selective training as Senators Wheeler and Norris. They are sincere liberals, whose domestic ideas are frequently valuable and progressive but whose international vision is badly stippled with blind spots.

All of us can understand, too—and we may have to do something drastic about—the Communists, Nazis, Fascists and their fellow travelers among us, and their efforts to block this program. These birds are loyal to foreign dictators first and to the United States second, if at all. To choke off their activities when and as necessary will not be a Fascist gesture on our part. It isn't Fascism to jail a spy or deport a foreign secret agent. It's self-protection.

Another of the ideas we'd better get thoroughly in mind is that the universal selective draft is the only really democratic way to build up a big defense establishment. It is also the only fast and efficient way, especially in a country that has had a long-standing

tradition, carefully nurtured by pacifists and googoes, against military training.

A third of these essential facts of life is that it is fully as honorable for a young man to go a year to learning how to fight for his country and himself as it is for him to serve an apprenticeship term in a machine shop, or win a letter in college football, or make a hit as a band leader.

Still another is that life in a big, free National Army, continually infused with new blood and new ideas, is bound to be different from the stiff, formalized, initiative-deadening existence now led by many of the men of our skeletonized Regular Army.

A hitch in the hoped-for draft Army cannot be the best thing that ever happened to many a young man. It had better be, or there will be some kind of explosion, and a justified one.

Here's something to comfort those who fear the big defense program will bankrupt the country. The Encyclopedia Britannica has this to say about what army reorganization on a universal-service basis did for Prussia after a disastrous defeat at Jena in October, 1806:

Army expenditure became the flywheel which steadied her disorganized finance. The troops had to be fed, clothed, equipped and housed; and several occupations and trades involved in the processes gave profitable employment both to the intellect, which was required to invent, devise, control, and to capital, which would have shirked the risks attending any but government contracts and remained in private hoards, to the detriment of the reproductive power of the nation.

It is reasonable to hope that words to the same effect can be truly written about the United States ten years from now—IF we win the Battle of Washington.

If we don't—well, the end result can be that we Americans will join the Czechs, Poles, Danes, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians and French as unwilling but unconsulted workmen in a world vineyard run by and for a slave-state coalition heading up in Berlin.



# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

September 21, 1940

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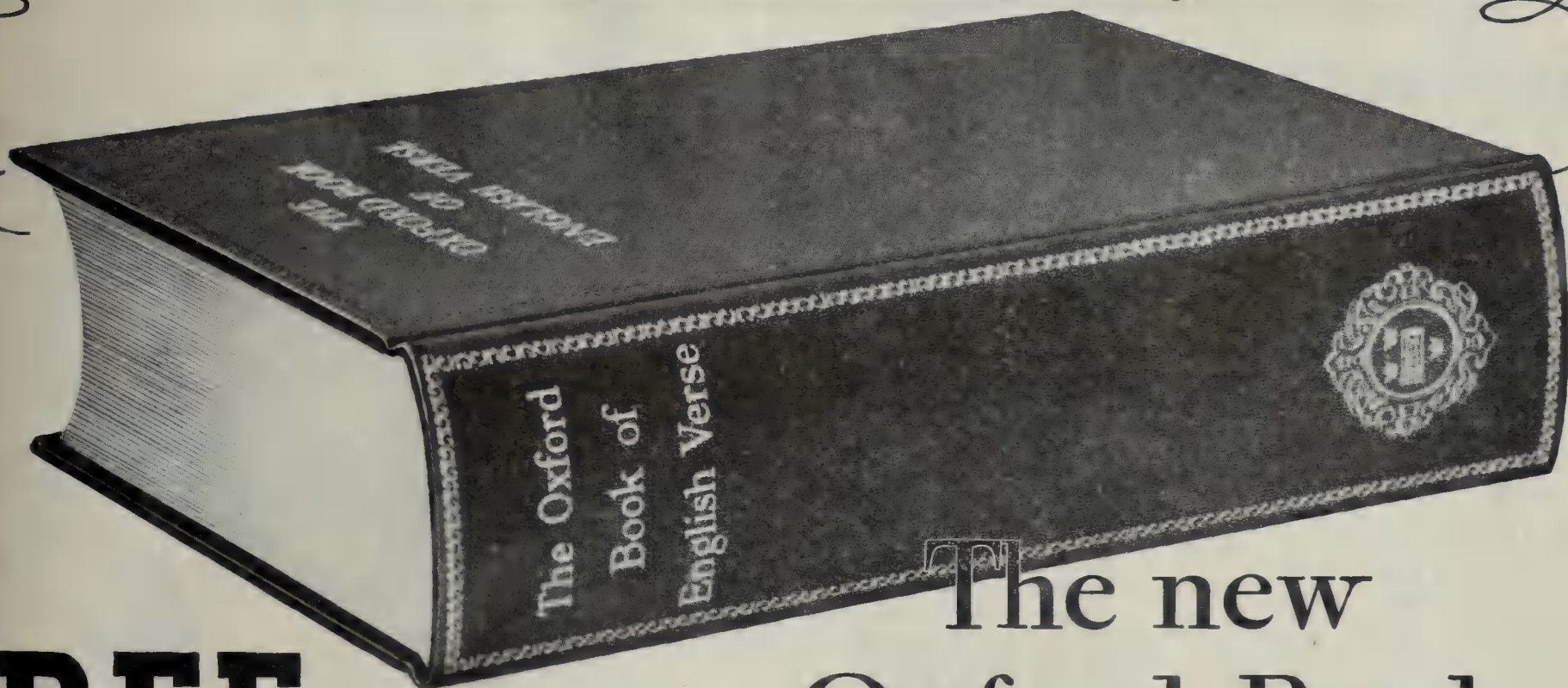
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## THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 21, 1940

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**Twice Dead.** The second time was for keeps. Page 12

#### THOMAS McMORROW

**Mid Pleasures and Palaces.** Home is where your bills are sent. Page 18

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### COVER

VERNON GRANT

## ANY WEEK

THE freshman chemistry odor that attaches to so many national conventions was still noticeable in Chicago when a different, sweeter gathering moved into the rooms recently occupied by Mr. Roosevelt's nominators. This time Chicago was invaded by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. You could notice the difference almost immediately. We dropped in. We were greeted by a plump, pretty woman who at once invited us to join her in a few Amethyst drinks. She was Mrs. Blanche Pennington of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. She used to be an actress (Blanche Cornwall) and was pleasantly talkative. We had several Amethyst drinks with Mrs. Pennington and learned their names—May Magic, November Chill and, we think, Jollyo. May Magic was a bit tartish but Mrs. Pennington told us not to be afraid as it was just rhubarb tea well iced and slightly sugared. We became a little confused about the others but remember sassafras punch, orange eggnog and blue nectar made with blueberries and strawberry water. They were, as we need not tell you, nonalcoholic. We left the ladies, our pockets crammed with Amethyst drink recipe books—Mugs o' Joy and Brisk Beverages. On our way out we stopped to speak to Mr. Joe Welty, a bartender we became friendly with during Mr. Roosevelt's convention. We told him what we'd been doing and together we looked over Mrs. Pennington's recipes. "Well," said Mr. Welty, "'twill be a noble experiment."



WE WERE sorry to leave but we were on a political survey of our overstimulated country. What we hoped might be a very important conference of Northwestern statesmen was about to be held in Minneapolis. It didn't turn out so well but we didn't regret it so much because we met Mr. Joe Bungert, one of Minneapolis' many able detectives. When Mr. Bungert heard what we were about he took us in charge, bidding us follow him. "Talking to politicians is okay," said Mr. Bungert, "but it doesn't get you close enough to the honest, common people—the plain folks whose votes tell the story. Come along." So Mr. Bungert introduced us to a prodigious lady known far and near as Lotsa Momma. Mrs. Momma, an experienced authority on human nature, said that most of her friends would vote for Mr. Roose-

velt while conceding Mr. Willkie was a fine gentleman. But Mr. Roosevelt was "spend happy," she said, and her friends loved spenders. "As far as we're concerned," she added, "we feel they ain't no use throwing away your old shirt till you're sure of getting a better one." Then Mr. Bungert led us to a gentleman named Egg Chin. Mr. Egg Chin will vote for Mr. Willkie, it being his belief that the farmers are getting the breaks over the city fellow. "Look at them hay tossers," challenged Mr. Egg Chin. "Their children are all broke out with hives from strawberry shortcake and are sick to their stomachs with fried chicken while me—if I take home two pounds of hamburger my kids think it's birds of paradise."

BUT we didn't, alas, meet Mr. Leo Tossie of Denver, Colorado, because he was safely in jail where he has to spend sixty days. Mr. Tossie had been arrested for panhandling, an occupation the court thought unnecessary in his case inasmuch as he had a steady WPA job. In vain did he try to explain. "Why are you begging in the streets while drawing down WPA wages?" demanded the judge. "Your honor," replied Mr. Tossie, "that's my real profession, and while I'm doing okay on relief I don't know how long it's going to last and I don't want to take any chances of getting my hand out."

AMONG the several people we've talked to lately is a lady who owns an antique shop. She told us that a highly expensive motorcar stopped at her place not long ago disgorging an exceptionally fine specimen of female—young, perhaps twenty-five, with a lovely Southern accent, exhibiting every popular sign of breeding and wealth. Altogether worth bothering about. She bought a pair of candlesticks, an ancient but still reliable chair and a book. She asked the proprietor to hold them for her for a day and departed, leaving behind her handbag. She didn't return. After a week they decided to open the bag, looking, of course, for an address. They found none. But they did find a lipstick, a compact, a pack of cigarettes and four thousand dollars—in Confederate money. The lady telling us the story thinks this remarkable. But we don't know. There are so many remarkable things these days.

WE'RE informed that all that's necessary to make a large number of people believe something that isn't so is to feed it to them through a loud-speaker. This discouraging bit of information comes to us from Dr. Frederic P. Flintteller of St. Louis, Missouri. The doctor says that he had a caller who told him that the United States had already declared war on Germany, Italy and Japan but that the President was keeping the news from the people un-

til after the November election. Flintteller tried to reason with the caller, arguing the high unlikelihood of the news and explaining that only Congress could declare war and that Congress could hardly be regarded as a secretive body. "I don't care what you say," said the disturbed fellow. "I was a Socialist speaker down here the other night who said more than a hundred of us hear-



SO NO wonder that such quietude as Mr. Robert Smith's has been rising over the tumult. Mr. Smith, Minnesota's state securities commissioner, is famous for slapping wildcat stock promoters and investment bandits who are, we stand, taking advantage of the market and the unwary patriot. The he, are times when we should gate oil, gold and armaments before buying. Be sure your stocks are registered with the ties commission, national commission. There are several common to look for in stock-selling said Mr. Smith. Invariably the magnificent motorcars, spend lavishly, talk too smoothly and dress. But they don't like in prospects. So ask them lots of questions. Talk to a reliable banker that you know. Don't be a sucker. Thank Mr. Smith for you.

AND yet smarter people have bought gold bricks and signed unwisely on dotted lines. The Republican National Convention came near to ruining itself perhaps Mr. Willkie, too. When it moved up its Chicago offices it took floor in the magnificent Civic Building, signing an invulnerable at a whacking rental. They were moving in, the address in the book and everything, when they discovered that they'd made the magnificently cozy in assumption that still give many Americans aches—the late Sam Insull headquarters, built by him, one of many of his stock-pyramidalities. Anyway, it was no Republicans to rejoice in. But still paying rent for it, although for in less pretentious blocks away. And they'd just forget all about it.

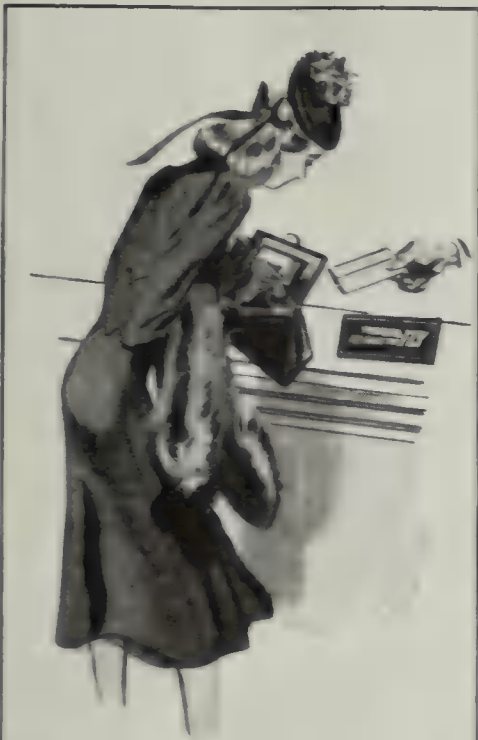
AND hope you do too. . . .



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**4** You step from your car to the waiting airliner. My, it looks big. It *is*—and roomy! The sky beckons. You board. You're off! You're a mile high on effortless wings before you know it!



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**6** Mealtime aloft. A trim, trained stewardess or steward serves you a delicious, hot, complimentary meal. Such delightful dining—each course "just what you like." Food *never* tasted so good!



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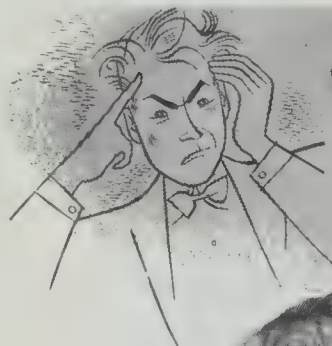
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**IT PAYS TO FLY**





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and  
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## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although Michigan enacted a law in 1935 requiring prisoners who are financially able to pay for their maintenance (about a dollar a day) the state has only been able to collect this payment from two of the approximate 20,000 persons who have passed in and out of its prisons during this time.

As the Eskimo language contains so many nouns and verbs that can be spoken and written in several hundred different ways, few traders or explorers have ever tried to learn it. Instead, they use a sort of "pidgin Eskimo," which contains words from many languages including the Danish, Spanish and Hawaiian.

The pigeon is the only bird that drinks by suction, all others having to throw their heads back in order to swallow; and the owl is the only bird that can look at one object with both eyes at the same time, all others having to use one eye or the other to see a single thing.

The average college football game actually contains less action than the majority of other sports as the ball is in motion only twenty per cent of the time, the other eighty per cent of the hour being taken up by huddles, formations and other business.

One of the strangest cases of human albinism occurred in Africa some years ago. A Negro couple had three white and three black children, born in the following order—two consecutive black boys, two consecutive white girls, one black girl and one white boy.

In the spring of 1880, a freight train of thirty cars, belonging to the Kansas Pacific Railroad, started on a run and disappeared completely, no trace of it nor its crew ever having been found. Another case, equally mysterious, occurred in France several years ago, when naval men, while draining out a disused dock, discovered an old submarine of which there was no recollection or record.

Of the hundreds of different kinds of sugars, some of which are bitter and poisonous, many are derived from such odd substances as weeds, cottonmeal, chicory, dahlias, artichokes and ivory nuts.

Of the six Presidents of the United States who died in office, only two—William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor—passed away in the White House. Lincoln died in the Petersen House in Washington, Garfield in Elberon, New Jersey, McKinley in Buffalo, New York, and Harding in San Francisco.

Sometimes a bullet embedded in the tusk of an elephant leaves an imperceptible mark where it entered that its presence is not discovered until after ivory has been carved. A billiard ball with such an embedded bullet is preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

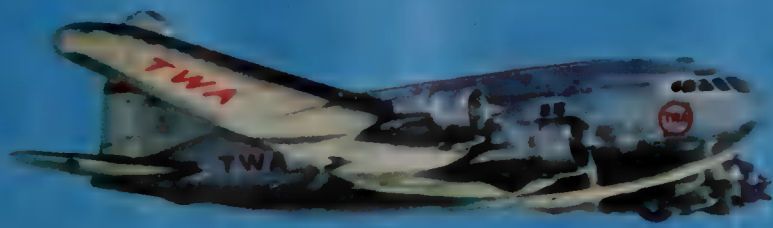
As late as 1913, the pearl fishery of Borneo, still holding to the old belief that pearls had sex, sent a likely pair from time to time to the hope that they would give birth to a number of pearls.

About a century ago when the United States allowed banks to move from town to town at will, many banks went into hiding so their notes could not be presented for redemption in the One of them, The Bank of Missouri, was found by detectives, after a year's search, in a cabin in a cave in an Indiana forest.

On the Samoa Islands in the South Pacific, whole villages of natives frequently pack and go on "malangas," or glorified excursions during which they call on a number of other villages, some of the trips lasting six months and including visits to other islands as far as sixty miles away.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the material reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





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The doctor nodded and gave a professional flicker of approval at the face of Hassan Hangat

## The Hanging of Hassan Hangat

By John Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY  
MARTHA SAWYERS

case of that corporal  
tain Forsyte's, whose  
was not so good  
il they hanged him

APPENED on a day of strange  
her; the day when they were due  
ang him: a man of no account. It  
rling down for a sunset of streaky  
against a blood-red sky over Tem-  
jail. At the last moment they  
spring a trap door beneath his  
nd the same would be right and  
But it was curious how the time  
ing dragged; how a foreboding  
pon everybody with the shadows;  
e heat and the stifled air and the  
As if the hanging of Hassan  
were worth any such trouble as

walled fortress beside a rambling, stick-  
and-string village in the far uplands of  
Malaysia. At one end, in the residency  
quarters, lived two white men—the dis-  
trict officer and the medical officer—  
who, with a handful of armed Sikh  
guards, held ward and governance over  
a lot of wild jungle—and a lot of wild  
and jungly people, too. At the other end  
dwelt Fat Malik the warder. He gov-  
erned about a score of native convicts,  
taking what squeeze he could get from  
those still able to pay something, but  
giving all paupers the benefit of a rich  
profanity. Of which Hassan Hangat  
had surely had his share.

Now there was nothing about a mere  
casual hanging to upset Malik the  
warder; he had prepared too many trav-  
elers for that journey. But he squinted  
one fearful eye at those sunset clouds,  
gathering like a sinister troop, and he  
swore with a catch in his fat throat:  
"Djinns. Devils and fiends of the Pit!  
Can it be they have come for him—that

useless, damned weevil? Less than a  
louse? Let them take him then, for the  
sake of Eblis. . . . And quickly, before  
they make a mistake!"

Whereupon he hastened the cere-  
mony, with its formula from which—  
uttered anywhere, by anyone, for any-  
body—no slur can detract the age-old  
dignity.

"Peace be unto thee in the name of  
Allah the Merciful and Compassionate,"  
he said, and offered Hassan a gourd of  
fair water. The condemned took it be-  
tween bony fingers, his palms pressed  
in supplication. He was a most luck-  
less-looking specimen; not yet old, but  
with hair drawn in a knot like an old  
woman's. He resembled a mummy, and  
moved like one on wires, as if the sap  
of his soul had dried in him. He re-  
tained only the meanest of Malay garb,  
except a jacket of threadbare yellow  
silk which he wore wapped about him.

Presently he made answer in a low  
voice. "In the name of Allah," he said.





"All-Knowing; Refuge of the Afflicted; Avenger and Giver of Wrath—Creator of Strength from Weakness; Judge over Iniquity and Master of the Day of Requital—Thee we beseech!"

Thus he spoke, and drank three times. On his knees, three times toward Mecca he touched his forehead to the ground. Then silently he took his place between the two Sikh guards and started off on his march to the gallows.

SO FAR as Malik was concerned, that was the finish of Hassan Hangat. It lacked perhaps a quarter-hour of sunset, when the two white officials would complete the job.

Meanwhile, he went about his business of sweeping up the death cell for its next tenant. . . . The next tenant, he piously hoped, would be anyway somebody of some account. Almost anybody would be an improvement on the wretch whom he had just turned out.

Contemptuously he considered the gift—to call it a gift—which the late departed had left for him. A patched quilt, a bowl, a brass betel box and a torn copy of the Surah on God's Vengeance from the Koran. The whole value being less than ten depreciated Singapore cents. And was this really all the fellow could leave?

Why, it was not long since Hassan Hangat had amounted to quite a considerable person in the countryside. Owner of a rich bit of crop land, with a house and a family. As things went thereabouts he lived well and well-regarded, and, in fact, might have been envied by almost anyone. And now to have lost everything? Shameful!

But wait—there had been something else. Malik remembered how, when first he had searched the prisoner, there had been one other thing.

A hairpin. That was it! A hairpin; and very suitable, too, for such a weakling. A Ceramese hairpin of cassowary bone, of a sort the heathen make in that far island. Finely joined and carved cunningly, with a hooked handle. Smooth like a piece of ivory, but better, because the long leg bone of a cassowary is partly flexible and never splinters. Actually, the thing was a curio rather rare, and might fetch a good price in the bazaar.

And now, where was that hairpin? Not here in the cell. Certainly Hassan had not worn it, marching off to be hanged. Therefore and evidently, Hassan had hidden it inside his jacket and had carried it along with him, just to cheat Malik the warder of his rightful squeeze of a last tangible, negotiable bit of property.

"May Allah blacken his face and sink him in the nethermost hell!" quoth Malik, and was the more pleased to think that presently he was going to earn a profit on the life of Hassan Hangat, after all.

. . . This very afternoon had come to him a local great man, the noble and powerful Penglima Hitam, whose name was high in Tembinok. He came ringing arrogantly at the jailhouse gate, and he began the same way:

"Peace to you, Malik. Behold and regard. Here are three Singapore dollars, paid to you in hand. For the which I desire you to do me a service."

"Honored sir, to do you a service is ever my dearest dream," said Malik, who had a sweet tenderness for the nobility, and even sweeter for Singapore dollars.

"Then so much you shall undertake

Hassan Hangat regarded Malik with a spectral, a scornful gleam, and pointed with a bony finger toward the bell gate

for me. Attend. Tonight, when convict Hassan Hangat is hanged, shall display a white cloth from roof. A large cloth like a flag, so—watching from my house above hill yonder—may see it, and may for a certainty that the dog is dead, it understood?"

"Understood, my lord," said his little pig eyes aglitter with and curiosity. "It is natural, honor wishes to be sure that your household have nothing to fear from Hassan Hangat."

"No such thing! I fear no one," turned the Penglima, harshly, for a proud, overbearing man. "It is commonly known how Hassan is a distant relative of my family long has been a sorrow and shame to us. There will be rejoicing when he ceases to breathe!"

"But it must be known also excellence that the appointed sunset. This is the order; and rest content that the order never has failed."

"Will you give me back my dog?" demanded the Penglima, with a sneer. "Or will you earn them?"

"Assuredly, lord," exclaimed Malik, cramming the money hastily into his sash. "A white flag on the jailhouse make your lordship aware that the lordship can sleep in peace. As the trap is sprung, it shall be done, my head be it!"

And now the occasion was very late. For a flag—for a mockery—had nothing fitter than Hassan's own quilt, which made a good enough wag. So he took it, and he sighed, and climbed the ladder that led to the corridor to the upper battlement.

IN THE meantime, in the red quarters at the farther end, the white officials of Tembinok had been waiting, themselves. Not shivering, any means, but suffering the oppression of each weighted moment.

"I don't like it," Captain Forsythe saying, fretfully. "It's a beastly thing, really, to wind up my civil territorial district with a hanging."

"You're starting down for tomorrow?" asked Dr. Doty, the white-haired medical.

"That worries me too," frowned Forsythe. "I expected to take twenty recruits with me. These hill rascals make grand soldiers; and they are as terriers once I land 'em. But I've scraped only ten so far. . . . D'you suppose it's some silly superstition, or wrong? Are they waiting for some omen before they'll join up?"

Dr. Doty nodded. "They're a fine race. Good idea of the government—enlisting a Malay federal around Singapore this time. You'll have a command, of course."

"Receptive. I was too young for last show."

"And I'm too old for this one," Doty, resignedly. "Still, somebody to carry on behind the front. I'll be the officer, magistrate and so on for Tembinok—all myself."

"Then I hope you get no more convicts like Hassan Hangat's!" said Forsythe.

They were sitting in their study, off the barrack wing. The white door giving on the inner courtyard where the scaffold stood, out of sight.

"Go ahead and talk about it," said Doty, watching the other's nervous fidgeting with a warrant.

"Well, I had the bench—clerk on administration, you know. I never was satisfied with him. So helpless. Without money or any defense. Helpless."

"I remember. Wife murdered it? He pleaded not guilty, naturally."

"Yes, but nothing else. Would you

(Continued on page 64)



# Present for Ruth Ann

by William Brandon

The colt left in a closed van. He wore a new blue-and-white cooler and he looked like a million dollars, almost was. Well, then, a man and.

He returned in the same closed van, wearing the same new cooler. The driver told Johnny Wells an unsealed letter. She says bring him back and give him this."

Johnny took it savagely. "What does it say?"

"Why, it says— Why would I be mad at you, Johnny?" The driver grinned and went back to open the van.

"Wait a minute!" Johnny opened the envelope. He read:

"You can't seem to understand that I'm in what I said when I told you that Ruth Ann did not care to hear from you. Take your old horse back again and keep him. LINDA PEABODY."

Johnny found a pencil in his shirt pocket, scratched out the note and on the opposite side of the paper wrote:

"He's not my horse, he's Ruth Ann's. She's been hers ever since I promised her the first stud colt out of Star Fly by Star. I don't keep other people's horses in my barn. JOHNNY WELLS."

He gave the note to the driver of the truck without folding it, and the truck rolled away again, bearing the colt, wrapped in his new blue-and-white cooler, and beginning to wonder what was going on.

Johnny turned away and walked toward the white gravel to his barn, where there was a confusion of trucks and people. His chin was hard and stubborn and his gray eyes were unhappy.

He kept himself busy around the barn for an hour and then began to watch for the closed truck. Presently it rolled up the lane. The colt was still in it, looking indignantly out his window. The driver held out an envelope. Johnny tore it open, and read:

"Ruth Ann does not wish to accept presents from a horse trader and neither, regardless of their nature or excuses. Ruth Ann and I may wish nothing at all from you, Mr. Wells, except to be left completely alone. I hope I make that clear. LINDA PEABODY."

"B. I take the liberty of furthering you to restrain yourself from away expensive animals, for I am certain the day will come when you need whatever they will bring to our betting losses. L. P."

Johnny swore tonelessly but a little less fervently, without much fervor, and another answer on the blank side of the notepaper:

Ruth Ann's colt comes back here



"He's not my horse, he's Ruth Ann's. . . . I don't keep other people's horses in my barn"

again it will be time for his dinner and I'll damn' well send you a board bill and damn' well collect it. I don't care what she does with him. She can turn him loose in the street. I don't care if I never see him again or her again, he's her horse. JOHNNY WELLS."

"N. B. Don't hold your breath until I go broke either."

The driver said: "Well, you're the doctor, Johnny. But she won't take him."

"Listen." Johnny rested his elbows on the cab door and ran a hand over his chin. "Park away from the place, George. Lead the colt around the back way to the stable and put him in the stall."

The driver pressed his lips together and raised his eyebrows. The truck's motor thundered. "All right, Johnny."

"Don't forget to give him some water before you leave him."

THE truck rolled away. Johnny looked after it for a while, rubbing his chin in warm, sober reflection, and then turned on his heel and strode back to the barn.

He was at the auctioneer's desk, a half-hour later, looking over the sale records so far, when he was called to the phone in his office. He answered shortly.

"Hello, Johnny? George."

He relaxed. "How'd you come out?"

"Well, I ain't quite out yet. See . . . They caught me, leadin' him in. They told me to put him back in the truck—I mean she did, but I told her—"

"Where you talking from?"

"Well, from—well, from her house. She made me come in and call you—"

"Listen, George. You tell her as far as I'm concerned Ruth Ann is scratched. Got that?"

"Yeah, yeah. . . . But—"

"Go ahead, tell her. Tell her so I can hear you."

He heard George say finally, also reluctantly, "He says to tell you as far as he's concerned Ruth Ann's scratched." He heard a light, distant voice answering. He couldn't understand the words. Sweat came out on his forehead and he brushed it away angrily with his sleeve.

George's voice returned. "She says to tell you Ruth Ann ain't either scratched. She says you were a long time ago. She says—"

"Listen," Johnny shouted, "tell her—"

He heard George say wearily, "Oh, hell," and he realized no one was listening. Again he heard distant voices briefly.

He clutched the phone as if it were trying to get away.

After a time a cool, impersonal feminine voice said politely, "Are you still there? If you are, won't you please go away?"

"All right," Johnny yelled. His voice cracked and he lowered it. "You've had your fun. Take it big. But Ruth Ann keeps the colt."

"I don't," said the cool voice, "want it."

"I'm not giving it to you. I'm giving it to Ruth Ann."

There was a patient sigh and the cool voice said, "I don't intend for Ruth Ann to see it. She might like it. I don't intend for her to accept any gifts from a gambler and—"

"And a horse trader that might go broke! Well, I am broke! I'm selling out today, if it makes you any happier, but she—gets—that—colt!"

The cool voice crumbled and said, "Johnny," breathlessly, "no . . ."

But he had hung up and didn't hear it.

An hour later the big closed truck rolled up the lane. Johnny came out grimly from the crowd around the barn.

"George," he said flatly, "if that colt—"

"He ain't, thank the stars, he ain't." George lowered himself from the cab. "This time he stayed. But this didn't." He gave Johnny another letter and said, "Good night," and went away.


Johnny crammed the letter into a pocket and started back to the barn. Halfway there he stopped and took the letter out and read it:

"I made George tell me what you were going to do and he said you were taking that job at the Wharton Farms that I always wanted you to get. . . . Oh, Johnny darling, I didn't want to be right just to be right, but—and I know now you only wanted to give Ruth Ann the colt because you wanted her to have something from you while you were still able to give it to her, and I did too, but I've been holding out for more than a colt, Johnny. I've been wanting her to have you."

"Maybe you can't ask me to come back now, Johnny, but I think I'd ever so much rather have my name Wells again than go on with it Peabody, if you will only come over and help me change it back. And I know Ruth Ann would like it better too, if she could tell you—"

A HALF-HOUR later he was jumping out of his car in front of a large white house on the other side of town, and running up the walk and through the open front door. He heard a baby crying in a near-by room and hesitated, swallowing the lump in his throat, and heard Linda's voice at the end of the hall and turned toward it. Ruth Ann could wait.





# The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, and returns to his flat. Shortly, Inspector Japp, of Scotland Yard, telephones him to say that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes the dentist, healthy, happy, prosperous, had been shot to death. He starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been Morley's last patient. But before the Belgian can interview him, Amberiotis dies of an overdose of dental drugs!

The inference is obvious: having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley in a fit of remorse had shot himself. But Poirot does not accept this theory, nor does Mr. Reginald Barnes, an ex-secret service man, to whom the Belgian goes for advice. Barnes feels certain that a band of conspirators, trying to undermine the existent order in England, planned to kill one of Morley's last patients, the wealthy Alistair Blunt, and, failing to get Blunt—killed Morley, because he knew too much of their plans.

Another problem is added to the matter when Miss Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, who had been in Morley's office shortly before his death, mysteriously disappears. And Poirot, busy investigating various persons—Howard Raikes, a young radical from America, also present in the office about the time Miss Seale had been there; Frank Carter, fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Blunt; Jane Olivera, Mr. Blunt's niece, in love with Raikes; and others—has no idea what became of her.

At first, a body found in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman, head battered, seems to be that of Miss Seale. Further investigation, however, proves that the victim is Mrs. Chapman—disguised as Miss Seale. And following this, the search for Miss Seale is called off by the foreign office. Meanwhile, Poirot receives a warning by telephone to keep out of the investigation—or he will meet harm! Later, when he accepts an invitation to week-end with Blunt, at his country manor, he recognizes the voice of the warner as that of Mrs. Olivera. Attempting to warn Blunt that he may be in danger from his own household, he encounters only the financier's pleasant but sarcastic doubt. But a short time later, in the garden, an assailant takes a shot at Blunt. Either of two men—Raikes, unaccountably present in the garden, or Carter, disguised as the new young gardener—could be guilty. Poirot questions his list of suspects, particularly about the missing Miss Seale—and slowly a pattern of the murder begins to form in his mind.

## VIII

THESE meditations had occupied Hercule Poirot on his homeward way until reaching the vicinity of Regent's Park.

He decided to traverse a part of the park before taking a taxi. By experience, he knew to a nicety how far he could walk before his smart patent-leather shoes began to press painfully on his feet.

It was a lovely summer's day and Poirot looked indulgently on courting nursemaids and their swains, laughing and giggling while their chubby charges profited by nurse's inattention.

Dogs barked and romped. Little boys sailed boats. And under nearly every tree was a couple sitting close together. . . .

"Ah! Jeunesse, jeunesse," mur-

mured Hercule Poirot, pleased and affected by the sight.

They were *chic*, these little girls. They wore their tawdry with an air.

Their figures, however, he considered lamentably deficient. Where were the rich curves, the voluptuous lines that had formerly delighted the eyes of his admirer?

He, Hercule Poirot, remembered women. . . . One woman, in particular. What a sumptuous creature—Belle Paradis—a Venus. . . !

What woman was there among the pretty chits nowadays, who could hold a candle to Countess Vera Rossakoff? A genuine Russian aristocrat, a crat to her finger tips! And all remembered, a most accomplished. . . . One of those natural geni-

With a sigh, Poirot wrenched his thoughts away from the flabby creature of his dreams.

It was not only, he noted, the nursemaids and their like who were being wooed under the trees of Regent's Park.

That was a Schiaparelli there, under that lime tree, the young man who bent his head so close to hers, who was pleading so earnestly.

One must not yield too soon, he hoped the girl understood that. The pleasure of the chase must be maintained as long as possible. . . .

His benevolent eye still on the scene, he became suddenly aware of a faint smile in those two figures.

So Jane Olivera had come to Regent's Park to meet her young American admirer! A revolutionary!

His face grew suddenly rather stern.

After only a brief hesitation, he crossed the grass to them. Swiping his hat with a flourish, he said: "Bon jour, Mademoiselle."

Jane Olivera, he thought, was entirely displeased to see him.

Howard Raikes, on the other hand, was a good deal annoyed at the interruption.

"Oh, so it's you again!" he greeted Poirot.

"Good afternoon, M. Poirot," said Jane. "How unexpectedly you popped up, don't you?"

"Kind of a jack-in-the-box," said Raikes, still eying Poirot with considerable coldness.

"I do not intrude?" Poirot asked innocently.

Jane Olivera said kindly: "Not at all."

Howard Raikes said nothing.

"It is a pleasant spot you have chosen here," said Poirot.

"It was," said Mr. Raikes.

Jane said: "Be quiet, Howard. You need to learn manners!"

Howard Raikes snorted and said: "What's the good of manners?"

"You'll find they kind of help you along," said Jane. "I haven't got myself, but that doesn't matter much. To begin with I'm rich."

(Continued on page 3)

Poirot saw her, with the young man who bent his head so close, who was pleading so earnestly



# Inside Willkie's Head

by Congressman  
Wendell Willkie

author made the first speech second-  
Wendell Willkie's nomination. Here  
trying to be nonpartisan. He has  
d with men who grew up with Will-  
with his college and business associ-  
Adding their impressions to his own,  
ives you this fine composite portrait

shadow of disillusion comes to all of us with  
years. Some morning we make the surprising  
discovery that a majority of the cops are younger  
we are; the men in the pulpits begin suddenly  
so immature; or the leaders of whom we have  
and heard in our youth turn out to be of flesh  
ood like ourselves, dipping their toast surrep-  
ly in their coffee, scratching their heads in pub-  
ing all the things that our wives have told us  
do.

the writer of this article—or rather report, for it  
composite of the views of many men who have  
the subject intimately at one phase or an-  
of his career—has lived in New York thirty  
He has seen the top players in business and  
s at close range and does not cherish many il-  
s. Yet, thank heaven, he is still capable of a  
al enthusiasms, one of which is about Wendell  
e. It began back about 1930 and has grown  
y ever since.

these pages will no doubt be tinged by that en-  
sm, yet there is no hero worship here, and no  
partisanship. The attempt is to answer hon-  
the unspoken question of millions: "If we put  
ell Willkie in the White House, what kind of  
ent will he make?"

oppose we start by lifting the top of Willkie's  
so to speak, and taking a look at the contents.  
is there that is unusual? Or, even before we  
to that question, is there any element custom-  
ound in human minds that seems to be ab-  
Examination shows that there are four striking  
important absentees, the first of them being fear.  
le example will illustrate.

out a year ago Willkie set out with a business  
ate in a private plane to fly from New York to  
ergency meeting in Cincinnati. Somewhere in  
ountain region the radio went out of commis-  
the pilot lost his way and flew in circles while  
soline gauge dropped lower and lower. Tell-  
story, the friend says:

fter what seemed a year to me Wendell went up  
talked to the pilot and asked him how much  
is left. The pilot told him enough to last about  
minutes. "Have you any parachutes?" he asked.  
lot said, "No." Coming back to his chair, Wen-  
t down calmly, buckled his safety belt and in-  
d me that we were going to crack up. "I'd sure  
o get hold of a parachute," he exclaimed. I  
at him in some amazement. "Wouldn't you  
aid to use it?" "Afraid?" he said. "Why should  
I've done it before." And there, while the min-  
ragged by, he told me how once when he was  
Army he jumped out of a plane to win a bet  
He was as cool as if we were sitting in the  
window of a club.

or myself, I was a long way from being cool.  
the time I began counting out last seconds we  
over a field where a night football game was  
played. The pilot flew low and dropped a note  
as picked up by the local sheriff. That gentle-  
most no time in collecting a hundred cars and  
g them to a near-by emergency field. There we



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE SMITH

"New York puts a hard polish on recruits from the provinces, but it has not polished Wendell Willkie"

landed by the aid of the auto lights and with our gaso-  
line supply down to only a couple of teaspoonfuls.

"As we rode off together in a borrowed car I  
turned to Wendell, who sat beside me quietly pulling  
away at a cigarette. 'Weren't you scared?' I de-  
manded.

"For a minute, yes," he confessed. "Then it was  
all over. I thought, being scared won't help, there is  
nothing I can do. So I began to think about my fam-  
ily, and how they were fixed, and how my wife would  
get along. And I guess I just forgot to be scared."

The friend who has known him so intimately adds:  
"The man's courage is mental as well as physical.  
When he has arrived at a conclusion he has a courage  
of conviction that nothing can sway."

Which leads us to consider another blank in the  
mental inventory—there are no brain cells dedicated  
to fretting.

You and I have known men, and some in high po-  
sitions, who go through three agonies per decision.  
They suffer *before* they make up their minds, *when*  
they make up their minds, and *after* they have made  
up their minds and are questioning their decisions.  
Willkie usually starts in by getting all the facts that  
he can from the printed page. He can read at almost  
lightning speed and he remembers what he reads.

Having immersed himself in the subject he then likes  
to call in men of varying views and have them argue  
back and forth. This habit, incidentally, accounts for  
a good deal of dismay among his well-wishers. His  
conservative associates are shocked that he should  
have been in company with a well-known radical; his  
liberal friends quake for fear he is being influenced  
by a reactionary. He has respect for every point of  
view and finds mental stimulus in a diversity of  
opinions.

"Wait a minute—I want to hear this fellow out,"  
is a saying familiar to all his associates. Or, "You  
know, even a blind hog picks up an acorn now and  
again." But be not deceived. No one ever makes up  
Wendell Willkie's mind.

I have seen enough important people pass in and  
out of his office to know that. He reads and listens  
and then he decides. Sometimes he decides wrong.  
But at no stage of the process is there any fretting.  
When he has done the best he could it's done.

The two other absentees are intolerance and vin-  
dictiveness. For their absence heredity is partly re-  
sponsible.

As Willkie said of his ancestors in his speech of  
acceptance:

"One (of them) was (Continued on page 67)



Windsor-blue shirt with white stripe and Windsor knotted Spitalfields tie for the gentleman who's dressed for a picture. The photographer wears an ivory-colored shirt with a cherry-and-copper stripe tie

# Fit To Be Tied

By Henry L. Jacobs

You don't have to take a course to learn how to combine colors in clothing. There are a few general rules to help chart a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLIER'S BY RUDOLF HOFFMANN

THE fact that seventy-five per cent of all ties sold in America are bought by women seems to prove (a) that men are dopes, (b) that men are lazy and can't be bothered, (c) that the female is the dominant sex or (d) that women have better taste.

Looking back at the period when this latter canard was launched, it seems plain that the great ambition of men of that generation was to look like a pallbearer. The ladies decided to introduce color into the stupid lives of their mates and, boy, did they introduce it!

Ties, like clothing, fall into one of four classifications: town and business, country and campus, semisports and formal. There are plenty of ties that go with a town suit—rep, charvet, Macclesfield and Spitalfields silks and satin. If you're wise you'll stick to neat, geometric patterns, solid colors, inconspicuous figures, grouped stripes and small checks.

If you live in the country or occasionally wangle yourself a week-end invitation, you need a country tie. Foulards in printed patterns, wools, tweeds, cashmeres and knit ties are safe bets. This is one place where you can go in for bright stripes, animal figures and bold patterns. If you go in for semisports clothes—flannels, tweeds and gabardines—you'll also want the old country tie. If you're the country or college type, you'll probably go in for stripes, the evenly spaced sort that appear in regimental, club and school ties. They are also worn in town with informal types of suits such as tweed and gabardine. With a real town suit—worsted or sharkskin—fancy stripes fill the bill.

You can't go far wrong with evening ties. A dinner jacket calls for black satin, ribbed grosgrain or barathea, and it's considered a neat touch to match the tie with the dinner-jacket lapels. The white tie worn with a tail coat is generally of bird's-eye pattern piqué and may match shirt and waistcoat.

When you talk about ties, you naturally have to go into the subject of shirts. Smooth-surfaced fabrics are preferable for town; rugged types for country. Checks, plaids and plain colors are worn both for town and country, but keep on the quiet side for town. Never let the shirt be darker in color than the suit or tie. Blue, tan, gray and white can be worn by practically any man, but green is dangerous, and pink and lavender downright treacherous.

An easy way out is to have shirts and ties harmonize with the suit. It means that a single color is used for shirt, suit and tie in varying tones. For instance, you can get complete harmony with a dark brown suit, an ivory-colored shirt and a brown-and-tan tie. On the other hand, colors may contrast provided they do so agreeably. If you are in doubt limit yourself to a range of three colors. For example:

Gray suit, blue shirt, maroon tie. Blue suit, gray shirt with blue stripe, blue tie and brown tie. In truth, you have to brush up on your primary colors if you want to avoid making a fool of yourself. The three primary colors are red, yellow and blue, and the three secondary colors are orange, green and violet, combinations of the primary colors. Watch your combinations or take the consequences.

On her right, a white oxford shirt with brown stripe and a plaid tartan shirt of tie; on her left, a Scotch flannel, worn with maroon knit tie

College men like stripes in jackets, shirts and ties. Outstanding shirt favorite, however, is still the button-down collar-attached variety





# What Happened to France

3- André Maurois

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

What completes the work begun by German propaganda. On an official mission to the island, the author sees distrust between the Allies grow. On a ship crowded with child refugees and under the protection of a British battleship, he learns with dismay of the battle of Oran.

## HOW FRANCE AND ENGLAND WERE SEPARATED

FROM the beginning of the war in September, 1939, German propaganda set as its goal the separation of France from England. For eight years it pursued this aim with remarkable adroitness and tenacity. Each day it repeated to the French that the English had dragged them into the war; that the English themselves were not fighting and, moreover, never fought; that the English were furnishing the machines and the French the men fodder. It distributed pictures showing a bath of blood toward which an English soldier was pushing a French soldier, and others representing English soldiers in Paris fondling half-naked women while a French soldier kept silent in the Maginot Line. In June, 1940 it had succeeded not only in separating the two allied nations but in setting them against the other. Why? First of all because this propaganda was reinforced in the minds of many Frenchmen by strong and ancient prejudices. Before Germany, and for longer than Germany, England had been France's hereditary enemy. The memory of the Hundred Years War. True, Delcassé had reconciled the two countries in 1904 and established the Entente Cordiale; but England had fought at our side with perfect loyalty from 1914 to 1918; there were a million British dead lying in the cemeteries of northern France; but after the war there had been misunderstandings between the two nations. England, fearing France might become too strong, had most imprudently ordered the rearmament of Germany. "The English," Lord Tyrrell, ambassador to France, said to me about 1930, "the English made two mistakes after the war: we believed the French, because they had been victorious, had become Germans; and we believed the Germans, through some mysterious mutation, had become Englishmen."

In 1936, at the time when the German troops had reoccupied the Rhineland in defiance of the Treaty of Locarno, French public opinion, drunk with nationalism, had refused to support us.



FOR THOMAS

André Maurois, historian and biographer who will deliver the Lowell Lectures at Harvard this fall

"Why should we?" an English politician said to me. "The Germans can do what they like in their own back garden."

And another:

"What you hold against us English is that we are not good Frenchmen."

That was not true. What I held against the English at that time was that they were not good Englishmen and that they did not realize that a rearmament of Germany would be as great a menace to them as to us.

For a long time I had felt esteem and friendship for the English people. I went through the war of 1914 as a liaison officer with the British army. This experience taught me that England carries out to the letter the agreements she has signed. I knew too that if she was capable, like all nations, of harsh action when her national life was at stake, at least there was no malice in her violence.

It is inferiority complexes that make nations, like individuals, cruel. England had no inferiority complex. Far from it. Nine centuries of prosperity had instilled in her an invincible opti-

mism. Because she had always ended by winning the wars in which she had engaged she had finally ceased even to think of the possibility of defeat and its terrible consequences. From the day of the Armistice, England had wanted nothing but to return to her well-kept lawns, her country houses, her sports, her traditional way of life, and she turned a deaf ear to all talk of armaments and fighting. Her professors taught the youth of the country that war was a survival of barbarism and could easily be eliminated. They did not tell their pupils that unless force is used to sustain justice injustice will triumph.

IN ATTACHING so much importance to the idea of the League of Nations, England was moved in part by a sincere idealism but also by a false idea she had formed of a League of Nations that would overcome cannon with volleys of edifying discourse. Harold Nicolson, a member of the British Parliament, told me he had received the following letter from one of his constituents:

"I hope you are for the League of Nations and no foreign entanglements."

This confusion of ideas, this incredible self-confidence, this refusal to look reality in the face had produced the effects that might have been foreseen. Having slumbered on her green lawns from 1919 to 1939 England awoke after Munich when it was too late, and she came to the war with almost no army.

That was the second element in the success of German propaganda. "Just look," the French were told, "the English have no soldiers; they will fight to the last Frenchman." That was far from being fair. England had the best navy in the world and an air force that gave promise of being excellent. But it was true that on land, through lack of men and arms, she could hold only a tiny sector of the long line.

"The English? But where are the English? There really are English soldiers in France?" many Frenchmen asked me ironically.

Even so, if Great Britain had acted promptly after the declaration of war, if she had quickly formed a number of new divisions, perhaps public opinion in France would have been reassured.

(Continued on page 51)



# Mid Pleasures and Palaces

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**B**USINESS was fierce. Honest, I had a good mind to end it all and let Molly and the children have the insurance. I was busted and disgusted.

I went into the bank that I owed fifty thousand dollars and that was making all the trouble for me and I wept to Third Vice-President Pintsch who was in charge of putting me through the wringer. He took off his specs and looked at me with two glass eyes.

"Next Monday, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "either you make a very substantial payment then or you get a blitzkrieg! Sorry."

So I saw my lawyer again. He gave me a pep talk.

"Stand back and skin your teeth at them, M'Gaffin!" he advised. "If you're honest they ought to trust you, but do they expect you to be honest and pay up too? Grab all the cash in sight, give it to Mrs. M'Gaffin, and take a bath! It is your duty to your dear wife and two dear little children."

"That's the stuff," I thought, going over to the station to get the 4:15 home. "For Molly and the children, I will take a bath!"

We lived in Greenford. You know Greenford? It is only an hour out, but it is across the line from the New York income tax, so it's a good residence if you got heavy sugar.

My chauffeur met me at the Greenford station, escorted me into my three-thousand-dollar Pearce-Paine and off we whirled for the M'Gaffin estate. We had a place of sixteen rooms and six baths on five acres and, of course, since we couldn't live in it all by ourselves, we

**There's no place like home—with sixteen rooms, six baths, and all the mortgages in proportion**

had to have help. We had a chauffeur, gardener and all such.

I didn't get a chance to talk business with Molly till we were going to bed, as some of the help were always listening in; we never had any privacy in that house. I was always meeting strangers, upstairs and down; I was lucky some of them didn't shoot me for a burglar.

I finally got Molly alone.

"Baby," I said, "I have got to move quick or go clean. So my lawyer thinks I better take a bath."

"Go bankrupt?" said Molly, turning pale. She understood me. That girl's got a great head and I always talked it over with her.

"Go bankrupt or go broke, baby! And my duty to you and the children is not to go broke." And I explained to her my lawyer's plan. I was to milk the business of the last drop of cash, slip it to Molly, and tell them all to whistle.

She wouldn't hear of it! And Molly is a very pigheaded girl.

"Terence M'Gaffin, that's stealing, and we'll do no such thing. They can put us in jail and what will the children do then?"

Well, I argued her and argued her, but she wouldn't budge; and it was her or nobody. You can't ask everybody to hold hot money.

"Okay, baby," I said, getting pretty sore, "then we are up the spout right now! We can move back to the east Bronx. You can do your own work, Junior can go to a big public school—where he's a stranger—and little Molly when she gets big can make her debut in the five-and-dime instead of the picture papers!"

**I** WAS sore. After a man has raised himself from a keg to a barrel, from a bricklayer on the wall to a big contractor and a country gentleman, he is going to get sore at anybody who hands him back his overalls. I was so sore I decided to stop worrying and I turned over and

corked off for the first good night in months.

The next morning I was wakened around my beautifully landscaped garage and mourning over the blow would be to stop paying the upkeep. I happened into the garage. The garage always allowed me to go where I wanted but they made me know they didn't want it and kept me under observation. This morning Dudley the chauffeur gave me a nice smile. He'd been looking for my Pearce-Paine to see could he get a bill on it.

"Transmission out of order, sir," reported happily. "I had it in Rafferty's garage yesterday and they can fix it for only eighty-five dollars. It won't be more than three days."

It was Rafferty sold me that car in the first place. He could have given it to me and made money, as he drew a salary income from it ever after. And tell me Dudley wasn't getting a salary out of it.

"Fine!" I said. "And while you are doing nothing you can help James build the grape arbor, or will you wash the cellar?"

"Oh, no, that's not my work," said M'Gaffin, he said.

"Would you rather," I offered, "sit in on the interest and taxes if you're going to sit around and help me be a gentleman?"

"Perhaps, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "you are not satisfied."

That was to throw a scare in me. It didn't work this time.

"That pain in the pants, Dudley," said, "is costing me upward of ten

**"This stuff about how nice it is to be rich," I said, "is a lot of propaganda. Money is the root of all evil"**





...a day, what with your salary board and depreciation and Raffer-bills; and I can take the bus for a ... I figure the bus is cheaper. Come to the house and get your money." When I went after James the gardener, he was another bird burned me up. If he was a little real work, James hold for extra help. "Good morning, James," I said when I found him where he was resting his ... for a hundred and forty a month free vegetables. "Well, you are in these hard times; you not only job, you got two jobs! After this will drive the car as well as take ... under other pretenses." "No, indeed, sir!" he said, insulted. "It's not my work." "You are not satisfied?" I said. "Okay, yes, you and me. Come up to the ... and get your time." "I was busted, so I was independent. A ... man needs help but a poor man can care of himself."

ANWHILE Molly was telling the house help that we were going to ... up and go traveling and they better ... their packs. We pulled out in a day or two; no ... hanging on in Greenford if we ... busted. Moving wasn't so bad as ... didn't have to move the furniture, ... that there was a mortgage on it. I towed the family and the dog in ... eration wagon and off we went to the ... shed bungalow that was our first ... . Lucky it was in Molly's name. ... was a blow. I'd seen it coming for ... or I wouldn't seriously be think- ... taking a run-out powder and get- ... Molly the insurance; but it was a ... when it hit.

I started to think how people would ... Everybody would be looking at the ... and saying, "Did you hear M'Gaf- ... the big contractor and country gen- ... is up the spout? He used to live ... " I could just hear them.

And how they would talk in the old ... borhood when we came back— ... five years—with our tail between ... gs!

So I was feeling shy as I turned the ... n wagon into Beverley Lane and ... the little old house. I figured every- ... would stop me and want to know ... broke my neck, and run and tell ... body and we would have a crowd ... like a trunk murder.

Well, the first one I saw was Lana- ... the cop on the beat. I shouted: "Hello, Lanahan! Here I am again!" "Hey?"

"Say hello! Remember me, don't ... "

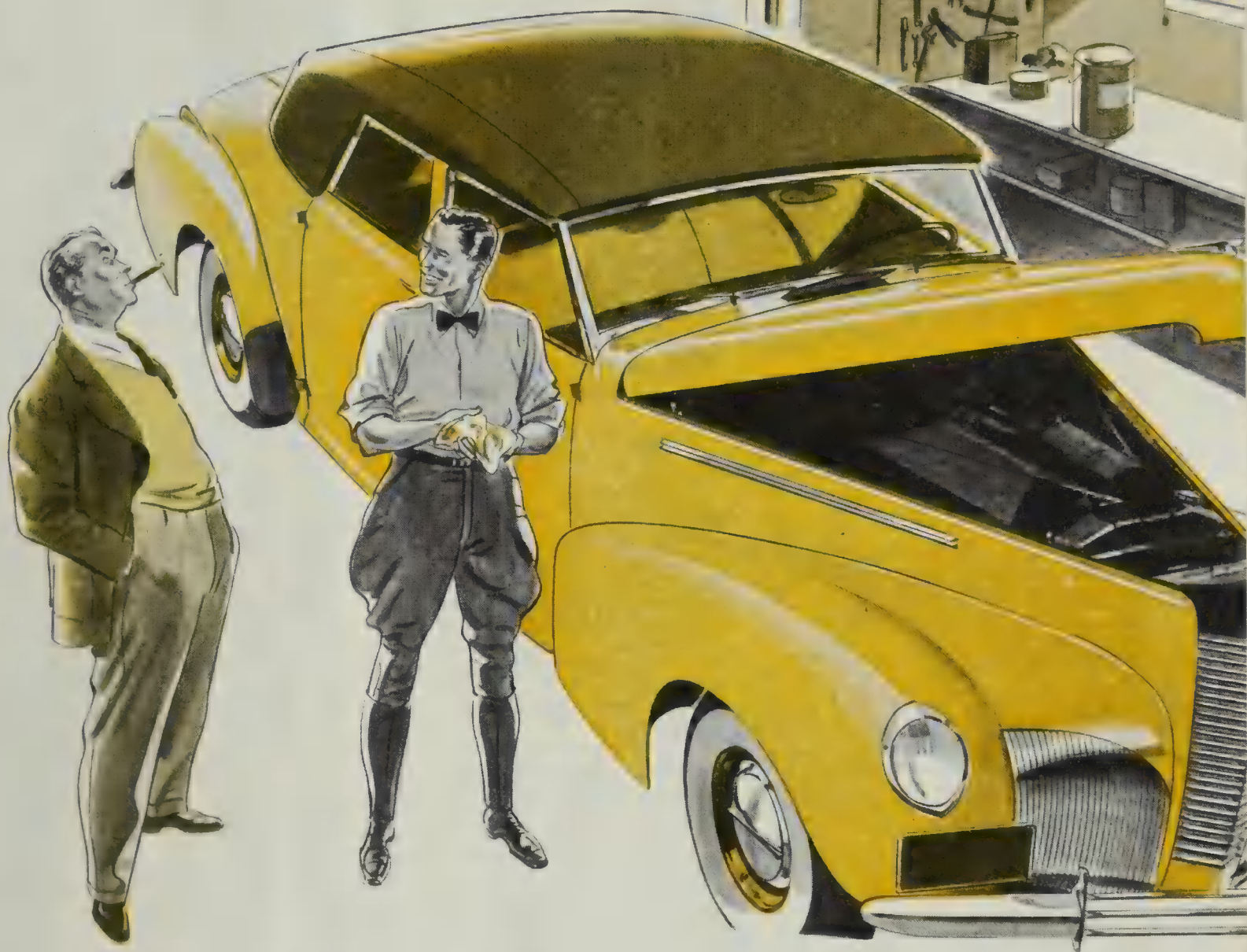
"Hey? What do you mean, M'Gaffin? ... was looking for you last week. ... of mine wanted a wall painted ... and I told him I knew a bricklayer ... on Beverley Lane. Where were ... Or did I have the wrong house? ... that the one you live in?" "Used to live there!"

"Oh, are you moving out? Well, good ... M'Gaffin. Goodby, Mrs. M'Gaf- ... We're going to miss you! Goodby!" Then I went down to get Molly's gro- ... order.

"And two quarts of Grade B," said ... the grocer, totaling up the list. ... away, Mr. M'Gaffin? Oh, you ... Have a nice trip? I'll send it right ... "

Mrs. Dugan next door was about the ... one knew we'd been away for ... and she didn't have it right. She ... Molly, "It's often I've thought ... you since your husband lost his job ... you had to move out. He's working ... now? Ain't that just fine. And the ... llen, would you look at the size of ... "

I want to tell you they almost talked ... to it myself. Sitting with Molly ... porch steps that night as we used ... "



"Perhaps, Mr. M'Gaffin," he said, "you are not satisfied." That was to throw a scare in me

to sit, listening to the music from Star-bright Amusement Park, with the chil- ... dren asleep inside, I almost thought it was all in my mind. About making a lot of money in a hurry and branching out into a country gentleman.

It hit Molly the same way. We were sitting there holding hands and watching for the trunks to show up and Molly jumps up and runs in the house. She comes out laughing and crying a little.

"I went in to look at the children and be sure it was all real," she says, snugg- ... ling down again. "Remember, Terry, the first day we moved in here ten years ago? That night we were sitting right here waiting for the trunks like now. And all excited about having this great big house all to ourselves. Remember?"

And she went on and said, "And the time you found me crying because we weren't going to have the house all to ourselves! That was when Junior was coming, and I was so happy, but I got to thinking that we were never going to be alone together, just us, any more."

So I kissed her.

WELL, we went on a sight-seeing tour. Molly and me, and it was like old times. Molly cried a little but not because she was sad. There were the marks on the door of our room where we'd measured Junior. He was a foot higher now, and we weren't so dead sure he was going to be President soon, the way he stuck in the third grade. And there was the phony Russian teakettle still in the mantelpiece corner that was our first bank. All little things like that.

I went out in the back yard and I saw where I would have a week's pleasure pruning the trees and trimming the

hedges and weeding; that back yard wasn't big but it was ambitious. I had an orchard on it and a flower garden and a vegetable garden; though the last two were always getting mixed up on me. I would plant watermelons and up would come sunflowers, or it might be petunias and I would get radishes. I was always a natural-born gardener. So then I could get lathered with dirt from head to heels, and nobody'd run and snitch to Molly!

That night I walked the dog like I used to, and talked to everybody with- ... out fear and favor; to strange ladies, too—a dog is a great one for introductions. I was independent like I used to be and could talk to everybody I met. Well, could I do that in Greenford? People you'd meet walking on the roads would be somebody's help and a country gentleman couldn't be friends with them. You'd meet somebody on the road and put out your hand and say, "My name's M'Gaffin; what's yours?" And he would back up and say, "Call me Robert, sir."

It was the same with joining, now I mention it. I was always a great joiner, but what could I join in Greenford?

Well, the country club and the shore club, but I couldn't belong to these big national clubs and societies such as I might mention, because the local help belonged to them. It doesn't do in Greenford to be Terry and Bob with the neighbors' help. It just struck me, I was lonely in Greenford.

And eating! And I was always a great eater. I had to keep out of the icebox or the cook would snitch to Molly. And we had to eat when the help wanted, and if we wanted to ask people to dinner we had to ask the cook could we, and she'd give us to understand it mustn't happen

too often. And eating prime ribs when you wanted spareribs and filet mignon when you wanted pea soup and hot dogs. Hash? Ask for it in Greenford and stand back. Now in the Bronx I went in and bought three pounds of breast of lamb for the dog for twenty cents and when Molly saw it she cooked it for us, and we ate the dog's dinner and it was the best eating we had in years.

And we had privacy in the Bronx, the house to ourselves, no strangers. Greenford was like a tenement house.

And all the things I owned in Greenford and had to take care of! Now I could walk the dog on Fordham Road and we'd look in all the store windows and I don't know which one of us was the most independent. Neither of us wanted anything we saw. We didn't want them, and I had all those things once, and what were they? Dust catchers. Something more to take care of.

I WAS always a great thinker and philosopher but I didn't figure this thing out till we were back in the little old Bronx house a few days.

The first day or two I was so busy feeling sorry for myself for going broke; and then I began to notice that I was liking it. It was like coming home. Every- ... body ought to be rich once in his life. Once is enough. I began to notice I was sleeping like a night watchman, and Molly noticed I wasn't biting every- ... body's head off.

"You are like yourself, sweetheart!" said Molly, watching me lay into my plate. The four of us were having dinner.

"Why wouldn't I be, baby?" I said, sit- ... ting back and snapping my suspenders.

(Continued on page 26)



# Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## The Story Thus Far:

WAKING in a hospital room, Albert Campion is bewildered—he has no idea of his identity, or of the reason for his presence in the hospital! When he hears himself accused of seriously injuring a policeman, he determines to flee until his confused mind has recovered a fuller knowledge of the circumstances. Undetected, he starts down the hospital corridor, resorting to a fireman's costume, found in a closet, as a disguise. However, in taking the costume, he sets off the fire-alarm system. In the resulting confusion, he flees from the building, but not before he is stopped momentarily by an attractive girl. He eludes her, and escapes finally in a coupé parked before the building.

He speeds down the highway, but is eventually overtaken by a pursuing car, the occupants of which—Mr. Anscombe, an old man, and the beautiful girl he encountered in the hospital—seem to know him very well. From the girl, he learns that he is Albert Campion, and that they are on their way to a dinner engagement.

On the way, they drop Mr. Anscombe off at his home. Discovering that the old man has forgotten a package, Campion dashes up the path after him, but second thought of his eccentric costume makes him decide to leave the package on the doorstep.

Later, when they arrive at the home of Aubrey Lee, their host for the evening, Campion makes one important discovery: Somewhere in his confused mind is a clear knowledge that he loves the girl, Amanda, and that she belongs in his life. A short time later, during the evening, he receives a letter from a Scotland Yard official, in which he learns that he is entrusted with a highly important and secret mission—which he cannot remember! He has no time to ponder further, for just then the police arrive to question him. They announce that Mr. Anscombe has been found murdered—in his garden. And Albert and Amanda are the last two people to have seen him alive!

Feeling his cautious way through a nightmarish interview, Campion is assisted in his explanations by another guest—Mr. Pyne, who seems to have had some previous connection with his life. At the scene of the murder, Campion discovers that he has a clear and apparently accurate vision of how the murder was accomplished—and has the horrifying thought that he himself may be the murderer! Depressed and harassed by his vague, uncertain mind, he returns to his host's home—there to be assailed by uneasy recollections that Amanda is in some sort of danger—involving Aubrey—their host.

## III

"I WANT to talk with you," Campion said.

"All right. What is it? I say, nothing else awful, surely?" Amanda appeared to expect disaster and hurried into his room as if she thought to find concrete evidence of it there.

He followed her and closed the door. Had there been bolts upon it he would have shot them.

"There's one thing you've got to tell me," he said. "I've been trying to find out all evening."

"What?"

"What day is it?"

She stared at him. Her brown eyes were wide with astonishment at first, but as he looked at her the fine brows came down in a straight line above them and the fiery color spread over her face.

"Did you hang about on the staircase simply to ask me that? You're behaving rather extraordinarily, aren't you?"

He was, of course. He saw that the moment she pointed it out. To the uninstructed his behavior and the all-important question could have only one explanation: that he was acting like a jealous child. He felt unreasonably angry with her for his own helplessness.

"I want to know the day and the date of today," he said doggedly. "You're

the only person I dare ask. What is it?"

"It's the thirteenth, I think." She was furious, and the dignity which her control lent her was the coldest thing on earth.

"Friday, I suppose?"

"No. Tuesday. Now I think I'll go to bed."

Tuesday the thirteenth. That meant Thursday the fifteenth. A day. A day to do what?

Amanda moved over toward the door. He thought she was going out without a word and was helpless to stop her. He was completely unprepared, therefore, for what was evidence of one of the most lovable traits in her makeup. On the threshold she turned and quite suddenly grinned at him.

"I've gone all theatrical, Albert," she said. "What's up?"

He groaned. "I don't know," he said truthfully.

AMANDA came back into the room and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Are you all right?" she demanded. "I don't want to fuss you—I know how you hate it—but you do look a bit green, you know. I've noticed it all evening and haven't liked to mention it."

He cocked an eye at her, and a great surge of desire for comfort from her broke over him. She was alive. She was his only link with reality. It was on his tongue to risk everything and come out with the awful truth when her next remark silenced him.

"I'm sorry I behaved so badly. I've got a bit self-centered. I thought you were playing the fool because I was falling in love with Lee." She spoke without any affectation and was free from any suggestion of the coyly blunt. Her eyes were as candid as her words.

"Are you?"

"I think so." There was a quiet softness in her voice, a gentle satisfaction which he knew he had never heard in it before.

"Why?"

She hesitated and finally laughed. "It's a thing I couldn't possibly tell you if you weren't yourself," she said. "I mean if I didn't know you as well as I know myself almost. He's like you, isn't he?"

"Is he?"

"I think so, very. Except for the one important thing."

"What's that?"

She looked up at him and there was a sort of rueful shyness in her young face.

"He loves me so. He's doing his best about it but it's bubbling out all over him and making him shy and silly, like an undergraduate or a peasant or something. And since he's a great man—because he is brilliant, you know—well, that makes it pretty irresistible." She paused and shook herself. "Let's not discuss it. It's not a bit in your line and things are getting up speed, aren't they? I feel disgusted with myself for getting—er—overtaken by this thing, but it's like that. It does—er—overtake. Tell me about Anscombe."

"He was murdered."

"What?" She sat staring at him. "But that's impossible! Who?"







"I don't know," Campion shrugged. Amanda clasped her knees and her heart-shaped face looked small and worried.

"Of course I'm not competent to judge anything in this business," she said unexpectedly, "since I don't know the full strength."

"My dear," he said with elaborate deference, because he was still tingling from the blow which seemed to have hurt the secret, forgotten part of himself even more than his conscious needy present, "I only wish I could tell you."

"Yes, well, you can't," she said briefly. "You're under oath and that's final. I don't mind. I know you well enough to work under sealed orders. Otherwise I'd hardly have done the unforgivable thing and got Lee to invite us down here without telling him you were working on something in the town. I've got your assurance that it's desperately important—that's good enough."

CAMPION was standing with his back to her and did not dare look around.

"Let's see," he said mendaciously, "how long have we known Lee?"

"You mean how long have I known him," objected Amanda. "You've known him three days, as you very well know. I came down here from Dell on some work on the new armor for the Seraphim planes. There was a man working at the Institute we had to get hold of. I made friends with Lee then."

She was talking gibberish apart from the all-important dates, as far as Campion was concerned, and he wondered how far he dared press her for information. Fortunately she helped him unconsciously.

"Have you told anyone about the hospital episode this afternoon?"

"No."

"Nor have I. And I was thinking, Albert, I don't suppose Anscombe did. So suppose we stick to our original plan, which is, if you remember, that I took you into Coachingford on Sunday night to catch the London express. That was immediately after you had the wire which was waiting for you when we arrived. Then yesterday, I was supposed to fetch you from the same station after your return. At dinner tonight I was very vague about our delay, but it was a boring gathering anyway and didn't matter. Still, if it does come up we'll have to call it tire trouble. How's that?"

"Excellent," he said dubiously, and waited for her to continue.

"How did you get on at Coachingford?" she inquired at last.

He shrugged his shoulders and she nodded gloomily.

"Like that?" she said. "Never mind. It'll come suddenly. I don't like this Anscombe business, though. That's horrible. Just when we thought he knew something."

He turned on her. "What made you think he knew something?"

"I don't know. I just got that impression."

"Not—'fifteen'?"

"Fifteen?" She seemed surprised. "Fifteen what?"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest," he said and half wondered if he had invented the ringing phrase.

"Yo-ho-ho and some nice sound sleep," said Amanda. "You can't do any more tonight, anyway, if the whole world's at stake. You go to bed."

Campion leaned heavily on the back of a chair. His wooden face was haggard and he looked tired and frustrated.

Her face looked small and worried. "Of course I'm not competent to judge anything in this business," she said unexpectedly

"I wonder if perhaps it is," he said. She gave the question serious consideration.

"It seems a bit presumptuous, but it might be," she said.

Campion felt the beads of sweat break out on the line where his forehead met his hair.

"That's the kind of silly premonition I've got," he said.

Amanda smiled at him. "If it is, I'd rather it was in your hands than anybody's," she said honestly. "You've got all the cards, Albert, and fundamentally you're so . . ."

"So what?"

"So sort of sufficient at heart. So cold. You'll get by."

After she had gone he sat very still in the silent room and the strong light beat down upon him with chilly clarity. The warmth had gone out of the dream again and he was back in the familiar nightmare. He knew what it was like now. It was like one of those trick films in which familiar objects are photographed from an unfamiliar angle. The strange shadows thus cast make vast secret shapes, forming a horror where there is none and, worse still, concealing a horror where horror lies.

Now that Amanda had gone he wondered why he had not confided in her. It was not only because of Lee and because he dreaded her pity as he dreaded insufferable pain. There was another reason. He reached down into the darkness in his mind and drew it out from its skulking place in all its hideousness. It was a fear. If she knew of his mental state, if she knew of that overheard conversation in the hospital and had it presented to her with the facts as they both knew them about Anscombe's death, then would she still regard him with that candid trust which was the most precious thing about her? Or would the gleam of a doubt come creeping into her eyes before her loyalty doused it? That was the risk he had not dared to take. He was the man involved and he could not entirely trust himself.

The whistle cut into his thoughts. The low note, which was just sufficiently unlike a bird's to be uncanny, sounded twice before it brought him to his feet. He switched out the light and stood listening. It sounded again just beneath the window.

He pulled the heavy curtains aside, unlatched the old-fashioned shutters, and threw up the sash as quietly as he could.

The whistle began and ended suddenly and there was a long silence. The house cast a deep shadow and the space below the window was black as the pit.

"IS THAT you, sir?" The voice was very quiet and almost directly beneath him. "Are you ready? I've been waiting around the other side. I must have mistook your meaning. We'll have to get a move on if we're to get the job done tonight. Can you come at once?"

"What? Yes, yes, all right, I'll be with you in a moment." Campion drew in his head, closed the window and replaced its various shroudings. Then he went downstairs with the soft-footed tread of a professional burglar. In his mind was a single, unqualified question mark, for the voice had been the utterly unmistakable one of Superintendent Hutch.

Campion came out of the front doorway noiselessly. He picked his way over the gravel to the silent turf of the lawn and stood waiting. If this was arrest the whole world was as lightheaded as he was.

The superintendent's jaunty figure emerged from the black shadows around the house and dropped into step beside him. He did not speak, but, taking Campion's arm, led him into the narrow line

(Continued on page 28)



The utility man in baseball is an unsung hero who may warm the bench for weeks before being called into a game to meet an emergency. Smart managers rate him as valuable to the team as they do their regular stars

# SPARE WHEEL

By Bill Cunningham

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COL-  
LIER'S BY CARL OESER

IF YOU found yourself in Cleveland talking with a baseball fan, and you chanced to ask the gentleman which of the Tribesmen he considered most valuable to the club in a pennant fight, he might say Boudreau, or Mack, or Keltner, or, and undoubtedly, Feller. But, if you approached Manager Oscar Vitt, and asked him the same question, he might amaze you by answering Oscar Grimes.

Who?

That's right. He's not in the line-up. You probably never heard of him, but Grimes is the name, Oscar the first one. He's twenty-four years old, five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and bats and throws right-handed. His public rating, if any, is spare second baseman.

And if you went along to Detroit and started quizzing the baseball customers, they'd give you Greenberg, Gehringer, York or Pinky Higgins, maybe. But up around the front office, they'd tell you they'd just as soon nothing happened to a young fellow by the name of Frank Croucher. Maybe you can't exactly pick up a Gehringer, a Tebbetts or a Pete Fox every day, but you can get a reasonable facsimile. But Crouchers are harder to find than shamrocks in Kansas.

Who in thunderation is Croucher?

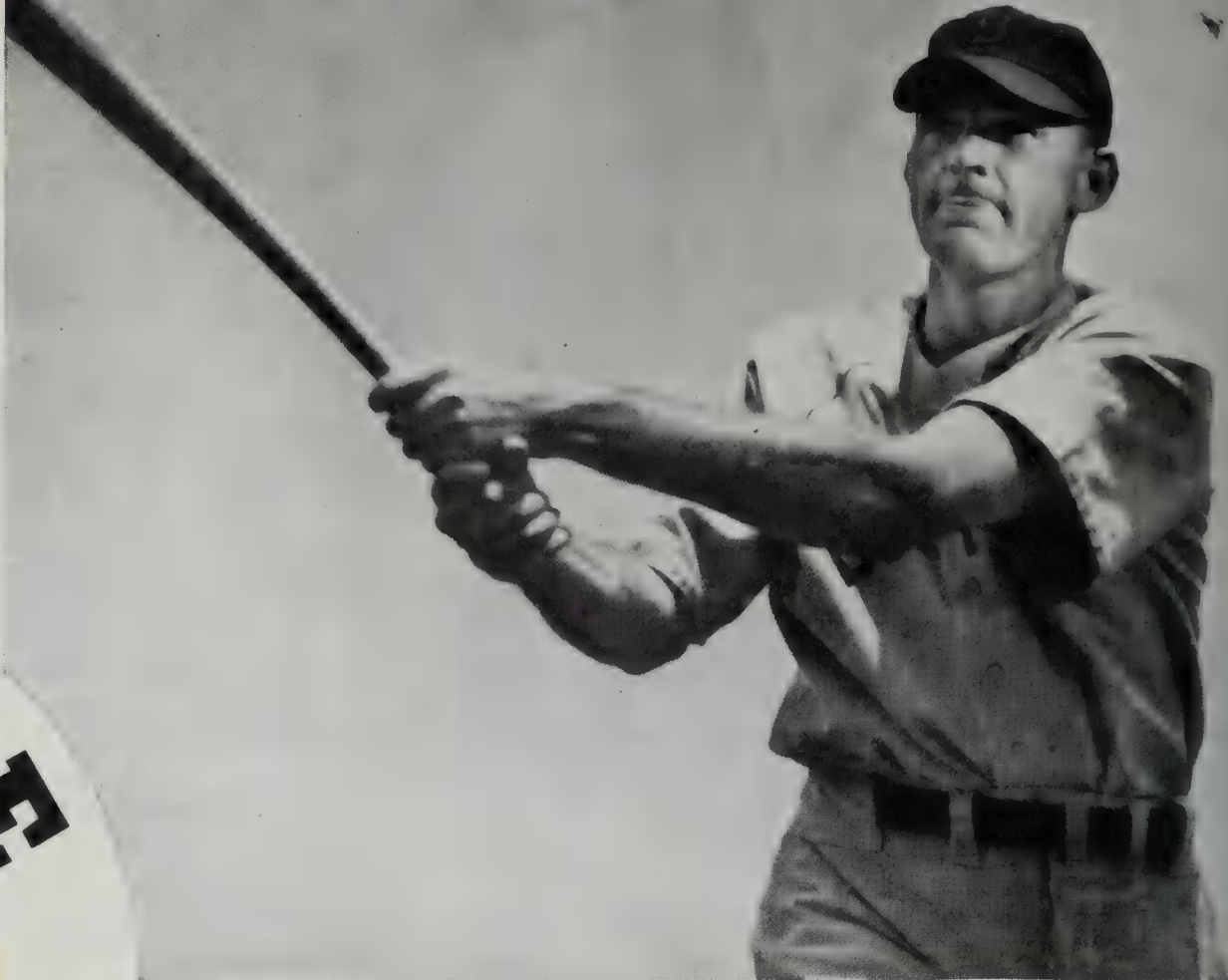
He's just another young fellow about Grimes' age. He hasn't been in there often this season, either.

And if you went along to Cincinnati, they'd tell you Eddie Joost. If you got as far as the Boston Bees, they'd name Johnny Cooney, who's been playing ball almost since the original A. G. Spalding.

Every team has one of these sleepers, if it can possibly be arranged. You never see their names in any All Star line-ups. The fans scarcely know they're alive. They may not break into the box score more than two or three times a month. Yet no team considers itself really safe without one. These anonyms occupy an especial niche all their own, and, by some managers, are rated as even more valuable than the stars they'll never be.

(Continued on page 71)

Lou Finney of the Red Sox (above) was a spare wheel until he learned to bat. Now he's a hitting sensation. The man to watch next year is Dick West of Indianapolis (below). He plays six positions and is a wicked pinch hitter







"Tell General Howard I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more"

# The Man Who Looked Like Napoleon

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

**Joseph, chief of a Nez Percé tribe, was a born strategist. Too bad he didn't fight with the United States Army instead of against it**

OUT one o'clock in the morn-  
a trooper of Brevet Colonel  
Perry's command struck a match  
his pipe. This was contrary to  
and Captain Trimble reprim-  
him sharply. The man mut-  
at he hadn't understood the

light, small flare of the match,  
only a moment, was no more  
point of fire in the immense  
over Idaho; yet to Lieutenant  
on edge and anxious, it seemed  
as a rocket would have  
seconds later a coyote howled  
llside above. This passed al-  
noticed, for coyotes were com-

hundred yards away, at the en-  
White Bird Canyon, an Indian  
louching motionless on his  
ked to attention as he heard the  
cry. Head thrown back and  
one side, he listened intently;  
the last quavering notes came  
he wheeled his horse and faded  
deeper blackness of the canyon.  
hother end of White Bird Can-  
he it opened into the valley of  
river, the most remarkable in-  
the West waited.

This man was an Indian also—an In-  
dian chief. Thirty-six years of age, tall,  
straight and handsome, with a mouth  
and chin resembling Napoleon's, he had  
given no hint as yet of the dangerous  
genius smoldering in him. His name was  
In-mut-too-yah-lat-tat, which meant  
Thunder-Rolling-Over-The-Mountains.  
To the white settlers of Idaho and east-  
ern Oregon he was known as Joseph,  
chief of the Wallowa band of Nez  
Percés, a tribe that had always been  
friendly to the whites and had several  
times come to their aid when they were  
few and weak.

This had been forgotten when the  
white men became many and strong.  
"If ever a tribe was worthy of fostering,"  
Captain Trimble wrote later, "it was the  
Nez Percés, but no recollection of

former service could stand against the  
white man's greed." Gifts and cunning  
persuasion had induced the other chiefs  
to sign away their lands, but the Wal-  
lowa band clung to their lovely valley  
between the sinuous Snake and the swift  
Grande Ronde. It was their home. In  
its soil their ancestors lay and, Indian-  
like, they held it sacred. "I buried my  
father," Joseph told the white commis-  
sioners, "in that beautiful Valley of  
Winding Waters. I love that land more  
than all the rest of the world."

They didn't care why or how much he  
loved it. They wanted Wallowa and  
meant to have it; so they twisted a dubi-  
ous treaty to suit their purpose and told  
Joseph and his people to get out. Joseph  
strove desperately for peace, even con-  
senting as a last resort to give up Wal-

lowa to the whites. Then, when he and  
his band had already left their "Valley  
of Winding Waters," new injuries in-  
flamed some of his young men beyond  
endurance, and without his knowledge,  
they avenged blood with blood.

Joseph knew then that the war he  
dreaded was upon him. Where the  
White Bird flows into the Salmon in  
western Idaho he pitched his tepees,  
posting his pickets at the entrance of  
White Bird Canyon, for he knew that  
Perry's troopers from Fort Lapwai were  
already on the march. That night of  
June 16, 1877—the night when a care-  
less trooper struck a match to light his  
pipe—Joseph was resting quietly in his  
lodge with his wife and his twelve-year-  
old daughter waiting for two things that  
he expected to happen: for the birth of  
another child (his wife being very near  
her time) and for the hoofbeats of an  
Indian rider coming in haste down  
White Bird Canyon with news that the  
soldiers were at hand.

The child was not born that night, but  
the rider came.

Near the entrance of White Bird  
Canyon, where the howl of a coyote had  
been heard but scarcely heeded, Colonel  
(Continued on page 60)



# Sunday Pitch

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

Baseball has known a lot of little miracles. Most of them have involved only the players. Here is one a girl helped to bring about

**E**VEN before the ball got off his fingers, Clint knew it was a cripple. Something wrong with his grip or wrist action that killed the break. And, as always, Clint's world stopped rolling in that brief instant of the pitch. He was down off the rubber in the smooth, powerful motion that the sports writers raved about. The stands, the whole sun-brilliant ball park were suddenly still, a frame of silence for the thudding scurry of the man racing in from third; for Dwyer hulking down behind the plate, his big mitt a hopeful target, and for the batter, Earle Griscom poised lean and hungry, the tip of his bat waving slightly. And that ball going in as soft and helpless as a baby's prayer.

Then the leashed, level fury of Griscom's swing. The sharp, clean crack, the ball a white-hot streak right through the box, almost at Clint's head. No time to get his glove over. He threw his pitching hand up, yielding to the stinging impact, only trying to knock the ball down so it could be fielded. It was bobbling on the grass between the box and first. Clint ran after it, hearing the thud as the runner's cleats hit the plate. He scooped the ball off the grass and threw in a single motion, almost a dead heat with Griscom's lunge across first. But in back of first Morrity's short, fat arm jerked up in the finishing gesture. Three out. The run from third hadn't scored.

Clint walked toward the dugout through the confused sound of a suddenly disappointed crowd. They'd wanted their team to score, and the fast thinkers were groaning the put-out while the slow ones were still cheering Griscom's almost certain hit. With a few scattering claps for Clint Malone's eight scoreless innings and the fine play that had saved his one-run lead.

Clint crossed inside first, meeting Dwyer coming in from the plate. Dwyer looked anxious, and Ben Talbot, the Wasp's manager, climbed out of the dugout looking anxious too, and a little mad. Dwyer said, "You sure handed him that one. I could read the label."

"It got away from me," Clint said. "I'm lucky he didn't knock it out of the park."

Talbot snorted irritably. "You're lucky if you didn't bust a finger, making that sucker stop. Let me see your hand."

Clint spread his right hand, crooking his fingers. They were red where the ball had hit, and the sting was still pretty sharp. But he didn't think they were bruised. Talbot was pressing down on his fingers and palm, probing for an injury. "That was a sucker play," he said. "We could've got the run back. If your hand swells—"

Clint said, "It won't. And if you guys would just muscle over a couple of runs, it wouldn't matter anyway."

He turned away from Talbot, flexing the fingers of his pitching hand, rubbing them gently with his left. He leaned against the corner of the dugout, staying out in the sun, because he was hot and loose and sweating freely, and wanted to go on doing it. He felt fine. His hand wasn't going to swell. He had a one-run lead. He was still in the driver's seat.

**D**WYER was going up to the plate, swinging his bats, and out on the coaching line Talbot was barking for a hit. Just in back of him, Clint heard someone speak his name. He turned and saw Harry Chelten leaning forward in the box behind the dugout. Chelten's tanned face was friendly, as always, and a little worried. He said, "That was a hot shot, Clint. Any damage?"

Clint said, "I reckon not, Mr. Chelten. Nothing to worry about."

Chelten said, "I hope. We sure need that old soup bone of yours."

He smiled, but his words put Clint's teeth on edge. As words, there was nothing the matter with them. But in Chelten's mouth they sounded self-conscious and all wrong. There wasn't anything the matter with Chelten. He was a nice guy. Nice, and very rich. He owned the Wasps. He also owned a copper mine, and a few utility companies and other things. The newspaper boys said he'd spent a cool two million trying to build the Wasps into a championship club. So far it was just money down the drain, but Chelten hadn't complained. He was too good a sport for that.

Looking at him, Clint thought, maybe that's what sours me. He's such a damned good sport. Always the nice smile, the right word. Always one of the boys. But it doesn't cover up how badly he wants that pennant. He'll spend any amount of money to get it. But that's not the same as spending sweat and guts. . . .

Chelten was leaning back in his chair, introducing Clint to the couple behind him in the box. Clint didn't catch their name, but he'd seen them with

Chelten before, and nodded smart, well-turned-out people. Chelten's crowd, only probably thinking owning ballplayers was pretty much owning horses, but funnier. The was suddenly conscious of the Chelten's side.

He wasn't conscious of all of once. Gray eyes first, and auburn and a grave, friendly smile. cably, Clint had that odd feeling. The feeling that for one split second world and everything in it was dead still.

Chelten was saying, "Clint, Faith Jerrold."

**C**LINT said something, he didn't know what. The crowd roared suddenly and he knew Dwyer had struck. Clint tried to think of something, but the words wouldn't shape. The Jerrold girl said seriously, as though it really mattered, "I hope you didn't hurt your hand."

Clint was suddenly tired of about his hand. He said, more brusquely than he intended, "Don't worry. I'll get by."

It sounded rough and unfriendly, but the girl's face changed a little. Clint was sorry, but there wasn't anything about it. The crowd was howling pily over the third out. Clint said, "I got to get back to work."

He walked out to the mound feeling that the game was in his hands. He put the Jerrold girl firmly from his mind as he settled down to work. He retired the side on eight pitches and was another day.

He had supper that night in a restaurant down by the lake, and walked back to the hotel in the dark. He made himself think of playing ball. It was what he knew was having a great season. In two and two, with four weeks still to go, the Wasps were doing all right. They had a four-game lead. If they tightened up in the final stand, they'd get Chelten his pennant. Clint thought warmly about pitching the series.

**I**N THE hotel lounge, he stopped at a newsstand to buy a couple of magazines, and started for the elevator. He was passing the door of the lounge when Chelten hailed him. Chelten was a party in the lounge. Clint saw the whole table. He shook his head and grinned a polite refusal, but got up and came out to him. Clint by the arm and said, "Just a minute, Clint. You can't pitch like that without giving us a chance to talk it up a little."

His voice was warm and friendly, but Clint couldn't think of an answer. He refused, Clint went into the lounge.

Ben Talbot was there, and a woman who had been in the box, and a couple of debutante girls. The Jerrold girl wasn't there. Clint cursed himself wryly for being appointed. Chelten introduced the two girls, and Talbot said, "You're off for tonight, Clint. You go yourself a beer with that one."

One of the girls said, "A beautiful road to ruin," and everyone laughed as though it were really funny. Chelten started talking eagerly about a game that afternoon, and the chances. It made Clint uncomfortable because he knew when you look at too much, you tightened up. He then that there was an empty chair between him and Chelten, with a finished cocktail on the table. But he had time to do any wondering in a pale green dress was drawn to the chair and slipping into it. He was turned toward Chelten, and could see her hair, and the top of her head.

(Continued on page 51)

Clint was suddenly tired of the talk about his hand. He said, more brusquely than he intended, "Don't worry about it"





# PICTURE OF A DREAM COMING TRUE

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# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



# Mid Pleasures and Palaces

Continued from page 19

"This is the life! Not a care in the world. No worry about business or money; I haven't got any. I'm broke and I like it! Poor and content, as the fellow says, is rich enough!"

"Yes, sweetheart," said Molly, "finish your potatoes."

"This stuff about how nice it is to be rich, baby," I said, "is a lot of propaganda. It's a gyp! Instead of telling people to be poor and content and live to the end of their lives they tell them to kill themselves with work and worry and get buried in Greenford. Money, baby, is the root of all evil, and you can quote me on that!"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Americans, baby," I said, telling it to her, "are a lot of saps. Working and worrying to get ahead and get rich. Why can't they settle down and enjoy life like me? You know Pink Solomon that I used to work for—the Pincus Solomon Construction Company?"

"Baby, I am going to work for Pink Monday morning, fifty a week. It's steady and it's all we want. Why wouldn't Junior go to public school with the greatest men this country ever knew? Why wouldn't little Molly step out and grab herself a job when she gets big? The greatest woman this country ever knew—take a bow, baby!—was hustling trays in a cafeteria when I first seen her. I have lost my shirt and I am happy! I am happy again the first time in five years!"

"Yes, sweetheart," said Molly. "Don't holler."

**THAT** afternoon I went down to 42d Street to close up the office for good and give the furniture to a secondhand man. I was all washed up, and glad of it. Was I happy!

Though I was very sore at the same time about the bank, the people that busted me.

This is what they did to me. I took a contract to put up a big building, and I wasn't to get paid most of the money till the building was finished. So I had to borrow. Well, the bank agreed to finance me along, and I went ahead and put all my cash in the building, and some of the bank's, and then with the building half finished the bank gets cold feet.

They wouldn't go on financing me and lending me more money, and they wanted back what they'd lent me already. What? Oh, yes, they can do that to you, and all you can do is go broke and like it. That's the law; you look it up.

So I was feeling very happy and also very sore as I walked down the hall to my office. And who do I see leaning against my office door as if he's been there quite a while but Mr. Pintsch, the third vice-president of the bank.

He gave me a shout. "Hello, Mr. M'Gaffin, hello!" he called, very cordial, reaching for me. "Nice to see you again! You're looking well—been on a vacation? We've been thinking of you every day, Mr. M'Gaffin. Being unable to contact you on the phone, I thought I'd step over today and say hello."

"Hello, Pintsch," I said, and walked into my office.

But he followed me. "Take the family with you, did you, Mr. M'Gaffin? How love-ly! I inferred as much from making inquiries at your delightful home in Greenford and it seemed vacant."

"Greenford?" I said. "I used to live there, but I didn't like it. I'm living in the east Bronx now, Beverley Lane."

"Beverley Lane," he said, making a note to go there and put the bite on me.

"Well, Mr. M'Gaffin, now that you're rested, shall we talk business?"

"No," I said. "I have retired from business."

"How love-ly!" he said, reaching for me again. Either he was going to be my best friend or get a rupture. "That you are so well off you can retire! I am sure you have made arrangements to take care of the fifty thousand dollars you owe the bank."

"No."

"How? I don't understand, Mr. M'Gaffin."

"Yes, you do too, Pintsch!" I said, letting out at him. "I told you backward and forward that if you stopped my credit line with the bank I'd have to stop the building I was putting up and go busted, didn't I? All right, you stopped it, and all right, I am busted! All the money you lent me so far, and all my own money, is sunk in that new building, and the building is stopped and neither of us is ever going to get back a dime!"

"Don't shout, kindly, M'Gaffin," he

fin," he said, sweating more. "Just to throw up all and walk away—"

He jumped and took the telephone off me and said, "Don't call the secondhand man yet, kindly, Mr. M'Gaffin. First let me talk to the bank."

**I** WAS a little late getting back to Beverley Lane that evening because the bank asked me over for a conference.

It took a little time. Maybe you never had to explain to four bankers that this thing of being rich is the bunk and money is the root of all evil, but it is a new idea and they don't get it right off.

There was Mr. Crump, the chairman, who has the say, and Mr. Pintsch and two more. I told them up and down how I argued Mr. Pintsch till I was blue in the face that I would go broke if they stopped financing me as they promised. And now I was broke.

"We are very sorry, Mr. M'Gaffin," said old Crump.

"Not at all," I said happily. "I am liking it! No more worry about my

didn't mean to be rough; he forgot himself.

"You can't rub that on me," he said, and I was only afraid bite my nose off. "You can't. Coming around here making remarks about finances and you wouldn't sell your soul! If it wasn't that you got some your side I'd see you in Hal. You jump back in your office eat or change your clothes till us all out of this, the bank and The bank will lend you the mo."

"Well, Mr. Crump," I said, to smile at Mr. Pintsch, "if both of us a great favor, and pa the bank, and you offer me a proposition, perhaps I might be to go back into the cares of bus being rich."

"You scuttler," said Mr. Crump, then he gave Mr. Pintsch a too, and said, "It was never of this bank and never will be chairman of the board to go b word and run out on a custe anybody who thinks different too much on himself. It wou pen if I knew it. From th randums I see we agreed to fin M'Gaffin till he got this bui ished, so we are going to do it fin, get back on the job."

**SO** I was a little late getting Molly.

The stew was on the stove was in the bathroom soaking the tub and singing like a lark contented. She gave me a ha and I gave her a big hug.

"Put on the war paint, bab while I round up the childre all going over to O'Hara's and Italian Gardens and have carte Rhode Island shore dinn

"But, sweetheart, we can't."

"Who can't afford it?" I said her again. "Baby, I was in bank and everything is jal opened the bag and told me to self; so I am back in busines morrow we will be back in C Do you think if we give Raffi age a ring they can get us in Dudley and James?"

"You mean, sweetheart," s "that we are going back to C We are, for real and true?"

And down she flops and cries on till I had to sit next her an on my lap and hush her and

"Don't feel so bad about Circumstances alter cases, would we be contented if we to be? This is a lovely little we are very happy here, but—

"Oh, Terry, it is a nasty litt she said, spraying tears. "Whe into it two weeks ago and t would have to be here again I nearly died! We are really to that lovely Greenford?"

I went down to the drugstor subcontractors, and I saw Le cop on the street.

"Hello, M'Gaffin," he sai I thought you moved!"

"I did, five years ago," I living in Greenford now."

"Five years?" he said, hard "Don't the time fly! Yes, y five years older, M'Gaffin, look at you; and you've had ries. Five years, is it? What I have. I remember that goodby to you and the miss the street as if it was only weeks."



"Come on! Cut the clowning!"

JAY IRVING

said, beginning to sweat. Well, the office was stuffy, closed two weeks. "The bank changed its policy on loans and we couldn't lend you any more money, but we thought you had ample resources, living in such a beautiful home."

"Like it, do you?" I said. "You can have it. It's mortgaged to the top of the radio antenna on the roof. All that's free and clear on the place is the robins, and you can have them too."

**"YOU** have filed in bankruptcy, Mr. M'Gaffin?"

"Why would I? I don't need a bath. I'm not going in business again. I will just owe you the money from now on."

"You have got funds hid somewhere!"

"Think so? There's the books. Look and see. Take them with you. The secondhand man don't want them."

"You have a house in the Bronx. We'll grab it."

"Nix on that either, Pintsch," I said. "It's the wife's and always was. . . . Well," I said, "it's been nice to see you! Now excuse me and I will call up the secondhand man and sell him the desks."

I took the telephone.

"This is highly irregular, Mr. M'Gaf-

money, or about yours either. Nobody eating on me but my family. I am free and independent and live as I please. A man is a sucker to be rich. Money, gentlemen, is the root of all evil."

"Money is what?" said one, working on his ear.

"Whose money?" said Mr. Crump. "What nonsense!"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be, gentlemen," I said, and how they liked that slur. "Poor and content is rich enough." And then I spoke them a piece I learned out of the third-grade reader when I was a boy: "Loss of wealth is loss of dirt, sages in all times assert, the happy man's without a shirt!"

"What bosh!" said Mr. Crump.

"Well, it's been nice to see you, gentlemen!" I said, getting up. And then they all began to sweat. Listen, if I stepped out from under and let everything crash, the bank would lose fifty thousand dollars, every nickel.

So they all began to sweat; except Mr. Crump. He jumped up and shoved me against the wall with an arm like the pole of a truck. Mr. Crump is an old man and a rich banker but he used to be a plasterer in his younger days and that's a business gives you arms. He





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PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

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**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**



## Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 21

of darkness below the row of close-growing poplars that lined one side of the path. He walked very fast and did not open his mouth until they were a good two hundred yards from the window. Finally he sighed.

"Very nicely done, sir," he said with approval. "I didn't know you'd come out until I set eyes on you. It's as well to be careful. We don't want to give a lot of fancy explanations. Once you start that game, it's my experience that you have to go on remembering what you've said for years afterward."

Campion made no specific comment. He grunted noncommittally and pressed on toward the gateway.

As he had hoped, Hutch continued to talk. He revealed a friendly soul and a justifiable pride in his rise to eminence in the force.

"That's why I'm doing this little job myself," he remarked. "It's not that I haven't got half a dozen men I could trust to be both efficient and discreet, but I don't want them to take the risk, don't you see? When it's something unorthodox and a little bit delicate it's the chief's job every time. Don't you agree?"

"Oh, every time," said Campion heartily. He wondered where they were going with such determined speed.

They turned away from Anscombe's house at the end of the drive and plunged off downhill in the opposite direction. Hutch kept to the shadowed side of the street and his long strides were as silent as a ghost's. Most English country towns are picturesque in the moon's eye but this winding hill was like a part of an old fairy story in the cold, yellowish light. Tudor shops with overhanging upper stories and windows like those on a galleon, squeezed prim Queen Anne houses that wore shutters and graceful fanlights. There were mounting blocks and lantern posts at every dozen yards, and through carved archways occasional glimpses of cobbled courts and stone gardens.

It was probably the most hackneyed picture-postcard subject in the world but Campion saw it with the eyes of a child and its charm startled him. The crazy roofs were like witches' hoods huddling together for whispered consultation and the dark windows winked their little panes at him from a bygone world.

Meanwhile, the superintendent's silence became oppressive, and Campion ventured a leading question:

"Why exactly is this trip so delicate?"

"Perhaps that isn't the word I ought to have used," Hutch seemed a little put out, and for a moment Campion was afraid that he had silenced him.

As they turned across a wide market square that might well have decorated any calendar the policeman opened out a little.

"I don't like to talk under windows," he said. "In a place like this everyone knows your voice, let alone your life story. You don't quite understand the position of the Masters in this town, do you?"

"No," said Campion truthfully. "I'm afraid I don't. Most of the offices are hereditary, aren't they?"

"All of them." Hutch appeared to respect the fact. "It's a very interesting survival," he announced, a touch of the professional guide creeping into his voice and mixing oddly with the confidential police low-down which was his natural manner. "Their records go back nearly five hundred years. This is the only example of what you might virtually call a free city in the British Isles—other than London, of course. We're in a funny position, you see, stuck here

on a navigable river which yet isn't quite big enough to make us a port."

"Yes, of course," Campion held his breath. They were halfway across the square now and in a moment or two windows would be over their heads again.

"That fellow Pyne," said Hutch, "he called the Masters a glorified municipal council, you may remember. So he can, but if he realized how glorified they are, he'd keep his mouth shut like the rest of us. Do you know, Mr. Campion, there's not a man in this town selling so much as a packet of cigarettes who doesn't do his business solely at the direct discretion of the Masters? They're kings, that's what they are, little kings. Between 'em they own the whole place and the Institute makes 'em rich."

"Why do you think there's no cinema in the whole of Bridge? Because the Masters don't want to alter the character of the town. They own the land, they appoint the magistrates, they control the licenses and it's their say-so. Same with the trippers. You'll never see a charabanc in Bridge although it's the most famous beauty spot in the whole of the southwest. The Masters don't want charabancs. They know their town-folk. In fact they are their town-folk. They're all related—the whole town is related—and charabancs aren't allowed."

He paused in his stride and lowered his voice:

"Of course, being so old and so rich and having all the ancient ceremonial and secrecy and so on, it makes them very powerful. They've got such a pull. They always put up a member of Parliament and they subsidize the chair at one of the universities—oh, they've got a finger in all sorts of pies! They're thick as thieves with the government, and, in fact, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they weren't one of the most powerful bodies in the whole country in their own quiet way."

"Quiet," Campion repeated the word aloud unconsciously. It was coming back to him, or rather it was all there. He knew it all, just behind the shadow in his mind. The superintendent's urgent words were like a new facet on some old stone that he knew well.

Hutch snorted. "They're quiet all right," he said. "There's never been a meeting of theirs discussed at a tea table, let alone reported in the press. It's amazing what you can keep quiet if it's in your interest to do so. That's why I called our little job tonight delicate. We haven't got too much time either. This way, sir. It's quicker."

He took Campion's arm again as he spoke and drew him down a narrow alleyway between two dark houses whose sugar-loaf roofs bowed to each other overhead.

"This brings us out directly into the Nag's Pykle," he said. "Around here."

Another sharp turn brought them out into the open moonlight again and Campion, still with his new child's eyes, was brought up short before what is perhaps one of the most dramatic natural pictures in England.

A broad road, still paved and flanked with squat houses, rises slowly to the Corn Exchange and the Nag's Head Inn. The hostelry, fourth oldest in the country, is three stories high and its center gable, gallant but drunken, leans appreciably westward, lending the whole structure a note of ancient and irresponsible festivity both laughable and endearing. Behind this, and behind the Corn Exchange and the low tower of St. Nicholas' Church, stands the Nag

itself. The bare hill rises up stark and unexpected, like the head of the giant horse it is said to resemble. It is thread-bare limestone and is entirely naked save for the double line of ragged pine trees on the crest which in Bridge are called the Mane. In broad sunlight it is impressive and even menacing, but that night, by the moon, it was breathtaking.

Even the superintendent was tempted to comment.

"Extraordinary formation," he observed. "When you come on it like this you can almost believe the old tale about the bridge. You know that one, don't you? Oh, well, if you don't, it's interesting," he added with some satisfaction. "It shows you how far back the name of the town goes. There's the river mouth behind there, as you know, and that other hill on the opposite bank is called the Manger. It's got a big hollow in the top. You can see it on a clear day. The story goes that there was a great flood here once that cut the town right off from the mainland. There was a terrible famine and no one could put out in a boat because of the storms. Right at the last moment, when everyone was practically dead, the mayor—or local saint or somebody—said his prayers extra strong and lo and behold, 'with a roar like a million drums' the Nag raised his head and shot out his great neck and put his nose in the Manger over on the other side of the river."

"Those who were still strong enough ran along his mane and brought back food for the rest. The Nag kept his head in the Manger until the floods went down and then one night, when everything was quiet and everyone was asleep, like it might be tonight, he drew it very quietly back again. That's the legend of how the town got its name and there's certainly no bridge in the place except the little humpbacked one down by the mill on the Coachingford road."

He laughed a trifle self-consciously.

"I always think of it when I come along here at night," he said. "I like that bit about the 'roar like a million drums.' You can just imagine it, can't you? I don't know that there's much moral to the tale, unless it's that the Nag looks after Bridge. So he does, of course, to this day. Very much so. But it's remarkable how an old tale like that gets handed down. I wonder you hadn't heard it. It's very well known. One of the big composers wrote a bit of music about it. Holst, was it?"

Campion said nothing. The story, coupled with the unexpected sight, was strangely moving. He knew he must be hearing it much as a savage might, or as the early unsophisticated inhabitants of the town must have. It was damnable convincing. He felt quite a thrill of superstitious fear.

Meanwhile, the superintendent's attitude toward him was growing more incomprehensible at every step. He was friendly, not to say obliging, and, moreover, the farther they came the less certain of himself he appeared to be. But where they were going so fast and so secretly remained a complete and utter mystery.

Campion was naturally tempted to begin careful pumping operations but he was alive to all the dangers. He knew so little about anything at all that the most innocent remark could easily prove a disaster. He ventured one little feeler.

"Mr. Aubrey rather expected you to come along earlier this evening," he said.

"I dare say he did, sir," Hutch be-

came an official again. "I had one two things to see to. I'd hardly left Anscombe's house when something else cropped up."

"Oh?" Campion tried to show interest without anxiety and the superintendent rose to the fly.

"I had a call from Coachingford said briefly. 'They're having a bit of a man hunt all around here tonight. As far as I could get it on the telephone, the case seems to have all the usual features, but it's a worry in wartime. The stolen car abandoned on the high road and all the rest of it. They pick him up in the morning when they can see what they're doing. They're circularizing a full description of him, we are, sir, this way.'"

The final announcement was provisional since it covered Campion for a necessary moment. He had started like a cat, he noticed with concern, and had a conviction that his nerves were not usually so unreliable.

They had passed the inn now and had taken a side turning which ran around the eastern base of the Nag. This street was particularly ancient and here the buildings hung together, shrinking in the very sides of the hill. The shop in front of which Hutch had paused was a grocery and in its bow windows the familiar cartons of breakfast food, condensed milk and sugar substitutes looked ridiculous. Such a place should have sold love philters at least.

The superintendent took Campion by the elbow and led him into a minute alleyway which ran down between the shop and its neighbor. This passage was so narrow that they could not walk abreast and at one point, where the wall bulged there was scarcely space for Campion's shoulders. Hutch was treading like a hunter. His tall figure passed like a shadow and his feet made no noise. Campion followed him with equal technique.

At the end of the alley they came to a yard. It was little more than a wall with the Nag rising sheer on one side and the building crowding down upon them on the other.

Hutch produced a torch no larger than a rifle cartridge. Its pin-point beam up a keyhole in a surprisingly modern door set in an ancient frame. A shadow slid into position and the light turned over. They passed inside a spicy, slightly rancid atmosphere of a storeroom. Campion followed the superintendent blindly. His passage had all the actual qualities of dream. He had no idea where he was and velvet dark was warm and faintly esthetic.

They seemed to go on walking some time and his impression was that they were following a narrow path through all kinds of obstacles. Another door brought them to a flight of wooden stairs and a surprising change of atmosphere. It was still warm but the now smelled of paper and floor polish and the gentle, exciting odor of old wood. It was a long climb, and Hutch began to relax some of his elaborate caution.


"We're right in the hill now," he said unexpectedly. "You wouldn't think would you? We'll go right on up to council chamber, shall we? The nothing much down here."

"By all means," Campion spoke gently. He was struggling with incredulity. "Where are we?" he demanded, throwing caution to the winds. "In town hall?"

Hutch laughed. He seemed to take the question as a witticism.

"That's about the size of it, really."





*Join the parade!*

Replace  
with a  
**DELCO**  
battery



It's millions strong, the procession of car owners who rely on Delco batteries . . . millions strong, and growing every day, as more and more drivers learn about Delco battery's extra starting power—long life—and dependable performance. The news spreads, too, about the new automatic Delco Electro-Level that prevents overfilling . . . that safeguards the satisfaction built into Delco batteries.

Join this parade for quicker starting—increased motoring pleasure—complete battery satisfaction. Then you'll have the battery that is original equipment in 43% of all new cars sold. There is a Delco battery to fit any style, make, size or model of passenger car or commercial vehicle. There is a Delco battery dealer near you.

*Be sure to register your new Delco battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.*

**Delco-Remy**

*World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment*



# For '41 - Finest W

With this advertisement, Buick ushers in a brand-new automobile model year.

1940 production is history — recording the greatest manufacturing and selling season our company has ever known.

You may be sure we grimly realized we had to accomplish things in our new cars for 1941 that we could count on to *continue* our advance.

You don't stand still in this business. You go ahead or you fall back. And we're putting in what it takes to keep us on the march.

So, on top of the \$42,000,000 spent on our plants and machines these last four years we've added another \$10,000,000 in new facilities.

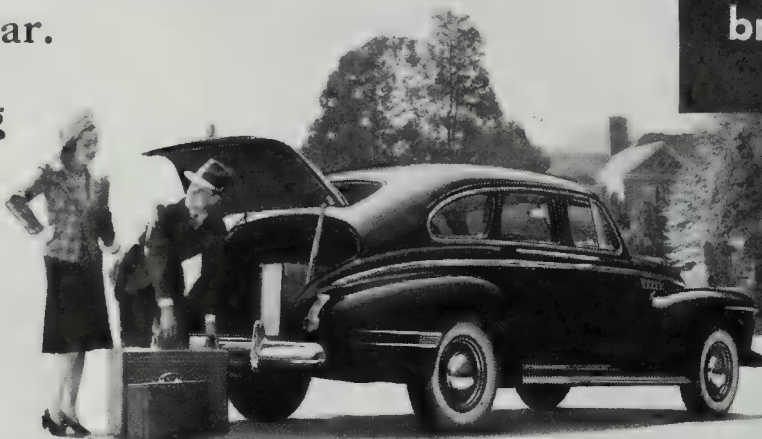
We've dreamed and schemed the last twelve months in our experimental and engineering divisions sucking fertile brains for new ideas and new values.

We've taken our greatest all-time car and steadily and carefully

*Under the sleek fantail there's more room for luggage, made more usable by upright mounting of the spare.*

**More ROOM**  
—from longer, broader bodies

**More POWER**  
—from stepped FIREBALL engines



brought it forward to a *perfection of action, ease, goodness* beyond anything ever offered under our name.

We honestly mean that, as you will see when you look it over — more, when you drive it — most of all, when it serves you as your very own.

It's hard to picture the new 1941 Buicks fairly with old adjectives.

## ONLY CAR IN THE WORLD WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

**BUICK FIREBALL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES**—115, 125 and 165 horsepower. Higher compression, better combustion, greater economy from design that makes the most of modern fuels.

**MICROPOISE BALANCING AFTER ASSEMBLY**—engines with less vibration per ounce than a fine wrist watch.

**COIL SPRINGS ALL AROUND**—no lubrication, no spring covers, no breakage, softer ride.

**"MASS-STREAM" BODIES, BIGGER, ROOMIER**—Unisteel Bodies by Fisher with concealed running boards and hidden hinges on all doors.

**COMPOUND CARBURETION**—reserve twin-barrel carburetor that cuts in as needed; greater brilliance with 30-mile economy at 50-mile speed.

**PERMI-FIRM STEERING**—freedom from steering wheel play over three or four times the usual service period.

**DUREX MAIN BEARINGS**—mechanical and chemical bond between babbitt and backing plate; practically indestructible in normal service.

**FORE-N-AFT DIRECTION SIGNAL** (Automatic Cut-Off)—with rear signal flush-mounted in fender.

**MASSIVE BUMPERS**—four front and two rear bumpers; built-in front license frame, and gravel guards front and rear.

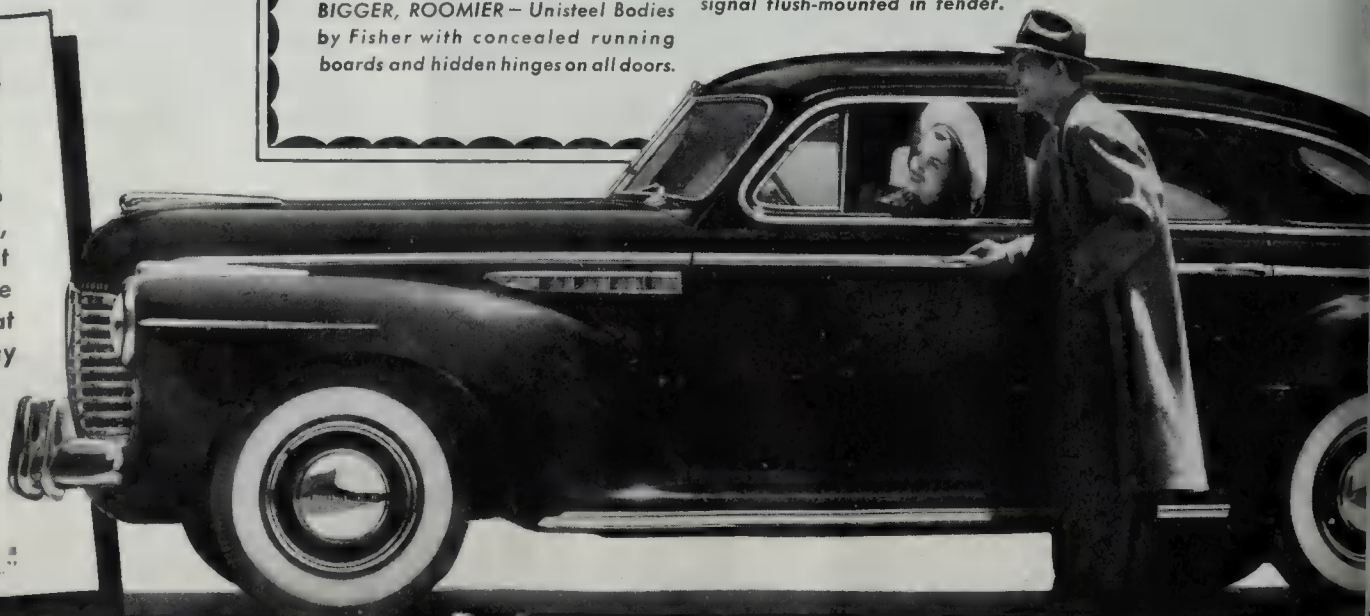
**PLUS:** Full-Length Torque in Sealed Chassis ★ Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes ★ One-Piece "Lift-Off" ★ Easier, Quieter Concentric Steering ★ Built-In Automatic Choke ★ Duty Oil Bath Air Cleaners ★ Saver Fan and Water Pump ★ Matched Connecting Rods ★ Beam Headlights ★ Two-Tone Colors ★ Safety Plate Glass All Around

## THE FIREBALL\* DOES IT!

Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball that centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type

spark plug. Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-forced, "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard-fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.

\*According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a great explosion like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."





# e Done!

**COMFORT**  
m softer,  
ier ride

More **VALUE**  
—any way you  
measure it!

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT  
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Every car in all five series of the whole new line  
deserves unused fresh-minted language.

Styewise, their suave and dynamic beauty re-  
freshes the jaded eye as would sight of a hydrant  
in the desert.

They move and function like young wild  
things. They're all grace and poise and  
eagerness. They bring to driving and

handling a keener pleasure and a new thrill.

Go see these superb new cars at your dealer's  
—they make plain why Buick is rightly called  
“exemplar of General Motors value.”

Ask especially about the new micropoise-  
balanced FIREBALL engines—the 1941 furtherance  
of Buick's Dynaflex design and kingpin of all  
the features that make Buick the sensation of  
the new automobile year.



# COOL SHAVES

## bat "1000" against razor burn and sting!

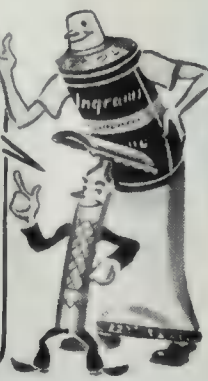


If your morning shave leaves your face hot and stinging, you're a candidate for Ingram's cooling, soothing, quicker shaves!



Mister, the minute my soothing lather touches your face you know it is really different! For it's COOL—purposely planned COOL—to help condition your face for shaving as it wilts those wiry whiskers!

Yes, sir! And all the time you are shaving you feel that bracing Ingram's Coolness... as billowing brushfuls of rich, creamy lather help you to get just about the quickest, most comfortable shave you ever had!



**U**NTIL you know Ingram's... until you've felt the soothing touch of Ingram's cool and bracing lather... you don't know how free from irritation your morning shave can be!

Switch to Ingram's now. You'll get cooler, smoother, quicker shaves. Your skin actually looks more attractive... and your face feels a bracing freshness you've probably never known before! No lotion ever needed!

Get Ingram's today—in the tube or jar. You get the same face-freshening, penny-saving cream in both. And both help you get the quick, comfortable shaves you've always wanted!

# INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

IN TUBE OR JAR

isn't it?" he said. "The Masters run the show in Bridge, not the officials in Basket Street. At one time, you know, this used to be the only administrative headquarters in the town. I believe they used to hold the courts in the council chamber. The whole place is formed from the natural caves in the hill. The air shafts are artificial but they're prehistoric."

"Is this the only entrance?" inquired Campion faintly.

"**N**OT likely." Hutch paused in his stride. "You know about that, surely? Excuse me, sir, but don't you read your guidebook? I thought everyone knew about the doors of Bridge, as they call them. It's one of the features of the place. It's my opinion that it's those four doors which give the Masters their peculiar fanciful quality. In the old days it served as a fortress, and stood a long siege in the Jacobite rebellion. But those four doors, each one marked by an innocent-looking house, give it a sort of romantic touch, if you see what I mean."

"What houses?" inquired Campion, who appeared to have given up subterfuge.

"Well, there's the pub for one." Hutch was torn between astonishment and delight at the discovery of such ignorance. "The old Nag's Head is built across the main door. You can see it in the big back room, a lovely bit of carved wood. Takes up all one side. That's the ceremonial entrance where the Masters go in on a meeting night. Then there's the gate house, where Mr. Peter Lett lives. He's the hereditary gatekeeper. That door leads out of his drawing room and isn't often used. His house is around the other side, in the Haymarket Road."

"The third door is off the rectory. It's in a sort of gallery there, next the church. And the fourth lies behind the Wain House, farther off down the street. Mr. Philips, who is the hereditary groom, lives there. It's all very old-world and out of the ordinary, if you come to it new, but of course when you're as used to it as we are you don't see anything in it. It's just a custom, that's all."

Campion felt an absurd desire to sit down on the stairs. He wondered vaguely if all ancient history sounded as picturesque as this when it was heard for the first time, and, if so, if most children lived in this perpetual state of astonishment.

"We came in by a fifth door, then," he murmured.

"We came in by the back door," said Hutch firmly. "Not many people know about it and I dare say it's comparatively recent—not above seventy years old perhaps. Like everybody else the Masters have to have cleaners and they have to have goods delivered. I imagine they must have bought the shop at some period and installed a caretaker there. It's an old-fashioned business. It's been in the same family for years. I came in that way tonight because it seemed safest. I don't want to have to give a lot of explanations and I'm sure you don't."

This is the last step, sir. Now to your right."

He produced a larger torch as spoke and Campion was startled by the height of the gallery in which they stood. It seemed to have no ceiling but to go up and up into infinity. There was a pleasant, dull sound of wood on wood and then a great rush of cool air as it passed into the room within.

Hutch swept a broad beam of light around them and Campion stepped back. The place was enormous. He received a confused impression of black panels, the lower halves of mighty pictures, the length portraits of heroic size, and, overhead, canopies of ragged banners, so bright and gallant after their passage down the centuries. The centerpiece turned out somewhat tamely to be a table. It was a mighty affair of glistening black oak and it fitted snugly on a carpet which must have been nearly the size of a tennis court. Twelve chairs encircled it and at the head before a seat larger than the others, was a pile of papers and a very prominent water bottle and glass.

The silence was remarkable. It lay over them like a smothering pall. There was not a breath anywhere, not a crack of shrinking wood, not a scurry of dust upon the stone floor, nothing. Hutch sighed deeply.

The man's words when they arrived, however, took him completely by surprise.

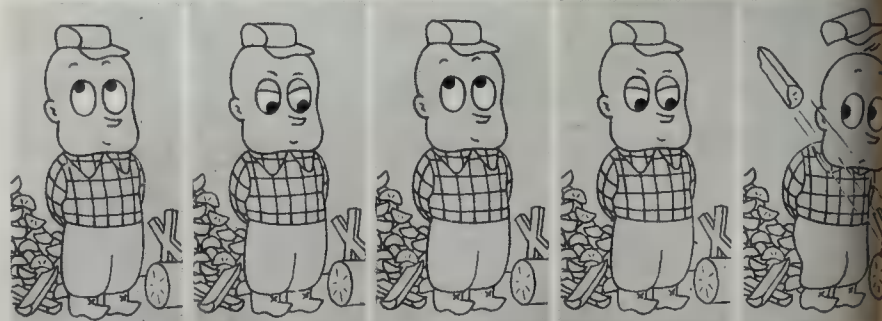
"Well, sir." He sounded a trifle breathless. "Here you are. I've risked my warrant to get us in and I hope you'll forgive me if I ask you to do whatever you have to do done as soon as possible, so we can get out before the light. I don't like to think what would happen if we got caught. No one would lift a finger for us. But you know that even better than I do, I expect."

**C**AMPION did not move. The man who dries up center stage in the middle of the big scene and who stands there blankly with the urgent silence growing more acute as every second feels much as he did then.

His first coherent thought was a more terrifying, however. Since he had evidently engineered this illegal entry himself, and had apparently persuaded a superintendent of police to break the dearest law in the British constitution in order to achieve it, it must obviously have some vital importance and he himself must possess much more than ordinary influence. There was something he had to do here, more probably something he had to find out, and there was no knowing what stupendous machine hung upon his success. Already it was long past midnight. The morning of the fourteenth had begun. The fifteenth far as he knew, was zero hour.

It came to him that he must lay cards on the table and take the consequences. He turned to Hutch, prepared to speak, but as the first difficulty was formed in his mind the superintendent began again.

"I don't like to criticize," he said in apology making the reproach a hunt.



Wood Splitter

CROCKETT JOHN



**TOMORROW'S DRIVING WILL BE**

*Fluid Driving!*

## AN INVITATION

IF YOU WANT a new experience, a new sensation in driving, here's an invitation of the utmost interest.

The Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers of America invite you to try one of motoring's great advances of recent years . . . *Fluid Driving!*

In terms of engineering, Chrysler Corporation's *Fluid Drive* is simplicity itself. Yet it creates such an amazing new kind of performance that the only way to know its results is to try it.

*Fluid Driving* is smooth as oil because it literally is a *drive through oil*. It banishes jerks and jars. It makes driving so easy, so simple, so completely effortless that it becomes an entirely new experience. As one man puts it, "You just say when, where and how fast . . . the car does the rest!"

Yet, even that description can't give you the complete idea of *Fluid Driving*. Smoothness and driving ease are sensations; they really can't be described, they must be felt!

*Fluid Drive* was introduced to the public in 1938 on the higher-priced Chrysler cars. It has behind it today the proof of millions of miles and many thousands of delighted owners.

For 1941, *Fluid Drive* will be available on models of Dodge and DeSoto as well as on all Chrysler cars. And Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler dealers are making special arrangements to accommodate the many who will want to experience *Fluid Driving*.

Watch for announcements of the arrival in your city of 1941 Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler cars with *Fluid Drive*. Then accept our invitation to drive one. There is no obligation.

Just one short ride will reveal the advantages of *Fluid Drive* more clearly than any words . . . it will show you why this revolutionary development foretells that tomorrow's driving will be *Fluid Driving!*

FLUID DRIVE  
AVAILABLE ON 1941  
DODGE, DE SOTO AND  
CHRYSLER CARS

YOU GET THE GOOD THINGS FIRST FROM CHRYSLER CORPORATION!





## "Look," said Elsie, "you're turning green!"

"YES," SAID ABIGAIL, the cow on the other side of the fence. "I *am* turning green. What of it?"

"Well—er—" stammered Elsie, the Borden cow. "Isn't it a bit unusual?"

"Not at all," Abigail replied. "I often turn green when I'm jealous. It's what people call turning green with envy."

"What are you envious of?" inquired Elsie.

"You," said Abigail. "I'm envious of the clean, tidy barn you live in. I'm jealous of the way that young veterinarian checks up on your health. And I do wish someone was as careful about the purity of my milk as all those Borden folks are of yours."

"They might be," said Elsie rather tactlessly, "if your milk went into as many important products as mine."



"Like what?" snapped Abigail, for every cow has her pride.

"Oh, like cheese," said Elsie. "Chateau. Borden's celebrated cheese food, is made from my rich milk, you know. It's delicious—a secret blend combined with rare, old, aged cheese. And though others have tried hard to imitate its flavor, they haven't got anywhere."

"I never got anywhere, either," sighed Abigail, "not even as far as the village store."

"That's a shame," sympathized Elsie. "If you had, you'd have seen, incidentally, two of my famous *canned* products on the shelf."

"What are they?" Abigail asked.

"One is Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk," Elsie replied. "Cooks who know their cookies



always make them with Eagle Brand. It's magic for candies and cake frostings, too."

Abigail turned a deeper shade of green, about the color of a well-dressed bull frog, as Elsie continued:

"And my Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk is digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors of



recommend it for infant formulas. It also makes serole dishes and whipped potatoes fit for a gourmet.

Abigail, now green as a traffic light, said: "You almost got me licking my chops."

"I *will* have you licking them," declared Elsie, "when you hear about Borden's Ice Cream. It's the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious thing that ever melted



your tongue. Wise men have been known to write poems about it."

"William Wordsworth, if I remember my poem," smiled Abigail, "said that he could write a poem about glue."

"Indeed, he might have," Elsie countered, "if he knew about Borden's Casco Glue. It's made out of casein extracted from my milk. It's such good glue you can use it for the heaviest jobs or for delicate work on things like ship models."



"And I suppose because it never comes unstuck, you're terribly stuck up about it," laughed Abigail.

"I am proud of it," said Elsie. "I'm proud of everything Borden's make...it's so *good*. We sure live up to our motto."

"What motto?" asked Abigail.

"That one," cried Elsie, pointing to a big sign painted on the barn... "if it's Borden's, it's *GOT* to be good."

See Elsie in her Cow Boudoir at the Borden Building, New York World's Building.





more poignant in the circumstances, "and I know men in your position have to keep their mouths shut, just as a question of policy, don't think it would have made things easier if your department had seen the trust the chief constable and myself with just a little more information? I can see how it is. We're quite folded, aren't we? We're instructed to give you every assistance, every assistance no matter what you ask, and so will, but it would make things simpler if we had just a glimmer of what were up to."

He paused hopefully but, when the constable before him did not reply, went on restlessly:

"OK, at that business this evening, for instance. I haven't been on the job for close on thirty years without being able to recognize a corpse which has been slugged when I see one. But what am I to do? There's a ready-made hole there and we've got a young constable. If I shut down on the inquiry I let the whole investigation collapse without any trouble. But am I right in that? Is it in the country's interest to have it nothing to do with the case? I don't know. I'm asking you. I'm in a dark. I gave you every opportunity you didn't give me any lead."

Campion pulled himself up as the ground gave way at his very feet. "I can't tell you," he said helplessly. "Do you understand? I am simply unable to tell you."

Hutch stiffened. He was like a soldier under attention.

"Very good, sir," he said. "I'm in your debt. Carry on."

Campion took the torch from him and moved toward the table. It seemed a very obvious thing to do. As he came up to it, its enormous size became more apparent and panic seized him as he looked across that vast expanse of shin-wood. It was so empty, so utterly formative.

He glanced toward the papers neatly arranged before the main chair and exchanged his first ray of hope. They were not all the usual blanks. On the table the pile was a fold of foolscap headed "Agenda." Anscombe had written his last duty for the Masters.

The light of the torch he read the items down for discussion at the meeting. It began archaically with "Prayers to Almighty God," went on to the orthodox "Senior Master's Opening Remarks," "Minutes of Last Meeting," and "Correspondence." But the third entry was more unusual. "Ceremony of the Bale of the Bale," it stated simply, and continued, "though the one were the counterpart of the other, 'Report on the New Sewerage System for the Lower Town, Temporarily Suspended by War.' The 'Minute Report' followed, and the fifth recorded 'Extraordinary Council: Election of John Robert Anscombe, Mayor.'"

The sixth heading brought Campion short, his brows rising as he read the characterless copperplate. "Suggested Purchase from the Government of the French," it ran briefly. "Island of Malaguama. 950,000,000."

The somewhat staggering project brought him to the foot of the page and he read it casually, unprepared for further statement, but there, staring at him and in the same childish hand, was another consideration for the Master of Bridge.

"Win Business of the Evening," he read, and saw underneath it, in a large, easily drawn circle in red ink, the number figure 15.

He folded the sheet, put it back into the tin and stepped back. His knees were trembling. It was all here, he felt

certain, all under his hand, and yet he could not recognize it. The other half of the talisman was lying just out of his reach in the monstrous darkness of his own brain.

Hutch remained stiffly at his side. Campion peered around him in the gloom.

"There are other rooms, of course?" "This is the only actual habitable room, sir. The others are only caverns. They go right on down to the Trough."

"The Trough?" "Yes, sir. That's the local name of the big cave on the estuary bay. It runs a long way under the hill and the old river road leads past it. At one time it used to be a great place for picnics and so on, but the water comes right up to the entrance at high tide and there were so many cases of people getting caught down there that the Masters declared it shut and ran a railing across the entrance, which isn't very wide. A place like that gets very dirty and untidy if you leave it open to the public."

"I suppose so. Can you get down to it from here?"

"I don't know, sir. No one's allowed in here, you see. I don't think you can. As far as I know you can get on to a sort of gallery which looks down into the Trough, but I don't think there's any way down from that. When I was a boy we used to dare one another to get up into the Masters' storerooms, but it was a terrific climb and you needed a rope. We never got very far."

"I see. I'd like to go on a bit, though. Is that possible?"

"It's possible, sir." Hutch did not add that it was also insane in his opinion.

A new doggedness had come over Campion and he hunched his shoulders. "We'll have to risk it," he said.

They found the way by considering the formation of the cavern in which the chamber was set and came at first to an astonishingly efficient furnace room with a chimney built up through a prehistoric air shaft in the hill. From there they passed on into a passage which had been roughly lined at some much earlier period, and thence an iron ladder took them down into the Masters' storerooms.

These long caverns were unexpectedly well ventilated and they confirmed Campion's suspicions that the whole Nag was nothing less than a fortress, probably dating back to Neolithic times.

A BRIEF inspection disclosed that the main use to which the Masters put their space was for the storage of wine. A smile appeared on the superintendent's strained face as he looked at them.

"They must have done themselves proud for generations," he said. "I bet there's a fortune here. As a matter of fact they do own vineyards all over the world, I've heard."

Campion did not comment.

At the end of the gallery the entrance to the next cavern was small and had been boarded up at some time. Hutch ran his torch beam over the edges of the torn wood lying in a neat pile on the uneven floor.

"This hasn't been down long," he remarked. "They've been making room for more liquor, I suppose."

It certainly looked like it. It seemed hardly credible, but the thin shafts from the superintendent's two torches disclosed pile upon pile of small packing cases, each sealed and labeled with a grower's name and burnt with the same hieroglyphics.

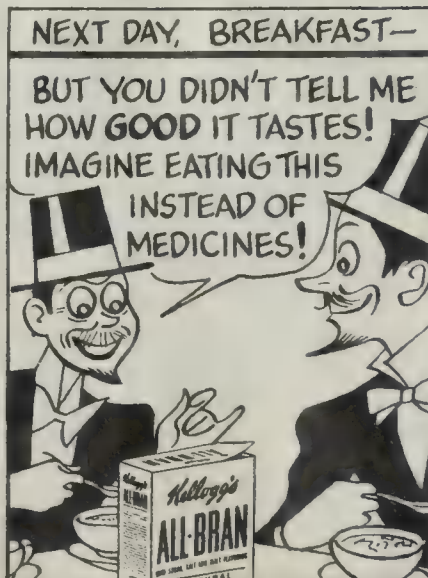
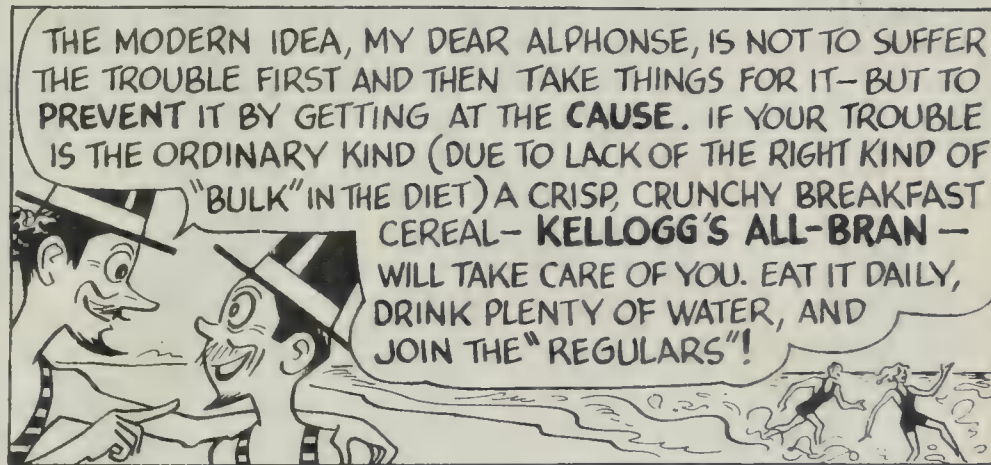
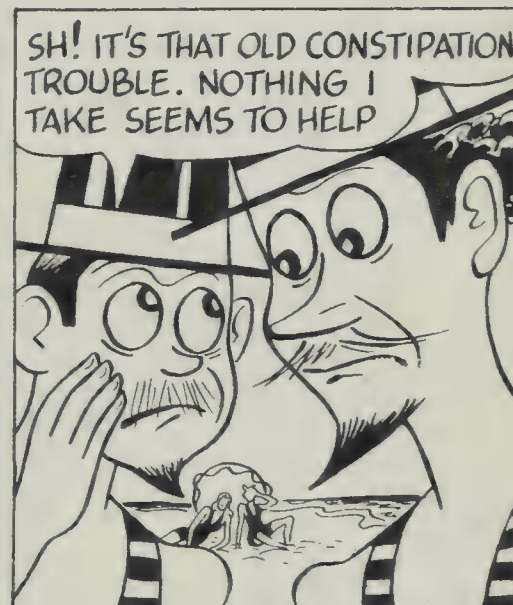
Hutch gaped. "There's a cargo of it," he said, sounding thoroughly shocked. "A perishing cargo. Hallo sir, what's the matter?"

Campion had paused in the middle of a step. His body had become rigid and he stood immovable, his head raised.

"Listen," he whispered.

(To be continued next week)

## ALPHONSE AND GASTON AT THE BEACH



Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with  
**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

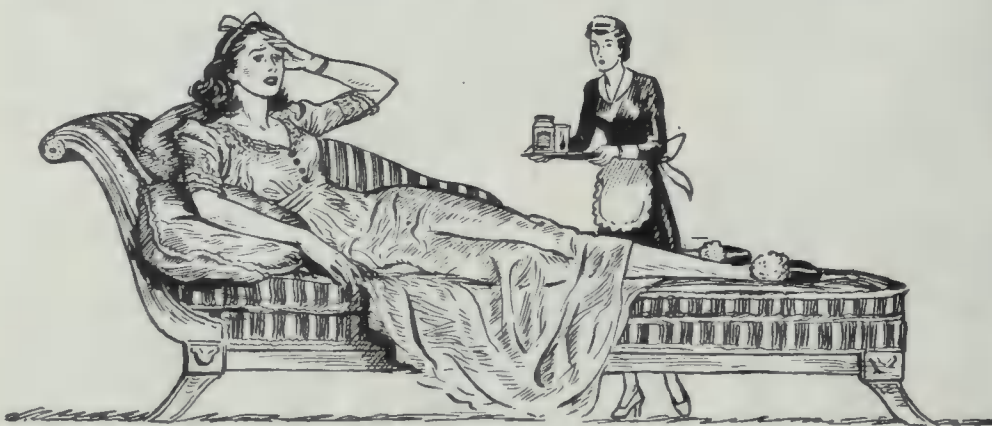


# I'd spent my all to be a bridesmaid . . .

... and don't think I begrudged a penny, for the dresses and the hats that Mary chose for us were the loveliest I'd ever seen. And the ushers (especially one!) were answers to a maiden's prayer! But the day of the wedding, my dear -- I awoke with one of those logy, sickish headaches!



I didn't know of anything that would clear it up in time, but Anne, the maid, recommended Sal Hepatica. She said it gave fast, two-way help. And it did!\*



Soon, my head coming out of that fog, my pep returning fast, I was off for the most exciting day of my life. Wedding reception (I caught the bouquet!), dancing (with The usher cutting in every minute) and ... but I haven't time for more now. Only this -- Sal Hepatica is a marvelous, quick-acting laxative! And it's grand good-times insurance!



\*The reason Sal Hepatica helps so fast is -- First, it's speedy yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity -- chases away that sickish feeling.

## SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 14

moderately good-looking, and I've got a lot of influential friends—and none of those unfortunate disabilities they talk about so freely in the advertisements nowadays. I can get along all right without manners."

"I'm not in the mood for small talk, Jane," Raikes said. "I guess I'll take myself off."

He got up, nodded curtly to Poirot and strode away.

Jane Olivera stared after him.

Poirot said, with a sigh, "Alas, the proverb is true. When you are courting, two is company, is it not, three is none?"

"Courting? What a word!" Jane said.

"But, yes, it is the right word, is it not? For a young man who pays attention to a young lady before asking her hand in marriage? They say, do they not, a courting couple?"

She turned suddenly to Poirot.

"I want to apologize to you. I made a mistake the other day. I thought you had wormed your way in and come down to Exsham just to spy on Howard. But afterward Uncle Alistair told me that he had definitely asked you because he wanted you to clear up this business of that missing woman—Sainsbury Seale. That's right, isn't it?"

"Absolutely."

"So I'm sorry for what I said to you that evening. But it did look like it, you know. I mean—as though you were just following Howard and spying on us both."

"Even if it were true, Mademoiselle—I was an excellent witness to the fact that Mr. Raikes bravely saved your uncle's life by springing on his assailant and preventing him from firing another shot."

"You've got a funny way of saying things, M. Poirot. I never know whether you're serious or not."

"At the moment I am very serious, Miss Olivera," Poirot said gravely.

Jane said, with a slight break in her voice, "Why do you look at me like that? As though—as though you were sorry for me?"

"Perhaps because I am sorry, Mademoiselle, for the things that I shall have to do so soon. . . ."

"Well, then—don't do them!"

"Alas, Mademoiselle, but I must. . . ."

She stared at him for a minute or two, then she said, "Have you—found that woman?"

"Let us say—that I know where she is."

"Is she dead?"

"I have not said so."

"She's alive, then?"

"I have not said that either."

JANE looked at him with irritation. She exclaimed, "Well, she's got to be one or the other, hasn't she?"

"Actually, it is not quite so simple."

"I believe you just like making things difficult!"

"It has been said of me," admitted Hercule Poirot.

Jane shivered. She said, "Isn't it funny? It's a lovely warm day—and yet I suddenly feel cold. . . ."

"Perhaps you had better walk on, Mademoiselle."

Jane rose to her feet. She stood for a minute irresolute. "Howard wants me to marry him," she said abruptly. "At once. Without letting anyone know. He says—he says it's the only way I'll ever do it—that I'm weak—and he—he's thinking of joining that International Corps to fight." She broke off, then with one hand she gripped Poirot's arm with surprising strength. "What shall I do about it, M. Poirot?"

"Why ask me to advise you? They are those who are nearer!"

"Mother? She'd scream the house down at the bare idea! Uncle Alistair? He'd be cautious and prosy. Plenty of time, my dear. Don't rush into a hasty war marriage. Got to make quite sure you know. Bit of an odd fish—a young man of yours. No sense in rushing things—"

"Your friends?" suggested Poirot.

"I haven't got any friends. Only a silly crowd I drink and dance and use inane catchwords with! Howard's the only real person I've ever met."

"Still—why ask me, Miss Olivera?"

"Because you've got a queer look on your face—as though you were sure about something—as though you knew something—that—that was—clearing. . . ." She stopped. "Well," she demanded. "What do you say?"

Hercule Poirot slowly shook his head.

WHEN Poirot reached home, General Japp said, "Chief Inspector Japp is here, sir."

Japp grinned in a rueful way as Poirot came into the room.

"Here I am, old boy. Come around and say 'Aren't you a marvel? How do you do it? What makes you think of these things?'"

"All this meaning—? But perhaps you will have some refreshment? Perhaps the whisky?"

"The whisky is good enough for me. A few minutes later he raised his glass, observing, "Here's to Hercule Poirot who is always right!"

"No, no, *mon ami*."

"Here we had a lovely case of suicide. H. P. says it's murder—wants it to be murder—and dash it all, it is murder!"

"Ah? So you agree at last?"

"Well, nobody can say I'm wrong-headed. I don't fly in the face of evidence. The trouble was there was any evidence before."

"But there is now?"

"Yes, and I've come around to the amend honorable, as you call it."

"I am all agog, my good Japp."

"All right. Here goes. The point is that Frank Carter tried to shoot Poirot with on Saturday is a twin pistol to one that killed Morley!"

Poirot stared. "But that is extraordinary!"

"Yes, it makes it look rather interesting for Master Frank."

"It is not conclusive."

"No, but it's enough to make us consider the suicide verdict. They're foreign make of pistol and rather uncommon one at that!"

Hercule Poirot stared. His eyes looked like crescent moons.

He said at last, "Frank Carter? Surely not!"

Japp breathed a sigh of exasperation. "What's the matter with you, Poirot? First you will have it that Morley murdered and that it wasn't suicide. Then when I come and tell you you're inclined to come around to your own hem and haw and don't see like it."

"You really believe that Morley murdered by Frank Carter?"

"It fits. Carter had a grudge against Morley. He came to Queen Charlotte Street that morning—and he pretended afterward that he had come along to tell his young woman he'd got a job but we've now discovered that he'd got the job then. He didn't get later in the day. He admits that. So there's lie No. 1. He can't account for where he was at twenty-five twelve onward. Says he was waiting for her."



the Marylebone Road, but the first he can prove is having a drink in at five past one. And the barman he was in a regular state, his hand and his face as white as a sheet!"

Hercule Poirot sighed.

The door opened softly and George murmured deferentially, "Excuse me, but..."

He got no further. Miss Gladys Nevill thrust him aside and came agitatedly to the room. She was crying.

"Oh, M. Poirot—" she began.

"Here, I'll be off," said Japp hurriedly.

He left the room precipitately.

Gladys Nevill paid his back the tribute of a venomous look.

"That's the man—that horrid inspector from Scotland Yard—it's he who has picked up a whole case against poor Frank."

"Now, now, you must not agitate yourself."

But he has. First they pretend that they tried to murder this Mr. Blunt and are content with that they've accused him of murdering poor Mr. Morley."

Hercule Poirot coughed. He said, "I know, down there, you know, at Exsham, the shot was fired at Mr. Blunt."

"But even if Frank did—did do a horrible thing like that—and he was one of those Imperial Shirts, you know—"

"...march with banners and have a ridiculous salute rather like Heil Hitler, of course, I suppose Mr. Blunt's was a very notorious Jewess, and they just work up these poor young men—quite harmless ones like Frank—until they think they are doing something wonderful and patriotic."

"That Mr. Carter's defense?" asked Hercule Poirot.

"No, no. Frank just swears he didn't do anything and had never seen the man before. I haven't spoken to him, of course—they wouldn't let me—but I got a solicitor acting for him and he told me what Frank had said. Frank says it's all a frame-up."

POIROT murmured, "And the solicitor is of the opinion that his client had no other think of a more plausible story?"

"Lawyers are so difficult. They won't say anything straight out. But it's the other charge I'm worrying about. Oh! Poirot, I'm sure Frank *couldn't* have done it. Mr. Morley. I mean really—he has no reason to."

"It's true," said Poirot, "that when he came around that morning he had not got a job of any kind?"

"Well, really, M. Poirot, I don't see any difference that makes."

But his story was that he came to

tell you about his good luck. Now, it seems, he had as yet had no luck. Why, then, did he come?"

"Well, M. Poirot, the poor boy was dispirited and upset, and to tell the truth I believe he'd been drinking a little. Poor Frank has rather a weak head—and the drink upset him and so he felt like—like making a row, and he came around to Queen Charlotte Street to have it out with Mr. Morley, because, you see, Frank is awfully sensitive and it had upset him a lot to feel that Mr. Morley disapproved of him, and was what he called poisoning my mind."

"So he conceived the idea of making a scene in business hours?"

"Well—yes—I suppose that was his idea. Of course, it was very wrong of Frank to think of such a thing."

Poirot looked thoughtfully at the tearful, blond young woman in front of him. He said, "Did you know that Frank Carter had a pistol—or a pair of pistols?"

"Oh, no, M. Poirot. I swear I didn't. And I don't believe it's true, either."

Poirot shook his head slowly in a perplexed manner.

"Oh! M. Poirot, do help us. If I could only feel that you were on our side—"

"I do not take sides. I am on the side only of the truth," Poirot said.

AFTER he had got rid of the girl, Poirot rang up Scotland Yard. Japp had not yet returned but Detective Sergeant Beddoes was obliging and informative.

The police had not as yet found any evidence to prove Frank Carter's possession of the pistol before the assault at Exsham.

Poirot hung up the receiver thoughtfully. It was a point in Carter's favor.

He had also learned from Beddoes a few more details as to the statement Frank Carter had made about his employment as gardener at Exsham. He stuck to his story of a secret-service job. He had been given money in advance and some testimonials as to his gardening abilities and had been told to apply to Mr. MacAlister, the head gardener, for the post. His instructions were to listen to the other gardeners' conversations and sound them as to their "red" tendencies, and to pretend to be a bit of a "red" himself. He had been interviewed and instructed in his task by a woman who had told him that she was known as Q.H.56 and that he had been recommended to her as a strong anti-Communist. She was a red-haired lady with a lot of make-up on.

Poirot groaned. He was tempted to consult Mr. Barnes on the subject.

The last post brought him something



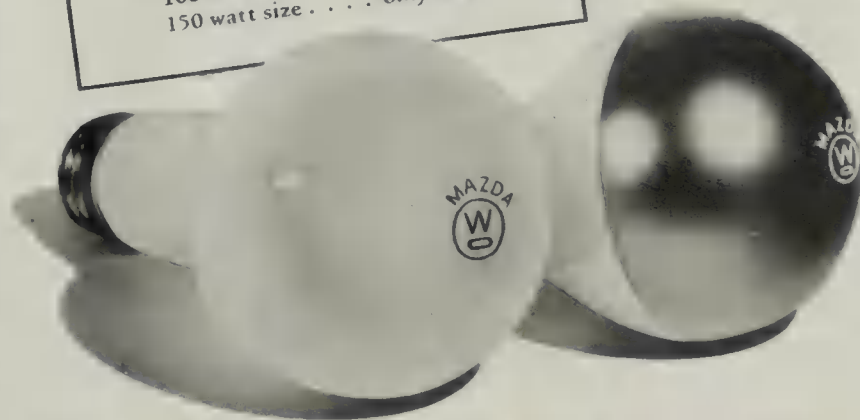
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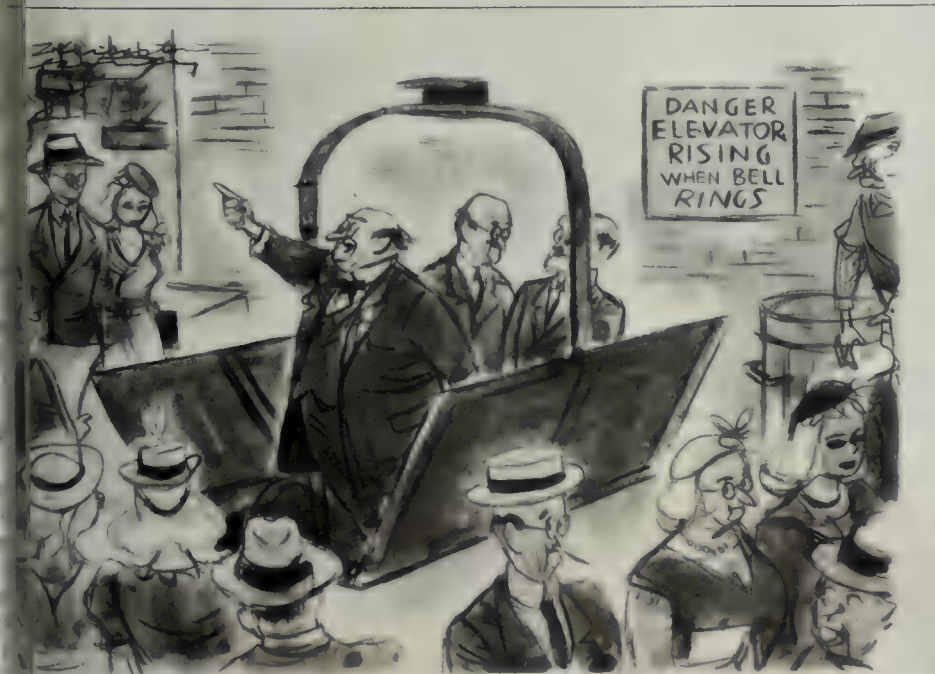
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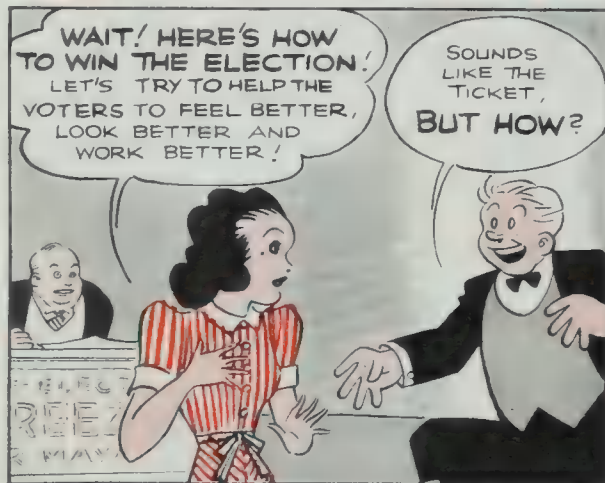
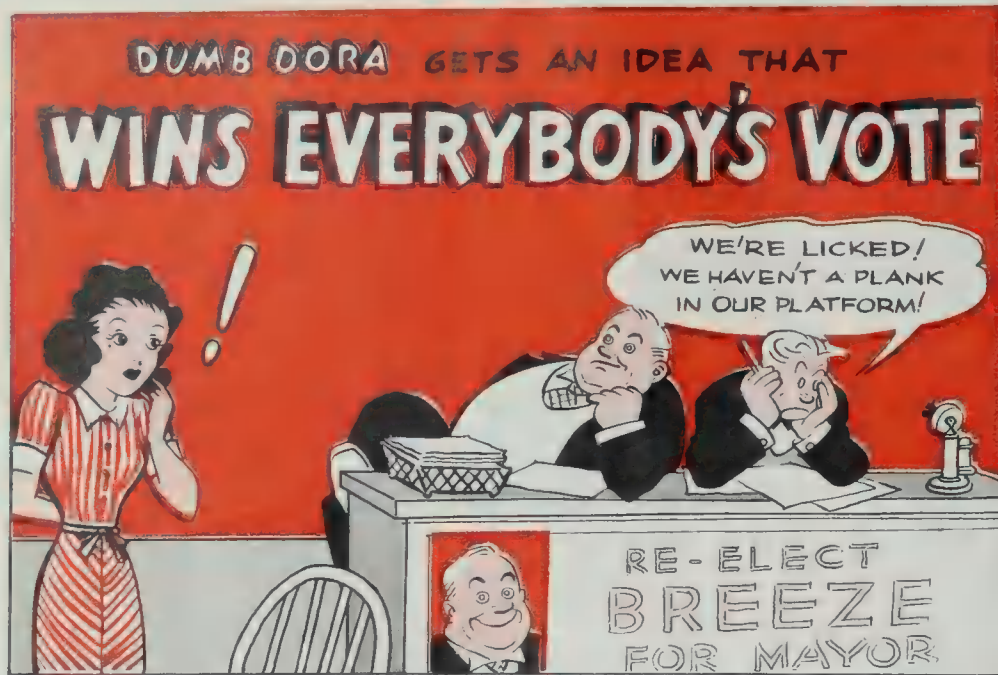


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that disturbed him more still—a cheap envelope in an unformed handwriting, postmarked Hertfordshire. Poirot opened it and read:

Dear Sir:

Hoping as you will forgive me for troubling you, but I am very worried and do not know what to do. I do not want to be mixed up with the police in any way. I know that perhaps I ought to have told something I know before, but as they said the master had shot himself it was all right I thought. And I wouldn't have liked to get Miss Nevill's young man into trouble and never thought really for one moment as he had done it. But now I see he has been took up for shooting at a gentleman in the country and so perhaps he isn't quite all there and I ought to say but I thought I would write to you, you being a friend of the mistress, and asking me so particular the other day if there was anything and of course I wish now I had told you then. But I do hope it won't mean getting mixed up with the police because I shouldn't like that and my mother wouldn't like it either. She has always been most particular.

Yours respectfully,  
AGNES FLETCHER.

Poirot murmured, "I always knew it was something to do with some man. I guessed the wrong man, that is all."

THE interview with Agnes Fletcher took place in Hertford, in a somewhat derelict teashop, for Agnes had been anxious not to tell her story under Miss Morley's critical eye.

The first quarter of an hour was taken up in listening to exactly how particular Agnes' mother had always been. And if Agnes, now, were to get mixed up with the police in any way, Mum and Dad would probably die of it, because as she'd been saying, they'd always held their heads high, and never had no trouble of any kind with the police.

After this had been repeated with various embellishments several times, Agnes drew a little nearer to the subject of the interview:

"I wouldn't like to say anything to Miss Morley, sir, because it might be, you see, that she'd say as how I ought to have said something before, but me and cook, we talked it over and we didn't see as it was any business of ours, because we'd read quite clear and plain in the paper as how the master had made a mistake in the drug he was giving and that he'd shot himself and the pistol was in his hands and everything, so it did seem quite clear, didn't it, sir?"

"When did you begin to feel different?" Poirot hoped to get a little nearer the promised revelation by an encouraging but not too direct question.

Agnes replied promptly:

"Seeing it in the paper about that Frank Carter—Miss Nevill's young man as was. When I read as he'd shot at that gentleman where he was gardener, well, I thought, it looks as if he might be queer in the head, because I do know there's people it takes like that, think they're being persecuted or something, and in the end it's dangerous to keep them at home and they have to be took away to the asylum. And I thought that maybe that Frank Carter was like that, because I did remember that he used to go on about Mr. Morley and say as Mr. Morley was against him and trying to separate him from Miss Nevill, but, of course, neither of us thought he'd really done anything to Mr. Morley. We just thought it was a bit queer if you know what I mean."

Poirot said, patiently, "What was queer?"

"It was that morning, sir, the morning Mr. Morley shot himself. I'd been wondering if I dared run down and get the

post. I was expecting to hear from my gentleman friend who was just off to France. The postman had come but the Alfred hadn't brought up the letter, which he wouldn't do, not unless there was some for Miss Morley or Mr. Morley."

"So I went out on the landing and looked down over the stairs. Miss Morley didn't like us going down to the hall not during the master's business hours but I thought maybe as I'd see Alfred taking in a patient to the master and I'd call down to him as he came back."

Agnes gasped, took a deep breath and went on:

"And it was then I saw him—the Frank Carter, I mean. Halfway up the stairs he was—our stairs, I mean, above the master's floor. And he was standing there waiting and looking down—and I've come to feel more and more as though there was something queer about it. He seemed to be listening very intent, if you know what I mean."

"What time was this?"

"It must have been getting on for half past twelve, sir. And just as I was thinking: There now, it's Frank Carter, and Miss Nevill's away for the day and won't be disappointed, and I was wondering if I ought to run down and tell him because it looked as though that lump of an Alfred had forgot. And just as I was hesitating, Mr. Carter, he seemed to make up his mind, and he slipped down the stairs very quick and went along the passage toward the master's surgery, and I thought to myself the master won't like that, and I wondered if there was going to be a row, but just then Emma called me—said whatever was I up to?—and I went up again and then, afterward, I heard the master had shot himself and, of course, it was so awful it just drove everything out of my head."

"But later, when that police inspector had gone I said to Emma, I said, I didn't say anything about Mr. Carter having been up with the master this morning and she said was he? and I told her and she said well, perhaps I ought to tell, but anyway, I said I'd better wait a bit, and she agreed, because neither of us didn't want to get Frank Carter into trouble if we could help. And then when it came to the inquest and it came out that the master had made that mistake in a drug and really had got the wind-up and shot himself, quite natural like—well, then, of course, there was no call to say anything. But reading that piece in the paper two days ago oh! it did give me a turn! And I said to myself, 'If he's one of those loonies that thinks they're persecuted and go around shooting people, well, then, maybe he did shoot the master after all.'"

Her eyes, anxious and scared, looked hopefully at Hercule Poirot. He put much reassurance into his voice as he could.

"You may be sure that you have done absolutely the right thing in telling me, Agnes," he said.

"Well, I must say, sir, it does take a load off my mind. And then, you see, thought of getting mixed up with the police and what Mother would say. She's always been so particular about us all..."

"Yes, yes," said Hercule Poirot heartily. He had had, he felt, as much from Agnes' mother as he could stand for that afternoon.

POIROT called at Scotland Yard and asked for Japp. When he was taken up to the chief inspector's room: "I want to see Carter," said Hercule Poirot.

Japp shot him a quick, sideways glance. "What's the big idea?"

"You are unwilling?"

"Oh, all right, Poirot, I didn't mean it. What do you want to see Carter for?"



ask him whether he really murdered Morley?"

To Japp's surprise, Poirot nodded his head emphatically.

"Yes, my friend, that is exactly the reason."

"And I suppose you think he'll tell you if he did?"

Japp laughed as he spoke. But Hercule Poirot remained grave. He said, "He might tell me—yes."

Japp looked at him curiously. "You know, I've known you a long time—twenty years? Something like that. But you still don't always catch on to what you're driving at. I know you've got a key in your bonnet about young Frank Carter. For some reason or other, you don't want him to be guilty—"

Hercule Poirot shook his head energetically. "No, no, there you are wrong. It is the other way about—"

"I thought perhaps it was on account of that girl of his—the blond piece. You're a sentimental old buzzard in some ways—"

Poirot was immediately indignant.

"It is not I who am sentimental! That is an English failing! It is in England that they weep over young sweethearts and dying mothers and devoted children. Me, I am logical. If Frank Carter is a killer, then I am certainly not sentimental enough to wish to unite him in marriage to a nice but commonplace girl who, if he is hanged, will forget him in a year or two and find someone else."

"Then why don't you want to believe he is guilty?"

"I do want to believe he is guilty."

"I suppose you mean that you've got a hunch of something that more or less conclusively proves him to be innocent? Why hold it up, then? You ought to say fair with us, Poirot."

"I am playing fair with you. Presently, very shortly, I will give you the name and address of a witness who will be invaluable to you for the prosecution. Her evidence ought to clinch the case against him."

"But then— Oh! You've got me all tangled up. Why are you so anxious to see him?"

"To satisfy myself," said Hercule Poirot.

And he would say no more.

FRANK CARTER, haggard, white-faced, still feebly inclined to bluster, looked on his unexpected visitor with unconcealed disfavor. He said rudely, "So it's you, you little shrimp? What do you want?"

"I want to see you and talk to you."

"Well, you see me all right. But I won't talk. Not without my lawyer."

That's right, isn't it? You can't go against that. I've got the right to have my solicitor present before I say a word."

"Certainly you have. You can send for him if you like—but I should prefer that you did not."

"I dare say. Think you're going to trap me into making some damaging admissions, eh?"

"We are quite alone, remember."

"That's a bit unusual, isn't it? Got your police pals listening in, I've no doubt."

"You are wrong. This is a private interview between you and me."

Frank Carter laughed. He looked cunning and unpleasant.

"COME on!" he said. "You don't take me in with that old gag."

"Do you remember a girl called Agnes Fletcher?"

"Never heard of her."

"I think you will remember her, though you may never have taken much notice of her. She was house-parlor-maid at 58 Queen Charlotte Street."

"Well, what of it?"

"On the morning of the day that Mr. Morley was shot, this girl Agnes happened to look over the banisters from the top floor. She saw you on the stairs—waiting and listening. Presently she saw you go along to Mr. Morley's room. The time was then twenty-six minutes or thereabouts past twelve."

Frank Carter trembled violently. Sweat came out on his brow. He shouted angrily:

"It's a lie! It's a damned lie! You've paid her—the police have paid her—to say she saw me."

"At that time," said Hercule Poirot, "by your own account, you had left the house and were walking in the Marylebone Road."

"So I was. That girl's lying. She couldn't have seen me. It's a dirty plot. If it's true, why didn't she say so before?"

Hercule Poirot said quietly: "She did mention it at the time to her friend and colleague, the cook. They were worried and puzzled and didn't know what to do. When a verdict of suicide was brought in they were much relieved and decided that it wasn't necessary for them to say anything."

"I don't believe a word of it! They're in it together, that's all. A couple of dirty, lying little..."

He trailed off into furious profanity.

When Carter's voice at last ceased, Poirot spoke again, still in the same calm, measured voice:

"Anger and foolish abuse will not help

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you. These girls are going to tell their story and it is going to be believed. Because, you see, they are telling the truth. The girl, Agnes Fletcher, *did* see you. You *were* there, on the stairs, at that time. You had *not* left the house. And you *did* go into Mr. Morley's room."

He paused and then asked quietly, "What happened then?"

"It's a lie, I tell you!"

Hercule Poirot felt very tired—very old. He did not like Frank Carter. He disliked him very much. In his opinion Frank Carter was a bully, a liar, a swindler—altogether the type of young man the world could well do without. He, Hercule Poirot, had only to stand back and let this young man persist in his lies and the world would be rid of one of its more unpleasant inhabitants. . . .

"I suggest that you tell me the truth . . ." he said.

He realized the issue very clearly. Frank Carter was stupid—but he wasn't so stupid as not to see that to persist in his denial was his best and safest course. Let him once admit that he *had* gone into that room at twenty-six minutes past twelve and he was taking a step into grave danger. For after that, any story he told would have a good chance of being considered a lie.

Let him persist in his denial, then. If so, Hercule Poirot's duty would be over.

Hercule Poirot had only to get up and go.

He leaned forward. He said—and his voice held all the compelling power of his powerful personality:

"I am not lying to you. I ask you to believe me. If you did not kill Morley your only hope is to tell me the *exact truth* of what happened that morning."

The mean, treacherous face looking at him wavered, became uncertain. Frank Carter pulled at his lip. His eyes went from side to side, terrified, frankly animal eyes.

It was touch and go now. . . .

Then suddenly, overborne by the strength of the personality confronting him, Frank Carter surrendered.

He said hoarsely, "All right then—I'll tell you. And you'd better not let me down now! I did go in. . . . I went up the stairs and waited till I could be sure of getting him alone. Waited there, up above Morley's landing. Then a man came out and went down—a fat man. I was just making up my mind to go—when another man came out of Morley's room and went down too. I knew I'd got to be quick. I went along and nipped into his room without knocking. I was all set to have it out with him. Mucking about, putting my girl against me—damn him—" He stopped.

"Yes?" said Hercule Poirot, and his voice was still urgent—compelling—

CARTER'S voice croaked uncertainly:

"And he was lying there—dead. It's true! I swear it's true! Lying just as they said at the inquest. I couldn't believe it at first. I stooped over him. But he was dead all right. His hand was stone cold and I saw the bullet hole in his head with a hard, black crust of blood around it. . . ."

At the memory of it, sweat broke out on his forehead again.

"I saw then I was in a jam. They'd go and say I'd done it. I hadn't touched anything except his hand and the door handle. I wiped that with my handkerchief, both sides, as I went out, and I stole downstairs as quickly as I could. There was nobody in the hall and I let myself out and went away as fast as I could. No wonder I felt queer."

He paused. His scared eyes went to Poirot.

"That's the truth. I swear that's the truth. . . . He was dead already. You've got to believe me!"

Poirot got up. He said—and his voice was tired and sad, "I believe you."

He moved toward the door. Frank Carter cried out: "They'll hang me—they'll hang me for sure if they know that I was in there."

Poirot said, "Your story has confirmed what I knew to be the truth. You can leave it now to me."

He went out.

He was not at all happy.

HE REACHED Mr. Barnes' house at Ealing at 6:45. He remembered that Mr. Barnes had called that a good time of day.

Mr. Barnes was at work in his garden.

He said by way of greeting, "We need rain, M. Poirot—need it badly."

He looked thoughtfully at his guest. He said, "You don't look very well, M. Poirot."

"Sometimes," said Hercule Poirot. "I do not like the things I have to do."

Mr. Barnes nodded his head sympathetically. "I know."

Hercule Poirot looked vaguely around at the neat arrangement of the small beds. "It is well planned, this garden. Everything is to scale. It is small but exact."

Mr. Barnes said, "When you have only a small place you've got to make the most of it. You can't afford to make mistakes in the planning."

Hercule Poirot nodded. Barnes went on: "I see you've got your man."

"Frank Carter?"

"Yes. I'm rather surprised, really."

"You did not think that it was, so to speak, a private murder?"

"No. Frankly I didn't. What with Amberiotis and Alistair Blunt—I made sure that it was one of these espionage or counterespionage mix-ups."

"That is the view you expounded to me at our first meeting."

"I know. I was quite sure of it at the time."

Poirot said slowly, "But you were wrong."

"Yes. Don't rub it in. The trouble is, one goes by one's own experience. I've been mixed up in that sort of thing so much I suppose I'm inclined to see it everywhere."

Poirot said, "You have observed in your time a conjurer offer a card, have

you not? What is called—forcing a card?"

"Yes, of course."

"That is what was done here. Every time that one thinks of a private reason for Morley's death, hey presto—the card is forced on one. Amberiotis, Alistair Blunt, the unsettled state of the country—the war—" He shrugged his shoulders. "As for you, Mr. Barnes, you did more to mislead me than anybody."

"Oh, I say, Poirot, I'm sorry. I suppose that's true."

"You were in a position to *know*, you see. So your words carried weight."

"Well—I believed what I said. That's the only apology I can make."

He paused and sighed.

"And all the time, it was a purely private motive?"

"Exactly. It has taken me a long time to see the reason for the murder—although I had one very definite piece of luck."

"What was that?"

"A fragment of a conversation. Really a very illuminating fragment if only I had had the sense to realize its significance at the time."

MR. BARNES scratched his nose thoughtfully with the trowel. A small piece of earth adhered to the side of his nose.

"Being rather cryptic, aren't you?" he asked genially.

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He said, "I am, perhaps, aggrieved that you were not more frank with me."

"I?"

"Yes."

"My dear fellow—I never had the least idea of Carter's guilt. As far as I knew, he'd left the house long before Morley was killed. I suppose now they've found he didn't leave when he said he did?"

Poirot said, "Carter was in the house at twenty-six minutes past twelve. He actually saw the murderer."

"Then Carter didn't—"

"Carter saw the murderer, I tell you!"

Mr. Barnes said, "Did—did he recognize him?"

Slowly Hercule Poirot shook his head. (To be concluded next week)



"May I ask how you heard of us?"

ROBERT DAY





How to get the "luxury comfort" of the New, Deeper Beautyrest... for only a penny a night!

## A page full of truths about mattress-buying

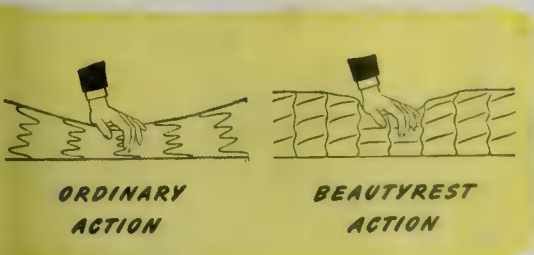


### 1. "Looks" don't make comfort.

Every mattress looks nice and cozy when it's new. But don't judge a mattress on looks.

For comfort depends on the "insides" of a mattress—*nothing else*. The New, Deeper Beautyrest has a special kind of mattress construction.

It brings you supreme "luxury comfort"... so wonderfully restful, it thrills you just to lie there... every tired muscle relaxed... on the *deepest* Beautyrest Simmons ever made.

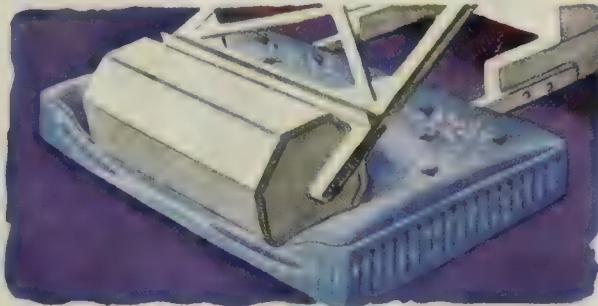


### 2. There are two main types of mattress construction.

In the ordinary mattress, the inner springs are *tied together by wire*. This means the springs *can't* act independently. As you press some down, others go down too—forming slopes and hollows.

In the radically different Beautyrest, each of the 837 springs yields *separately* to your hips, shoulders, legs.

Result: you get *buoyant* support instead of "sag" support. You get supreme comfort no other mattress gives. *Know*. We make both types: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



### 3. How long should a mattress last?

You don't buy a mattress every day in the week. So you should be extra careful that your mattress keeps its original comfort.

Tests made at the United States Testing Co., Inc. (Certified Test No. 11760) proved that Beautyrest lasted *3 times longer* than any of 17 different makes of mattress tested.

So it's no empty promise when we guarantee Beautyrest for 10 years' service.

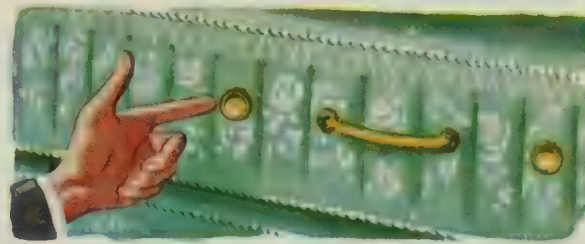
Based on the tests, however, you can figure on Beautyrest's outlasting the guarantee.



### 4. Will it keep its shape?

Some mattresses look "down-at-the-heels" after a few years' use. Edges sag and buckle. The mattress never makes up "nice."

Beautyrest has a patented sag-proof edge that keeps the sides firm and resilient *always*! (Because Beautyrest doesn't "lump up," you need turn it far less. After the first few months, 4 or 5 turnings a year are plenty.)



### 5. Some mattresses ventilate—some don't.

Make sure the mattress you buy has *genuine* ventilators—not false ones. If you don't, your mattress may get musty and stale-smelling inside.

Beautyrest has 8 ventilators that *really* ventilate. They bring in fresh air, and circulate it through the entire mattress. So Beautyrest stays clean, dry, and sanitary.



### 6. How much should you pay for a mattress?

Yes, some mattresses have a "cheaper" price tag than the New Beautyrest. But if Beautyrest can outlast other mattresses in tests, isn't it likely to be the most economical mattress to buy?

Beautyrest sells for \$39.50 (easy payment terms can be arranged). Based on our 10-year guarantee, the price comes down to a penny a night! A penny a night! *A penny a night!* See it today. And don't accept anything supposed to be as good. For no other mattress can give you all the advantages of Beautyrest.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, \$19.75.





★ THE GOLD-AND-BLACK COLORS OF MAN O'WAR—ALL-TIME KENTUCKY CHAMPION—NOW STANDING AT FARAWAY FARM, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

# *Cream of Kentucky*

THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON



★ ***Straight*—FROM THE HEART OF THE BLUEGRASS**

Kentucky produces great horses and great whiskies. But only one "Double-Rich" Bourbon—*Cream of Kentucky*—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon. For "Double-Rich" pleasure, from "Double-Rich" drinks—enjoy this *Cream of Kentucky*.



## Twice Dead

Continued from page 12

een giving the girl presents and Ber-  
and was sore about it."

The Berrands lived on the second  
oor. We talked with them. The boy  
as pleasing and frank-seeming and was  
out twenty years old. His mother was  
handsome woman.

"You see any stranger come to Gil-  
n's that afternoon he got killed?"  
Malley asked her.

"I didn't."

"You didn't hear no disturbance?"

"No."

"Was that Gilvin a good neighbor?"

"He was until recently. He used to go  
it very little and nobody came there.  
en, a few months ago, he became en-  
ely different. He gave noisy parties,  
d women came up there."

"What women?"

"Well, several. One lady is named  
rs. Jellis. She's a widow."

HE Nordils lived on the floor above.

The girl was sixteen and pretty.

"You hear any noise the afternoon of  
e murder?" O'Malley asked the  
other.

"No."

"Or you didn't see nobody?"

"No."

We knocked on other doors and asked  
the same questions. Everybody said the  
me thing. We went to Gilvin's apart-  
ent. It was two comfortable rooms.

"This guy," O'Malley remarked, "got  
led with a short piece of pipe. Cops  
und the pipe here. No fingerprints.  
ere's pipe like it in the basement of  
ts building and in other buildings  
ound here too."

"O'Malley," I said, "do you appreci-  
the significance of these circum-  
stances?"

"What?"

"No stranger can have come in here  
d killed this man," I declared. "He  
ouldn't have let a stranger behind him  
that fashion. Besides, consider the  
ghborhood. Ever since we stopped  
front of this building, we've been  
atched. These people are curious about  
angers. Whoever did this murder  
is so well known to them that his pres-  
e aroused no curiosity."

Yeah? Maybe, maybe not. If these  
ple knew something they wouldn't  
a cop. Well, we'll search this place  
in."

Ve did. Children were watching us  
ough the open door.

here was a short shelf of books.  
Malley opened one of the books and  
tter fell out. We read it.

Mr. Gilvin," it said, "you stay away  
n the girl or something will happen  
ou." It wasn't signed.

There's your evidence, O'Malley!" I  
laimed. "If this turns out to be Ber-  
d's handwriting!"

Yeah? You got a match?"

had one. He burned the paper up.  
n the inspector and a couple of plain-  
hes cops came in.

What's going on here?" the inspector  
ed.

The cop burned a letter up!" one of  
children cried.

"What letter?" the inspector asked.

O'Malley explained to him. "The boy  
didn't kill him, boss," he said.

"No? So you destroy the evidence!  
I'll have you put back in uniform."

"Not me. I don't go back into no uni-  
form for any man. I'll quit first."

"That would be satisfactory."

O'Malley gave him his shield.

"O'Malley," I said, when we were in  
the street, "this is the most foolish thing  
I've ever known you to do."

"It's a hound's life. I want a drink."

There was a bar on the corner. A  
small man with eyes set close together  
was buying himself a drink.

"Have a drink," he invited us.

We had one.

"Have another," he said. He had a  
large roll of bills.

We sat down at a table.

"O'Malley," I urged, miserably, "don't  
do this. Go back and see the inspector."

"You tend to your business and I'll  
tend to mine."

I left him, but I went to headquarters  
next day to see how the matter stood.  
They said he had resigned from the de-  
partment, so I went looking for him. He  
was in the bar. He and the man with the  
close-set eyes and two others were play-  
ing cards. He introduced me to them.  
The small man was named Eddersen. I  
talked with the bartender.

"Your friend got canned off the cops,"  
the bartender remarked. "They tell me  
he had a quarrel with some other cops.  
Well, he was right. Everybody around  
here knows Jimmie Berrand didn't do  
no murder. We all like the lad."

I LEFT. But I went back there next  
day, and the next. O'Malley was al-  
ways in the bar. Then I stopped going,  
but two days later he phoned me to  
meet him there.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Not much. I got tired of this place.  
I thought we'd go to a picture. We're  
taking a lady."

We called for the lady. Her doorbell  
said "Mrs. Jellis," and she was ready to  
go with us. She was quite pretty and in  
her thirties. We went to the theater.  
Some plain-clothes cops were in the the-  
ater entrance but they didn't speak to  
us. It was a good picture and there was  
a train wreck in it. The train went off a  
high trestle, the way they always do in  
a picture, and some cars burned.

"We'll go," O'Malley said suddenly.

"Can't we see the end of it?" Mrs. Jel-  
lis asked.

"Not this time, sister."

We got in a cab, but we didn't take  
Mrs. Jellis home. We took her to police  
headquarters. The plain-clothes cops I  
had seen at the theater were there, and  
a lot of other cops, and they had the  
little man Eddersen there and the build-  
ing owner Averton.

"What's all this, O'Malley?" I de-  
manded. "Are you still on the case?"

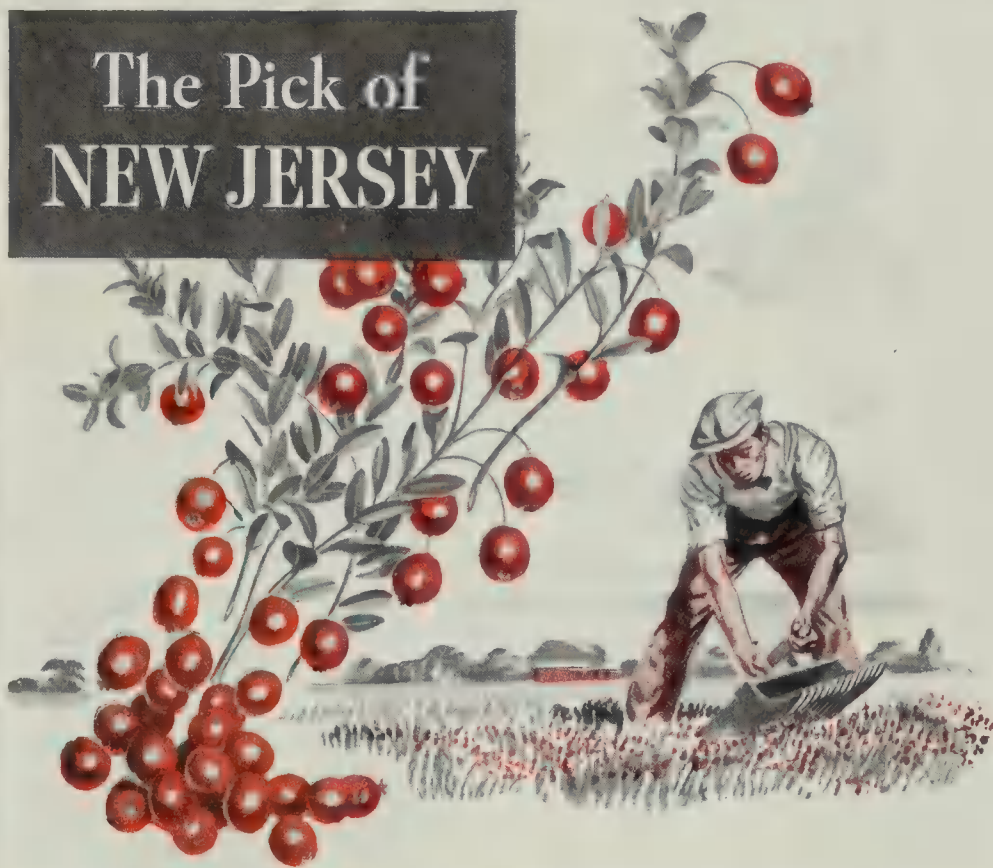
"You're dumb. I never got off it."

"Have you learned anything?"

"We got who knocked the guy off.  
Averton did."

"Why?"

## The Pick of NEW JERSEY



## The Pick of PENNSYLVANIA



Copyright 1940 by Tide Water Associated Oil Company

## Nature gave them both that EXTRA SOMETHING

LITTLE more need be said of a cran-  
berry than "It comes from New  
Jersey!" . . . and of an oil "It comes  
from Pennsylvania!" One Pennsyl-  
vania crude oil is noted for an inher-  
ent richness of those qualities needed  
most in lubricating your modern  
motor. It is the Bradford-Pennsyl-  
vania crude from which Veedol Motor  
Oil is refined *exclusively*. This top-  
price Bradford crude imparts to the

famous Veedol "Film of Protection"  
. . . a *tough body* that resists break  
down or burn up from heat and fric-  
tion . . . a *flexible body* that constantly  
seals the most minute clearances to  
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*economical body* that means fewer  
quarts of oil per month, fewer gallons  
of gas per week, and fewer dollars of  
expense per season . . . Pick Veedol  
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Ask for **VEEDOL Safety-check Lubrication**

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY . . . MAKERS OF "FLYING A" GASOLINES

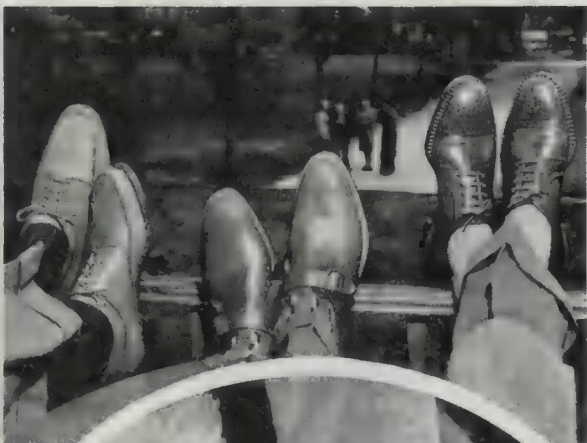




# It's an Easy Walk



## TO SCHOOL • TO TOWN IN UNIVERSITY STYLED BOSTONIANS



### Notes for a Quiz

Q. This September, what's on a college man's mind besides his hat?  
A. His Shoes. Being a fast stepper his shoes must fit and feel right.  
Q. How does he keep his feet rarin' to go?

A. He wears University-styled Bostonians. They're Walk-Fitted to cushion every curve in action.

Q. What's "University-styled?"

A. When 293,147 college men in 729 schools say "I'll pick this pair"—that makes it an authentic university style.\*

Q. Do only college men wear University styles?

A. What a question. They're tops in town, too. \*National College Poll, 1940.

BOSTONIAN SHOES • WHITMAN, MASS.

### At ease on rail:

**PLATEAU** (left) a No. 1 University style from Bowdoin to U. S. C. Soft, rugged tweed leather with rubber or leather soles. Plain-toe **MARVEL** (center) drapes your foot with the greatest of ease. Its Shetland leather accents shaggy fall fabrics. Campus-chosen **KENWOOD** (right) comes in bootmaker finish.

On the book is college-preferred **BERWYN**—a wing tip shoe in Bostonians' exclusive Tweed leather.

\$7.85 to \$11.00



**WELLINGTON** (left) introduces ox-blood to every Campus. Another Tweed triumph—Tweed **GLENDAL** (right) wins an "A" for action. Bootmaker finish.

# Bostonians

**IT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT** *they're Walk-Fitted*

"We ain't sure. I'll meet you tonight." I waited around and asked questions but I couldn't find out anything, so I left and met O'Malley that night.

"How was it?" I asked.

"We'll eat. Say!" he went on, when we were in the restaurant, "this is a funny one. This Averton that done the murder, and that Gilvin that got knocked off, was business partners. Gilvin's right name was Randers. They was in a real-estate business. About three years ago they got into business troubles and it looked like, without they could raise some more money, they was going to lose all they had. Gilvin knew some people out West that he thought maybe he could get some money from. So him and a guy named Lersing that worked for them went west, but they couldn't get no money.

"THEY were in Kansas City on their way back to New York and were ready to take a train, when Randers decided he'd see one more guy that he hadn't seen because the guy had moved to a little town. He gave Lersing one of his traveling bags to bring back to New York and took the other himself, and he went to that town, but it turned out there'd been a mistake and the guy didn't live there at all.

"So Randers was on his way back to New York, when he read in a newspaper that the train Lersing had took had been wrecked and some cars burned and Lersing and some other people was killed, and some people was burned so they wasn't recognizable. Randers' bag had been found in the wreck with papers in it and it was known him and Lersing were traveling together, and the newspaper said one of the burned-up guys was supposed to be Randers."

"So what?" I inquired.

"Plenty. When Averton and Randers had went into business together quite a few years before, they'd each one had his life insured in favor of the other, the way some partners do, each one for fifty thousand dollars. Randers seen that if the burned-up guy really had been him Averton would collect that money and

it would save their business. He had registered at no hotel in the little town where he'd been or give his name to anybody. So when he got to New York, he went to a rooming house where he wasn't known and he give a false name and he called up his partner. He told him if nobody identified the burned-up guy as somebody else, maybe Averton could identify the guy as him and they could get the insurance."

"A strange affair!" I said.

"What's strange? Well, it turned the way they'd planned: Averton and identified the dead guy as Randers and after a while the insurance company paid the insurance. Meanwhile, Randers had went to the West Side and took a couple of rooms and called him Gilvin. He had to meet Averton sometimes to talk about business and it was dangerous to do that, so after a while Averton bought the building where Gilvin had his rooms. Then he could see Gilvin when he went there to collect rents without nobody thinking anything. So it worked out all right except for the thing."

"What thing?" I inquired.

"Gilvin had figured out how to keep dead, but he hadn't figured out how he could ever come alive again. After a while, he got tired of living that way. He began to go out and have a good time and he met Mrs. Jellis and wanted to marry her. He figured half the business belonged to him, and told Averton he had to find some way to give him half and of getting Gilvin out of the country, so him and Mrs. Jellis could go to South America. Averton claimed they tried to do that the whole time but it would be found out and they'd both be in Sing Sing for years to come. So they quarreled about it. Finally, it came to Averton the only solution of the thing was to knock Gilvin off."

"I see. How on earth did you find out?"

"You got a right to ask. There wasn't much clue to it, without we could find out who this Gilvin was. Whoever had killed him had beat him up so that it wasn't possible anyone could ever find



"I never rode a horse before today—or today either!"

GREGORY O'LEARY



Mr. W. Porter Ogelsby, Jr., and son, John, descendants of American Revolutionary heroes, visit Independence Hall, view famous Liberty Bell. Mr. Ogelsby says: "I like everything American, including American food. After a trip I can't wait to get back to a real American cup of coffee—Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee—rich, delightfully stimulating, golden goodness—finest way to start the day!"



Temple University students visit ancient Betsy Ross House, are thrilled by replica of first American flag. Later at "dorms" they'll talk it all over, over an exciting cup of Chase & Sanborn Dated Drip Grind Coffee—Marvelous coffee... a wonderful college... a great country... they're glad they're American girls!



# Chase & Sanborn's "friendly flavor" rings the bell in Philadelphia, "Cradle of Liberty"

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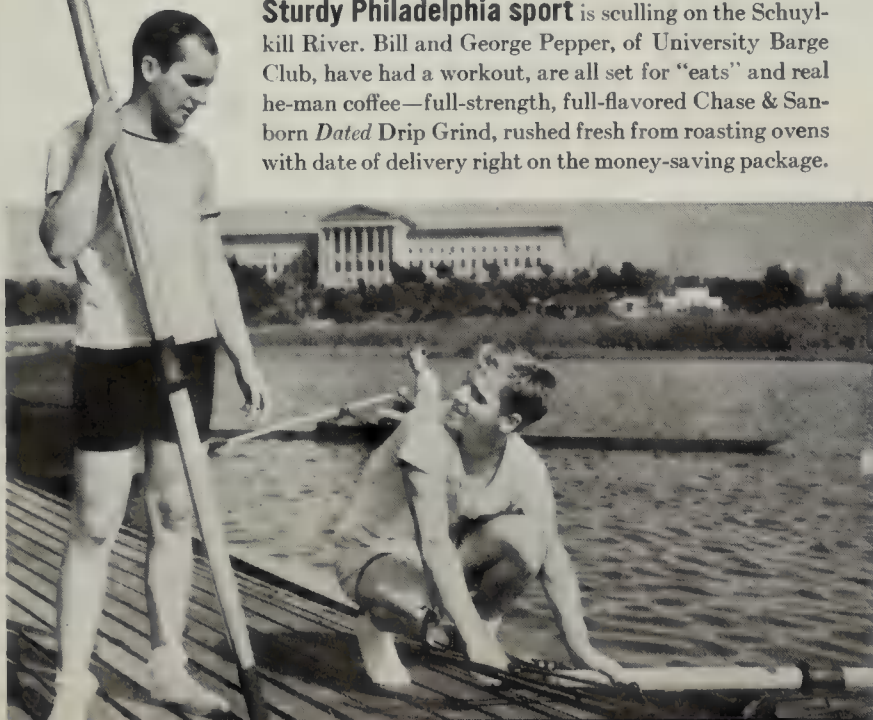
All afternoon Ann has watched Henry press buttons at The Franklin Institute... test planes. "Wish I could press a button and get a cup of Chase & Sanborn Dated Drip Grind Coffee"—Ann. "Place right around the corner"—Henry. "That's the kind of modern miracle we can both appreciate," Ann says—"Aroma straight from heaven... flavor that makes the sun shine on a rainy day... lead me to it!"

Large Washington's winter headquarters at Valley Forge are now popular wedding headquarters—312 couples last year. Beth and Albert Coleman are starting their married life on the All-American coffee—Early American house, Federal architecture, a famous American coffee, loved everywhere the United States for its glorious, warming flavor—Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee—"Friendship in a cup"!



Devon Horse Show is one of most fashionable in country, is enthusiastically attended by all the Main Liners. Deborah Rood, owner of "Saldan" and "Silver Play" and winner of two coveted cups, joins a group of friends for a cup of coffee. What with 2 trophies, 27 ribbons and the delicious, thrilling, pungent tang of her favorite Chase & Sanborn Dated Drip Grind Coffee—Miss Rood's "cup is full"!

Sturdy Philadelphia sport is sculling on the Schuylkill River. Bill and George Pepper, of University Barge Club, have had a workout, are all set for "eats" and real he-man coffee—full-strength, full-flavored Chase & Sanborn Dated Drip Grind, rushed fresh from roasting ovens with date of delivery right on the money-saving package.



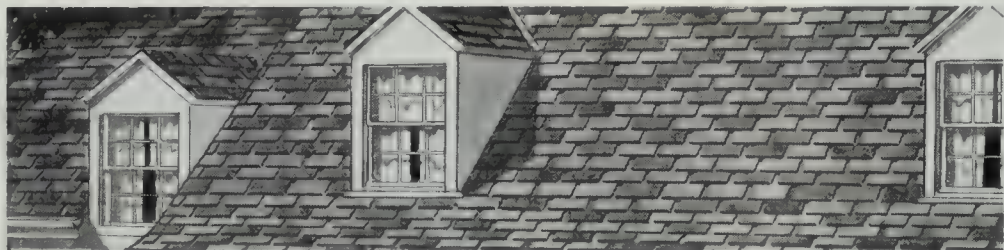
The Hammonds of Bryn Mawr appreciate the best. Fridays, enjoy famous Philadelphia Orchestra. Sundays, listen to Edgar Bergen's famous Charlie McCarthy, NBC Red Network, Chase & Sanborn program. Every day, serve one of world's finest mountain-grown coffees—Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee, famous for flavor!





# YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW THESE FACTS

## BEFORE YOU BUY ANY ROOF!



**HOW** much is it going to cost? (Or, better yet, how little?) How long is it going to last? How quickly can it be put on? Will it be really beautiful? You've got to know the answers to these questions before you can be sure you've picked the right roof for your home.

**NOTE THIS:** Under the two-year F.H.A. plan a Barber Genasco Roof for the average-size home COSTS NO MORE per day than a package of cigarettes. A Barber Genasco Roof can be depended on to last for years because it is the only roof that is made with genuine Trinidad Native Lake Asphalt. This asphalt is Nature's own idea of a real weatherproofing material. And it's exclusive with Barber. Barber Roofings have been "color-styled" by one of America's leading color engineers. And they can usually be applied in a day's time — often *right over your old roof!*

**FIND** your local Barber roofer or dealer in the classified telephone directory. Call him. He will give you the real roofing information you need to make a wise selection. His consultation services are free.

BARBER ASPHALT CORPORATION

BARBER, NEW JERSEY

Barber Products include: Shingles, Sidings, Roll Roofings, Bonded and other types of Built-Up Roofings, Waterproofing Asphalts and Fabrics, Resurfacer, Asphalt Protective Products (Plastics and Liquids), Spandrel Beam Waterproofing (Spandrel Cloth and Cement).



# BARBER

GENASCO QUALITY

*means a good Roof*

ognize him and it looked like he'd taken pains to do that."

"I saw that much," I said with pride.

"Yeah. Everybody that lived there claimed they hadn't seen nobody go to Gilvin's rooms, and we couldn't tell were they telling the truth, or if it just was they were people who wouldn't tell nothing to cops. We had to get some way to find that out and get people to talk, so I figured a way and I told the inspector."

"You mean the note that we found?"

"You got it! Everybody around there knew the first cops that come there suspected young Berrand. Them people all liked the boy. So I had a cop write that note like it might be from Berrand and put it in that book. Then I and you found it. Then the inspector come in and fired me because I'd burned it up. Then I sat in that bar. I figured people that wouldn't talk to a cop would talk to an ex-one, especially if the cop had got fired for protecting somebody they thought wasn't guilty."

I didn't say anything.

"I FOUND," he continued, "they didn't have nothing to tell. But I did get one thing: That little guy Eddersen hadn't ever had any money but now he had plenty. I told him not to spend so much, but he said he could get more. So then I hung out with him and I put together things that he said till I found out he got it from Averton."

"It turns out Eddersen seen Averton take a piece of pipe from the basement. After the murder he went to Averton and told him he'd seen him. Averton told him he hadn't done the murder and he'd got the pipe for something else; but he said it might make him trouble if the police knew about it, and he give Eddersen money not to tell."

"Of course that turned your attention to Averton," I said.

"Right. I found out he'd had a partner that got killed one time in a train wreck. Business guys that had known the partner give me a description of him, and it was something like Gilvin, but I saw we couldn't prove anything except from Averton himself."

"Then what?"

"We done that business at the picture theater. I looked around and it wasn't hard to find a picture that had a train

wreck in it. Then I had a plain-clothes cop go and tell Averton that we wanted to see him at headquarters. He didn't mind going. He didn't know he was suspected. Well, they didn't go to headquarters. When they got out on the street a couple more plain-clothes men joined 'em, and later some more, and when they got to the theater still some more were waiting. Averton knew there was all cops because they had the shields pinned on their vests and even once in a while one of 'em let his coat fly open so he could see the shield."

"When they went into the theater Averton asked what they were going there for, and none of 'em answered him and whatever he said nobody answered. A guilty guy that a cop keeps with him and don't ask no questions gets thinking the cop must know all about it. He'd ask him something. These cops kept whispering to one another like they knew a lot, and Averton kept wondering what they was talking about. Then at once in the picture he seen the train wreck."

"I didn't know how much Eddersen really knew, so I had a couple of cops take him to the picture too; and I'd make that Mrs. Jellis and I and you took her along. I was wondering if Gilvin he ever told her anything. They was both innocent and the train wreck didn't mean nothing to 'em. But when the cops he'd been sitting with marched Averton out of the theater right after the train wreck, he was so sure they knew about it that he begun right away make 'em a statement that he'd killed Gilvin in self-defense. We can prove I didn't do that."

"All very clever," I told him grudgingly, "but you might have let me in on it. I've been wasting a lot of sympathy thinking you were no longer a cop."

"Say, you was my best helper! I was afraid them people wouldn't believe that piece of shenanigan, but when they see you believing it, it stopped all the doubt."

"All right."

"Sure it was all right. Of course, Averton lied when he said Gilvin paid him any rent. Before I knew that, do you know what I was thinking? I was thinking maybe this was the first time a landlord ever murdered a tenant that was prompt with his rent."



"The enlisting officer said I should come home and shave before I sign up"

FRED BALK



# BUT WHY COURT-MARTIAL THE WHOLE REGIMENT?

There are bound to be one or two bad soldiers in every regiment. But why court-martial the whole regiment?

The same applies to beer and ale retailing. Out of hundreds of thousands of wholesome, law-abiding beer retailers, there is bound to be a small minority who disobey the law or permit anti-social conditions.

To protect your right to drink good beer and ale, the Brewing Industry wants even this small minority of undesirable retailers eliminated entirely. Beer is a refreshing, appetizing beverage—the beverage of moderation. We want *every* beer retail establishment to be as wholesome as beer itself.

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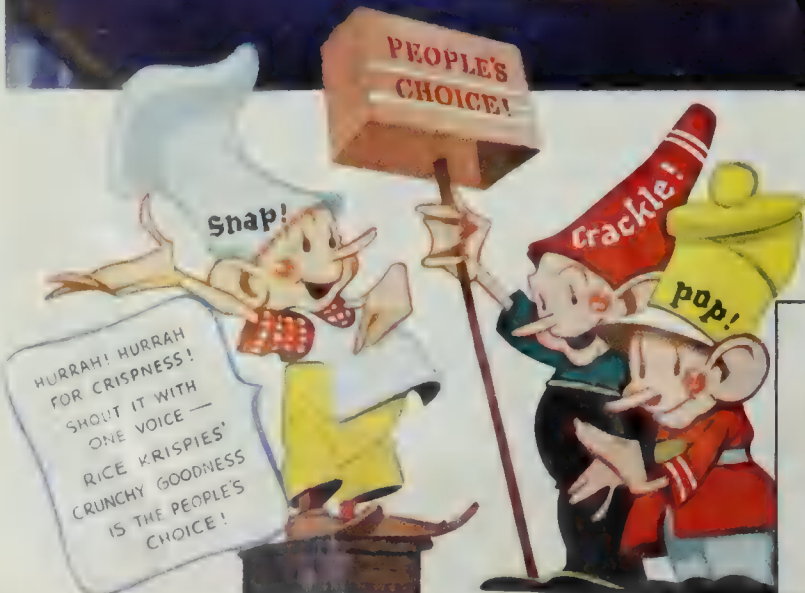


● Winning new hosts of friends every day—this breakfast treat that's always crisp . . . always delicious! Kellogg's Rice Krispies have a way with sleepy appetites.

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## KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

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## What Happened to France

Continued from page 17

But England, which is slow by nature and by principle, was never more so than in this war. The trade unions did not lift their restrictions on work for several months, not until trade unionists had been admitted to the government. The businessmen were worried about keeping their export markets. Orders that should have been placed in America and Canada were not placed in sufficient quantity. The manufacture of airplanes did not proceed with real efficiency until that late day when it was entrusted to Lord Beaverbrook. In March, 1940, Raoul Dautry, French minister of armament, had been shocked to learn that the English experts were still wrangling over the type of tank they were going to put into mass production. About the same time General Billotte, commander of the group of armies of the north, said to me:

"The English? They have, I know, splendid qualities. They are soldiers that hold their ground well, and their leaders are men with experience in war, but they are maddeningly slow. Imagine, after eight months of war, they have ten divisions! With all the men they have conscripted they should have formed at least thirty! But they want to do things too well. They are finicky. The Germans, now, know the importance of the *time* factor. There are cases when it is better to have mediocre equipment in time than perfect equipment after the war."

THE chief of the general staff of the French mission of liaison, Colonel de Cardes, was also worried.

"I cannot secure precise information," he told me, "about the number of men the English are planning to send us in the course of the next few months. I need the figures in order to recruit my liaison officers. But no one seems to know. Sometimes they tell me four divisions between now and October; sometimes one. Sometimes they are going to form a second army, sometimes they decide not to. In any case we cannot count on anything of importance this summer. It's agonizing."

Nevertheless, despite prejudices and delays, German propaganda was far from having attained its goal in April, 1940. To be sure one met plenty of Anglophobes in France. There had always been Anglophobes and, for some of them, it was a profession. But between the general staffs of the two armies relations were good, better on the whole than in 1914. The two admiralities had no secrets from each other. The English told us of all their most recent discoveries and we opened all our files to them.

Fraternalization between the troops was not easy. Language constituted a barrier. But when occasion presented itself the men showed good will toward one another. All this was very cordial. Acute Anglophobia was to be found in the ruling classes rather than among the people.

It was the navy and the Royal Air Force that saved the fighting prestige of England in the eyes of many French civilians. The episodes of the Graf Spee and the Altmark and the battle of Narvik produced a great effect.

"All the same," even the most rebellious of the French said when they heard these accounts, "those English are some boys!"

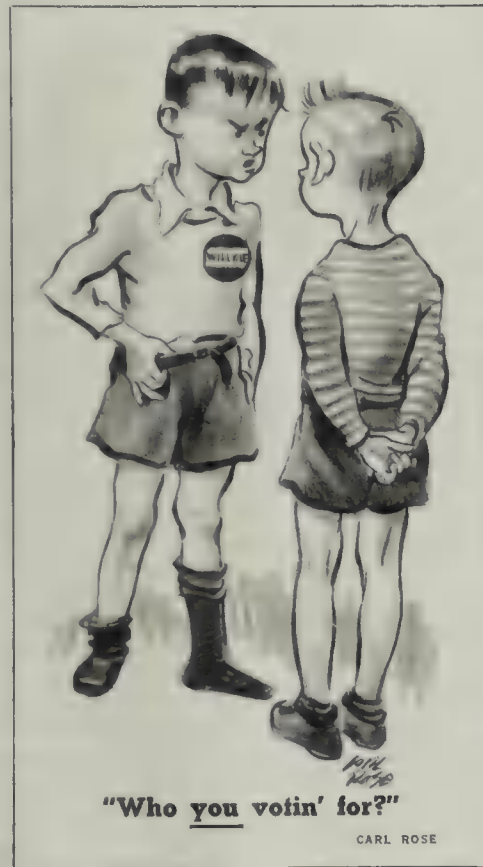
The Royal Air Force was very popular with us. At the beginning of the war, when France herself had so few airplanes, the exploits of the British air force reassured our soldiers. The latter

loved to see a Hurricane surge up against the Heinkels or Dorniers and with a single burst of fire from its eight machine guns bring down an enemy plane in flames.

THE English machines—both the Hurricane and Spitfire pursuits and later the Defiant as well as the Blenheim and Wellington bombers—were much admired by our experts. And the pilots were worthy of the planes. Enthusiastic young sportsmen, they were a delight to see in their blue-gray uniforms and they were as modest as they were brave.

"Is it hard to shoot down a German bomber?" I inquired one day from a boy of nineteen who already had several German planes to his credit.

"Hard?" he said. "No, it's not hard. All you have to do is to follow exactly the instructions given at the flying school. They told me there to follow



the enemy plane, disregarding its fire, until it was about three hundred yards away, then to get it in the center of this little red circle that you see on my windshield. At that moment they said to press the button that controls all eight machine guns and the German would crash. I followed instructions. At three hundred yards I got the enemy machine in the center of my sights. I pressed the button and the German crashed. You see, it's not hard."

But if the machines and pilots were perfect, the organization of the Royal Air Force was too complicated. General Gort had under his command in the north a certain number of planes which constituted what was known as the Component Air Force. In Champagne there was another group that was known as the Advanced Striking Force and was composed chiefly of bombers. Finally a large number of machines remained in England to defend the English factories and villages.

A pursuit plane can stay in the air for about an hour and a half, and so the squadrons stationed in Great Britain could rarely be of service in France. They had fought at Dunkirk because the battle there had been very close to the English coast. They had arrived in a half-hour from their English air fields, had spent another half-hour fighting,

which permitted them to do good work, and they had left a half-hour's supply of gasoline to take them back to their base. But the farther south the field of battle moved the less possible became this maneuver. It is this that explains the progressive diminution in numbers of the English squadrons engaged in the battle of Flanders and the growing discontent of the French command.

The battle of Flanders, like every defeat of a coalition, gave rise to mutual reproaches. Not that courage had been lacking. In the British army, as in the French army, many units conducted themselves admirably, but some explanation had to be found for the disaster.

"We were encircled," said the English, "and we lost our supplies and equipment because of an error in strategy which we did not commit."

"It is true," the French replied, "that mistakes have been made, but the first and most serious of them was not to have an adequate number of men and in that you bear a large share of the responsibility."

THE first reaction of Winston Churchill after the engagement at Sedan was to minimize the seriousness of the defeat. Arriving in Paris, on the fifteenth of May, he astonished and revitalized the supreme council by the vigor of his determination. Those who saw him that day were filled with admiration at his rage, which was like that of an old lion, and at the power of his eloquence. He was opposed to the idea of a retreat from Belgium and the abandonment of Louvain and Brussels. He wanted to fight the offensive by a counteroffensive.

But on the twenty-sixth of May, Reynaud in his turn went to London where he made a discouraging report and said that unless the English were capable of making a massive effort France would be forced to abandon the struggle. Two days later on the twenty-eighth of May the defection of the Belgian army precipitated the retreat to Dunkirk.

After Dunkirk there were eddies of public opinion in England. "Let us not send back to France," wrote certain journalists, "those divisions we have just saved at so great a cost. They will be useless to the French army, whose situation is hopeless, and they will be lost forever for the defense of the British Isles." Even those who did not share this insular egoism maintained that it would take at least three months to re-equip troops that had lost everything.

What remained in France to represent the British army at the time of the battle of the Somme? The Fifty-First Division had escaped the disaster of Flanders because it was in the Saar. It was sent to the region of Saint-Valery-en-Caux. A motorized division which was in process of debarkation and a few elements of a third division completed this tiny army. The Canadians crossed the Channel, but they arrived too late and re-embarked without fighting. Thus, at the moment when the greatest battle of the war was being fought, against more than a hundred and fifty German divisions there were in France barely three or four British divisions. For those who understood the circumstances, this was an inevitable consequence of the defeat in Flanders. But it is natural that the French army should have had at that time the feeling of carrying the whole weight of the war alone.

"The English?" the German radio commented suavely. "They know only one military operation—re-embarka-

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That man who always lived in a new house, on the opposite page → knows that the

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tion. You will soon read in their newspapers triumphant communiqués announcing that His Majesty's navy has achieved a great success in re-embarking the last British soldiers without disorder or bloodshed."

Appearances gave support to these propaganda talks. The English generals, rendered distrustful by the battle of Flanders, were afraid of being encircled and, with instinctive impulse, tried to get their backs to the sea. The French command felt this uneasiness and feared its effects. The period of trustful collaboration was over.

At the beginning of June the state of mind in both armies seemed to me so disturbing that I emphatically called it to the attention of my superiors. It was then, as I have said, that I was assigned the mission of going to England to draw the attention, not of the government (which was well-informed) but of the English people to the desperate situation in France; and to say that Great Britain, giving no thought to her personal security, must send us her last airplane and last battalion.

I left from Buc near Versailles in one of the Royal Air Force planes.

From the Hendon airport I went straight to the French mission who took me to the British ministry of information. In this building I found I had a great many friends: the minister, Duff Cooper; his parliamentary secretary, Harold Nicolson (one of the best writers of our time); Ronald Tree; Lord Hood and a dozen others. I arrived at the exact moment when the daily press conference was meeting. Charles Peake of the foreign office, who was presiding, pushed me onto the platform and said, "Since your mission is to make known the situation in France, this is your chance. You will be talking to the whole British press."

I DID not know what I was going to say; I had not prepared anything and I am, in normal circumstances, completely unable to improvise in English. But on that day I was so moved by the misfortunes of France and by the frightful future opening before us that the words gushed out. When I had finished, to my great surprise, the three hundred journalists who were present got up and applauded for a long time. I don't believe anyone until then had told them with equal frankness the hideousness of France's position, the necessity of immediate help and the impossibility of our holding unless England had reinforcements to give us.

After this talk Nicolson and Peake took me to Duff Cooper. It was agreed with him that I should repeat on the radio what I had just said, in different terms, that same evening and that the British Broadcasting Company would give me its "best time," that is, the "Postscript to the News" at 9:15 P.M. I hastily composed a message which ended thus:

"It is not in 1941, it is not this autumn, it is not even next month that our friends can help us: it is now. We know how magnificently the British army and the Royal Air Force have fought, we know that they have done all that it was possible to do. The time has come to do what is impossible. We have complete trust in our British allies. We know they are ready to throw into this fight all they possess. What we ask them to realize is the importance of time. Remember what we might call the spirit of Dunkirk. Before Dunkirk it was thought impossible to evacuate in a few days, from a half-shattered harbor, more than 30,000 men. Wild optimists said 50,000. In fact, 335,000 were saved. How was it done? Who knows better than you do, you who have done it? . . . And if you show once more the spirit of Dunkirk you can also win this battle

and the war. . . . For Dunkirk you gave every ship. Give now every plane, every man, every gun. Let us together ask America, now so ready to help us, to produce in one or two months what under general conditions would take years. It is impossible, all experts will say, to equip, to train and to send over in a few weeks a large army. That is true. It is impossible but it must be done, and it will be done. . . ."

THE British Broadcasting Company asked me to return at two o'clock in the morning to repeat the same message, this time in French, for the Province of Quebec and also to come back next day to talk to the English schools. I was in a state of extreme fatigue, not having slept for two nights, but I was happy to see how quickly the British public responded to my appeal. During the days that followed I received innumerable letters and many callers. All expressed the same desire: "We want to help France. What can we do?"

I got the impression that public opinion in England wanted the government to take stronger measures. But good will is no substitute for tanks or planes or rifles.

"These letters and visits," I said to my friends, "are touching. But actually what can you give us?"

Their faces became grave and distressed.

"Aside from the Canadian division which has just left," they replied, "we have no troops equipped for a war on the Continent. We haven't supplies to replace all we lost in Flanders. We shall certainly send several squadrons of airplanes but it is essential in our common interests that our aviation factories and our ports should remain well defended. If you can hold out until 1941 . . ."

Then I knew the game was lost and there was no more hope for France.

I said to the French ambassador, Charles Corbin, whose attitude through all this difficult period had been both courageous and high-minded: "After all, it is strange that in the tenth month of the war the English have no army!"

"Yes," he replied, "but we must be fair. They have kept to the letter the agreements they made. The dates were fixed for the formation of the British divisions; these dates have been met. The fault was not to have demanded of our allies as many divisions as in 1914, but it is a fact: we did not ask them for anything of the sort. The myth about the power of defense and about fortified lines blinded our general staff and our ministers."

On the morning of the 13th the newspapers announced the Germans were in

front of Paris. As I was sadly reading the Times I was called to the telephone, and a lady in waiting informed me that the queen wished to see me at eleven o'clock in Buckingham Palace. I had been presented to Queen Elizabeth when she was Duchess of York; I had seen her again, as queen, in Paris, but I did not know to what I owed the honor of this audience. The palace with its tall footmen dressed in red, its innumerable commemorative pictures and its bamboo furniture, still appeared very Victorian. Sir Alexander Harding conducted me to the queen.

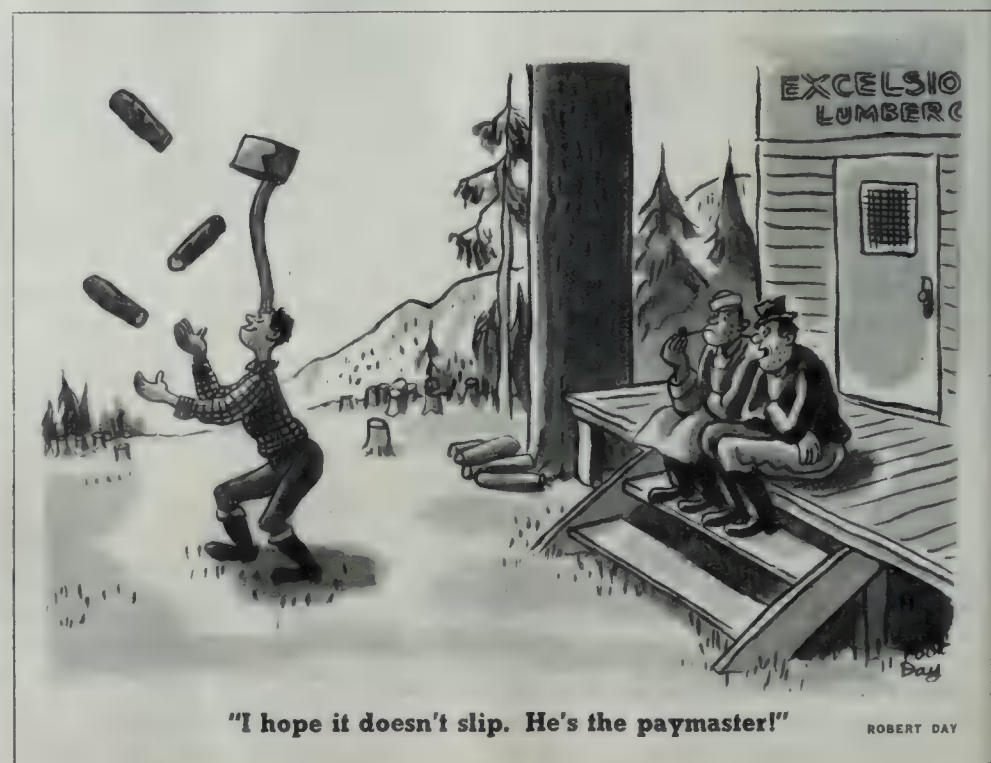
"Mr. Maurois," she said, "I wish to tell you that I feel great sorrow for Paris . . . and great sympathy for the French in their misfortune. . . . I love France so much. During our trip to Paris two years ago I felt the hearts of the women of France beating so close to mine. I am going to try to talk to them this evening over the radio and to tell them the simple truths that come straight from my heart."

She talked to me about this broadcast and then asked me about what I had seen and about my wife and children. I told her I had no news of them. Her soft eyes expressed so much human compassion that I was profoundly moved. When she had said, "I love France so much," I had felt that this was no official phrase but a cry brought forth by true emotion. The queen, like her people, wanted to do everything to aid us. But it was too late.

AFTER the fall of Paris, Winston Churchill went to Tours where he was horrified by the complete disorganization of the country. The airport at which he landed was deserted. No members of the government, no representative, came to meet him. The city was overcrowded with refugees and he had great difficulty in finding the government of France.

There, in a château on the Loire, the French premier told him that he, Reynaud, stood for continuing the struggle but that he might be forced to make way for another government which would ask for an armistice. In that case what would England say? Winston Churchill was not able to release France from her promise not to make a separate peace, but the British cabinet, I believe, let it be understood that there would be no vain recriminations and that the restoration of France to full independence would remain one of its war aims. This meeting between Reynaud and Churchill in Touraine was the last.

On the twenty-seventh of June I went to Wiltshire to see Sir Eric Phipps, former English ambassador to France,



ROBERT DAY



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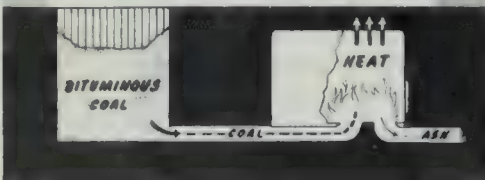
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and he invited me to listen to a French broadcast with him. The battle cry from the Marseillaise—"Citizens, to arms!"—brought tears to my eyes. It was then that I learned of the resignation of Paul Reynaud and the request for an armistice. I owe it to truth to say that my English friends, in these circumstances that were so painful, both for them and for me, conducted themselves with a decency and a generosity worthy of their noblest traditions. They recognized at once that the mistakes in this lamentable adventure had been made by both sides and that reproaches were useless. Sir Edward Grigg, undersecretary of state at the war office, sent for me.

"I simply want to tell you," he said, "that we understand and that we do not blame you. We have not been able to help you in time; you could not act otherwise."

Then he talked to me about the fleet. It was the one thing that worried all the English. In the days that followed the atmosphere became more stormy. The conditions of the armistice caused grave alarm. It was said that at Bordeaux the English ambassador, Sir Ronald Campbell, was no longer being informed of anything. Lord Lloyd and General Spears, sent to take part in the discussions, were said to have met with no better luck. In London, Corbin handed in his resignation saying he was unable to be the representative of a policy contrary to the one he had so long defended. Roger Cambon, who took his place, was not long in following his example and retiring in his turn.

AT THE last moment Winston Churchill had thought he could persuade the Reynaud cabinet to continue the fight by offering to unite the two empires under a single government presided over by a Frenchman. Every citizen of either country would have a double, Franco-British nationality. All resources would be held in common. It was an amazing offer and, had it been made a few weeks earlier, it would without a doubt have changed the course of the war. But it came at a moment when France was exhausted and wanted nothing but immediate succor: airplanes, tanks and cannon.

I have been told that General Weygand, in the course of this discussion, recalled an episode from the life of Winston Churchill. The latter, during the war in the Transvaal, had been captured as he was getting out of a train by two Boers who pointed their revolvers at him.

"If at that moment," General Weygand said, "someone in the train had said to Mr. Churchill: 'Resist them! At home I have immense resources. I shall put them at your disposal,' this offer would not have altered the situation. Such today is the case of France; guns are pointed at her heart; she is disarmed. She can only do what Mr. Churchill did: accept destiny."

I do not know whether this account is true; but, be that as it may, the analogy is exact. Winston Churchill, however, who believed he had made France a prodigious offer—so great a one that Parliament remained stupefied and even criticized him for having extended it—was sadly wounded to see his proposal of union received with indifference. Many Englishmen shared his regret, and the best friends of France were perhaps the bitterest because they had been the most enthusiastic.

"What a shame!" the great English critic Desmond MacCarthy said to me. "I should have been so happy to become a French citizen."

With him and with Raymond Mortimer, another very talented writer, I spent a melancholy but charming evening, the first for a long time during which I was able to rise above the ter-

rible events of our time and talk of eternal things. It was a discussion such as must have been held sometimes in the fourth or fifth century, in the Gallo-Roman villages under the heel of the invasions, by the readers of Virgil and Horace. We talked about French poetry, which my hosts knew so well. We recited the verses of Mallarmé and Valéry and also those of Malherbe and Racine. Then Desmond said:

"We know that we are menaced by many things: first of all by death, which is not very important, but also by tyranny, and that is more serious. Our duty is to save a thing that can be saved and that depends only on us: the confidence we have in one another. To do that, two things are necessary: first, that we shall never forget the existence of our friends, their kindness and affection. Even if we do not see them for long years; even when the French are told that we English are monsters and when we are told that the French have betrayed us, let us remember certain Frenchmen and certain Englishmen who, we know, are incapable of any but noble and generous thoughts. And when we have the opportunity let us be very kind to one another, much kinder than usual. There is a great dearth of kindness in the world today. We must redress the balance."

That evening, as well as the time I spent at the home of the Phippses and with Maurice Baring, reawakened in my mind the image of a better England. But the difficulty of the situation was often brought home to me in painful fashion. Relations between the two countries were becoming more acrimonious. General de Gaulle, the great expert on tanks, had recruited a legion in London, and his plans created a distressing question of conscience for many Frenchmen. Some believed the thing to do, first of all, in the hour of our country's agony, was to maintain the unity of France; others refused to recognize the armistice and joined General de Gaulle.

There were recriminations by radio between London and Bordeaux, and I deplored the useless bitterness of these talks. I preached moderation, but without much success.

England now was thinking only of organizing her own defenses. In May she had lacked divisions well enough equipped to be sent to France; but in July she had more than a million soldiers adequately trained to defend her territory against an invading army. Canadians and Australians were going to

fight for the first time in England. Everywhere along the roads and in the cities you saw fortified positions being constructed. Profiting by our cruel experience, the high command ordered the civil population to stay at home in case of attack, and announced that the roads would be kept clear by machine guns. In each village a corps of volunteers were recruited as defense against parachutists. Everywhere I found a spirit of resolution and desperate courage, which was new. England had received a terrible shock in the sudden discovery that the French army was not invincible and that she was no longer secure on her island. But as always in history she was not discouraged but strengthened by danger.

ON JULY 2d the French military mission demobilized me and since, for one thing, communications no longer existed between Great Britain and France and, for another, I had agreed to deliver the "Lowell Lectures" at Harvard a little later, I decided to leave for America. The boat on which I crossed was one of those in which England was sending children to Canada. The scene on deck was touching and amazing. A thousand children were at play in the sun around the guns that protected them. The cruiser Revenge and two destroyers escorted us. It was on this boat that I learned, from a bulletin stuck up in the 'tweendecks, the frightful news of the battle of Oran.

Of all the misfortunes that had been pursuing me for weeks this seemed the most terrible. A Frenchman first of all, but for twenty years a friend of England, I was like a child of divorced parents who stays with his mother but who suffers nevertheless. My heart said: "My country, right or wrong." My reason deplored this break between two peoples who have so much need of each other. Leaning against the rail, I looked for a long while at the sea marbled with foam and the great cruiser gliding silently at our side. My English shipmates, respecting my sorrow, passed close beside me without speaking. Suddenly I remembered what Desmond MacCarthy had said to me one evening, "Whatever happens, let us not forget that our friends have not changed," and I began unconsciously to murmur the old Scotch song: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ." High up in a turret on the Revenge a light went on: luminous dots and dashes were communicating a mysterious message to us.



"Don't wait up for me, Hon . . . I might work late. It looks like a poifect night for a moider"

JAY IRVING



## Sunday Pitch

Continued from page 24

ek, and it was Faith Jerrold. He felt popped and angry and very pleased. He was saying something in a swift lertone to Chelten, and Clint caught end of it. "... so we phoned rkey, and he says it's a deal. I'll e the papers ready for you tomor-"

Chelten looked pleased, and said, "ood girl," and went back to his argu- nt with Talbot. Clint thought, sur- ed, so she works here too! Then she ed to him. She was smiling a little, she said, "I'm glad to see you again. v's your hand?"

WAS a direct attack, and the nicest ossible way to do it. Clint laughed, ng her for it. He said, "My hand's ight. I guess it was my disposition as sour."

Was it because I said something id?"

Nothing like that," Clint said. "Let's it was because I was concentrating. k out the next inning."

He looked at him, her head tilted a e, her eyes friendly and interested. said, "It was more than that. I've e to games at home, when you were ing. You think way beyond the inning—all the time."

Clint looked at her, trying to figure out, feeling the old suspicious stiff-

Maybe she was just making talk, she was getting it very close to e. Too close. He said, "Out at the rch. I had you tagged for one of the rch. I guess I was wrong."

Faith Jerrold laughed. "Quite wrong. Mr. Chelten's secretary. He wants ravel with the club, and Chelten er wants him in the home office. I resent the compromise."

Clint said, "Some people might call it e advantage."

He laughed again. "You're a fine tier, but you throw a compliment -like a—"

Call it a cripple," Clint said. "A Sun- pitch. Like the one I threw up to om this afternoon. You can knock e far as you like."

He knew she was just trying to be e and he was fencing, holding her off.

Behind her shoulder, he could see ay Chelten slapping the table and llg what they were going to do when e won the pennant. Not if they won

When. It jangled Clint's nerves. An estra was playing on the porch be- the lounge. Clint said to Faith

erld, "Maybe you'd risk a dance."

Se said, "I could bring myself to it."

Se got up, and Clint followed her.

On the porch, it was very nice. There e only three or four other couples

ing, and there was a breeze from eake. Clint tried to dance easily,

ne sheer pleasure of it, and he al- managed it. Faith Jerrold was

light on his arm, and her hair ed his cheek. When the music

ed, they walked over to the rail.

is said:

"don't dance very well."

Se said, "You don't dance very

ao, either." She was silent a mo- ne, looking out toward the lake, and

he said suddenly, without look- nt him, "You shouldn't be so bitter."

Clint said, "Bitter about what?"

Se said, "I don't know. That's what e've been wondering."

Clint leaned against the rail. He as't looking directly at her, but he as acutely conscious of everything

about her.

He said, "There's no dark secret. When I got sore this afternoon—"

He paused, trying to find just the right

words. Faith Jerrold said, "It was be- cause we were all fussing over your hand."

Clint said, "Something like that. I don't need to be told to take care of myself." He looked directly at her. "I'm a miner's kid. When I was ten years old, I was working on the break- ers, picking slate. When I was sixteen, my old man was killed in a blast. I was lucky at that. If it'd happened a year sooner, I wouldn't have known that I could play ball. I don't ever forget that."

She said, "I see. But you've got it. You've got what you want now."

"Sure," Clint said. "Now. But I'm no boy wonder. I spent ten years in the minors, learning the hard way. I'm hot stuff now. I don't blame Harry Chelten for not wanting me to get hurt. I know what my arm's worth to him. A pennant. Something he's wanted bad enough to spend fortunes on. But there are things I want too, and I have to get them for myself."

He stopped abruptly, then said, "I guess I am bitter. I'm sorry. But that's only part of it. When I spoke like that this afternoon, it wasn't because I didn't like you. It was because I did."

She said, "I guess that's not as com- plicated as it sounds."

"It's not complicated," Clint said. "I just felt something. I felt it again when we came out here. About you and Harry Chelten. The way he looked at us when we came out."

She stood with her hands on the rail, not looking at him, the breeze moving in her hair. Then she said, "You've got quick perceptions. He does like me a lot."

The band was playing again. Clint said, "He's a nice guy."

Faith Jerrold said, "He's a very nice guy. I like him. . . ."

THAT should have been the end of it.

Clint told himself it was the end. He just didn't think about it any more. He knew he'd come a long way since the early days, but not far enough to go up against a guy like Harry Chelten. Not far enough for that.

He was hot in Chicago. But he touched trouble in Pittsburgh. He was hit hard all through the late innings. He gave up three runs, but the Wasps got him four, and he got out of it. But it needed a hair-raising double play in the eighth, and in the ninth Sonny Whit- man had to scramble four feet up the right-field wire to rob Haley of a homer that would have meant the ball game.

Back in the dressing room, Talbot and Harry Chelten were waiting for him. Harry Chelten said, "How's the arm feel, Clint?"

Clint said, "It's all right. Don't worry about it."

Ben Talbot said bluntly, "Clint, you didn't have a thing out there today. If your arm feels dead, you should say so."

Clint said stubbornly, "My arm's all right. When it isn't, I'll holler."

Harry Chelten threw down a cigarette. He said, "Clint, you carry this team. We all know that. You're the meal ticket. But there are limits to what one man can do. Maybe you're working too often." He smiled. "You're the biggest asset we've got. We can't afford to take any chances."

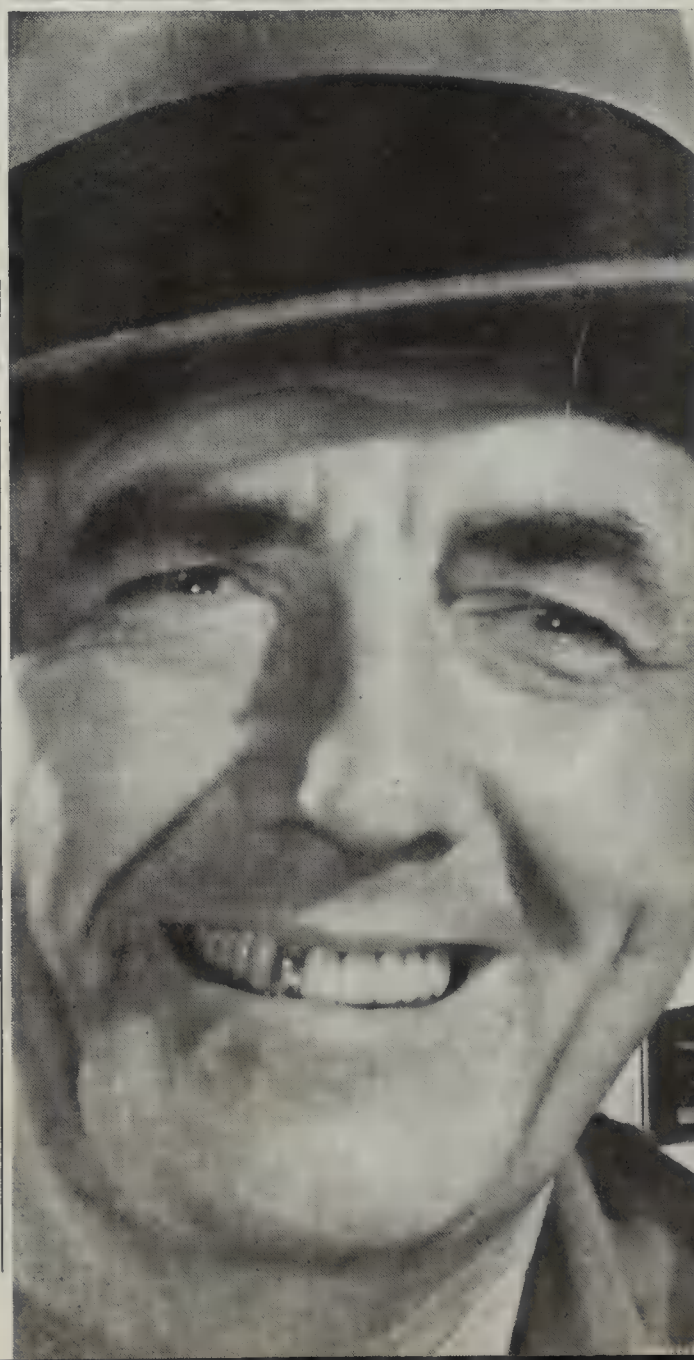
Clint closed his eyes. He said, "Nuts. When I need rest, I'll yell for it. I'm not throwing my arm away. I need it to eat with."

He worked once more in Pittsburgh, in the last game there. Mose Flagley started for the Wasps, and went into the



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eight with a four-run lead. Then Flagley blew up. He gave a hit, walked two men, and then hit the next batter to force over a run. Ben Talbot signaled him from the box and stood staring glumly out toward the bull pen. There was no one out there he could count on. Clint said, "I'm warmed up—"

Talbot said unhappily, "I don't want to work you out of turn, Clint. That first game Philly—"

Clint said, "What's two innings? And we'll find out about my arm."

He found out. The first batter hit on the ground, and the run was cut off at the plate. But on the next man, his control was bad. He got into the hole at three and one, and had to lay the ball across. He put all he had on the pitch, but it didn't break. A single slashed over first and two runs scored. The next man tripled into deep right, and the game was gone.

He was beaten again in Philadelphia. He gave up four runs in the third, and Talbot took him out. It was the first time all season that Clint hadn't finished his game. The Wasps dropped three out of four in Philadelphia, and staggered home for the final stand, their four-game lead cut exactly in half.

Those last three weeks were a nightmare to Clint.

He got through a game against New York on his nerve, and inspired fielding from the rest of the club. Then he lost to Boston, and the team began to come apart at the seams.

When he came out of the showers, after the Boston game, Harry Chelton was waiting for him in a corner of the locker room. Chelton said, "Sit down a minute, Clint. I want to talk to you."

Clint said, "Sure. Let me dress."

He pulled on his clothes and came back to Chelton. He sat down on the bench, and Chelton said, "Losing this afternoon doesn't mean anything, Clint. You're a great pitcher. You'll get right again. But you're all tightened up. You've got something on your mind."

Clint said, "Such as what?"

Chelton said slowly, "I wouldn't quite know. Maybe it's my fault. I've been talking pennant too much." He looked directly at Clint. "Let's get one thing straight. I've spent a lot of money on this club, and I'd feel pretty swell if we won the championship. But not because of the money. Because I like the game. For the fun of it."

Clint thought, the old line. The old college try. He won't ever know how a ballplayer feels if he buys himself a hundred pennants.

Chelton said, "So forget that part of it. I'm not going to show my face around here after today." He stood up. "The last four games are the pay-off. If we break even, we win. Talbot was only counting on you for one game, but I've talked him into giving you the first and fourth. You're strong enough, and you're good enough. I think you can do it."

Clint said dryly, "Thanks, Mr. Chelton. I'll give it all I've got."

Chelton started to go, and then stopped. There was a look on his face that Clint couldn't figure at all. He said, "Faith Jerrold was talking about you. She'd like to see you."

Clint looked at him, keeping his face perfectly expressionless. He said, "That's nice of her. I'll give her a ring."

**B**UT he didn't. It was one thing he couldn't take. He had enough to fight without that. With Talbot's permission, he got clean out of town for two days. He went out on the Cape and fished, with a bunch of Portuguese fishermen who didn't know a baseball from a haddock head. He came back to town Thursday morning feeling limber and physically rested, and completely dead inside.

In spite of it, he was great in that first game. His curve was breaking again, and his fast ball had the batters hitting late all the way. Dwyer socked one into the left-field bleachers for a Wasp run in the third, and in the sixth Sonny Whitman doubled with two on to send Clint into the seventh with a three-run lead. It was all he needed, and he could feel the team come alive behind him, vibrant and fighting.

He made Griscom pop up for the first out. Then he had Bud Morse, the right fielder. A big, slugging kid, the kind a pitcher can never outguess, because he's just in there swinging. Clint made him foul one off, and then missed the inside corner with a burning fast one. But he'd set up the change of pace. He pulled the string on the next pitch, and Morse broke his back trying to hit the ball before it got to him. Clint was down off the mound as the ball thumped into Dwyer's mitt, and he stood quite still, his feet spread, wondering if it had really happened.

**I**NSIDE his arm, just above the elbow, that sharp, twisting pain. He lifted his arm and brought it forward gently, and the pain was still there. He took the throw-back from Dwyer, and went back to the rubber. He shook off Dwyer's signal, and gave his own sign for a pitch-out. Even through the mask, he could see the unbelief on Dwyer's face. He wound up smoothly, and pitched wide of the plate. The muscle in his arm kinked and hurt fiercely. When the ball came back to him, Clint threw it down on the rubber and walked off the field.

He could hear the quick murmur run over the stands. Ben Talbot came out of the dugout, his face a study in anguished apprehension. Clint said, "I've got a sore arm, Ben. You'll have to let Flagley finish it."

He knew what that meant. Talbot needed Flagley for the second game. But there was a three-run lead. If Flagley could save it, maybe Clint's arm would come around for the fourth game, the clincher. It was better than staying in there now. He could kill his arm forever that way. Anything was better than that. Talbot said, "Sure, Clint, sure. You beat it quick to Doc Fortson."

Clint bent his shoulders to take the jacket the bat boy was holding out. In spite of himself, he looked across the dugout roof toward the owner's box. Harry Chelton was there, of course, and three or four people who were just faces to Clint, and Faith Jerrold. Clint had known she would be there, but he hadn't known how she would look. She was smiling at him, a funny, sorry little smile that somehow hurt him worse than he'd ever been hurt before.

The game was tied up in the eighth, but Flagley saved it. But it stretched heartbreakingly through the twelfth before the Wasps could squeeze over the winning run. And those extra innings meant Flagley was through for the series.

Lying on the rubbing table, with Doc Fortson kneading his sore arm and clucking like a worried hen, Clint listened to the fierce surge and fall of noise from the stands, the roaring burst that greeted the Wasp run. Clint got into his clothes and left before the team came back. If his arm was shot, it was shot. He didn't want a lot of talk about it.

He spent the next two days with doctors and hot packs and violet rays. And the muscle stayed kinked. The Wasps lost the next two games. Everyone expected them to. Their pitching staff was frayed out in the fierce final drive to the pennant. With Flagley used up, there was no one who had a prayer in that last game but Clint. He knew it that Saturday, when Talbot sat down



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side him in the dressing room, after the third game, which deadlocked the season and put everything on that last game. Talbot said soberly, "How about Clint?"

Clint said, "It's still sore."

Talbot said, "Maybe it'll come right tomorrow."

Clint said, "Sure. Maybe."

He knew what Talbot was thinking. With a sore arm, Clint was the only ace. But it might ruin his arm. It might wash him up for good. Talbot didn't ask for that. And Clint wasn't crying.

He spent next morning with a specialist who peered at his arm through a microscope, and pinched and pulled, ended up with nothing but a headache. Clint went back to his room at the hotel, and wrapped his arm in an electric heat pad. There was a knock on the door, and Clint said, "Come in."

It was Harry Chelton, and Faith Jerrold with him. Clint looked at them without getting up, without moving. He thought, this is one thing they can't pull. Nothing they've got no right to do.

Chelton said, "I promised I wouldn't kick my nose in any more, Clint. But there's something I want to tell you."

Clint thought, the old college spirit again. The old pat on the back. He said lightly, "That's all right."

Chelton said, "It's just this. If your arm's not right, I don't want you to pitch this afternoon. Get me right on it. I don't want you to."

Clint said, "If it's not right, I won't pitch."

He let it go at that. Faith Jerrold said, "Clint—"

When she stopped. Clint said, "Thanks for coming in. I appreciate it. I really

There was a small, uncomfortable silence. Chelton said, "You'll have to get out to the park. We'd better go. Don't forget what I said."

They went out. Clint closed his eyes. Maybe Chelton meant it, and maybe he didn't. Maybe it was just the old sport-gesture, given in the hope of getting him to return. Either way, it didn't make a difference. The door opened again, and Clint lifted his head quickly. Faith Jerrold was standing there. She said, "Clint, there was something I wanted to tell you too."

Clint didn't say anything. She said, "There's something you ought to understand, but you don't. It's just that whether or not you pitch this afternoon, it doesn't make any difference. Not any difference."

There was an odd note in her voice, Clint thought. She was asking for something. Something he couldn't give. Because he was too shut away from her.

Shut away from everybody, but from her most of all. His mouth was dry as he said, "Sure. I understand."

She said, "I'm awfully sorry, Clint." Then she went away.

CLINT went to the clubhouse early. He was stretched out on the dressing table, with Doc Fortson working on his arm, when Talbot and the rest of the team began straggling in to dress. The feeling of defeat was heavy. Talbot came over to the table and stood without speaking. Clint said simply, "It still hurts."

Talbot nodded and went away. Clint heard him tell Nixon to get ready to pitch. Clint was sorry for the kid. He was just six weeks up from the minors. They'd murder him. Clint stayed on the dressing table as the team straggled out for batting practice. Doc Fortson worked silently. The crowd sounds came mixed and jumbled. Suddenly Clint lifted his head. He moved his arm a little and said, "Try that again."

Doc's fingers were inside his elbow, using a lifting shove. Something in the knotted muscles had shifted. Now it shifted again. Back into place. The pain gone, his arm free again. The muscle kink had straightened out. Maybe it would come back, but at least he could start.

He dressed swiftly and went out on the field. He saw the unasked question in Talbot's eyes, said, "I think I'm ready. I'll know when I've warmed up."

He took a ball and went out in front of the dugout, throwing easily to Dwyer, hearing the quick, hopeful buzz run through the stands. His arm felt all right. He kept on throwing, putting on a little more pressure, trying out his stuff. Then Clint walked over to Talbot. He said, "I'm okay. I'll start."

His arm was all right. He had everything. Curve and fast ball, and no sign of hitch or strain. But the other pitcher was hot too. They battled through five innings without letting either team get a man past second. In the sixth, the Wasps got a run. A run that meant the pennant, if Clint could hold.

Going into the seventh, Clint's arm was still limber and strong. He got the first two men easily, and then had Galton for two and two. He knew he could waste one, and tried a sinker inside. It broke beautifully, but missed the corner, and Galton let it go by. Clint came up standing after the pitch, and he felt the sheath of sweat under his heavy shirt go suddenly clammy and cold.

He'd pulled his arm again. From elbow to shoulder, it was a shaft of jumping pain.

Clint waited for Dwyer to throw back the ball. He had that long to think. The

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ball plumped into his glove, and for just a second more he stood there. Then he stepped back on the mound.

He shook off Dwyer's signal twice, then nodded, and wound up for the pitch. It was a high, hard one, and he put everything he had behind it. The ball was a streak of white, shoulder high on the batter, a perfect strike. And Clint's arm throbbed with agony.

He walked off the mound, his face impassive. If he gave any sign, had his arm rubbed between innings, they would know. They'd wait him out, foul off his pitches, do everything to make him throw and throw till his arm was gone. But he had them now, and there were only two innings to go.

He got through the eighth all right. His arm hurt fiercely, but he still had all his stuff.

GOING into the ninth, his curve ball was still breaking, but not enough, and his fast ball had no hop. He got the first man on pure headwork, out-guessing him, making him go after bad balls. The next man was cagier. He worked Clint for three and two, and then slapped a screaming drive into right. A foot higher and it would have been a triple. But Sonny Whitman went up three feet in the air for a stabbing one-hand catch and the second out. The next man up was Griscom. He waited Clint out, and at three and two Clint missed the corner by six inches, and Griscom walked.

Clint faced Bud Morse, feeling the pain in his arm, the cold sweat on his face. You just couldn't tell about Morse. You couldn't out-think him. Just a big dumb guy swinging from his heels, with a brain like a chicken and an eye like a hawk. Nothing but the raw stuff, a curve that broke a foot, was any good with a guy like that. The one thing Clint couldn't give, and had to.

He stopped thinking about his arm. If it hurt, he didn't know about it. He got over a burning fast one for a strike on the first pitch, and then made Morse go after a bad one for the second strike. He wasted three balls trying to get him to do it again. Three and two, and this was the pay-off.

Clint wound up and threw. It was a beautiful pitch, starting high and breaking down a foot from the plate. Clint saw the ball going in, breaking, falling away just where he wanted, and he saw the poised bat swinging, swinging back, falling to meet the curve, then smashing forward.

And then there was just the lashing smack of wood against leather, and Sonny Whitman racing back and back, stopping at the barrier, watching the ball fall away up in the silent, stricken stands.

It was all right after the game. They were all ballplayers. They knew had to laugh it off. Talbot came to Clint in the showers. He said, "It was tough luck, kid."

And beside him in the steam, Dwyer swore drippingly. "The big cluck just swinging with his eyes shut. It was a honey ball. It broke a foot. He had his eyes shut."

Chelten was waiting when Clint was to be rubbed down. Clint said, with face to the aromatic planks, "I'm so I gave it all I had."

Chelten said, "I know that, Clint. We'll get them next year." He waited a moment, then said, "I'm worried about your arm."

Clint looked at him. He said, "It's just a muscle kink. It'll be all right."

Chelten said, "I hope. I'd rather watch you work than anything I know."

He stood for a moment, and then said, with an odd awkwardness, "F. Jerrold wants to see you. She said to wait at the hotel."

Clint let his head drop down. So how, he didn't know how, it was right. He said, "I'll be there."

Chelten said, "Do that." There was still that odd hesitancy in his voice. "She's too good a girl to keep waiting."

He turned abruptly. Clint watched him, thinking, even with a copper nose you can't have everything.

FAITH was waiting for him in the lobby. Clint went to her and down. He put his hand out, and took it in both of hers. She said, "I dare ask how your arm is?"

Clint said, "Sure." Then he soberly, "We've got to understand something. I don't know why, but it's important. I didn't go in there with a sore arm."

Her fingers against his were firm and warm. She said, "I know why it's important. It's because nobody ever told you anything. Isn't that it?"

Clint said, "I guess that's it."

Faith said, "I was watching you know you hurt your arm again in the seventh inning, and I know you stood in. You'll have to tell me why you did that."

Clint looked down at her hand, holding it lightly. He said, "It wasn't for pennant. It wasn't for anything like that. No game could make me feel the way I did then." He waited for a moment, and then said, "I guess it was for you. For the way I feel about you."

She laughed, and put the palm of her hand and her fingers flat against his. She said, "Sometimes you just tell me without asking. Isn't that it?"

Clint said, "I guess that's it."



"He isn't very popular in this town. He always has to fight his way into the ring!"





Paint styling note: Contrasting shutters in slate blue enhance the sunny charm of the yellow sidewalls. Then a red door, with panels outlined in white—an accent of distinction.

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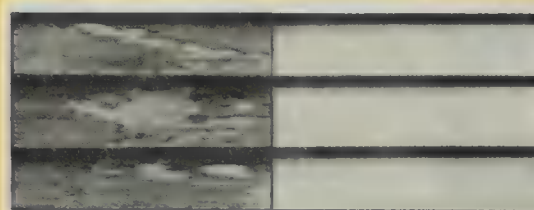
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## THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

and fifty warriors armed with rifles. Howard had four hundred fighting men, nearly all of them Regular cavalry and mounted infantry, with a howitzer and two Gatling guns. Joseph's picturesque camp, with its tall, conelike tepees sheltering the women and children, was pitched beyond the Clearwater in a position well adapted for defense. But he had no intention of fighting a defensive battle. When Howard approached the Clearwater, Joseph led his warriors across the river and instantly attacked.

IT WOULD be hard to find in military history a bolder stroke or one more skillfully executed. Incredible as it seems, Joseph with his much smaller force held Howard in front and at the same time outflanked him, actually reaching his supply train in the rear, disabling some of its animals and very nearly capturing it. Equally incredible, he held his much stronger enemy completely on the defensive throughout a long day of hard fighting so that when night fell the troops occupied a circle with the Nez Percés all around them and with all their communications cut.

These were United States Regulars, brave men, fully equipped, adequately led. They had the advantage of both numbers and position. Yet, in this amazing Battle of the Clearwater, dawn of the second day found them actually besieged, busily strengthening their defenses, searching the horizon anxiously for help. If help had not come by a lucky accident, there is no telling what would have happened. Shortly after noon, a dust cloud was seen in the distance—a fresh column of cavalry coming from Fort Lapwai—and when this reinforcement reached the scene, Joseph broke off the battle.

Again the telegraph wires had a tale to tell, an astounding tale to those who could read between the lines. With a greatly inferior force Joseph had fought a brilliant offensive battle against Regulars supported by artillery and had come very near to accomplishing the impossible. It was a small affair, of course, measured by the number engaged, but for boldness of conception and for skill of execution Joseph's fight at the Clearwater has seldom been surpassed.

And yet he must have known—this Indian who had something of Bonaparte in him—that he had missed his aim. If he could have beaten Howard utterly on the Clearwater, he might conceivably have obtained for his valiant little band a peace that would have

given them back their home. That probably was why he had risked a pitched battle against such enormous odds. He must have realized now that their Valley of Winding Waters was lost to his people forever.

He called a council of his lieutenants—Looking Glass, White Bird and Ollicot. He knew what the white man's telegraph was doing: every available military unit in the West was moving toward Idaho. They were coming from Montana, from Arizona, from California, even from faraway Atlanta. Sadly Joseph agreed that there was but one thing to do—retire across the Bitter Roots and across the Great Divide of the Rockies and try to reach Canada.

Then began the most astonishing chapter of all. Hemmed in by enemies outnumbering him at least eight to one—with Howard behind him, with Gibbon and Sturgis on his flanks, with Nelson Miles in front—his little army, burdened with more than 350 women and children, fought its way onward for ten weeks over a distance of nearly 1,500 miles with a dogged valor that few armies have ever equaled.

Again and again during that long agony Joseph displayed, in General Howard's phrase, a military genius "not often equaled in warfare." Again and again he turned on his pursuers and sent them staggering back. At Big Hole Pass, Gibbon, coming in from Montana, struck the sleeping Nez Percé camp at daybreak, pouring a destructive fire into the tepees, killing many women and children as well as men, including Chief Looking Glass. Joseph rallied his warriors, whirled on Gibbon, captured and dismantled his howitzer and might have annihilated his command but for Howard's approach.

NEAR Henry Lake he lashed back at Howard so effectively that the latter was paralyzed for three days because Joseph had captured most of the army's pack animals. Across the corner of Wyoming he went, releasing, unharmed, two white women who fell into his hands there, and on into Montana where Colonel Sturgis fell on him with a greatly superior force. In a hard two-day battle he beat off this foe, leaving Sturgis so shaken that he could pursue no farther.

Then, when his magnificent retreat of nearly 1,500 miles was all but accomplished, when he had beaten Howard and Gibbon and Sturgis and left them far behind, when the Canadian line was

barely forty miles away, Fate turned against him. Nelson Miles struck him with a fresh force of Regulars more than double his own.

That morning he left his lodge and had gone with his twelve-year-old daughter to inspect the horseherd a short distance from camp. It was the last day of September, the ground white with snow, the air bitterly cold. Suddenly into the Nez Percé camp dashed Miles' cavalry, cutting off the horseherd from the tepees.

JOSEPH gave a rope to his daughter bidding her catch a pony and go with the others. He flung himself on a mustang and raced toward the camp. Bullets ripped his clothes and the horse was hit but miraculously he got through. Somehow—heaven knows how—he rallied his warriors; and somehow—again the thing seems a miracle—those weary men beat off that attack, beat it off with such heavy loss to the soldiers that Miles did not charge again.

There was no need to. Miles surrounded the position, brought up his cannon and began to shell the camp.

There was one hope for the trapped Joseph: that Sitting Bull and his Sioux refugeeing in Canada, might come to the rescue. But Sitting Bull did not come. Ollicot was killed. White Bird and a small party stole through the lines in the night and safely crossed the border. Joseph could have gone also, but he refused to abandon the women and children and the wounded.

For four days they held out, their number reduced now to eighty-seven men, forty of whom were wounded, guarding 331 women and children shielding them as best they could from the bursting shells, shivering in the awful cold, eating the flesh of dead horses. Howard joined Miles and the two white chiefs offered the red chiefs honorable terms—terms offered in good faith but afterward conveniently forgotten by those "higher up." On the fifth morning this Indian who had waged war as no Indian and few white men have ever waged it spoke these words to Howard's messenger:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. He who led the young men (Ollicot) is dead. It is cold and we have no blanket. The little children are freezing to death. Hear me, my chiefs! My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."



"Sometimes I think there isn't much use clinging to the old homestead any longer, Pa"

BEAMER KELLER





# WAR HAS STARTED IN South America

BUT THEY ARE FIGHTING WITH  
OILWELLS—NOT WITH GUNS

DREW THORPE had long suspected the Planet Export gang. Searching for new oil fields, even in South America, didn't need long-range radio stations nor an army of highly disciplined, heavily armed guards.

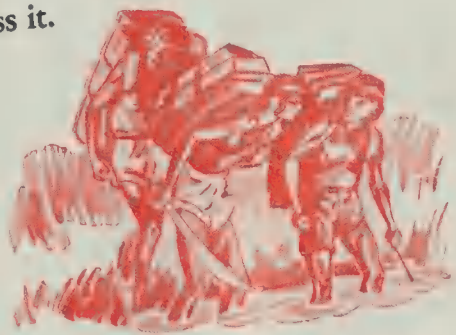
Nor did he like Franz Alter, Planet's manager, with his duel-scarred face and his bearing of a military commander rather than an "oil sniffer" out to locate new wells.

It all came clear when a party of "bandits" raided Drew's camp and left him for dead. In his struggle to escape to the coast, he discovered Alter's real purpose—not simply to smash a rival oil company but to dominate all of South America.

But there were patriots on Drew's side, like Gloria Diaz, lovely daughter of an old Castil-

ian family and almost as American as girls he knew in the States. She was determined that European politics shouldn't bring hate and corruption to her country. But could she persuade her powerful father? Would Latin America see in time the deadly implications in this fight for her precious oil?

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**TOM GILL'S** *thrilling novel*  
of South America **"WILDCAT 13"**

MRS. HODZA  
MILED  
very last good  
he townspeople  
o befriend the  
their hob-nailed  
ed over the cobbled streets. Everyone met  
with a stony silence and eyes that spoke  
contempt. Everyone in town but Mrs.  
there was a stirring reason. Don't miss  
kins' timely short story of a feeble old  
out-hearted courage, "I Give My Life."

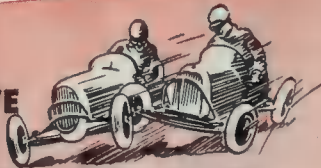


WHAT HAVE THEY GOT,  
THAT I HAVEN'T?"

l a passion to get into shorts and cork  
Every suitor of the boss's daughter had been  
the rubber plantation in Pernambuco, so  
in her direction, too. But Sue had beaten  
punch. "The Suitors of Sue," by Helen  
one of eleven stories and novels in this  
American Magazine.



TO WIN YOU HAVE  
TO PASS THEM



The other drivers on the midget track were punks. But to beat them, you had to pass them and since the accident last summer George Lawson hadn't passed many drivers even on the five and dime tracks. Then, one night his wife decided that her man could win one more. "Tin Can Derby" by Eustace L. Adams.

WILL LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND  
GET US INTO WAR?

In Guam, our tiny outpost in the Pacific, 21,000 loyal, brown-skinned people look to Uncle Sam for protection. Should we start to untie the strings that bind us to Guam as we have already with the Philippines? Or should we arm it as our first-line defense in the East? Here are the facts about this tiny outpost in the Pacific, 5,000 miles from California but only 40 miles from the Japanese controlled island of Rota.



FULL VALUE for DEFENSE DOLLARS

When aroused citizens decide to do something about taxes, they usually force politicians to trim their sails, Battleships or boondoggle? Airplanes or post offices? In "Pocketbook Rebellion" S. F. Porter presents the amazing facts behind a spreading tax revolt. How businessmen and housewives are using ballot, publicity and eternal vigilance to cut out non-essentials and get full value for every dollar spent.

Over 160 Page

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MY BOSS, WENDELL WILLKIE

If you wanted to know what a presidential candidate was really like, who could tell you better than his secretary? And so we asked Miss Grace Grahm, secretary to Mr. Wendell Willkie for the past five years, to write this article. For unless a secretary is deaf, dumb and blind, she learns some things about her boss that others never know.



A MYSTERY  
NOVEL  
COMPLETE  
IN THIS  
ISSUE

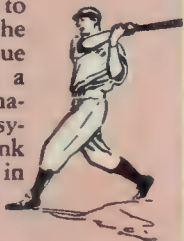
Gloria Prayne was an amazing creature. Perhaps most of the things the

gossips said about her when they ruined her reputation was true. But who among her friends would want to see this wild and beautiful girl dead? Yet all evidence pointed to someone in her own smart New York crowd.

All the thrills of a \$2 mystery novel in "Two Were Missing" by Hugh Pentecost.

WHY BATTING AVERAGES FALL

When the hecklers start to work on a player as he comes to bat in big league baseball, they display a knowledge of human nature that puts learned psychologists to shame. Frank Graham tells about it in "Big League Hot Foot."



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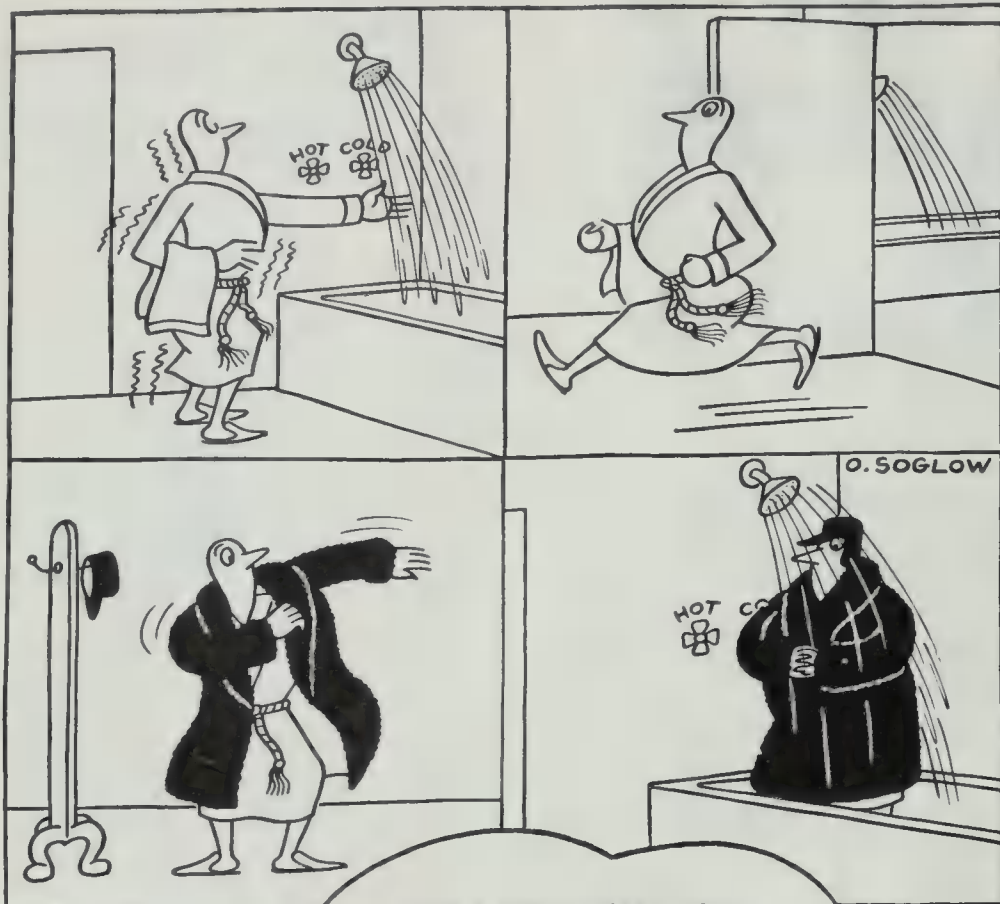
NOW ON SALE





## The Hanging of Hassan Hangat

Continued from page 10



—SO I SWITCHED TO A  
**RUUD GAS**  
WATER HEATER WITH A  
**MONEL TANK!**

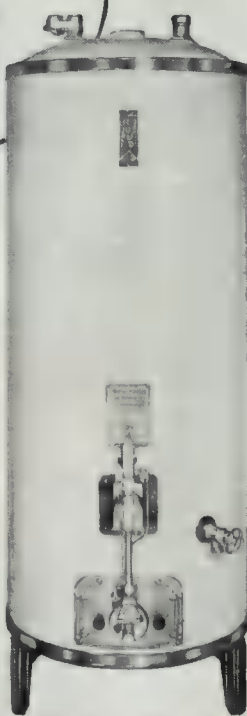


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a word. . . . Doc, I can't help thinking there must be something we missed or never found out. You know, Hassan had had a lot of trouble with that old ruffian uncle of his, the Penglima Hitam. They'd had a string of lawsuits, and Hassan always lost."

"What's that to do with the case?"

"Well, a man under a false accusation by his enemies would naturally speak up for himself, wouldn't he? All the witnesses against Hassan were members of his uncle's family; and he never gained one of them. Sat there all through the trial and heard the most damning testimony with no more change on his face than an old boot! . . . You call 'em a fighting race. Then, by gad, why should this fellow simply chuck in his hand and quit?"

"That's entirely Malay, too," observed the doctor. "It's their national trait—like a death adder: never so dangerous as when he's flattened out. That's when a Malay runs amok. Good thing Hassan never got the chance—innocent or guilty! . . . But see here, my lad, you mustn't let this gravel you. You did your duty, and your judgment was perfectly right, just and lawful, of course."

"IS IT soft of me to confess I've been rather praying? Imagine: to pray for a man's guilt! Or is it merely laughable?" asked Forsyte, creakily.

"Steady!" warned Doty. "Time's up; they're coming down the corridor. A stiff two fingers for you, my boy, and I'll join you. Come along!"

They went, together, into the execution courtyard where now began and proceeded the formal routine—quite as Malik had foreseen it—of the hanging of Hassan Hangat.

First, from the corridor with military precision entered the group of three and halted beside the scaffold steps. There the hangman was already waiting. The hangman was a muddy-skinned Chinaman without known identity, who only appeared, like a gnome from the earth, on these special occasions. The two Sikhs took one pace rear, bringing their rifles to parade. Then Tuan Doty took the "piece of pipe in his ears" and worked his "magic." And it was singular—if there had been anyone to note—how the good doctor as he listened with his stethoscope nodded absent-mindedly and gave a professional flicker of approval at the face of Hassan Hangat; having found such an amazing tale of inner calm and control to match its utter impassivity. . . . Thereafter Tuan Forsyte stood forward with the warrant, as stamped and sanctioned by government. He read it aloud in English, and again in Malay; and he read it firmly and well. But he need have felt no concern for its effect on Hassan Hangat.

That wiry, weakened, dried-up simulacrum of a man, that man of no account, never flinched at the dread words; never gave a sign of fear or distress. When the hangman touched his sleeve and beckoned, he required no help, but quietly mounted the nine fateful treads and moved to his proper place on the trap as if he had been drilled to it.

Through the slits like clerestory windows in the high wall, last rays from the west lent a dull, infernal ruddiness. The wind complained with its burden of the impending monsoon and brought no relief.

Forsyte and Doty had remained below with the two Sikhs, the only official attesting witnesses. Dr. Doty held his watch in his hand with steadfast attention. Doc Doty had figured out the exact astronomical second for the setting

of the sun at Tembinok today. As carefully as a point on a fever chart: a carefully as if it had meant something really important. Though, of course, a Doc Doty did mean really was to lift the strain from Forsyte—a man so plainly overtaxed by his duties.

On the platform, in the interval, the Chinese hangman was going about his own duty; and quite methodically.

The hangman had a strip of red cloth which he folded into a headband, a fillet, such as Roman emperors used to wear and the common people still do. This he slipped deftly over the eyes of Hassan Hangat. Next, from the gallows beam he drew down the rope, already looped and knotted, and settled the noose of it around Hassan's neck. Last he was starting to tie Hassan's hands behind his back, when Hassan made a little interruption. . . .

Oh, just a slight delaying gesture; just a trifling movement inside his loose of silk jacket, with his palms and his fingers pressed together beneath his chin. Just a shrug of fleeting discomfort, might have been. Or possibly one more and one final private petition.

Until—to conclude his mortal life—everything was in readiness for the hanging of Hassan Hangat.

The hangman stepped aside against the wall and took hold of the lever, simple device to release the trigger of the trap. He looked down over the edge of the platform at Doc Doty. Doc Doty looked at his watch. While the closing daylight faded on Tembinok. . . .

Horror, a sense of horror in events had no form of words. As it happened in Tembinok jail, when the monstrous click of the deathtrap shocked through all the walls and timbers. When within the same click of time the body of Hassan Hangat pitched into emptiness—seemed to check with a snap in midair—and went plunging as a limp, helpless bundle on the hard floor of the yard below.

What was said, what was felt in the stricken instant could have had no coherence, could have left no record in any man to repeat. What every man saw and knew terribly was that the rope had snapped.

Forsyte's cry he himself never remembered; nor did anyone ever remember it against him. The one thing that everyone would remember, the thing that braced them all like a clarion call, was the blast of stout old Doty.

"Stead-dee, the company! Act front!" he roared. Straightway as if a firing line he knelt by the victim worked with swift skill and decision.

"Not dead. No, b' George. Man not dead: nor like to be. Quiet, please. . . . no bones broken. Just knocked out I'd say. Golly, yes—just got himself a bit of a knock. Must be made of wire. . . . Here, you two Sikh johnnies where's that doolie?"

HE MEANT the stick-and-string stretcher, which had been provided for a grimmer purpose. With sharp rapped orders he had the two guards convey the late hangee upon it. "Carry him back to his cell. He'll do well enough. If you see Malik the ward tell him I'll be there. . . .

"You!" He shook a menacing finger up at the clay-faced hangman. "You stay where you are—shabbee? Mask Till I get a chance to examine the rope. . . .

"And you," he added, grabbing an arm of Captain Forsyte. "Straight along with me, m' boy. Quick march!"

So, and in so brief a space, the vo-

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This  
**Juicer?**

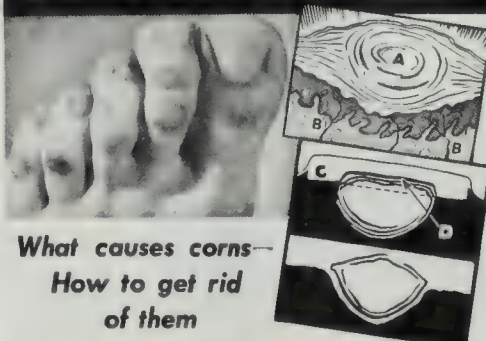


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vigor of a single sturdy veteran pre-  
ed: bringing command and sanity  
n for everybody in Tembinok jail...  
ybody, that is to say, except Malik  
warder.

le—obese and sweating, ignorant,  
satisfied with having earned his pay  
done his flag-wagging for the Pen-  
a Hitam—came climbing down from  
roof. It was dark now, or very  
erly, except for a tiny oil dish he had  
lighted in the death cell. He came,  
urse, to collect the rest of his "gift";  
eg by item: a bowl, a betel box and a  
copy of the Surah on God's Ven-  
ence from the Koran. The whole  
th possibly ten Singapore cents in  
bazaar. Still, any squeeze was a  
eeze to Malik; therefore he came  
aring gently. . . .

until, at the door of the cell, he en-  
tered—full before him—the figure,  
apparition, of Hassan Hangat.

"Great King!" said Malik, and fell  
a: "How can I serve my lord?"

ne thing, the demon—whatever it  
seemed very little changed from  
f. It was frail, and thin, and much  
a mummy draped in a threadbare  
ow old silken jacket. Malik would  
o have been surprised if it had  
outed a pair of horns; but the only  
parent addition it had gained in the  
rival was a filleted band, binding the  
a above the brows. It said nothing;  
t last, nothing that Malik could hear.  
about then the gathered storm had  
ut: the gigantic storm wind of the  
nox.

WHIRL of fetid air swept the corri-  
lor: chased by a sudden chill and  
ap as tangible as smoke: the explo-  
o of a deluge. Every ditch and gutter  
rawash at once; and the jail itself  
ammed and quivered like a beaten  
nd. . . . Certainly, for a new member,  
Hassan Hangat had lost no time in rais-  
hell!

ad anyway and otherwise, Hassan  
gat had no need to speak. He merely  
rdered Malik from his hollow eye  
es with a spectral, a scornful gleam,  
appointed with one bony finger. He  
ited toward the bell gate, of which  
ak always kept the key. Malik was  
o condition to resist. He had only to  
e. And Malik did obey; mostly on  
ipelly. And when he managed to  
e the gate, the light blew out in  
d night and left him flat on his face.  
ese were the pranks of the weather;  
estrangeness continuing over Tem-  
ak as if some infernal intelligence  
ut certainly be directing it. This was  
ut quite apparent to the native mind  
on as the news came out, confirmed

by the clangor of the alarm bell, sum-  
moning all true men to join the man  
hunt. A fact even more certain from  
the very lowliness of the creature con-  
cerned. What? A murderer miraculously  
reprieved—a prisoner mysteriously  
escaped: *ya Allah!* . . . And all this up-  
roar on account of Hassan Hangat, a  
man of no account!

Then look you; whether he were really  
a *hantu* (spirit), or only *orang jahat* (a  
tough fellow), was no matter. In either  
case he would be an unchancey sort of  
fugitive to follow. No: here was a good  
time for all true men to stay at home and  
tend the fire, and let bewilderment take  
its course. Which left nothing much ex-  
cept Doc Doty's notes keeping touch  
with order and reality tonight.

AT 6:49 P. M., for instance, he care-  
fully set down his clinical observa-  
tions regarding the hangless hanging of  
Hassan Hangat.

At 7:04, after some persuasion on his  
part and some rather incoherent resist-  
ance from the patient, he was able to ad-  
minister a certain sedative to Captain  
Forsyte—who, he diagnosed, had not  
slept for nearly three days.

At 7:10, Forsyte was sleeping.

At 7:15, taking a hurricane lantern  
and accompanied by the two Sikhs, Doc  
Doty returned to the execution court-  
yard, where he found the Chinese hang-  
man still standing like a graven image.  
Him, he banished to whence-ever he  
was sprung; meanwhile confiscating and  
taking along for evidence the noose of  
the broken rope.

Next moment he arrived at the death  
cell, where naturally he expected to  
treat a half-hanged, half-strangled and  
moribund victim. No such a thing—as  
he told Forsyte, later. No such a thing  
did he find! Only the bulk of Malik the  
warder collapsed on the floor.

"... Imagine! Man was like a jelly  
bag. And I'd no least idea what ailed  
him, at first. Not until he gasped out  
how the ghost of Hassan Hangat had  
just passed that way—walking right  
through him, and over him, and out of  
the gate! That was when I gave the  
alarm."

"What time was that?" demanded  
Forsyte.

"It's right here on my fever chart.  
Let's see. Exactly seven-thirty P. M."

"And it's now ten-thirty!"

"I let you sleep," admitted Doty,  
coolly. "And it's done you a world of  
good," he added, noting with quiet  
satisfaction how Forsyte's haggard eyes  
had cleared, how firm was his fist on the  
desk. "You're in command again, of  
course. And there's nothing more to

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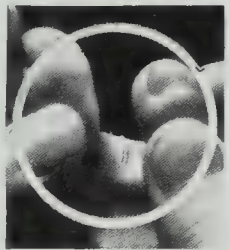
RICHARD TAYLOR





feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks  
between  
your toes  
**WARN YOU**



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

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report since I sent out the searching parties. I organized everybody in the fort: like so many bloodhounds, b' George! All our Sikhs. And even your precious recruits."

"My recruits!"

"Of course! Tembinok jail has an escaped prisoner. I called out the whole blooming force to chase him down. Though I don't believe any of 'em are so awfully keen about it tonight. . . Who's going to catch a ghost in a tempest?"

"A ghost in a tempest." Forsyte nodded. "That's the situation, isn't it? But he's not, you know."

"Who, Hassan Hangat? No: he's not."

"No. He's an error. My error—with a broken rope to show there was something wrong, which I ought to have known and prevented. He's my responsibility, Doc." Forsyte stood up; a lean, bronzed specimen of young manhood without a quiver or a quaver about him. "And I'm going to go out and get him myself," he said.

It was Doty's turn to nod, with grim approval. "I hoped you'd take it that way. 'Smatter of fact, I knew you would. In view of which, m' gallant lad—take a look at this, will you?"

On the desk, under its light, he laid the open loop of the hangman's noose. "You see it?"

Forsyte blinked, uncomprehending.

"It never broke of itself," said Doty. "It was cut."

"Cut!"

"Not quite through. Just so the strands would snap."

"You're right!" said Forsyte; and the thing of itself was evident. "The Chink perhaps. What? D'you suppose he could have fixed it?"

"No. Nothing to do with the Chink; and you're doing great discredit to a very smart fellow not to think of it at once. And how he did it—very smart indeed!"

"Hassan! You mean the man himself! How could he? He wasn't armed!"

"Well, he's armed now."

"He hadn't even a knife."

"Well, he has something."

"But his hands were tied!"

"Ah-ha. But just before. 'Member that?"

"He was praying."

"Ah-ha. Inside his old silken jacket."

The two men looked at each other, and this time they both nodded, as they revised for themselves the unchanged hanging of Hassan Hangat. . .

Then Forsyte quietly buckled on tunic and belt, and took a rainproof topi from a nail and the hurricane lantern from the desk.

"If it's true, I'll know where to find him," was all he said.

AND it was fearsome weather; and it continued the whole night long, while the floods descended, and the winds came and beat about that ancient fortress of Tembinok. Old Doc Doty did not seem to mind. Casually, he looked to the reloading of his old automatic pistol.

Accurately, he arranged the light so that he sat in deep shadow between the two doors he had to watch; and sat, and dozed. And smoked a little. And dreamed lightly a little, too.

Dreams of work and of service: dull, hard, jungly work done in sweat and blood; and service slow, unseen, scantily rewarded. Not done altogether unselfishly, either, or from any high benevolent social theory. But on the whole, pretty decently done; with a normal respect for common human rights and common human progress. These were not conscious concepts of his mind: merely the tradition for which he had been trained and for which he had given his life. That was why he was able to doze so easily; not bothered much or much doubting his judgment of men, or events—or devils, either—while he still

kept ward and governance at Tembinok through the hours.

. . . And that was why he only roused drowsily when he heard Captain Forsyte's return.

"Hello," he said. "Did you get him?"

Forsyte was removing his drenched garments, and belt and topi. "Did I get who, which or what?"

"I'm asking. Did you get Hassan Hangat?"

"Doctor Doty," said Forsyte, severely, "if you are referring to a late condemned criminal of that name, I can show you by your own notes," he picked up Doty's pad from the desk, "by your own notation, on what you call your 'fever chart', that man was duly hanged at—let's see—hanged at exactly 6:49 yesterday P. M. He was lawfully executed; and since you cannot execute one man twice, by any law, the government report will be properly signed and forwarded, if you please."

Doc Doty grinned at the crisp, official tone.

"All right. I'll attend to it. But I repeat, to ask, to know: What did you find?"

"AS TO that," answered Forsyte seriously, "I found quite a bloodthirsty case of amok up yonder, just over the hill. You know, that vicious old scoundrel the Penglima Hitam—he's led a career of successful crime for many a year. Land grabbing, extortion: even murder. We knew about him, but never could prove anything. The whole countryside knew, too. But native fashion; no Malay would tell or testify. . .

"Well—it seems that last night one of his family victims showed up unexpectedly. A nephew or a cousin or some relation he had horribly oppressed—whose wife he had actually murdered. I heard whispered. This man unknown came out of the storm like a demon. He fought with his hand to hand. And Hitam died of stab wounds in the front."

Doty reflected. "That's entirely Malay. . . No identification, of course. No evidence. No clue?"

"Only this." Out on the desk, for the doctor's inspection, he laid a singular object. A thing like a shard of ivory; delicately joined and cunningly carved; perhaps a foot and a half long; with a hooked handle.

Doty stared. "Why, it's a hairpin! It's one of those Ceramese hairpins made out of cassowary bone. . . But a man couldn't fight with this. How could a man fight with it? It won't cut anything!"

"A man will fight with anything, when it's all he has," returned Forsyte, with assured authority. "And notice this thin steel wire, almost invisible, inlaid inside the hook. . . That might cut something; like the round of a rope, for instance. . . It's rather a curio. Would you like to have it, Doc?"

Doc Doty saw that the thing was stained deep red in its substance from point to hilt. "I think not," he decided. "Better give it to Malik the warder, for a squeeze. . . Anything else?"

"Oh, yes—I meant to tell you!" cried Forsyte, bright-eyed. "I've all my recruits back. And a lot more, too! They're enlisting by bunches, down in the barracks. It seems the omens are good now—by their silly native superstition. All on account of a grand new corporal I found. *Orang Jahat*, they call him. That means 'a fighting fellow', y' know. . . I'll be marching this afternoon with maybe forty or fifty men for the Singapore defense force!"

Doc Doty nodded with an eye at peace toward the upper clerestory windows, through which he could see the clearing sky. "I told you they were a fighting race! Any race would be, with boys like you to lead 'em. . . Lead on, m' gallant lad!" He smiled; not grinning.

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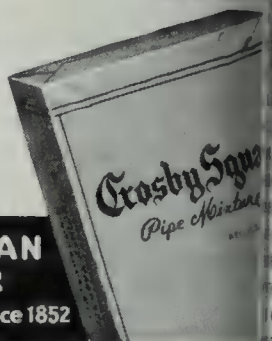
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## Inside Willkie's Head

Continued from page 15

ed because of his religion; another persecuted because he believed in principles of the French Revolution; and still another was jailed for ining on the right of free speech. As a descendant I have fought from hood against all those restrictions, iminations and tyrannies. And I still fighting."

ear, fret, intolerance, vindictiveness most minds these occupy some n, and in many minds they occupy t of the room. They are no part of Willkie mental furniture.

e is classed a businessman, and e are those who say that this fact e condemns him to failure in the e House. "No businessman ever e a great national leader," they say. dwin of England, a businessman, a failure; Chamberlain, the busi- nan, failed, and Businessman Blum ed France toward the rocks. Busi- and politics are different worlds."

### A Series of Paradoxes

ere may be something in that con- on. The average corporation ex- ve would be a failure as president remier. He moves in well-oiled ves, amid a relatively small group sociates; his outside contacts are vide, and are generally limited to of his own type. In his office, when akes a decision he has only to push tton and things fly. The President e United States faces a very differ- executive problem. He has 96 sen- each in his own heart believing elf as good as the President and e a little bit better, and 435 mem- of Congress, free and unfettered entatives of the sovereign Ameri- people. These cannot be ordered. must be led, persuaded, sold. Willkie might have difficulty if he

were essentially the big business execu- tive. But here we come to a paradox, or a series of them. For seven years he has been president of a billion-dollar corporation, yet he does not conform to the role in appearance, or in actions or habits of thought. For eleven years he has lived in New York, yet at heart he has never left Indiana. His office is only a block away from Wall Street but Wall Street has never felt that he really be- longed.

Let us examine for a moment into each of these oddities.

Birth in Indiana is something from which a man seems never to recover. George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, James Whitcomb Riley, Vice-President Marshall, and scores of others who might be named all achieved national reputations and friendships. But underneath they are or were Hoosiers, nothing else but Hoosiers, and shockingly proud of it. Willkie is of this clan. His heart is where his treasure is, and the treasure, the principal part of the family savings, are in the five "practical and typical hog farms" now so widely pictured. Over and over again in the hearings of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee on the Holding Companies Bill, he explained that he had his office in New York not because he wanted it there but because New York is the money market. "That is why we are there," he said; "that is where we have to go to get the money for the development of any big enterprises."

Politically, also, Indiana is a land peculiar to itself. Youngsters reared there get politics with their mothers' milk. Boys grow up talking politics and social reform, practicing speeches on one another and rehearsing political stratagem even in Sunday School. They just can't help it. The state has always been "piv-



"See? They're not hostile any more"

IRVING ROIR

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I GOT A CINDER IN MY EYE...BUT MY GAL POPPED UP WITH A NICE, SOFT KLEENEX AND HAD IT OUT IN A SECOND! NOW, THANKS TO KLEENEX, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT OF HER!

(from a letter by M. G., Halifax, N. S.)

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(from a letter by R. P., Chapleau Ont.)



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(from a letter by B. F. V., Stamford, Conn.)



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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

otal." To think politically, which means in terms of people, is a normal part of every Hoosier's equipment. And, whether he elects literature or law or politics itself as his life activity, the training stands him in good stead.

There was a lot of Lincoln left in Elwood in the days of Willkie's youth. Boys believed that any lad had a right to hope for the presidency, and that the poorer they were the better the chance. The influence of William Jennings Bryan was strong. The "Great Commoner" packed them in at the Chautauqua and set youthful spirits on fire with the determination to correct social inequalities and make the game of life fairer. The pull of Wall Street had not yet begun to make itself felt. Boys had a sort of disdain for mere money success. Anyone could be a businessman. A real career was to be governor, or an eloquent pleader in the courts, or a university president.

Probably the most important influences in shaping the Willkie mind were his mother and father and Dr. William Lowe Bryan, president of Indiana University. The mother was a lawyer, the first woman to be admitted to the Indiana bar. The father, a crag of a man, was called "Hell Fire" Willkie by his pupils when he taught the Elwood school. He loved books and disputations. It is said that he called his children from their beds by shouting Shakespeare up the stairway; his sympathies were always on the side of the underdog. Some of the first cases Wendell helped his father prepare when they became partners were in defense of laboring men who found themselves in conflict with the owners of local tinplate mills.

### Wendell Willkie Remembers

William Lowe Bryan was and is a hero and a saint. Talk with any man who passed through Indiana University in the days of the doctor's presidency and a brighter and a softer light flows into the old grad's eyes. He held up statesmanship, and social service, and a lively sense of *noblesse oblige* as the ideals worthy of an educated man.

When Wendell Willkie walked into his New York office in 1929 the first picture he hung on the empty walls was a photograph of his father; and when, eleven years later, he went back to Elwood to be formally notified of his nomination for the presidency of the United States he asked that the ceremonies be opened with prayer by President Emeritus William Lowe Bryan.

The friend who met Willkie at the train on his first arrival in New York has been his associate ever since. As the cab started away from the station Willkie looked out of the window and half to himself exclaimed: "My God, Herbert, there isn't a soul here I know." He added that in Akron, where his office had been more recently, he could not cross the street without knowing every man, woman and child. He knows plenty of people now in New York, but they are not all the kind of people that a big businessman is supposed to know. He turns up in queer places. At restaurants where intellectuals sit and argue all night, at talk parties in Greenwich Village, at lectures in Town Hall by unorthodox lecturers. New York tends to put a smooth, hard polish on its recruits from the provinces, but it has not polished Wendell. And while he likes money as well as the next man, he never has given it the place of power and worship in his mind to which Wall Street thinks it is royally entitled. Commonwealth and Southern paid him \$75,000 a year. When offered three times that salary by another business, his answer was, "No, I'm doing an interesting job here and I'll go on with it."

But when someone said, "If you wouldn't leave for money, would you leave to become a college president?"

"Oh," said Wendell quickly, "that's another thing."

Wall Street could never understand that attitude. Indeed, it has never been able quite to make up its mind about Wendell. It criticized him as a utility president because he slashed the rates to the consumer (proving thereby that he could build up consumption and eventually show a better profit) and because he protested in the strategy meetings of the industry against any meddling with legislation, and demanded that first, last and all the time the stockholders and the public were entitled to the truth. The Great Insull in the only meeting the two ever had listened to his views impatiently and finally burst out, "Young man, when you are older you will know more."

The ideas for which he contended then are the professed creed of the industry now. But the men who once criticized him for being too much the reformer were the same men who later begged him to soft-pedal his attacks on the TVA. "You will get the New Deal sore," they said. "You will bring down reprisals on us all."

Wall Street could not awe him. At his first meeting with great bankers, called to fix the refunding price on an important issue of Commonwealth and Southern bonds, the stage was carefully set for the entrance of the young gentleman from Indiana. Around the table were gathered all the partners of two Wall Street houses, the old man at the head. Said the old man in solemn tones:

"Mr. Willkie, we have just been in telephone communication with Paris and London. The foreign situation is very critical. Hitler may move at any moment into Austria. There have been clashes between the Japanese and Russian troops in Manchukuo. The foreign-exchange market is badly unsettled."

Willkie listened gravely and then in a very small, mild voice inquired, "Mr. X, is there anything at all in the foreign situation that might possibly be favorable to our bond issue?"

The stuffed shirts deflated like pricked balloons.

No one can overawe him. Here are

the opening words of his testimony before the august Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee when his company was fighting the death sentence.

THE CHAIRMAN: The committee will come to order. Mr. Willkie, will you qualify by telling who you are, and your position?

MR. WILLKIE: My name is Wendell L. Willkie. I live in New York City. I am president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. In order to get the full advantages of diversity, I want to tell you that I was reared in Indiana and spent all of my business life, up to a few years ago, in Ohio.

MR. PETTENGILL: To what state do you attribute most of your virtues?

MR. WILLKIE: You have perhaps heard of the boy who was asked on examination to name the prophets of the Bible, and he named them, and then the next question was: "Divide them between the major and the minor prophets," and the boy wrote, "Far be it from me to discriminate between such eminent gentlemen."

### The Committee is Impressed

Other utility executives, before the committee, did not flavor their solemn testimony with the spice of humor. They came in one after the other flanked by high-priced lawyers, and read long, prepared statements. Some of them thought that Willkie was not representing the industry with proper dignity, but I know—and any member of the House of Representatives, Republican or Democrat will tell you—that of all the businessmen who have ever appeared before congressional committees, Willkie created the most sympathetic atmosphere, was surest in his statistics and most adroit in rebuttal, and left behind him the best impression. A fact, by the way, that will not be forgotten by such members of Congress as happened to be delegates to the Philadelphia convention.

What kind of a President will he make? Of the men who have been President in my lifetime he is most like Theodore Roosevelt—like him, and unlike him too. Unlike him in that T. R. loved sports and outdoor exercise. Willkie seems to be one of those big-bodied individuals who require only five to



"That must be for the other Mr. Buck"

CHARLES PEARSON



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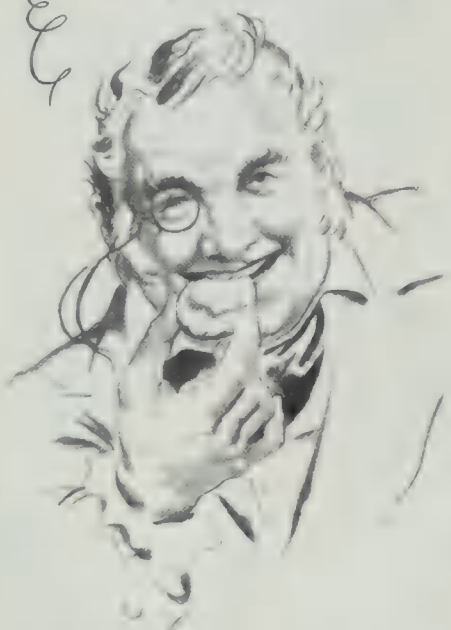
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hours of sleep and no exercise at all. A friend invited him one week end to a swanky Long Island golf club.

"In the whole round he made just one notable shot," the friend confided to me. "At the eighteenth green he was in a trap. He put those big shoulders into a mighty swing with his niblick and the ball shot out about a hundred and eighty yards and broke a clubhouse window." Outdoor sports are no part of his menu.

You remember how T. R. filled the White House with all sorts and conditions of people—travelers, explorers, social workers, authors, musicians, labor leaders, bishops and prize fighters, as well as the regular run of politicians, lawyers and businessmen. Willkie has the same catholic taste in friendships, the same insatiable curiosity about minds. Like T. R., too, he has a truly phenomenal memory.

A friend of T. R.'s once remarked: "If he is ever a witness in a lawsuit and says 'I can't remember,' he will be lying. It is physically impossible for his mind to forget any name or fact, no matter how old or how trivial." Willkie's memory is like that.

Coming away from the play Victoria Regina, he began talking about English history and presently named every king and queen of England in order, with the correct dates.

### Some Things to Cling to

Like T. R., he appears to take in a whole page at a glance, and like T. R. also, he reads everything, but especially English and American history, biography and economics. Here are three quotations from his speeches:

Herbert Spencer: "The real issue is whether the lives of citizens are more interfered with than they were; not the nature of the agency which interferes with them. . . . If men use their liberty to surrender their liberty, are they thereafter any less slaves?"

Benjamin Franklin: "They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Ortega y Gasset: "Liberalism is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right the majority concedes to minorities, and hence it is the noblest cry that ever resounded on this planet. It announces the determination to share existence with the enemy."

It's a good thing to have in the White House a man who knows history as Willkie knows it. Events do not slip up on him unawares. He is forewarned by the experience of earlier people in other lands. He knows how many things that sound good are no good, how often they have been tried and have failed before. The quotations cited are especially significant. Again and again in his speeches Willkie comes back to his major theme—that the liberation of the human spirit is the only goal worthy of a man's lifetime effort—for the guardianship of human liberty governments are instituted—and to it the selfish ambitions of men and enterprises must be subordinate.

Well, what else is in the Willkie mind? Candor in the highest degree.

I do not believe it is within the scope of possibility for Willkie to tell a lie, or duck a direct question, or seek to mislead with a half-truth or with double-meaning words. I saw him put to the test in Philadelphia.

Some of the most powerful men in politics begged him to modify his public position on the Reciprocal Trade Treaties and thereby make it easier for groups of delegates from one section of the country to support him. "Surely you don't ask me to trim," he exclaimed. Hastily they assured him that they had no such thought. But if he could just tone it down a bit, just say that he had been partially misunderstood. He was

not resentful of their attitude. He appreciated their friendly interest.

"But I wouldn't be true to myself if I trimmed," he said. And he could not be budged.

It was no mere rhetoric when he wrote in his now famous "We, The People," "I will not accept any position that will deprive me of the privilege of standing for what I believe."

With this loyalty to his convictions is linked what is almost an obsession that he must and will under all circumstances be himself. A few days after his nomination he received newspapermen and photographers in his office at Commonwealth and Southern. The photographers, seeking a "different" pose, suggested that he take out his handkerchief and mop his brow.

"I can't fake things," he answered. "I'd like to accommodate you, and I am willing to do anything that would be natural for me to do. It would not be natural for me to mop my brow when it is cool."

It would not be "natural" for him, as a presidential candidate, to milk a cow or ride a mowing machine, or pitch hay, which were things he never did before he became a candidate. Nor to put on funny hats, nor kiss babies, nor jump through any of the well-known and well-worn photographic hoops. Nor in his firm conviction would it be natural or even honest for him to let other men write or help to write his speeches.

Four or five individuals (of whom I was not one) saw his speech of acceptance before it was delivered, and certain suggestions as to phraseology or emphasis were made. But no hand but his own has ever written a line of his speeches.

Before we can complete our picture we must, of course, ask: What are his faults? His shortcomings? Wherein is he weak?

As the public has already discovered, he is not nearly as effective when he reads over the radio as when he speaks without manuscript. There are two reasons for this. His long experience as a trial lawyer accustomed him to finding his inspiration and measuring his effects by watching the eyes of his listeners. Also the technique of handling a dead mike successfully calls for a degree of

histrionic talent. Only a consummate actor can give to a "fireside chat" the ring of authenticity. Willkie does not act. He cannot play any part except that part of Wendell L. Willkie. That he may handicap him if he continues to read his speeches; it may even drive him to the dangerous expedient of tossing aside his manuscript, as Al Smith did, and giving it to 'em straight.

Some people say he comments too freely, and that this outspokenness will get him into trouble. But I have watched him at press conferences. He does not hesitate to say, "I don't know" and when he does answer without seeming to think it is generally because he has thought. There are a lot of basic questions that he long ago decided he does not need or intend to reopen.

One great fault grows out of an attractive virtue, his liking for and interest in people. He makes himself accessible to too many people, and he lets them stay too long. This is not an incurable fault. He will have plenty of secretarial help in policing his schedule if he gets to Washington. And his moves, unless I miss my guess, will be in the direction of decentralizing the authority and activity of the White House. He will pick able men in the Cabinet and follow the sound business principle of not doing anything himself that a subordinate or associate can do as well. These Cabinet members and advisers, incidentally, are likely to be on the sunny side rather than the shady side of middle life. His interest in young folks is notable. Always in business he has insisted that higher positions should be filled by promotion from inside the organization. "I want every young fellow who works for us to know that he has a chance to move up."

### The Spiritual Side

Finally, I come to the question of Willkie's religious faith. Does he experience religious feeling? Does he believe in God? I put the questions to a man who has probably been closer to any other to him the past ten years. Positively, promptly came the reply: "He is a man of deep religious convictions. As to any particular form of religion, I don't know. But he believes in God and all His workings, which are not as usual as it ought to be these days."

Willkie himself, speaking over the radio on February 18th of this year, on behalf of the Christian colleges, said:

"As a plain businessman, I have a special qualification for taking part in this Universal College Day of Prayer. I consented to do so only because of a deep conviction that this country is facing a spiritual depression as serious as the economic one. We shall not solve one depression without solving the other. Both of them today are based upon the same factor—namely, a lack of faith in the individual. . . . When Christianity was founded 2,000 years ago, it established a new and startling doctrine that every human life was of great value; that man was created in God's image, and that even the hairs of his head were numbered. . . . The Christian faith cannot be reconciled with a totalitarian state. Christianity, like democracy, believes that the individual is of first importance—that the individual is not the creation of government, but the government is the creation of the individual. . . . Christianity has no trade with the philosophy of defeat. Christianity is the faith for men who are foregoing trails to new achievements."

Words like these come from beyond reasoning. With Wendell Willkie it is not enough to look inside his head. What goes on there is conditioned by what is constantly in his heart. He is not afraid to have a heart.





## Spare Wheel

Continued from page 22

They are the utility men, or "spare wheels," as the ballplayers call them. We mentioned Cleveland and young Oscar Grimes, but in the Cleveland game it's necessary to go even back to Mr. Grimes to a certain Mr. Bad News Hale, who's been spare-wheeling the Indians for approximately ten years. Odell Hale, Chief Hale, or Bad News Hale, as you will, originally came to Cleveland as a third-sacker, but in his decade of superservice to the Tribe he's played fine baseball at shortstop and second. And when in the game at short, second or third, he's been extremely valuable as an ace left-handed pinch hitter.

But Hale is getting along, and last year this young Mr. Grimes came up from Milwaukee, with a bright reputation as a third baseman, and a neat batting average of .307. With Ken Keltner close to the class of the league at first base, Manager Vitt needed another third-sacker about as seriously as he needed another neck. But second base didn't look too well staffed. About all there was the eldering Bad News Hale, of whom, as of most spare wheels, it almost be said "often a bridesmaid but never a bride," meaning they're always first-class replacements, never quite up to steady varsity status.

### Name Your Position

Anyway, Mr. Vitt decided to try to convert the rookie, Grimes, into a first-string second baseman. It didn't work. Too fast, not quickly enough. The young man couldn't get the hang of the pivot, the final trick in second-basing. This was in spring training, and the season began with Bad News Hale, who'd seen half a dozen seasons any number of times lunge at that second-base job and short, securely planked upon that peculiar hassock.

Grimes was on the bench—but not for Jimmy Webb, the Indian shortstop, who was side-lined by injury shortly after the season got under way. Vitt, looking for a sub, took a chance on Oscar Grimes. That was the end of Webb. Grimes' play was sensational. He not only moved Webb completely out of the lineup but completely out of the town. Grimes' spare-wheeling this season for the Chicago White Sox. But, in course, with Cleveland last year, Grimes was the slugging first baseman, likewise injured. In the meantime, Boudreau, sensational young shortstop from Buffalo, had joined the club and was waiting for a chance to break in. Vitt moved Grimes to first base and promoted shortstop to Boudreau. Boudreau filled his assignment neatly, but Grimes was practically terrific at his new position of first base. Trosky returned in time, and by that portion of the season Bad News Hale had dropped out of those inexplicable slumps that plague all ballplayers. So Grimes moved down the base line to that spot he played a great second base for the rest of the year. That's the performance of a top-flight spare wheel.

You can sell or trade a star, because you can buy or swap for a star, but a fellow who can stand in acceptably for a star after another is something less valuable, but just possibly more valuable.

Grimes was dogged for the first half of his season by bad breaks. A knee operation in the spring kept him out of competition, and in the meantime young Ray Mack proved sensational at second base. And just as Grimes was getting out and about on his leg, a hard

drive, batted by Manager Vitt in practice, smashed him full in the face and fractured some bones. But those healed, too, and there he sits, fit and ready to step in at any infield position any time he is needed.

The Detroit story, with Croucher, is much of the same. He's a little older, being twenty-six, is a Texan by birth, is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, bats and throws right-handed. He started his spare-wheeling demonstration with Beaumont in the Texas League, where he played second, third and shortstop, starring in every position. His favorite spot, however, was second, and it seemed futile for Detroit to bring him in from the farm, for Charley Gehringer, the long-time second baseman of the Tigers, was still in top form.

But shortstop had been a soft spot in the Tiger infield for several years, and it was decided to give the young man a fling at that position. This move ran kerplunk into disaster when he suffered a broken leg. But things may work out perfectly for both Detroit and Croucher yet. Dick Bartell filled the short-stopping post in good shape this season. Croucher's leg is reported sound and strong again, and the veteran, Gehringer, is slowing noticeably from an ailing back that may end his career. Croucher stands ready to step in there if Gehringer has to fall out. Or at short, or at third. He can handle them all.

And so it goes with practically every club, the lowly as well as the mighty. Big reasons why Cincinnati won the National League pennant last year were a couple of spare wheels, Eddie Joost and Lew Riggs. The public heard about Walters and Derringer, Lombardi, McCormick, Frey, Myers and Werber, and they all did their bits, but here and there in the clutch when something went wrong in the infield, out from the bench trotted Joost, or Riggs, or both of them, and the machine kept rolling.

### The Versatile Johnny Cooney

Perhaps the most remarkable of the lot is the aged Johnny Cooney of the Bees, who broke in twenty years ago as a pitcher. Because he still can play almost anywhere, well enough at least to hold the fort, he hung on on steady wages long after his pitching days were through. As an example of what these fellows must be prepared to do, a contribution of Cooney's in midseason at Boston will admirably suffice.

Brooklyn came to Boston for a Sunday double-header the first week in July barely ahead of Cincinnati in the National League leadership. The day was unusual for, among other things, more than 1,000 rabid Brooklyn rooters followed their team to Boston by special train, and the biggest Bees crowd of the season also came out to see the fun. The first game was airtight. Whit Wyatt was flinging a four-hitter at the Bostonians, but Manuel Salvo was shackling the Dodgers as they stepped up to the plate. In the fifth inning of the fast and scoreless ball game, Buddy Hassett and Dolph Camilli, the two rival first basemen, collided on a bunt Camilli had laid down and Hassett was trying to field. Both were injured and both were forced to leave the ball game.

Old Casey Stengel, the Bees manager, signaled Cooney to go in at first base for Hassett. Cooney, now listed as a player-coach, took over. The game was still scoreless in the bottom of the eighth. Miller led off for Boston and



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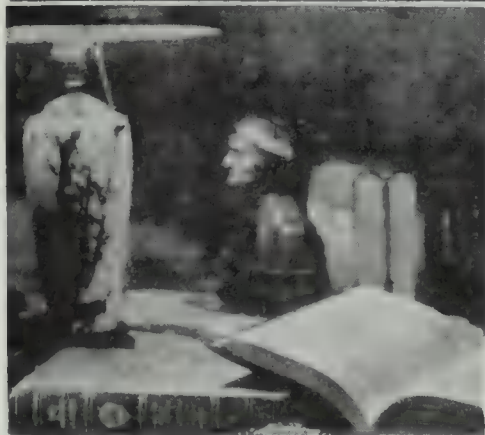
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drew a base on balls. Berres, the catcher, sacrificed him to second. Salvo, the pitcher, grounded out but the play was so fast Miller couldn't advance. Then up walked the aged Cooney, who until this season was practically a regular, although into and out of every one of the outfields, and he slapped a ringing single to right, bringing the agile Miller home.

That was the ball game—1 to 0, despite a four-hit performance by Wyatt. The second was just as tight. The score was 2-1, Boston winning. The Dodgers moved on, knocked out of first place. Hassett is practically a star for the Bees, but Cooney's play that day was just as good, or maybe better. And he'd have done just as well in right field or at third base.

### Some Spare Wheels Move Up

Do spare wheels always stay spare wheels? Don't some of them develop into regulars?

A thin minority of them who prove to be consistent sluggers find their way to steady posts so their clubs can use their hitting. Rudy York, for instance, is a spare wheel in reverse. The big Detroit is a powerful slugger, and the Tigers had to have his hitting, but here it was practically an extended search to see where in the field he'd do the team the least harm. They tried the outfield. He was clumsy. They put him behind the plate. He was pretty bad. They finally solved it this season when Hank Greenberg volunteered to vacate first base for left field and let the big guy play there.

But mostly, men are spare wheels because they can't hit well enough to rate a regular post.

Sometimes they learn and the picture suddenly changes. One of the most remarkable instances of that is Lou Finney, the Red Sox outfielder, who's been one of the hitting sensations of the American League this season. Finney was a spare wheel with the Red Sox last year, and the final gate for him didn't seem too far away. A Buffalo, Alabama, boy, he joined the Athletics back in 1933, playing outfield and first base, which made him a spare wheel even then.

He didn't make any particular progress with the A's until 1936 when, still playing outfield and first base, he was in 152 games and hit .302. But he was strictly a chop hitter, using a choked bat and a quick swing, and the next year the outfielders merely moved up on him, and what had been hits in '36 were easy outs in '37. He didn't do much better in '38, and in May of '39 the A's asked waivers on him.

Believing he had spare-wheel value, and needing his sort, an outfielder who could likewise sub at first base, the Bosox, who had plenty of hitting strength anyhow, bought him for a little over the waiver price and brought him on to Boston. Although the A's had long since given up on his hitting, Finney, himself, had not. He knew something was wrong, but he couldn't figure what nor why.

Now it so chances that Boston still has actively on its roster as a coach a venerable holdover from baseball's real antiquity, Hugh Duffy. Ask almost anybody who the greatest batter in the history of baseball was, and they'll answer Babe Ruth, some few, perhaps, holding out for Ty Cobb. But if the official records are the measure, the champion batter of all baseball history was this same Hugh Duffy, a man well over seventy whose career dates all the way back to Pop Anson, Al Spalding and Old Hoss Radburn.

Forty-six years ago, six years before the American League was born, the still amazingly active Duffy, as a member of

the Boston Nationals, hit the practically unbelievable figure of .438 for the season—that was the full and complete baseball season of 1894. No ballplayer in either league, not even Babe Ruth has ever even come close to that figure since.

That wasn't just a freak performance with him either. It was by far his top but the year before he hit .340, and from '93 to '98, inclusive, his official batting averages were: .378, .438, .35, .302, .341 and .319. For eleven consecutive seasons, he hit better than .300—all that, remember, with a that was mush compared to the present lively number.

And old Duffy can still hit. His for is beautiful, and his remarks are worth listening to. At least, one ball player thought so, and that ballplayer is Finney, who approached Duffy and said he'd appreciate any suggestions the veteran could make about improving his hitting.

First Duffy moved Finney's hands down to the end of the bat. He had him work on a quick snap of the wrists. I had him widen his stance a little, and then he told him to "snap his wrists the ball no matter where it is." I don't know what that means, but Finney seemed to. He told him not to try pull or push the ball to any field a while, but to try to hit every pitch straight back through the box.

That's the way they started, and after Lou got the feel of things old Duffy began to show him how to swing a little quicker to get a certain effect, or delay his swing a little to reach the opposite direction. Finney, who came to Boston tagged as a hitless wonder promptly became famous as one of the most dangerous pinch hitters in the American League.

This year, the spare wheel Finney got his chance when Dom DiMaggio, youngest of the DiMaggio tribe, bought by the Red Sox from the San Francisco Seals for \$75,000 was injured in a practice game in Tampa during spring training. Spare Wheel Finney went in sub. Spare Wheel Finney promptly made his wheel to become the slugging sensation of the first half of the American League race, leading the league week after week, and finally dropping but staying well above .350, an extremely notable figure.

Finney gives Duffy full credit. "If I met him five years ago," he says, "I'd away up in the money."

### Watch This Young Man

A spare wheel to watch for next year is a young man named Dick West. He is the property of Cincinnati and is currently with Indianapolis where he sees mostly to be serving as a catcher. The real baseball sharps say young West is probably the most remarkable proposition now in any club's flannels. He is the only player they know of, they say—player of major-league future, it means—who can pitch an accepted game one day, then go behind the plate and catch a grand game the next. In addition, he can play first, any position in the outfield and is a wicked pinch hitter. They've been experimenting more and more frantically in the minors to see what he does best, but he's a cinch for a spare-wheeling career even if they can't find out. It may be that he's another Jimmy Foxx with an ability to do it all well, but to play one particular position superbly.

But, if you're looking for tips as current teams go roaring down the stretch, don't overlook the spare wheel. Maybe their tires don't touch the very often, but how the rolling then just may make the vital difference. The lift that means the pennant is park mostly on the bench.



September 28, 1940

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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



## Happier Hunting Grounds

By COREY FORD  
and ALASTAIR MAC BAIN

## THE HELL ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

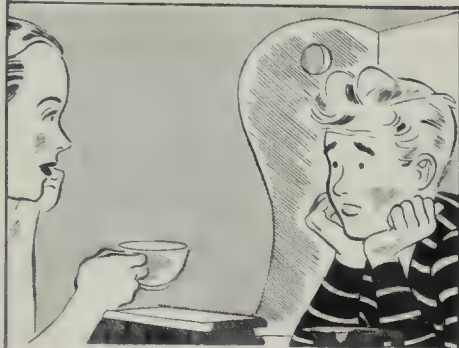
By W. B. Courtney







# Little stories about a common scalp condition



**CHILDREN CAN BE BRUTES!** The boys at school kidded my Jackie unmercifully about scratching his head! His scalp was inflamed and he *refused* to wear his new blue suit because "the dandruff shows on it!" I *had* to find some way to help him! . . .



**THE MOTHER OF** one of Jackie's school mates told me about Listerine. "My son," she said, "had a mean case of infectious dandruff which showed wonderful improvement in less than a month!"



**JACKIE'S HIS OLD SELF** thanks to Listerine's help! He actually *loves* giving his head a good work-out morning and evening with Listerine Antiseptic because "It feels so good, Mom!" . . . What's more, he's proudly wearing that blue suit he hated!



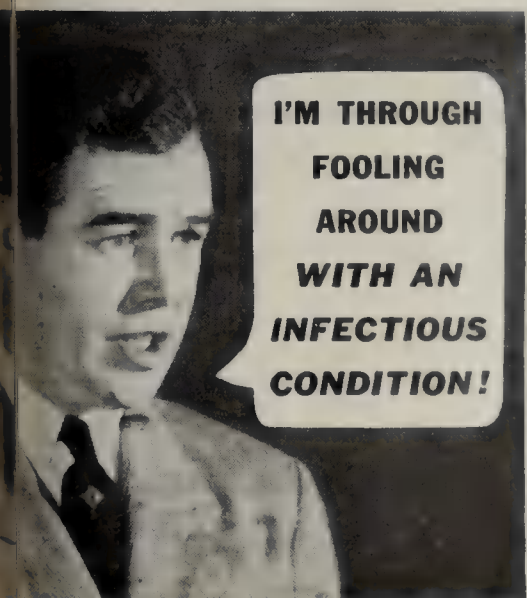
**IT SNOWED DANDRUFF** every time my fiance ran his hand through my hair! My heart almost stopped when I saw the look of surprise on his face! I didn't blame him. Dandruff is so annoying.



**MY SISTER SAID,** "I bet you have *infectious dandruff*—you have the symptoms!" Right then and there she insisted I give myself a Listerine Antiseptic massage. How my scalp tingled and glowed! I could feel those dandruff flakes disappearing.



**IT'S WONDERFUL** to have clean hair and scalp again, and to hear Joe's compliments. I'm giving all the credit in the world to Listerine Antiseptic for the job it did.



**WHAT TO TRY NEXT?** That dandruff was so unbelievably stubborn! I was sure upset—suppose this was infectious! When my wife suggested Listerine Antiseptic, I said, "First, I'll ask Doctor Joe!"



**BOY! WAS I GLAD TO HEAR** from the good old Doc that Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff! Hope at last! I'd *try* Listerine and massage. It helped other dandruff victims—would it help me? I could hardly wait to get started!



**AFTER A WEEK I WAS CONVINCED!** The itching let up—ugly scales began to go! . . . my scalp felt more vigorous and healthy. Take it from me, massaging with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night sure did a swell job for me.

If you have any of the symptoms of that common scalp condition, infectious dandruff—*itching, inflammation, flakes, scales*—don't neglect them. If you do, you may regret it. Start this very day with Listerine Antiseptic baths with Listerine Antiseptic.

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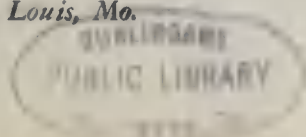
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### COVER

LEMUEL PALMER

## ANY WEEK

WE'RE not regarding our country's military future calmly, a bit of news we're offering both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie now, knowing that they'll find it out sooner or later anyway. Our pessimism was born of a conversation we had with an officer of the United States Army Quartermaster Corps. He not only showed us the field rations our soldiers are eating these days but gave us four tins of the stuff. When we asked what had become of the monkey meat we fed on when we were making the world safe for democracy in 1918 he gave us that withering sneer that only the fanatical dietitian can produce. He just about told us that had we been fed on the latest rations democracy would have been saved for all time and we shouldn't have been in the fix we find ourselves now. The first can he gave us was a meat-and-vegetable hash—potatoes, onions, beef and pork. We still have our doubts but we'll admit it smells better than monkey meat. The second can contained a meat-and-vegetable stew—carrots, beans, tomato juice and beef. Grudgingly we admit it's not bad but, unlike canned Willie, you taste it only once—when you eat it. The third was pretty tasty—a cunning arrangement of meat and beans. To be truthful about it, it's darned good.

Our quartermaster gave us a fourth



can out of which we fished nine highly edible biscuits, three cubes of sugar and an ounce of soluble coffee. All of which was very fine, enormously nutritious and warranted to pack the warrior with vitamins and similar sustaining components. As food, the contents of those cans may be unbeatable but we persisted in thinking of 1918's monkey meat. These new containers are virtually self-opening. But monkey meat had to be attacked with a bayonet or a sharp rock. Sometimes we opened it with a .45. Moreover, when you opened your monkey meat you came first to an inch of good rancid grease that was fine for softening leather-goods, particularly hobnail brogues and mule harness. Once we coated the steps of the officers' mess shack with it and with satisfactorily disastrous results. And the monkey meat itself was wonderful rat bait. You didn't need a trap at all. The unhappy creatures died on the first nibble. To our jaundiced way of thinking we feel that there's something

"shoppe" about this new army ration. Soldiers fed like this aren't going to be in a hurry to lick the enemy and go home.

NEVERTHELESS, these rations awoke our martial spirit. The only thing we could think of doing about it was to have our hair cut. We did so, marching to the barber's whistling God Bless America. We're glad we went. Mr. Ruvalo, the gentleman who does his share in the somewhat difficult process of keeping us neat, told us that while very few of his customers wear beards, unbarbered whiskers are by no means dead. He knows a shop, for example, where a large proportion of the customers are or have been bearded gentlemen. But the country's fifth-column scare is taking its hairy toll. "People are beginning to suspect guys with beards," Mr. Ruvalo said. "Never know whether they're real or phony. So up where my friend works the barbers are up to their knees in beards. Before Thanksgiving there won't be an honest beard in America at this rate."

MAYBE there are other ways of becoming a great bird artist; we only know about Lemuel Palmer. You meet Mr. Palmer's birds—on the cover and elsewhere in this issue—for the first time in any magazine, a fact Collier's mentions with satisfaction. Mr. Palmer himself has been a pomologist, map maker, bartender, tree surgeon and guard on a rumrunner. In 1935 he landed the hardest and least interesting job of his career. It was to make 300 pen-and-ink drawings of birds for a juvenile dictionary. That showed him how bad most bird drawings are, and he set out to do something about it in his spare time. His paintings of birds are now the best in the world. Their life, accuracy, character, exactness of color—oh, take a look for yourself.

FROM Mr. George B. MacThurne of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we have another mild rebuke. But this time it was Mr. MacThurne's mistake, not ours. Mr. MacThurne is a successful engineer although there were days in his undergraduate years that it would have seemed foolhardy to bet that he'd make a go of it. And yet somehow he came through nicely. "Having read in your magazine what a 'Basic College Wardrobe' must consist of if a fellow's to get anywhere at all, it becomes perfectly clear to me why I had so much trouble making the grade. I had no opera hat. I was absolutely innocent of a camel's-hair polo coat or reversible balmacaan. I had no Norwegian peasant slippers and I haven't any yet. And I'll bet ten bucks that you haven't any. Miserable me, I had no tattersall waistcoat, pigskin gloves for town, tail coat, dinner jacket, club-striped belt, evening-wear suspenders,

silk foulard handkerchief or black cummerbund. I had a cap—one of a few lids of any kind in my class. I had brogues, one pair, and they served for dancing and field work. And I had hickory shirts one of which I still have—almost good as new after twenty-two years. As I remember, it cost twenty-five cents and has been used for everything from a towel to a crack stopper. I have fought over and through that shirt, God bless it. But I'm much obliged to you, dressy Mr. Jackson, my fine-feathered birdie, has given me the answer to my oldest problem: What was wrong with me in college? I almost blamed the faculty."



WE HAVE just met a lady who is undergoing the rigors of being "retrained" by Hollywood as a future of almost unbearable magnitude was given a small part in a picture you'll see one of these days and well with it that Warner Brothers decided to build her part up—bigger, more impressive. Or her part consisted in standing behind a cigar counter and when Mr. Humphrey Bogart threw down fifteen cents and asked for a pack of cigarettes saying, "Sorry, they're two bits," several expensive writers were in to build up the part. After several weeks of grinding labor the scene was shot over. Now, built up, she says, "Pardon, they're twenty-five cents. They told us that it's terrific."

RIDING west determined to find out what the American electorate has to do about the presidency, we paused at a small but well-known establishment near Dallas, Texas, which restored some of our original faith. A large sign informed us: "Joe's Machine Shop. All Jobs Quick. Mr. Roosevelt, Our Favorite 149-J."

AS a fellow traveler we had met a beautiful young woman whose picture is broadcast to the profit of the manufacturer and the delight of the lions. She had a radio with it tuned in around the dial with unsatisfactory results. Suddenly she switched it off. "What's the use?" she sighed. Then, as an afterthought, "I'm not on tonight anyway."

SO WE were reconciled . . .

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## Be careful of that match!

**FAMILIAR,** helpful match *can* turn into a ferocious enemy.

Employed carelessly, discarded thoughtlessly, left within reach of children, the match ranks among the foremost causes of approximately 10,000 household fires which account for most of our country's 10,000 annual deaths from burns.

Naturally, the match isn't the *only* fire hazard we must guard against in our homes. Many other things we make use of every day are dangerous if misused.

In your home, for instance, are the following fire precautions strictly observed? . . .

Are you sure that all electrical appliances are equipped with only standard, approved connections and wiring, and are in good condition?

Do you avoid the use of gasoline and other flammable liquids for cleaning in the home? . . . the use of kerosene for lighting fires?

Do you keep your gas burners clear of grease

which might catch fire? Are your burners regulated to prevent too high a flame—particularly when broiling or frying fats? Do you tie back curtains and other flammable material which might blow onto the flame?

► Is every stove, furnace, or hot pipe shielded adequately from wooden surfaces? . . . Are ashes placed only in metal containers?

These are just a few of the highly important safety measures which deserve your attention. There can be no doubt that, if more of us had a thorough understanding of the various fire hazards, of fire prevention, and of effective fire fighting, the annual toll of 10,000 lives would be reduced, and an enormous saving could be made in the nation's annual fire loss—a loss which last year was estimated at more than \$313,000,000.

To help you safeguard your home and your family against fires and other accidents, Metropolitan offers a *new*, interesting, free booklet, "Home Safety Quiz." Co-operate with your local organizations during National Fire Prevention Week—

beginning October 6th—by checking up on possible fire hazards in your home.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Home Safety Quiz."

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Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the  
New York World's Fair and at the  
Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco





## Your Florsheim Dealer

IS FEATURING

## SADDLE STITCHING

Florsheim Dealers are quick to sense shoe styles that are bound to take hold. They sponsored Florsheim "Saddle Stitching" and already these shoes are high on the list of national best-sellers. Because he knows the style men want, as well as the comfort they need, your Florsheim Dealer has won the confidence of his customers and the leadership in his community.



Florsheim "Saddle Stitching" not only sews up the Fall style situation, but offers, at the same time, the season's most practical innovation in shoe making. Multiple rows of stitching, applied as only Florsheim skilled craftsmen know how, strengthen and reinforce the seams—giving new meaning to the famous Florsheim tradition of extra wear. Most Styles \$8.95 and \$10

# THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



## KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A peculiarity of gout is that its painful paroxysms almost always occur between two and three o'clock in the morning.—By Marion Signor, New York, New York.

Ordinary ice will not float in alcohol and ice made under high pressure will not float in ordinary water.—By Carl J. Likes, Charleston, South Carolina.

Many temples of worship, particularly those of Ethiopia, are still surmounted by a cross whose points are covered with ostrich eggs, symbolic of the ancient belief that the world was created from an egg.

The meadow lark is the only bird that enjoys the distinction of having been chosen out of a thousand different American species as the "official" bird of seven states.

A girl in the rural section of Korea rarely ever sees the man she is to marry until the day after the wedding. Her parents make all the arrangements with his parents and, throughout the wedding day and night, her eyelids are sealed together.

The discovery of America prior to the voyage of Columbus has been claimed by ten different peoples—the Arabians, Basques, Chinese, Danes, Dutch, Icelanders, Irish, Portuguese, Venetians and the Welsh.—By Evangeline Pugsley, Framingham, Massachusetts.

In a forty-volume Chinese dictionary now being compiled, each word will not only be defined, but also given in each compound word and every type of phrase in which it can be used. For instance, the word "yi" has 11,000 different listings. In order to use this dictionary, therefore, constant reference will have to be made to its four-volume index.

Chicago and St. Louis are the only cities in this country from which through passenger trains or through sleeping cars depart for all parts of the United States.—By Geoffrey Creyke, Washington, D. C.

One of the peculiarities of infrared or invisible light, now being used in factories to hasten the drying of painted and lacquered products, is that it makes the finishes dry from the bottom up instead of from the top down.

Among the many things that are found in their natural state in a variety of distinct colors are diamonds, gold, honey, icebergs, ivory, jade, lightning, pearls, rain, sand, snow and sponges.

In Arizona, a gun or other weapon that has been used to kill game unlawfully is confiscated by the state. But a weapon that has killed a person must be returned to the defendant, if unconvicted, or to an heir, if convicted, after the trial is over.—By Charles L. Ewing, Prescott, Arizona.

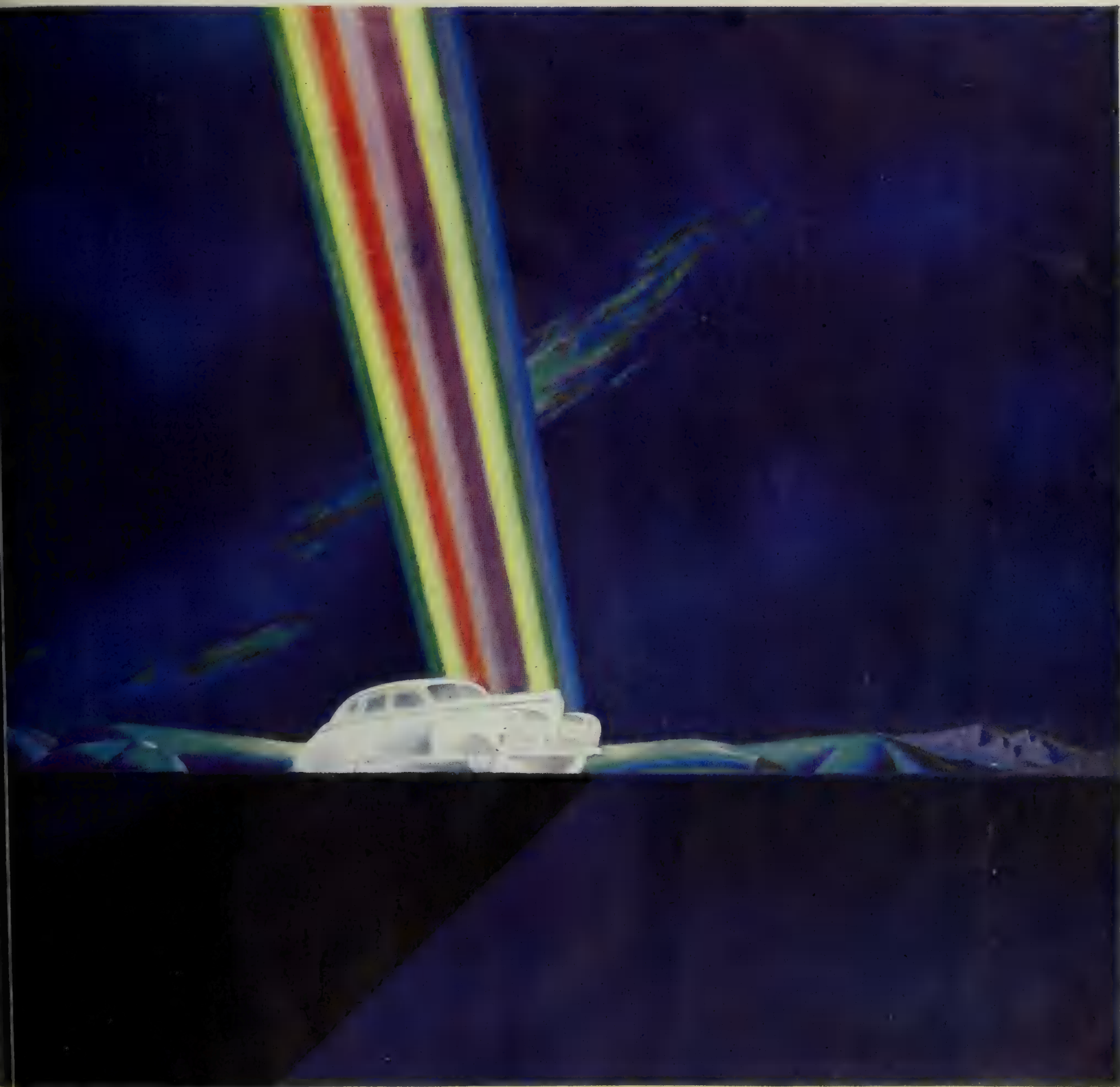
No law prohibits the total destruction of United States coins. But there is a federal statute against cleaning and polishing them because of the resultant abrasion and undue wear.—By Joe Sherman, Clemson, South Carolina.

The Hallelujah Chorus of Handel's Messiah is the most famous musical piece, excluding national anthems and hymns, that audiences honor by standing while it is played.—By Mrs. Harry A. Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scotia.

Not only do the animal stars in Hollywood receive much fan mail and many requests for their autographs (paw or nose prints), but they are also awarded trophies, or Oscars, for outstanding performances. Such silver cups are owned by Charmaine, the female donkey that won her laurels in The Fighting Sixty-ninth, and by Skippy, the male dog that became famous in the part of Asta in the Thin Man pictures.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.





As you read this, a fleet of cars is silently winging homeward across the continent . . . bringing, from a two-year test, records for performance that we predict will amaze everyone who owns an automobile.

Nash can state this now: the long-heralded day when a large car can do 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline—*is here!*

For something of startling import has been discovered by an independent company. Certain principles of the streamline train and stratosphere plane have been applied by Nash to the development of a *new kind* of automobile.

The size of it . . . the comfort of it . . . the price of it . . . and, above all, its revolutionary economy . . . will vitally interest everyone, for it will be available in price to every new car buyer in America.

Very soon you will be able to judge for yourself.

Look forward to the thrill of your whole car-owning experience when you take the wheel of a 1941 Nash Ambassador!

Nash Motors Div. of Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.  
(A call to your Nash dealer now will assure an early demonstration)

**A NEW KIND OF CAR . . . TO SAVE YOU MONEY EVERY MILE**



# New PHILCO Inventions bring you *new delights* in the enjoyment of Radio and Recorded Music!

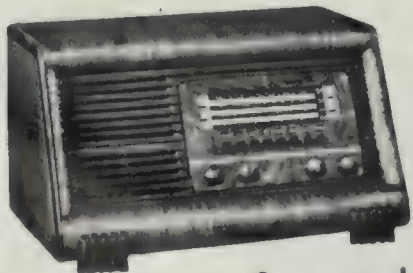


**New Radio Circuit...**  
reduces noise and interference  
by 5 to 1. Brings in Europe 5 times  
stronger, 5 times easier to tune!

**PHILCO 280X Radio Console** (above). One of a wide selection of radio console designs. Powerful 8-tube circuit, new kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer, new Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large, impressive cabinet of highly figured Walnut. No installation; just plug in and play. Yours for only \$6.95 down. Liberal trade-in allowance.

**PHILCO 608P Radio-Phonograph** (right). Philco's new, history-making achievements are yours at a popular price in this amazing 9-tube Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Plays any record on a beam of light. Floating, permanent jewel—no needles to change. Tilt-Front Cabinet, no lid to raise, no dark, awkward compartments. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of costly, hand-rubbed Walnut woods. A sensational value and yours for only \$12.95 down. Liberal trade-in allowance.

**PHILCO 255T** (below). The finest table model radio money can buy. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. Lovely Walnut cabinet. Only \$5.95 down.



*Every 1941 Philco is Built to Receive  
Television Sound and Frequency  
Modulation . . . the Wireless Way  
when used with Philco Television  
Picture Receiver or FM Converter.*

See and hear the new PHILCO Radios,  
Radio-Phonographs and Auto Radios...FROM \$9.95 to \$395  
...now on display at your nearest Philco dealer!

Whether you choose a radio or radio-phonograph, the Philco you buy today is a *new kind* of musical instrument . . . thanks to the genius of Philco engineers. Exclusive 1941 inventions have made tone more glorious, performance more thrilling and have brought you amazing improvements in use and convenience.

**A brand-new radio circuit** makes foreign reception five times stronger, clearer and easier to tune. Selectivity is doubled, noise and interference are reduced by 5 to 1. With more tubes, bigger speakers and lovely cabinet designs, the 1941 Philco excels in all that has made it *America's Favorite Radio!*

**The new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph** plays any record on a *BEAM OF LIGHT* . . . a new miracle of radio science! The pointed, scraping needle is gone. Instead, a rounded jewel

that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and reflects the music on a light beam from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. *Record life is increased by ten times* . . . you can enjoy your valuable records for 700 playings without fear of wear! And never have you heard such glorious tone . . . rich, deep "lows," clear, brilliant "highs," *unmarred by surface noise!*

**The Tilt-Front Cabinet** gives you new convenience. No lid to raise, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. Just tilt the grille forward and place your records . . . easily and without groping. *Only Philco has it!*

**Make Your Own Records at Home.** The Philco Home Recording Unit is *optional equipment* with every Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Record family voices, radio programs; many fascinating uses!

## Music on a Beam of Light!

No needles to change..Records  
last 10 times longer!  
New Purity of Tone!





When war broke out, the 10,000-ton German freighter Goslar was riddled by her crew on a sandbar in the Surinam River to hamper shipments of bauxite from Paramaribo. The crew was interned



## THE HELL ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

By W. B. Courtney

THE last and most vicious and terrible story of Devil's Island today waits momentarily to be written in terms of murder and rape and pillage. More than a hundred and fifty thousand practically helpless people in Dutch Guiana—several thousand of them whites, gathered chiefly in the town of Paramaribo on the seaward edge of the jungle—live from noon to night to morning in fearful surmise.

Across the narrow and easily breached frontier set by the Maroni River is "La Guyane"—French Guiana, scene of Cayenne and Ile du Diable, of Kourou and St. Laurent and all the other inhuman hellspots of the penal colony that for generations have been for South America the only visible at-hand example and monument of France's democracy. Here thousands of embittered and hunger-maddened convicts, the most depraved scum of France's underworld, lurk restlessly. Their guards are deserting and fleeing. In a single week of August forty-five skipped: a third of the nondeportee wardens.

The starving criminals, deserted by

Collier's staff writer, reporting from the scene, tells you about Devil's Island and the worst criminals on earth—15,000 desperate men, who, abandoned by a defeated France, threaten the anxious people of Dutch Guiana

their home government, detested by the officials of their broken-down local government who for one reason or another have not been able to leave, feared by the native blacks who know full well they will commit murder—and have often done so—for a rag of clothing or a hunk of meat, now heft the machetes and the picks and shovels with which they have contributed, driven by whips, to France's wealth—and glare covetously across into Dutch Guiana. It is readily accessible by riverways and highways to its very heart. It offers none of the lurid and incredible hardships of

travel that fiction writers have over-painted. In years past hundreds of escapees have got jobs there in the bauxite and gold camps and sugar plantations—often in Paramaribo itself. Only Holland's modern extradition treaty with France quite lately put a stop to this easy out. Thus, co-operation is expected on the other side: the criminals have their Fifth Column of old pals. So the desperate men of French Guiana look to Dutch Guiana for loot and food.

Of loot there is abundance. There are few lands naturally richer: no equatorial towns prettier or better furnished.

But there is no food in Dutch Guiana, which right up to spring of this year made enormous offerings to the personal treasure chest of the Queen of the Netherlands, and the bank accounts of their absentee speculators. Every day in Paramaribo you can see the police ration out handfuls of rice to the lucky who are in the forefront of the mob and can pay for it—then beat away with rubber bludgeons the bewildered, wailing late-comers and leftovers, and the penniless.

Meanwhile, in French Guiana, no one, including the governor, knows exact figures of that colony—either census, or

(Continued on page 35)

The author talks with Bush Negroes, descendants of escaped slaves and the only people in Dutch Guiana who need not fear an uprising of felons. They can live safely in remote jungles. Even these illiterates would prefer rule by the U. S.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS







He sprang toward the machine. "Look! I just had an idea! How does this sound—"

## Idea Man

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

**The pursuit of success, like happiness, is a business requiring the right sort of girl**

FOR a time, this fellow had Angela fooled. He looked just like the others. Round-point collars on his shirts. And tweedy. There was confident informality in his manner. Besides, Mr. Nate was immediately willing to see him, and presently they emerged from Mr. Nate's office, evidently bound for a bar, with this fellow talking a streak.

And yet there was something about him that was not like the others. Mr. Nate and his crowd had a pulsating quality; live wires. Looking at any one of them, you could practically see the

current charging through the wire. When Mr. Nate passed through a room he seemed to drain it of energy. Now, this fellow was equally full-charged. Yet he did not seem to drain his surroundings, as did those others. Perhaps, instead, he left something. She could not quite tell.

At first she had figured he was one of them, an idea man full of projects, promotion stunts, advertising tricks for taking a nothing item and ballooning it into millions. Like Mr. Nate had done with energy tablets, with reducing juices, with nail dress. Then she figured this fellow was some sort of consultant, maybe a money-wise man. Next, she decided he was just a personal friend, though Mr. Nate scarcely knew any men who might be put in such a category.

Finally, she decided this Mr. Garland was on the other side: trying to sell something. That was one day when Mr.

Nate had her make Mr. Garland sit. For the first time Angela got the idea that Mr. Garland was perhaps putting up a front. And glad of a chance to relax under it. For he did not sit with the irked condescension of a Mr. Nate. He sat with the ease of a man who is not unused to being kept waiting.

GARLAND had been parked there for a good while; Angela happened to be changing her typewriter ribbon when she felt that he was watching her more than casually. She must be a comedy all right. Always got black from head to foot when she tangled with a ribbon. Probably had a carbon smudge on her nose by now.

"What do you pay for that ribbon?" he asked.

So that was all he was interested in. The ribbon. "I don't know," she said. The office boy or somebody bought them

by the box. Probably about fifty cents apiece. Nobody in this joint would bother to get a quantity reduction.

"How often do you change it?"

At that moment she had a couple yards of the old ribbon looped over her knees. "Too often!" Angela growled.

"Once every few weeks, I suppose," he speculated. "And there must be at least twenty machines in this office—"

Angela cracked her nail trying to get the ribbon through the guides; she leaned back, exasperated, exhausted. He continued, "And I suppose you need a new manicure every time you—"

"Yes!" she snapped. "And a baboon. At least the baboon might offer to help."

He sprang toward the machine. "Look! I just had an idea! How does this sound—suppose there was a way to re-ink the old ribbon, automatically, right on the machine—" he was inventing it on the spot. A gadget to be





ned where the ribbon came from the  
pol. A tiny inking pad. As the rami-  
fications and possibilities of the device  
came sparking out of him, he was ex-  
actly like Mr. Nate in the throes of a  
brain storm. Ribbon would always be  
black. Save money. Save time.  
Save annoyance.

"It does sound practical," Angela ad-  
mitted. "Why don't you get it pat-  
ented?"

"Kid, if it comes through, I'll make  
vice-president! What's your name?"  
he told him. He squeezed her hand.  
"Angela, it's a deal. And I will always  
be your inspiration!"

Just then she caught a look at her-  
self in the mirror she kept in the top  
drawer. They laughed together. Her  
nose and chin were a black exclamation  
point.

MR. NATE buzzed for her to admit  
Mr. Garland. The fellow bounced to the  
door; of course he would try to sell Mr.  
Nate on the new idea. And now she  
knew just what he was. He wasn't what  
they were—Mr. Nate and the crowd—  
he was just trying to be what they were.  
This ribbon idea was a good idea, and  
seemed practical, and yet it sud-  
denly seemed pitiful to her; Angela felt  
concerned for the man.

This time Mr. Nate emerged with  
Mr. Garland, seeing him to the outer door.  
The friendly rush-out. Angela caught  
the words, "Listen Nate, there was an-

other idea I wanted to tell you about—"

At the door, Mr. Nate said, "Sure,  
drop in any day." And as the boss passed  
her, returning to his private domain,  
Angela half expected the instruction to  
give that fellow the out-of-town busi-  
ness hereafter. Mr. Nate paused, looked  
at her typewriter, pushed down one of  
the keys, speculatively. "Angela, how  
often do you have to change the rib-  
bon?" he asked.

She smiled, and told him, adding,  
"That sounded like a pretty good idea  
of Mr. Garland's."

"Oh, he tell you about it? Yah.  
Sounded like it might work. But you  
know—" Mr. Nate shook his head, dis-  
missing the whole thing. "Aw, it's pid-  
dling. If a business is solvent, they're  
not going to worry about saving a dime  
on a typewriter ribbon. Naw. Not for  
me. That's the trouble with Gar, al-  
ways something piddling about those  
million-dollar ideas of his."

"What does he do?" she asked.

"Do? Guess he's floating, just now.  
We used to be at Levering's, in the old  
days. When I started up here I had him  
on as a salesman, for a while, but—" he  
shook his head again. "Not Gar."

"What's the matter with him?" she  
asked, sensing that something not so  
white had happened, back there. Maybe  
Mr. Nate had caused Garland to leave  
a good job, and then dropped him.  
"Can't he sell?"

Mr. Nate laughed. "You can't sell

advertising if you're always figuring out  
how to save the customer money. But  
Gar's got a good head on him. I sup-  
pose he'll hit something sometime. Hit  
the jack pot and he'll be all right."

THE man was certainly trying hard  
enough. He was Hydra-headed with  
ideas; knock one down and up would  
pop three more. He seemed even worse  
than the boss, who was always in a fer-  
ment with new stunts.

And Garland took to telling her his  
ideas, as the waits in Mr. Nate's recep-  
tion room grew longer. It was difficult  
to say just what was off about his  
projects; maybe there was nothing  
wrong with them, maybe it was just that  
they came from him, and you had the  
feeling that Garland was not precisely  
intended to be an idea man. Some of  
his projects sounded just about like doz-  
ens of stunts she had seen successfully  
carried through by Mr. Nate. There was  
the radio program with a week in Wash-  
ington as a prize, for advertising books;  
but, as Mr. Nate pointed out, publishers  
just wouldn't buy big time. Then Gar-  
land had a kind of Information Please  
idea that didn't quite click, and then,  
as he grew more desperate, some of his  
ideas grew utterly fantastic.

Like, one day he came in bursting  
with a plan about midgets. While she  
tried to keep a straight face, he elabo-  
rated: the World's Fair was closing and  
what would all the midgets do in win-

ter? His idea was to set up a midget  
village in the court of Radio City, a  
permanent midget capital of the world!  
Think of the contrast, the tiny village  
among the mightiest skyscrapers! And  
did she know how many visitors passed  
through New York every month? And if  
each paid twenty-five cents—! More-  
over, the midgets could be set up in a  
souvenir-toy industry, so they would  
have security instead of starving be-  
tween occasional show jobs—

"You don't realize what those poor  
creatures have to go through!" he said;  
and suddenly, ridiculous as the whole  
project was, she got it his way. She  
knew what had started him on it. Not  
so much the million-dollar dream. But  
the need to fix a dislocation, to help peo-  
ple—little folk who, he thought, were  
more distressed than himself. Midgets.  
She could look directly into his earnest  
eyes, without the least desire to laugh.

And yet, in these tough circles, a lamb  
like Mr. Garland was without a chance.  
He'd never get anywhere. And only one  
thing might wake him out of his illu-  
sion. A stinging smack.

"You know, Mr. Garland," Angela  
said, "this is just typical of all your  
ideas. Midgets. Big ideas! Imagine  
suggesting that to Mr. Nate!" She gave  
it to him directly, including the laugh.  
"Midgets!"

His eyes hardened; and for the first  
time, Angela knew he was focusing on  
(Continued on page 27)





It was pitch or get out of baseball for Bucky Walters (above) and Paul Derringer. Result: 52 games and a pennant for the Reds last season



# One-Two Punch

By Bob Considine

Bucky Walters and Paul Derringer, pitching pride and joy of the Cincinnati Reds, are the greatest double act in baseball. And both of them were considered failures a few years ago

THEY say there is nothing new under the baseball sun, except petitions against managers. But how about this: a broken-down third baseman and a fifth-rate catcher have become—in the evening of their careers—one of the greatest pitching combinations in diamond history.

William Henry Walters, known to the craft as Bucky, was about to evaporate from the big-league scene as a frustrated third baseman when his manager, Jimmy Wilson, kindled a dormant pitching genius in him. Walters stood on the brink of failure. The Phillies were giving up on him.

Paul Derringer, known on the Cincinnati bench as Duke, peeled off the armor of his chosen career one day—the armor being a catcher's equipment—and strode out to the mound to pitch the last few innings of a game in Springfield, Kentucky, his native clime. Every other pitcher on the team had been battered into helplessness, and, if that had not been so, Derringer might have disappeared a few years ago as an obscure catcher in an obscure league.

Today the two made-over ballplayers have vitalized and propelled a team from last place in the National League in 1937 to first place in 1939; from the red ink to a \$400,000 profit in two years. The Reds drew one million cash customers in 1939, an all-time record for a town of less than 500,000 a fact that enabled the National League to outdraw the American for one of the few times in the last twenty years. Thanks to Walters and Derringer the Reds will draw another million this year.

## A Place with the Immortals

Without this pair the Reds would have finished armpit-deep in the second division of the league last season. Between them they won fifty-two games, and lost only eighteen. This season Cincinnati's One-Two Punch was still so potent that the Reds soared into August with a fat nine-game lead over the second-place Dodgers. Every other day either Walters or Derringer was in there firing. And if one failed, the other came through.

The Walters-Derringer combine will go down in diamond history along with the immortal pitching teammates of old. In 1904 Christy Mathewson and Iron Man McGinnity won a total of 68 games for the Giants. Matty and Rube Marquard won 50 for the Giants in 1911. Rudolph and James won 53 for the 1914 Braves; and Alexander and Rixey 55 for the 1916 Phillies. Vance and Grimes of the Dodgers, Grove and Earnshaw of the Athletics and the Brothers Dean of the Cardinals were other deathless duos. But these men were born pitchers, great hurlers fulfilling their destiny. Walters and Derringer are ersatz.

Ballplayers have shifted position before this, and will again. But most of the versatile athletes step down to easier tasks. Babe Ruth went from the anguish of the pitcher's box to the pastoral quiet of the outfield. Hank Greenberg found the same sanctuary after an active career around first base. Roger Bresnahan gave up pitching to become a great catcher. What Walters and Derringer did, in effect, was to stop digging ditches to take a chance on making their livings as watchmakers.

Walters was forced to make the leap. Derringer did it accidentally. But once they were pitchers each was faced with backbreaking work. They had to feel their way along. Each scraped bottom. In 1933 Derringer came close to setting a new record for futility by losing twenty-seven games. Three years later Walters lost twenty-one games. Both marks led the major in sheer frustration.

## A Literal Flop

The first day Walters pitched in the big leagues he walked four men, hit two others and gave up a bundle of assorted hits in the same inning before being led away by the hand, his livelihood strictly in peril. When Derringer was given his first pitching assignment for the Cardinals at spring training camp he strode to the mound with jaunt, grimly determined to impress his elders. He cocked his left leg high in the air, the way he believed the big leaguers did, and, to his horror and the eternal delight of the critical Cardinals, his spikes somehow became impaled in the webbing of his glove. As when he swung his leg down to the ground he pulled himself into a somewhat of a somersault.

Derringer became a pitcher because he didn't want to miss a fishing trip. He was catching a listless game in Springfield when he realized that the game would make him late for the catch that was taking him on the fishing trip. His team's pitchers were taking a fierce beating when Paul called time, took off his mask, went over to the manager and said, "Lemme pitch, will you? I can get this game over with. He did, too, by dint of a whistling fastball that mowed down the other side through the last four innings. Paul went on the fishing trip, and when he got back another fellow had his catching job. "You're a pitcher now," the manager told him.

Walters started in 1929 with High Point of the Piedmont League. During that season he played every position except behind the plate, and the only reason he didn't catch was that the team's masks wouldn't fit his broad, high-cheekboned face. He even pitched winning five games and losing six.

(Continued on page 65)





He lifted the stove into the wagon. She heard him say, "Nine o'clock now"

## The Claim Jumpers

By Ernest Haycox

**The surest way to remember the hurt a woman has done is to try too hard to forget it**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

NEAR this warm day's end the sun turned the western world afire with its last burst of flame. Blue-  
low smoke covered the land and  
hing stirred abroad and the silence  
s a thousand miles deep.

Elizabeth Marsh sat in Curtis Kilrain's shanty beside the bed on which newspaperman Barney McNair lay. Moisture made an oil film on her face and the air was so thin that she could draw enough of it into her lungs. Utely uncomfortable, she nevertheless held away the reflection of it from young Barney who watched her with his exhausted eyes. He was a long, extremely thin man who, having come to the prairie for his health, now had lost ground and no longer seemed to care. He said: "Go out and get a breath of air. Don't bother about being kind."

He lay quiet, studying her with a sick man's incurious way. She was one of many people who, from diverse motives, had joined the land rush and had a quarter section in the drawing; she was an alien to this land in every respect—a really beautiful woman, yet thirty, who reminded him of rolling silks and champagne suppers at Cherry's.

Curtis Kilrain came into the cabin with a stone jug. "I had this water heated overnight in the ground. It's pretty cool."

Elizabeth Marsh rose to fill a tin cup. She came to the bed with it and slid behind Barney McNair's back and boosted him upright for his drink. Curtis Kilrain, who had a cynic's sharp observation, noticed that although she didn't smile—she had never smiled since he had met her the first day of the rush—a gentleness moved across her lips. Barney McNair dropped

back on the bed with a shallow sigh.

"The sand just runs out. Why do you bother with me, Curtis?"

"Where else would you go?"

"Throw me out into the dust. That's where I'll soon be."

"Meanwhile," said Kilrain indifferently, "you keep me company, which saves me the discomfort of living with myself." He was brusque and impatient with Barney McNair. "If life was so damned important to you when you first got here why isn't it now?"

"Just tired of holding on," murmured Barney McNair.

Elizabeth Marsh said: "Was there a girl, Barney?"

"Was," he said, and moved his head on the bed. "What could I mean to a woman now?"

KILRAIN turned, hearing a horse move up from the prairie. Ingrid Berg's calm voice said, "Hello," and she came to the doorway, her hair burning out its pale flax yellow under the sun. She was sixteen, tall and robust with a round face, solemn and sweet and quite pretty. She had a jar in her hand and came to Barney McNair's bed with it. This is beef broth for you."

"Thanks," said Barney.

She was unsmiling but seemed to smile. Her arms were round, and turned amber by the sun; her body was straight and filled out. She put a hand on his

cheek. "It is the heat. Wait until cool fall comes." Moving to the table, she left her jar of broth and went away. Elizabeth Marsh noticed the faint flare of confidence show itself in Barney McNair's eyes. She followed Kilrain outside and these two walked on until they were well away from the shanty.

"Make him want to live, Curtis."

"Sleep is better than misery. There's nothing precious about life."

"He's very young and he's terribly afraid. Help him."

"How can I do that?"

She said a thing to him then that rang odd in his mind. "You have deliberately buried your gifts, Curtis. One of those gifts could make him live." She turned, walking out across the prairie, a straight, rebellious shape in the day. The sun, suddenly, was gone from the earth and a blue light flowed beautifully all around and the stillness was greater than before. From a shanty half a mile away Mrs. Ellis, who had been watching through her window for a steady hour, watched Elizabeth leave Kilrain's. Mrs. Ellis moved her lips, murmuring, "Ah."

The moon was a thin red rind in the night black when Kilrain helped Barney McNair into the wagon bed and rode across the quarter section to pick up Elizabeth Marsh. Two miles west the lights of Harriet Rand's hotel winked out, and toward these lights people

drifted, drawn by the need of neighborliness. Faint night wind drifted from the south to cut the clinging heat and to stir the strong earth incense. Kilrain stopped at Brewerton's for a supply of staples and found nobody at home, and drove on to the hotel.

Adam and Mrs. Brewerton and the Bergs and Websters were here, and Andy Pierce who ran the Wagonwheel cattle outfit, and Clyde Jacks. The elderly Jackson couple sat placidly back in the shadows near the Ellis family. The Zimmermans came in and the Maddens appeared. Tom Kertcher moved up from the prairie, walking beside Letty Brewerton. Women drifted into groups, softly catching up the day's gossip, and men squatted on the earth, their voices weary-drawling. Mrs. Rand said, "I have made some cold tea, as cold as it would get," and came over to the wagon, a small woman with great eyes in a soft, serious face and a voice that made its gentle melody. "Get down, Elizabeth."

KILRAIN listened to the way the talk of the other women in this yard faded into a silence that made a barrier against Elizabeth Marsh. She heard it as well and understood it and sat rigid and friendless and scornful on the wagon's seat, touched by the hotel's lamplight. "No," she murmured. "We're not staying long."

Tom Kertcher's voice moved into the awkward silence. "We've got a town started here. What we need next is a post office."

Brewerton said: "What's the name of this town going to be?"

An unknown man's voice came out of the farther shadows: "New York."

Andy Pierce drawled: "That would be (Continued on page 52)"



# Happier Hunting Grounds

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

DRAWINGS BY LEMUEL PALMER

The hunter and the farmer, enemies for years, are now real pals. A law passed by Congress brought them together and, working side by side to their mutual advantage and profit, they are doing a fine job of restoring our depleted wild life by providing it with food and shelter. The man with the gun is proving himself the best friend wild life ever had



MALLARD DUCKS

YOU can hardly believe your eyes, as the flat-bottomed boat pokes its nose at last out of the reed-bordered ditch and starts across the riffled waters of Mattamuskeet Lake, on the eastern shore of North Carolina, and for the first time in years, black-silhouetted against the dawn: birds, birds and more birds by the thousands and tens of thousands, rising off the marshes in a cloud, soaring in V formation toward the horizon.

All last night, tossing restlessly and dreaming you had slept through an alarm clock, you could hear the quacking and strident above the steady wind. Still, you could not have been prepared for this sight that greets you. Your gun across your knees, you lean over the bow as the guide poles the lean craft over the lake toward the designated blind, and gaze is mouthed at the show. The squadrons of Canada gray geese, fast-climbing teal, the plump wading grebes, the pintails—most numerous—all—and the mallard and black ducks, streaking past like feathered balls, the heads and ruddy ducks. The canvasbacks and hooded mergansers. The serene white swans, and wheeling like baby carriages over the burnished surface of the lake.

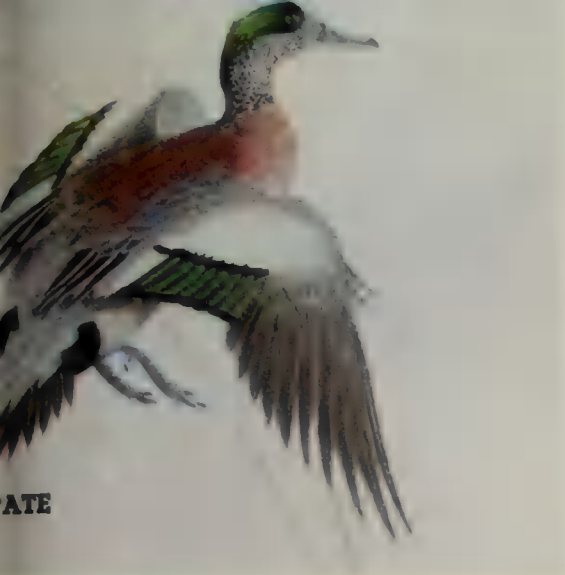
"Reckon they'd be better'n a thousand waterfowl here no more," the guide replies to your question. February, at height of the season, got that many o' geese alone."

He steadies the boat as you climb the sunken box, screened by a willow branches stuck into the bottom. The average depth of the lake, you are surprised to learn, is only four feet; though Mattamuskeet itself covers over fifty thousand acres. Mattamuskeet was taken over in 1934 by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Biological Resources with funds allotted by the National Waterfowl Act. Today Mattamuskeet's water level carefully controlled, its marshlands cultivated for ducks is one of the finest winter quarters in America for migratory waterfowl.

"Course, they only allow shooting about a fifth of the area at a time," the guide explains, biting a cud of tobacco as you rack your shells in front of you and finger your gun nervously. "Two persons to a blind, a hundred guns a day during the season. That means about three thousand ducks killed a year, and maybe four thousand ducks—less'n a tenth of the total birds, and the shootin' birds and pays for protection for all the birds. Which is a pretty fair proposition around." He glances at the watch strapped to his shaggy wrist. "Get your gun set, mister. It's fifteen seconds of seven o'clock."

To your right, just around the bend, comes the first salvo: the whop! whop! of a nitro load, the dots of sound in the white mist. Your pulse leaps. Beyond the mist somewhere an automatic cuts the





ATE



SHOVELER



WIDGEON



TECKED DUCK



DUCK



GED



GREEN-WINGED TEAL



GREATER SCAUP



LESSER SCAUP



BLUE GOOSE

## Migratory Game Birds

Waterfowl shooting—for ducks and geese—is usually done from a sunken blind, located at the edge of a lake or bay and screened from sight by branches and tall grass. Wooden decoys (live decoys and baiting are now forbidden by law) bob on the water before the blind, to lure the birds within gun range. Sometimes waterfowlers resort to pass shooting, a highly sporty kind of gunning that picks off the speeding birds as they flip over a concealed cover on their flights between feeding ground and roost. Of the ducks that may be taken legally during the season—a number of species of ducks, as well as wood ducks, curlews, plover and swan, are protected by law the year round—by far the most popular are the pintail and the mallard, although from an epicure's standpoint the sine qua non is the canvasback which, in the East, disdains fish and feeds almost entirely on wild celery in the Chesapeake, Currituck and Potomac basins. (As a rule, shallow-water ducks, or puddlers, feed on grain and vegetation; the deep-water ducks—such as mergansers and scoters—subsist largely on fish and are pretty unpalatable.) Another popular migratory game bird, the mourning dove, feeds in cornfields through the South; and the dove shooters crouch in makeshift blinds around the edge of the field, while for twenty-five cents a little colored boy keeps the birds milling in circles by wandering up and down the corn rows, whacking the ground with a dry stalk and shouting: "Gahn, y'all, git up an' fly to' de gen'lemen. . . ." C. F. and A. M.





PINTAIL DUCKS



REDHEADED DUCK



CANVASBACK D



CANADA GOOSE



LESSER SNOW G





WILSON'S SNIPE



GADWALL



PINTAIL

three well-spaced shots, in confident rhythm: a seasoned old waterfowler, you assume, a veteran of the marshes. A pause, a single shot as he picks up a cripple. Now a wedge of geese comes out of the silver glare across the lake, and runs the gantlet of the blinds, and you hear the heavy boom-boomp! of a magnum ten, the crack-crack-crack of some enthusiast with a 20-gauge slide action, the twin detonations of a pair of double-barrels letting go. Your heart is pounding; the guns are opening up on all sides of you; the speeding birds cross the sky into the sun.

"Yonder come a couple," your guide whispers sharply. "Stand up an' take 'em, mister!"

The sun mounts higher, your bag is approaching its limit in the bottom of the blind; the little wavelets lap against the sunken boards, and your feet are chunks of ice; and still the guns sound, still the birds come rapidly, endlessly. Is there no end to them? you wonder.

"Why, bless your heart, mister, they's more birds here every year," the guide smiles, biting another hunk of cut plug. "The geese have better'n doubled since this refuge started, while the ducks have increased some five or six times over. It's a funny thing," he ponders, "but it seems the more guns, the more game. . . ."

And that is the thing that is hardest to believe of all. For it is a fact—and the ever-mounting number of birds at Mattamuskeet offers a striking example—that hunting the game is actually the best way of insuring the supply. The increase of sportsmen in this country—paradoxical as it seems—has meant a corresponding increase in the wild life itself.

For years, of course, the sportsman has taken it on the chin. Whenever the game supply has dwindled, it has invariably been the hunter who has gotten the blame. Let the birds begin to fall off, and at once the sentimentalists and restrictionists, pointing accusing fingers at the gunners, demand a national closed season as the cure-all to bring back our vanishing wild life. Everything from the disappearance of the buffalo to the passing of the late-lamented heath hen is laid to the guy with the gun.

But give the guy a break. Look for a moment at the facts. Out of every hundred birds killed in a year, according to statistics, the much-maligned hunter accounts for less than five. Fifty birds a year—half the birds killed annually in this country—are the victims of wild life's dreaded fuehrer, the prowling domestic house cat. Another twenty per cent is destroyed by a sort of wild-life fifth column of predatory foxes, hawks, crows and weasels and skunks. The remainder are victims of forest fire and disease and miscellaneous causes. And the sportsman, in exchange for his modest annual toll of five birds, is wild life's most loyal year-round ally in its fight against all its other enemies.

The sportsman does it for a selfish motive, of course. He wants to increase the supply for his personal pleasure. He has a sizable investment in firearms, equipment and dogs; hunting is his recreation; he has to have something to hunt. And so, if the game grows scarce, he takes steps to do something about it—and when six or eight million sportsmen take steps, they cover a lot of ground. He plants feed patches, and provides cover for nesting birds, and destroys the house cats and other predators that would destroy the young. He raises the cash—twelve million dollars in annual license fees, another three million in excise taxes, untold sums in local fish-and-game club dues—to purchase new breeding areas and refuges. (Mattamuskeet was paid for largely by duck-stamp funds.) In winter, he pulls on his leaky rubber boots—look at your newspaper pictures of last January and see who was risking double pneumonia, wading around out there in the icy salt marshes—and scatters grain in emergency feeding stations to offset the ravages of famine and cold.



SAGE HEN



BLUE GROUSE



HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE





BOBWHITE QUAIL



MOURNING DOVE



WOODCOCK



WILD TURKEY

The sportsman has changed, you see. No longer is he the pothunter and game hog you used to know ten years ago, who measured his day's success by the size of his bag. No longer do you hear him brag at night: "Got my limit every day this week; yes, sir, got so many hanging out there in the woodshed now I can't even give 'em away. . . ." Perhaps it is because the increasing state restrictions have made getting one's limit no longer much of a feat. Or, perhaps, the sportsman himself has come to see things in a different light. Perhaps he has come to realize that there are other things to bring home at night: memory of the October hills, for example, the sumac bursting out of the gray mist in spurts of flame, the frosty ground crunching under his heavy boots as he sets out at dawn. The unforgettable hunting smell—burnt powder and gun oil and frost grapes and sweat. The hunting sounds—the double plop of ejected shells, the metallic thump of new loads dropping into the barrels, the crisp snap of the locking action as the gun is lifted for the next twisting timber-doodle coming out of the alders. The hunting feel—the car heading home at dusk, the shocks of corn ghostly in the twilight, the dogs panting and lapping themselves contentedly on the back seat. . . .

For the sportsman has a new ally now, curled asleep on his hunting coat in the corner, or sprawled before the fire with a wet muzzle resting across the instep of his outstretched hunting boot. Now you hear, not "How many did you get?" but "How did the new pup work?" The increasing use of the bird dog has not only saved game by retrieving cripples that might otherwise be lost; it has given the sportsman a new goal that has nothing to do with the size of the take. "I only took one out of the covey and let the rest go. I wanted to save 'em to work the pups

on sometime." Now, when he goes hunting, he has something more engrossing than the number of birds he kills: the making of a dog, a puppy steady on his first point, a neat bit of work in close cover.

The sportsman has changed; and one of the first signs to notice the change is his ancient enemy, the farmer. For generations, it seems, the farmer and the sportsman had been at swords' points. You could not really blame the farmer. He had seen careless sportsmen break down his fences, and leave hobnailed boot marks over his spruce bed, and neglect to replace his pasture bars, and take pot shots at his pet heifer. Up went his bars and his barbed wire. Up went his ubiquitous sign with the S upside down and the S's backward. "No Hunting Allowed. This Means You."

The farmer closed his land; but he closed it to protect the land, not the game. He had neither time nor money to spend on wild life. He had no idea game was worth fussing over, for that matter. Oh, a mess of quail for Sunday dinner, sure, or maybe a wild turkey for Christmas, but as for leaving hedgerows uncut, or planting in patches, or spending his hard-earned cash to fence nesting areas—don't make him laugh. What was in it for him? What could he get out of it?

And so the predators increased, safe from the sportsmen's guns. And so the breeding grounds were buried over or trampled out by cattle, the winter-feed along the edges of the fields was hacked out with a brush hog, even the protective fence corners were plowed up to get an extra bushel of corn. And so—because nine tenths of our game today is on private farm land—the national supply began to dwindle fast.

That was when the State stepped in. The wiser game





RING-NECKED PHEASANT



MOUNTAIN QUAIL



RUFFED GROUSE

## Upland Game Birds

You can argue with a sportsman about religion or politics but not about his favorite form of upland game. Your partridge hunter will insist there is no adversary to match that wise king of game birds, the ruffed grouse, which explodes out of an old apple tree, or a thicket of young beech or pine, at the very moment when you are halfway across a crumbling stone wall with a piece of barbed wire caught in your pants. Your woodcock hunter will claim that the grouselike timberdoodle outranks all the rest. Your quail hunter holds for the ubiquitous bobwhite—principal upland game bird of this country—that feeds in a covey at the edge of a cornfield and, as you walk past your pointing dog, bursts upward all at once like feathered shrapnel under your very nose. All the turkey hunter asks is to scatter a drove of roosting turkeys at night, and call them in at dawn with a chalk-coated cedar box and a piece of slate, picking off an inquisitive twenty-pound gobbler as he pokes his wary head around a stump. Your pheasant hunter, your prairie-chicken hunter, your sportsman who travels a thousand miles to hunt the fast-flying Hungarian partridge—all of them agree on just one thing: There's no other sport in the world to match upland game shooting.

C. F. and A. M.



PRAIRIE CHICKEN

tioners—John D. Chalk of North  
for example, whose efficient  
ing commission is an acknowl-  
odel today for other states to  
ealized that there was only one  
asically interested in preserv-  
life, and that was the man who  
ct. So Commissioner Chalk took  
er by the arm, and marched him  
e front door of the farmhouse.  
Farmer," he said rapidly, as  
ed the menacing look in the  
er's eye, "meet Brother Sports-  
No, don't kick him out. He's a  
of yours. He wants to buy a  
you don't even know you can  
wants to help you raise that  
ol, when the time comes, he'll do  
esting himself, and pay you for  
takes. I think it's high time  
gentlemen got together."

ledy this national policy of  
portsman co-operation—for  
Game Management in one form  
oter has spread to every state in  
in today—has brought our wild  
bat, in an astonishingly short  
time. Excellent jobs are be-  
in Pennsylvania, Missouri,  
New York, Iowa, Oregon,  
Texas, California and Wisconsin.  
erving commendation for their  
(continued on page 70)



# Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

## IV

### The Story Thus Far:

WAKING in a hospital room, Albert Campion is bewildered—he has no idea of his identity, or of the reason for his presence in the hospital! He hears himself accused of seriously injuring a policeman, and determines to flee until his confused mind is able to straighten out the facts. Undetected, he starts down the hospital corridor, resorting to a fireman's costume, found in a closet, as disguise. In taking the costume, however, he sets off the fire-alarm system. He is enabled to flee the building in the resulting confusion, but is halted momentarily by an attractive girl, whom he manages to elude.

He speeds down the highway in a coupé, but is followed and eventually overtaken by a pursuing car, in which the two occupants—an elderly Mr. Anscombe and the attractive girl in the hospital corridor!—seem to know him very well. From the girl, he learns that he is Albert Campion, and is accompanying her to dinner! On the way, they drop Mr. Anscombe off at his home, where Campion, discovering that the old gentleman has forgotten a package—leaves it for him on his doorstep—to avoid detection of his own disguise.

Later, when they arrive at the home of Aubrey Lee, their host, Campion makes one clear discovery, at least. He loves the girl Amanda—and she belongs somewhere in his life. He also discovers, from a letter saved for him, that he is entrusted with a highly important and secretive mission, by Scotland Yard! Just before dinner, the police arrive at Lee's. They announce that Anscombe has been found murdered, in his garden. And Albert and Amanda are the last two people known to have seen him alive!

Feeling his way cautiously through the interview, Campion is helped somewhat by a newcomer, Mr. Pyne—who, however, disappears at the conclusion of the questioning. Campion finds, however, that he himself has a clear and accurate knowledge of the method of murder—and faces the harrowing thought that he himself may be the murderer! He returns to his host's home, and there finds that he has some vague recollections of Amanda being in danger, but the memory will not come clearly to him.

Late that night, Campion is summoned secretly by Superintendent Hutch, and together they explore an old fortress in the town, which currently is used as the meeting place of the Town Masters, a mysterious and all-powerful local group. Campion gathers that he is on some phase of the mission entrusted to him, and is about to confess his loss of memory to Hutch, when he makes a fortunate discovery of documents that pull at some obscure recollection. They decide to investigate the place further. They are making their way through the deserted building, pursuing the search, when Campion stops Hutch. "Listen—" he whispers, his ears straining at some new sound.

HUTCH became a rock. He had extinguished his torch and now both men waited in the suffocating darkness that filled the world about them like black wool.

"What was it, sir?" The superintendent's agonized demand was only just audible.

"A petrol engine. Listen."

Very faint, so muffled that it was more of a sensation than a sound, the throbbing reached them.

"It's beneath us," said Campion briefly. "Come on."

"Sir . . ." Hutch was a good man and he knew his duty, but there is one state department that does not recognize its servants if they make mistakes. He did not belong to it and thirty years' blameless record was at stake.

"Give me the torches. You stay where you are." It occurred to Campion briefly that it was odd that he should issue orders so naturally and should be so certain that they would be unquestioningly obeyed. He went on alone, moving like a wraith but very quickly, with a sure-footed stealth that betrayed long practice.

He did not see the second iron ladder until he was almost upon it, and he paused with his heart in his mouth, peering down into the abyss.

The throbbing had ceased but in the cold, underground air there was a slight but unmistakable breath of exhaust. He went down the ladder for what seemed a very long way and found himself in a passage no wider than his outstretched arms.

He pressed on and came out suddenly into what felt like a vast open space. The air smelled like a garage and his tiny ray of light suddenly lengthened as the path ended in a yawning hole before his feet. He paused, breathless, and switched off the light.

There was no sound, no sign of life, nothing except the strong reek of gasoline. He took the superintendent's larger torch in his left hand and, holding it at arm's length so that the beam should

arise a good three feet away from him on the wrong side, switched it on.

What he saw was so unexpected he almost dropped the torch. He was on a narrow ledge, high up on the wall of a cave which could only be reached by the superintendent's descent, for it stretched away to a narrow, railed opening far away in the distance. This in itself was not altogether unexpected, but what was extraordinary was that directly below him, hidden from the entrance by a natural partition that jutted out into the main body of the cave, was a large pocket or alcove, snug and secret, which housed at the moment something under three hundred three-ton lorries of varying types and ages, but all clearly in good running order and ready for the road.

Campion swung the torch over his head and the finger of light rested on bonnets and cabs, on yawning bodies and spoked wheels. The narrow shaft of light went up one row and down the next, waving dangerously and swept on again.

Campion forced himself to finish his inspection, but that single glimpse of the end of the row had been enough. He had seen the face of the man, crouching back in the shelter of an overhanging cab. It had been a white face in the bright light and it had been familiar. It had flashed into his vision bringing a name with it, a name and a deep feeling of no enthusiasm as so one once said so expressively.

"Weaver Bea."

As he repeated it under his breath it sounded absurd and unlikely and in all the turmoil in his mind it remained familiar and unpleasant.

It was at this point that the full realization of his own utter inefficiency came home to him. The curious sense of purpose that had hitherto characterized his condition was weakened and he began to take a more normal view of the situation in which he found himself, inasmuch as he began to expect himself at every step. He

(Continued on page 42)

He had seen the face of the crouching back in the shelter of the overhanging cab. It had been familiar.



# SMARTY

By Hagar Wilde

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

**First dispatches from the war  
between Max Sanders and that  
girl with the serpent's tongue**

THERE was nobody to see Max Sanders off on the S.S. Venida, bound for the Canal Zone and points south, because nobody knew he was going. He did nothing to do but watch the faces at the dock, the faces coming up the gangplank and the faces kissing other faces. He sighed. The law of the sea was that when the visitors-ashore signal sounded all the attractive people now lining about would get off leaving their attractive friends and relatives to

But fifteen minutes before sailing a face arrived which was crowned with yellow hair; not the metallic sort that bounces sunlight off as though it were a rival but a soft, soothing yellow with tricky lights buried in it. Max had an excellent view of her hair because she carried her hat, a confection in felt that must have cost a pretty penny. Her retinue looked expensive, too.

There were four men. The first, dark and serious, probably spent his waking hours in a brokerage office. The orchids she carried in a cellophane box had been sent by the second man. He was older than the girl by eight or ten years and had had as good a view of the world as one can get through the windows of foreign barrooms. The third man had come for the champagne. Bringing up the rear was good Charley.

Charley was the young-bachelor type who stays the young-bachelor type until he falls apart. He carried the hamper, in all probability, contained the champagne.

The girl was leggy and walked as though she knew where she was going. When she gained the deck she said, "I'm 21. Giggi, find the room steward

and tell him I want six champagne glasses. Don't take any arguments and don't get lost."

So Charley's name was Giggi and there was champagne in the hamper. About the time they got the glasses filled the visitors-ashore signal would sound and they'd troop off leaving half-empty glasses and a litter in her cabin. She would come up to wave goodbye and they'd shout things from the dock to the deck about being good and taking care of herself and being sure to write. Then, in a body, they'd go somewhere and drink to her gravely.

Presently, absently watching the dock, Max saw Stacey Maxwell come aboard

frowning. The girl with Stacey had been crying. When he came abreast Max lifted his hat and said, "Hello, Stacey."

"Sailing?" Stacey said.

"Yes."

"I'm in 15B. Come on down."

"Later."

Max watched the visitors stream ashore, the gangplank raised and the distance between deck and dock widen. The smarty hadn't come above to wave. He became aware of a presence at his elbow and turned to stare into a pair of large blue eyes that had read not wisely but too well the advertisement saying, "Bring out the natural beauty of your eyes. Use Cambellis." The black spikes rising from her eyelids bore no re-

semblance to eyelashes. They seemed, rather, to be belligerently guarding the portals of vision. She was big. A revoltingly new steamer coat, tightly belted at the waist, hid her figure and with it she wore patent-leather, round-toed pumps with four-inch spike heels. "I hope we have nice weather," she said in a voice as pleasant as a fingernail scratching a calcimined wall. "This is my first trip on a boat."

"A sea voyage is very relaxing," Max said.

Her shrill laugh sent shivers down his spine. "I need to relax, all right. My name is Mildred Corrigan. What is yours?"

(Continued on page 59)



not rich," Max said, "but I'm poor. I've only just got divorced. Does any of it interest you?" "Not remotely," Garda said



# Hands Across the Table

By Oswald Jacoby

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Poker has come out of the back room and into the parlor. Here's an expert cardsman's advice on playing the streamlined versions that make the game more interesting and more profitable than ever



When you lose, pay up. It's bad form to be caught without funds



The man who never bluffs never wins, because no one ever calls him



Bookkeeping errors always lead to a certain amount of unpleasantness

THERE is a popular misconception that since poker is a gambling game it is pure luck. Actually nothing could be farther from the fact. Poker is the one game where a player may hold bad cards all evening and still come out a winner.

Poker is a game of money management—not card management. It is a game where the best hand need not win. It may be bluffed out. The good poker player must bluff on occasion. The man who never bluffs never wins, because, like the tight player, no one ever calls him.

This fine American game has always been popular among men. In late years women have taken it up also, and today it is played almost as much, if not as much, as bridge; and all this popularity in spite of the fact that the game operates under local rules that are varied from time to time as new situations arise.

True, there are so-called laws of poker, but these are antiquated and in no sense cover the modern streamlined game.

As long as people gamble there will be both losers and winners; and whatever the game—be it bingo, bridge or poker—and whatever the stakes, some of the losers will be losing more than they really can afford. In the old days this was particularly true of poker, which is one reason why, until recently, the game was held in considerable disrepute. Old-fashioned poker—i.e., straight, stud and draw—were essentially tough games in which the only amusement was obtained through the gambling element. Today the new games suggested in this article are sufficiently interesting to be played for nominal stakes. However, even though the stakes are nominal, people will still get hurt if certain rules aren't adhered to.

First there is the matter of stakes. In this connection our recommendation is to set the stake at as small a figure as you can without boring the players. And once the stake has been set, adhere to it rigidly. In particular it is inadvisable toward the close of a game to raise the limit or the ante. Remember, the stake you have set is always one the players can afford. When you raise the ante or the limit you are increasing the size of the game and someone may get hurt.

Second, set a quitting time. When play begins everyone is exactly even—there are no winners and no losers. The players should know when they want to stop and should set a time for this. Once this stopping time is set, it should be adhered to rigidly. In particular the habit of playing even an extra half-hour should be discouraged.

Let us consider a typical mixed poker game. Two or three married couples and perhaps a couple of bachelors get to-

gether to play one or two evenings a week. Everyone has to get up the next morning, and accordingly twelve is fixed as the stopping time. As they adhere to this time rigidly, no harm is done. True, the players will be the least bit tired the next morning, but they are not so tired as to interfere with their efficiency.

However, suppose they once play overtime, even half an hour. Let us see what happens. The next time they play, some loser is sure to say at twelve-thirty: "You know last time we played till one. We ought to do it again tonight." No one can make any objection now, and instead of a twelve-thirty game it has become a one-o'clock game.

This extra half-hour doesn't seem much but it does represent trouble. It causes pretty soon we will find the game stopping at one-thirty, then at two-thirty, and finally we will have a night session, with the men going home at seven in the morning and getting to the office in no condition of any value to themselves or else.

The next time the game is played everyone will resolve to quit early. They probably will—at, say, five o'clock—not much before. The game, which has previously been a relaxation, becomes a serious event. One couple decides they won't play any more after a while it becomes impossible to get up any game whatever.

## "Let's Raise the Stakes"

All the above assumes that the game will remain the same even though it continues all night. Actually, once play starts, there is a tendency to raise the stakes. For instance, at twelve-thirty it is decided to play another hour. A player who is out of a hundred chips says, "Let's double the limit for the extra hour. I want to get even." The other player agrees. As a result, at one-thirty the second quitting time, a player who was a big winner at half-past twelve is now a big loser. He says, "You have to give me a chance. Let's play another hour and double the limit."

When the game finally breaks up at seven in the morning it is discovered the big loser is now out over a hundred chips, to say nothing of a night's sleep. If the chips have a value of a dime, that means ten dollars instead of one dollar; if the chips have a value of a penny, it means one hundred dollars instead of ten—in either case under the circumstances more than the evening's entertainment could possibly be worth to him.

A third point, which may sound a little sordid, is just as essential to the enjoyment of every game. Don't start an evening with: "I haven't got to play with me now. I'll pay you next day."

In order to make a poker game interesting it is a good idea to have a certain number of chips in play at all times. In other words, a game where the limit is a hundred chips worth a penny is much more fun than a game where the limit is ten chips worth ten cents. And incidentally, the game where the limit is a hundred penny chips, while nominally the same size as the game where the limit is ten-cent chips, actually is substantially smaller, the reason being that a player is much more cautious about playing one hundred penny chips in the pocket than he would be with ten ten-cent chips.

In my opinion it is inadvisable to play with chips nominally worth more than a penny. But for those who insist on a penny ante, a simple way of covering the ante is to play with penny chips. If you come to settle the game at five or ten cents on the dollar, the losses are not so great.

A nice variation if you want to keep the losses is to play so-called "penny" poker. Suppose it is decided to play one or two evenings a week.

You're starting trouble by asking for another hour of play



(Continued on page 31)



# The Patriotic Murders

by Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

## The Story Thus Far:

HERCULE POIROT, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist. Shortly after, Inspector Japp, Scotland Yard, telephones him to say that Morley has committed suicide.

A skeptical person, Poirot does not accept Japp's verdict. He believes Morley, healthy, happy and prosperous, was shot to death. He starts an investigation. Suspect No. 1 is Amiotis, a wealthy Greek—patient of Morley's—but before he can be interviewed, he is found dead of an overdose of dental drugs! The inference is obvious; having killed the Greek accidentally, Morley, in remorse, had killed himself. But Poirot does not accept this theory, nor does Mr. Barnes, an ex-secretary, to whom the Belgian goes for advice. His theory is that a band of conspirators had killed Morley because he interfered with their plans to kill Alistair Blunt, financier.

Another problem appears when Miss Margaret Sainsbury Seale, also a patient of Morley's, mysteriously disappears. And Poirot, investigating various persons—Howard Jones, young radical from America; Frank Carter, fiancé of Morley's secretary; Mr. Japp; Jane Olivera, Blunt's niece, in love with Raikes; and others—cannot fathom Miss Seale's disappearance.

At first, a body found in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman seems to be that of Miss Seale. Further investigation reveals, however, the victim to be Mrs. Chapman—but disguised as Miss Seale! Immediately, the search for Miss Seale is mysteriously postponed by the foreign office.

Later, Poirot receives a warning by telephone to keep out of the investigation, or he will meet harm!

Poirot accepts a week-end invitation to Morley's manor. There, in the garden, an assailant makes a shot at Blunt. Either of two men—Amiotis, or Frank Carter, (disguised as a new neighbor)—could be guilty. Poirot questions a list of suspects—and slowly a pattern of the murder begins to form for him. Carter is arrested. Frantic, he confesses to the Belgian that he was present, perhaps at the time of the murder—but that he saw the murderer disappearing when he discovered the body.

## Conclusion

ON THE following day Hercule Poirot spent some hours with a theatrical agent of his acquaintance. In the afternoon he went to Oxford. On the day after that he drove to the country—it was late when he returned.

He had telephoned before he left to cancel an appointment with Mr. Alistair Blunt for that same evening.

It was half past nine when he reached Gothic House.

Alistair Blunt was alone in his library. Poirot was shown in.

He looked an eager question at his visitor as he shook hands. He said, "Well?"

Slowly, Hercule Poirot nodded his head.

Blunt looked at him in almost incredulous appreciation.

"Have you found her?"

(Continued on page 78)

Frank Carter did not recognize you. He only saw you from above"







She had her own weakness—she loved flowers. Whenever Joe won he used to bring flowers for her

## Rose of His Heart

By Edward L. McKenna

THIS is about a fellow who never amounted to a great deal, and about his wife, who was much more important, as these things go. Call them Joe and Agnes.

Joe was a horse player. Besides that, he liked his liquor. He lost plenty of jobs through his drinking, and the horses kept him broke most of the time. He was a competent man, in his line: he was a good mechanic, when his hands were steady. He could always get another job, he said, and it wasn't quite a delusion, for he always went and got one; good mechanics are scarce enough, and the town is wide.

Agnes—well, Agnes was just another horse player's wife, long-suffering, and sweet, and beautiful enough to catch at a gambler's heart, because gamblers always are looking for something they used to see dimly in the spring dusk, when life still lay before them.

They didn't have any children. Maybe that was just as well, for any woman had trouble enough if she had Joe.

She had her own weakness—she loved flowers. Whenever Joe won, he used to bring flowers home for her, and lots of other times he brought them, even if he spent his last quarter.

Don't think they didn't get along all right, most of the time. Agnes was deceitful to him, in this: she saved out money on him; she got money out of him, when he had it, and then claimed that she had spent it, or that he had borrowed it back again from her. He'd nod, and never question nor complain.

That was how they got a little house, first payment down, and a car for which there never could be but one payment, so old it was and broken down. Joe fixed it so it wasn't bad. He was always tinkering with it.

One day, this day it was, Agnes was

out buying the groceries, and she was wearing her four-dollar dress and the faint and distant smile of a happy woman. She was driving her car, their car, and she saw Joe.

He was walking along the street, and carrying a big bunch of flowers. He wasn't going too steady, but he was giving everybody in the world a great big smile.

"He's home early," Agnes said. "He wants to get home early, and surprise me. I won't pick him up. He wants me to be surprised."

She was surprised, all right. Still smiling foolishly, he turned down the wrong street.

"Well. Well, the big dope," said Agnes, and fear clutched at her heart. She was thirty-four years old; Joe was thirty-eight or so.

"Where's he going? Where's he going, with those flowers?" she said.

She bought her groceries, and her rack of lamb, purposely delaying, sniffing, arguing about the quality of carrots and asparagus and peas. "He'll be home. Let him get a chance to get home," she was thinking. "Let him put the roses in the big vase."

BUT she was home before him, so long before him. Maybe it was fifteen minutes, maybe it was five, maybe it was half an hour. No time is short when your heart is standing still.

In he came, at last. "He's sober. He's cold sober," she said to herself.

He had no flowers.

"Hello, Agnes. Hya, kid?" he said.

"Hello Joe." She sat there. "Where you been?" she said.

"I been places. I been places," he said, and beamed at her.

"That's the old line," said Agnes to herself. "He's gonna kid me along."

"You're looking all right, kid," said Joe.

"You had a few drinks," said Agnes. She tried to make her voice sound cold and harsh, and not full of despair. Well, it's okay. It's okay, she was thinking. I had a lot of fun with Joe. He gave me a lot of happy years.

"Sure, I had a few drinks. Certainly I had a few drinks. Not many, not many, just a couple. Guess what? I got something to tell you. Guess what?"

"I—I don't know."

"I got something to tell you. Then I got something to ask you."

"I'd do any—anything you asked me. And you—you don't have to tell me—you don't—you don't have to. . ."

"Yeah? Yeah? Well lookit here, old lady. Lookit here."

He took a big, thick roll of dirty bills out of his pocket and threw it in her lap.

"You count that. It's all there, every nickel of it. Listen. There was a dog in the third, at Suffolk Downs. A guy gives me this dog, a week ago. I said I wasn't gonna bet no more. The way you cried, the last time, and all. But listen. The name of this dog is Rose of My Heart. Rose of My Heart, can you feature that? I kept saying to myself, you know how it is with a hunch, 'My wife likes roses, my wife likes roses.' I couldn't do anything else. Today is payday, I held out five bucks, I put thirty-two on this Rose of My Heart. Pays sixteen-sixty. You count it."

"I—I don't want to count it."

"So I get out of that drum, the one on Fifty-second, yeah, and I got the car to Sixtieth. You know the guy at Sixtieth, the one who sells the flowers."

"Yes. Yes?" she said.

"I bought every rose he had. I give him the five, and my change—I had my transfer, and he gives me every rose he

got. I can hardly carry them. I never saw such a bunch of roses."

"Didn't I? Oh, didn't I?" said Agnes to herself.

"So I got off at the avenue, and started to walk up. Then I got another hunch. I said to myself, you get a break, you give somebody else a break. I turned around. I walk over to the M. ericordia Hospital. Poor sick people."

"That's—that's quite a walk." But she was up that way, up the way he was going.

"IT'S eighteen blocks. It's more than that."

"Why'n't you take a cab?"

"I didn't want to spoil the roll. ten. The Sister up there, she give me a holy medal. Look. You take it."

"No. You keep it. Keep it for good luck." Both of them knocked on the door sharply, and simultaneously.

"Now listen. You count that roll, then you give me ten bucks. What we got for supper, throw it out. Walk out, and on the way back, I buy you ten bucks' worth of roses. What do you say?"

"Twenty, forty, fifty, fifty-five," said Agnes. He beamed at her. More nothing to a gambler but something to count, and to have briefly.

"He'll never—he'll never get where," she was thinking. "He'll never change. Oh, anyhow, he'll never change." "How much you say he paid?" she said.

"Sixteen-sixty."

"They gyped you two bucks."

"Don't you think you got to give a runner anything?" he said, indignantly. She smiled at him.

"Here, runner," she said, and handed him ten dollars. "Now wait till I get my hat and powder my nose."

"Don't be long," he said.



# How I made the Farmer's Boy yell "Hooray!"



My husband is a city man now, but he was born and raised on a truck farm. And one of his pet peeves used

to be that we never could get vegetables that had the same flavor and tenderness as "fresh-picked" ones . . .



2. So you should have seen my grumble-boy that night I first served him Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Asparagus Tips. One of those rapt, man-enjoying-food smiles spread over his face. "Hooray," he yelled. "Farm flavor at last! And in September, at that! How'd you do it?"



"Quite easy," said I, looking very superior. "The Birds Eye people take the grandest, tenderest asparagus that can be raised, cut off the tips and Quick-Freeze them within 4 hours after picking. That completely seals in the garden-freshness and the flavor. And the vitamins, too. You don't ask me how . . .

4. "And furthermore, Handsome . . . Birds Eye Asparagus Tips are all cleaned for me. I merely take them out of a neat package and drop them directly into the pot. Saves me over 25 minutes' kitchen work. Not that you'd care about that. But I do!"



5. Goodness knows, you can't get garden-fresh asparagus like Birds Eye anywhere else this time of year. And the big joy is that you can buy it at an in-season price! One box of all-green Birds Eye Asparagus Tips is equal to two medium-sized bunches and serves 4!



5. I leaned over and gave me a squeeze. "Honey," he said, "the way I've fussed about food, I don't deserve your trying to please me. And saving us money in the long run! You're grand . . ." That's all, except that we are now actually live on Birds Eye Foods now. And Bill's not grumbling any more.



7. Where can you buy these marvelous foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the top quality in Quick-Frozen Foods. Therefore, be sure you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

## Order Today From This List—Save Money!

Green Asparagus Cuts  
String Beans—three kinds!  
Peas—shelled for cooking  
Broilers—dressed, drawn  
Ocean-fresh Haddock Fillets

Serve Succotash Tonight  
—made from tender, golden  
Birds Eye Cut Corn and garden-  
fresh Birds Eye Baby Lima Beans!  
Serve with plenty of fresh,  
creamy butter. It's grand!

And there are more than 50 other Birds Eye Foods . . . all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

## FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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*For 1941... A New*  
**MORE BEAUTIFUL**  
*Chrysler*

New  
**AIRFLOW**  
 Bodies



**NOW**

*Fluid Drive*  
 WITH  
**AUTOMATIC SAFETY CONTROL**

FOR 1941, Chrysler combines *Fluid Drive* with new Automatic Safety Control! Jerks and labors of gear shifting become a mere memory. The car takes off with the smoothness of a liner... suits its gear ratios to every normal driving condition... floats effortlessly along... but is always under positive control.

*Fluid Drive* was introduced by Chrysler in 1938. It has behind it millions of miles and many thousands of delighted owners. *Fluid Drive* with Automatic Safety Control is available on all 1941 Chryslers, optional on some.

The 1941 Chryslers have 108 and 135 horsepower engines which have all vital metal parts Superfinished so you may drive as you desire from the first mile. Dozens of other engineering advancements. You are cordially invited to try them!



builder's have you had such an opportunity to select a car to suit *your* taste, *your* preferences, *your* individuality.

Beneath those deep, wider seats, the softest Airfoam! The button-tufted upholstery is real, not just ornamental. Every fitting bespeaks real quality! Never before has so much sheer quality been built into cars of moderate price. Your Chrysler dealer invites you to see for yourself!

*Wider, Lower,*  
 space-flared bodies  
 ... 5-foot cushions ...  
 Added elbow room!



New Airflow bodies... wider... lower! New radiator design. New, longer

hood. New sharp backward rake to the windshield which has 676 sq. inches of glass area... thinner door posts... bigger curved rear window... the unbroken vision of an observation car! Bodies belled out at the window line... for beauty, for room, for distinction! Lines all sweeping back to a new and graceful rear... large luggage locker.

The last word in roominess... any more would seem a waste! Five-foot cushions... extra elbow room... doors wider than most house doors... extra leg room. Lower center of gravity... lower roof and floor. Lower, stronger, double-channel, welded frame with new hydraulic shock absorbers provides a still safer Floating Ride.

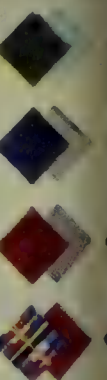
The nation which acclaimed the beauty of the 1940 Chryslers will vote the brilliant, new 1941 beauties the smartest Chryslers in history!

*Tailored to Taste*  
 Individualized interiors  
 ... Richer fabrics ...  
 Harmonizing plastic



Inside and out, the 1941 Chryslers are a symphony of color... and *tailored to your taste!* The exquisite new instrument panels have insets of colorful plastic... matching plastic door panels. Upholstery fabrics to suit your individual taste in color and texture!

A wide selection of rich broadcloth, pile fabrics, Bedford cords, novel new materials... harmonizing two-tones and beautiful leathers. Never before, except at a custom coach-



*Be Modern* — **BUY CHRYSLER**



## Idea Man

Continued from page 11

her, considering what she, as a person, was doing to him. She had to follow with the second slap. "Anyway," she said, "Mr. Nate is out to lunch."

He nodded, and arose. "Okay." His smile was small and tight. "Guess I'll get some lunch myself."

She knew he wouldn't come back. Not that he could ever have got anywhere with Mr. Nate. But suddenly Angela felt there were things she ought to tell him. It was only fair that she let him know what they thought of him.

Grabbing her hat, Angela ran out. "Wait for me!" she yelled, and Jim the elevator man held the door open. Mr. Garland stepped back in the car to make room for her. He evidently was not going to speak, so she had to start it. "You know, I eat too," she said. He gave her that same examining look. Then he smiled.

"How about eating with me?" he came through. "If you haven't got a date."

"Okay. Guess I've got one now."

AS THEY emerged from the elevator, she thought of a way to make it simpler for him, if he was really low on money. "Look, of course you always lunch with the crowd at the Lohengrin," Angela said, "but—well, I don't like those people to think I go out with the clients—and you don't want them to think you're polishing up to Nate's secretary, so—" she steered him into a French place on 49th, where there was a good lunch for fifty cents, and if he could afford to be expensive, he could show it on wine.

He ordered easily, without the fluster or bluster that even a big shot like Mr. Nate exhibited; more and more, Angela began to feel her instinct had been right, about him.

There was a music box in the place, but instead of being loaded with hot numbers it was stocked with classical recordings. Garland turned his ear, appreciatively. "Sibelius. I think that's the London Philharmonic. Like it?"

Before they were through the hors d'oeuvres they had matched tastes in music and come out pretty nicely. He had even asked her to the concert that night, and had been chagrined and kind of curious at her having a previous date.

Angela could just imagine Mr. Nate or Pat Daly or any of that crowd know-

ing, or caring, about the difference between a London and a Boston recording of Sibelius.

So then she thought she might lead the talk back to the office. She mentioned Nate's having said he and Garland had worked together, at the Levering Agency.

Sure, gosh, those were the days! The talk of music had excited him, and now these memories brought exhilaration to his cheeks. What a brilliant gang! Pat Daly, and Nate, and Crossman—why, everybody that had worked at Levering's in those days was out on his own doing big things now. "That seems to happen every once in a while—a bunch of brilliant men drift together in one place," he said. "We had it in college in my year too." Explorers, authors, actors—he named the celebrities who had been his classmates. "Nate and I used to run the paper, he was advertising manager and I was business manager. Why, we practically ran all the local newspapers out of existence; they sure were glad to see us graduate. You know Nate and his brain storms!"

So now she knew what it was, with him. The others had all cashed in, each had made his flash. And Garland, who had been one of the crowd, a college chum, a desk neighbor at Levering's, Garland still had to crash through with a million-dollar idea.

He told her more about that crowd. Pat Daly, with his audacity—like the time he had cabled Mahatma Gandhi for his endorsement of goat-milk. And about Nate's craze for long-distance telephone calls—

"You're telling me!" Angela related how Nate and his salesmen would hold two-hour transcontinental conversations, just telling each other Confucius Says. And presently they were laughing together at those other people, at the antics of a childish and irresponsible crowd.

So then she said, "You know, Mr. Garland, if you don't mind my butting in—one thing that puzzles me is why a man like you—well, why you want to get hooked up with Nate, why you keep trying to do something together with him. You're exact opposites."

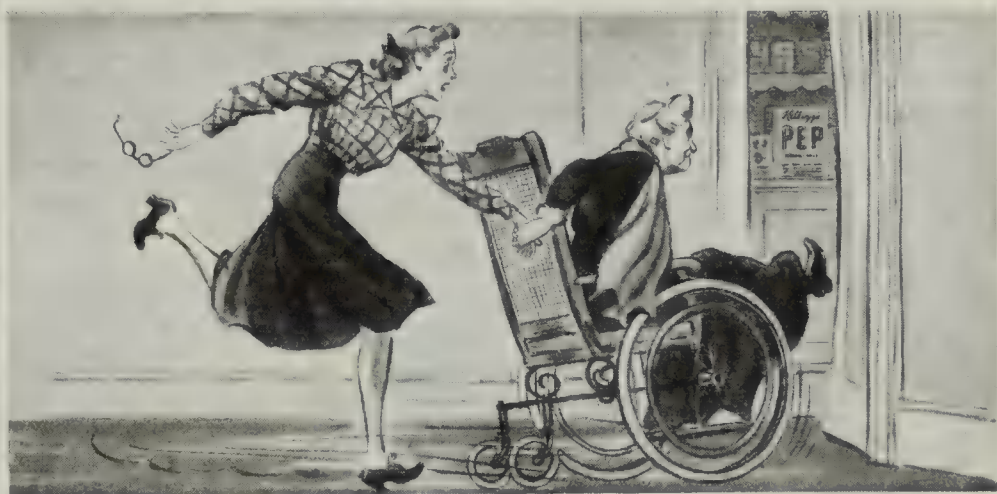
He took it right. Almost impersonally. He wanted her to explain what

## How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Gran'ma: Fiddlesticks to "glamor"! What you need is some pep appeal!



Cinderella: What the dickens is "pep appeal," Gran'ma?

Gran'ma: It's "oomph" and zest and zip-zip! You haven't any! You don't eat right. Don't get your vitamins. You come with me and we'll make a start right now.



Gran'ma: Now remember this! We can't have pep without vitamins. And one of the best ways to get two of the important vitamins (B<sub>1</sub> and D) is right in that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP.

Cinderella: Never mind your old vitamins, Gran'ma. Your PEP tastes delicious! So crisp and flaky and full of flavor! I'm going to have it every breakfast!



Cinderella: (sometime later) I'll see tonight if your idea works.

Gran'ma: Where there's pep there's hope!

## Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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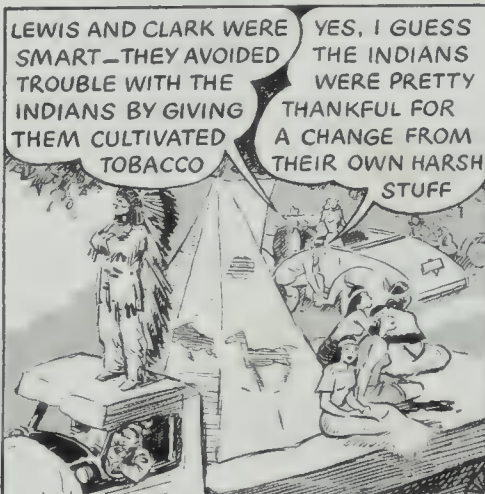


"The War Department discovered that Wilkins' house occupies a strategically important spot"

CARL ROSE



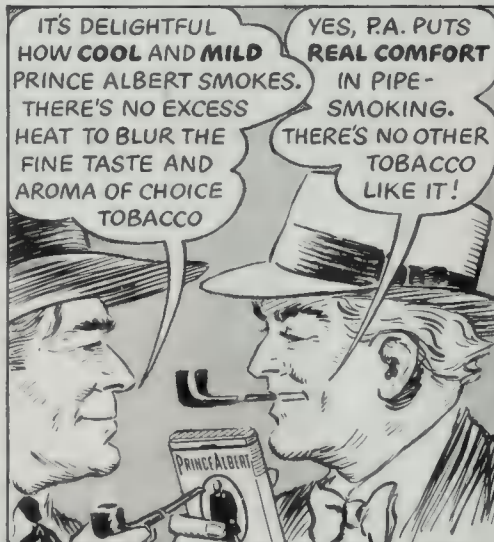
# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



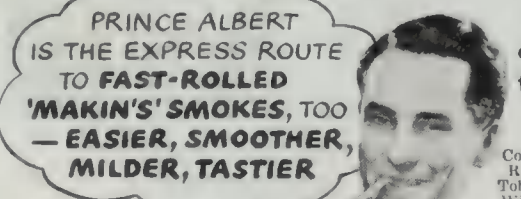
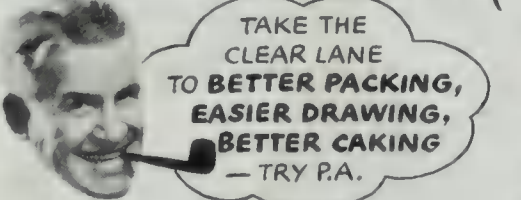
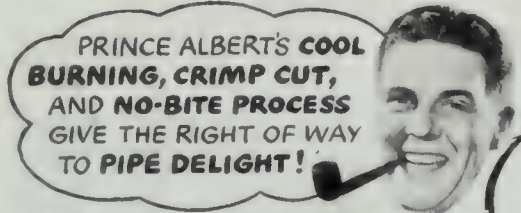
IN RECENT LABORATORY  
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,  
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

## 86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF  
THE 30 OTHER OF THE  
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS  
TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!



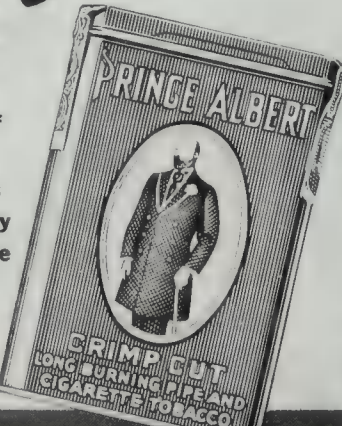
## HIT THE HAPPY TRAIL



TO  
*Smoother  
Smokes*

50

pipefuls of  
fragrant  
tobacco in  
every handy  
tin of Prince  
Albert



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R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem,  
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# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

made her think that way. "Well," she said, "like the ideas you have, compared to the ideas Nate and his crowd put over. Every idea you have, I've noticed, is to save something, to give people something for their money. But Nate and Daly and those boys never think of things that way. All they think of are stunts that are perfectly useless, or wasteful, or just silly. Like, well, take way at the beginning, that jigsaw craze Mr. Nate started with—you would never dream of putting over a silly thing like jigsaws. Your mind doesn't work their way, it seems to me."

His face had utterly changed. He had become serious. "That jigsaw stunt came in while Nate and I were at Levering's. A fellow was peddling the idea and I talked to him first. Didn't sound like much to me; but Nate chased him up, afterward, and made a million on it."

Then that was his shame. And that was why he had to prove he could do it, now. She wanted to reach her hand out.

HALF under his breath, Garland was saying, rather finally, "There must be something wrong with me. I have to admit, I've had the same breaks as the rest of those boys. I guess my ideas just aren't any good."

He was speaking mostly to himself, and yet she was included. Angela tried not to believe it meant anything that he made his admission to her. He just had to say it to someone. It was kind of weak of him, and yet it was honest.

And that was when she knew he'd got her. Perhaps, to him, she was just a girl across the table, someone who didn't matter, so he could let down the bars on his pride, and talk. She would have to reach him, too. She would have to make him see what she was, what she could be, for him.

He had pulled himself straight, and was saying, toughened, but ruefully, "I guess I'm not as smart as they are."

"No. You're not as smart," she said. "You're probably more intelligent, but not as smart. So why don't you stop chasing them? Why don't you do things your own way? Things you can do."

There; she had slapped him again. And it hadn't worked. He was drawing away, into himself, putting on the shell.

She might have done it the other way. She could have made him feel superior, just by telling him what was happening in the office—how even at this moment Mr. Nate's lopsided pyramid was ready to topple at a single blow. Instead, she drove in deeper.

"Look," Angela said, "this may lose me your friendship, but I'll tell you what that crowd thinks of you. They think you missed the boat. Mr. Nate was talking about you to Pat Daly the other day. He said every idea you have is for saving pennies on something, so you must be broke." His color was rising; she wondered if she should even insist on paying for her own lunch. "One thing they know about their kind of business, and you don't, is that even in these times you can make a fortune selling nonsense, but you can't sell people sense. You're not dumb enough or cynical enough for their game, Mr. Garland. That's what people like Nate have that you don't have, contempt for the world."

"Thanks," he said. "Then you think I'm wasting my time?"

"Yes," she said honestly. "You're wasting your time."

"You've been very kind," he said. "You've made my deficiencies seem so noble."

Then he stayed away. Every time the door opened, Angela found herself looking for him, expecting the assault of his breezy and yet somehow imitation confidence, and the subdued agony it gave her: as of watching an amateur tightrope walker.

By the end of the week, she was wondering if he might be contacting Mr. Nate outside the office, avoiding her because of that talk. Well, if that was all he was, it was just as well that nothing had really started between them. Still, she found herself looking for him, at the symphony. Perhaps he was even too broke to buy tickets.

She planned to make some casual inquiry about Mr. Garland, some day, of Mr. Nate. Just to get the man settled and out of her mind. But the right opportunity didn't come; Mr. Nate was too snappish, these days. Nate's latest brain storm, an attempt to revive the jigsaw puzzles as war maps, wasn't going over at all. In fact there had been a succession of failures, from the parlor pin games on, and the tension in the office was becoming unbearable. Oh, sure, one fine morning Lucas would call up from Toledo or Seattle with a thousand-dollar-a-week newspaper hookup for the jigsaw war map, or maybe a big advertising contract would fly in through the transom, but meanwhile she happened to know that Nate was even running up a bill with his barber. So she didn't bother Nate about Mr. Garland.

And then he did call. She recognized his voice and was about to give him Nate but he said no, he didn't want to talk to Nate. He was calling her. Would she come and hear Hubermann, with him? It was a kind of celebration. New job. And in a way he owed it to her.

The date was all right. It was really swell. They went dancing after the concert. He had lost that air of pressure; maybe because it was just an evening date. He hadn't yet told her about the job.

After the second Scotch and soda, Angela thought she might dare touch the old wound: to see if it had healed. "You know, I was afraid you had crossed me off your list," she said.

"Why?"

"All that uncalled-for advice."

"Uncalled-for advice is often the best," he said.

"Where is the job?" she plunged. She hadn't heard of his being at any of the agencies.

HE GRINNED. "Acme Company. Paper boxes. Containers."

Containers? Some new idea?

Oh, no. Quite an old idea, he assured her. People had been packing things in boxes for years. In fact this was one of the oldest firms in the field. "But I'm just a sort of glorified bookkeeper," he said. He was getting onto the business. Right now he was studying shipping. There were economies to be found, in various shipping routes—

He talked almost as an expert. Costs of shipping boxes by truck, by rail; he even had funny little stories about shipments that had made complete circles in the old routing. She got the picture. The firm was sprawly, disorganized. Hadn't been making money these last years. His real job would be to pull it together, if he could rise to district manager, to supervisor...

"Nothing spectacular," he said. But, with steady plugging, he figured the container field could be developed, more people would be employed—

It was all right. It was regularly to

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# "As if you gotta string o'comets by the tail!"

Out at the General Motors Proving Ground they judge an automobile by what's under the hood and not by the bright shining paint.

So straight from that plain-talking hard-testing bunch we bring the picture of this new Buick, as you'll get it once you take it out on the road.

**T**HEY liked the size of this SPECIAL, because those trail-wise drivers know that roadweight means road steadiness.

They liked the room, the softer, steadier ride, the Permi-firm steering—because like you these boys value comfort on the road.

But what they *went for* was the FIREBALL Eight.

The new engine under that broad bonnet, still smooth as the down on the pussywillow buds because each is micropoise-balanced after assembly—but now a sockdolagin' son-of-a-sea-cook for *wallop*.

"It's as if you gotta string o'comets by the tail,"

they said—and that's more than just a word-picture.

For in each flame-packed cylinder there is a comet—a twisting, whirling, flaring ball of fire touched off with every spark plug flash.

Fuel in this engine is compacted to higher-than-ever compressions, cupped into a flattened *ball* by new piston-face contours.

Massed around the spark, this fuel is fired from its very heart, burns with sudden, swift completeness that develops 115 horsepower from the same-size engine that last year could give only 107.

It gives you more power when you need it—at low speed or high—and it uses any gasoline of 75 octane rating or better, fuel now available at standard gasoline prices!

You get this FIREBALL Eight in every '41 Buick, whatever its price.

But you can also get it *stepped up still more* in power and thrift by Compound Carburetion, which gets as much as twenty miles an hour more emergency speed from the same fuel rationing—gives road performance and brilliance far beyond dynamometer power ratings—so increases efficiency that at 40 miles an hour, your engine has more than 85% of its power in reserve.

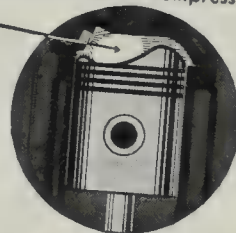
So do you wonder test drivers talk about comets? And don't you think you ought to find out about the FIREBALL Eight on general principles?

We do—in fact, we wonder how you can wait!

## THE FIREBALL\* DOES IT

Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball that centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type spark plug.

Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-forced "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard-fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.



\*According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



# "Best Buick Yet"





# Broiling Sun and Drenching Water

## spell ruin for your Hair!



Scorching sun parches hair ... makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.



## Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

**N**O time like summer for fun and healthful exercise. Swimming, tennis, golf, or just loafing on the beach under the summer sun does wonders for your health.

But remember that same summer sun can raise havoc with your hair—dries it out, makes it brittle, lifeless. And then your shower or swim adds to the damage by washing away remaining scalp oils.

Take care of your hair! Massage your scalp with Vitalis. Feel the tingle of awakening circulation. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis bring needed aid to your hair by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair is easy to comb, has a natural lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Start now to protect your hair against broiling sun and drenching water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

### Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Seal tubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Seal tubes.



**1** 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



**2** 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

# VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

the Philharmonic, and maybe a movie or play in the middle of the week; and when he got his first raise they celebrated with a bottle of champagne, and he passed dark hints about when he got the next raise he would ask her something. Darling; he was really old-fashioned.

That was about the time the crisis came at the office. The last blow was when the Cold-It people, Nate's bread-and-butter account, decided to go off the air. Angela was three weeks behind in salary. Nate's blondes no longer phoned, one every five minutes. He had pulled out of his gambling phase, trying to recoup at the races, and was now working like fury, on the phone all the time, up all night thinking of new stunts. But word had gone the rounds that Nate Goodwin was slipping.

The fatal day came, with the delegation of moguls. The bankers had brought Pat Daly along as an expert. She heard it all. They tried to put Nate on the pan. One of the bankers fumed and blew! The crazy way the business had been run! Hundred-dollar phone bills on fifty-dollar orders! Salesmen enough for a firm ten times the size! Crazy, wild projects. "This isn't a business, it's a gambling house!" he sputtered.

That was where Mr. Nate snapped back. "Sure," he said. "This kind of business is a gamble. If you hit with an idea, you clean up. But you have to play the game. You don't kick about a few bucks for a phone bill!"

And Pat Daly backed him up. "Sure," Pat said. This was high-powered gambling. Promotion. Ideas. "But the fact is," he said, "ideas run in cycles. Sometimes one man is hot, sometimes another. One thing you can't do is repeat yourself. You've got to have something new, something fresh all the time."

And if his advice as an expert was to be asked, he said, the trouble was not in the setup, or in the field. The trouble was, Nate had had a run of bad luck on ideas. What the firm needed just now was a fresh mind, a man with new ideas, someone to work along with Nate and give him a new slant—

This was Gar's chance, Angela knew. And if she didn't tell him of this opening, he'd be bound to hear about it, perhaps after someone else had the job. She'd have to tell him, right away.

Maybe she ought to feel excited.

Maybe it would be a good thing for him, a great opportunity to show the old crowd.

They were to have dinner. She called for him at his office; he was working late, getting up a set of regional charts. He had a plan for redistricting the warehouses.

They went to a little Italian place on Third Avenue; it had an old-fashioned back room, a swell dollar dinner, wine, noise, even slot machines for atmosphere.

She told him.

As Gar listened, Angela watched it happening to him: the old excitement rising in his eyes; she could see all those old wild projects thronging into his mind.

"So," she concluded, "what they want is an idea man, and I guess you could get the job, if you tried."

She waited.

**H**E WAS looking past her. Just then she heard a familiar whirring sound, a tinkle, then a whoop. Somebody at the slot machine had just hit the jack pot.

Maybe it was an omen. Why wasn't she glad?

"I made it!" the player yelled, scooping up the quarters.

"Sign of good luck," Angela ventured, searching Gar's face.

He reached for her hand. "It was swell of you to tell me, Angela."

"I guess you'd better see them in the morning, huh?" she said.

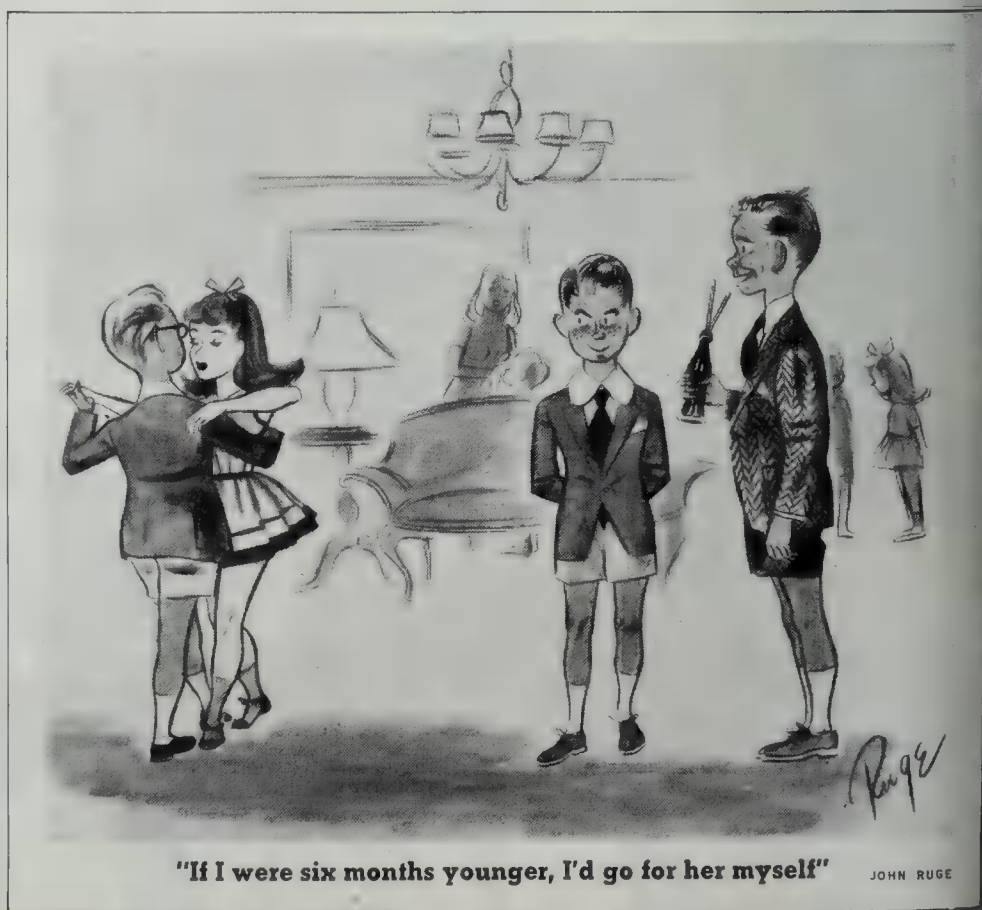
"You know, there's a funny thing about the jack pot," Gar remarked. "You either put the quarters right back into the machine, or drink them up."

At last she dared look into his eyes. It was going to be all right. His eyes were clearing, focusing again. He was no longer like a man under a drug stimulant. "Know what I was thinking of?" Gar asked.

She shook her head, and waited for him to tell her.

"Midgets," he said. And they both laughed. Their hands held tight. He was safe. She could even call him at his office, tomorrow, and gossip about all the big-talkers who would show up, trying to get that job.

The guy with the pile of quarters had moved to the next machine, and was feeding them into the slot, doggedly, his smile going into grimness, a fever coming over his eyes.



"If I were six months younger, I'd go for her myself!"

JOHN RUGE



## Hands Across the Table

Continued from page 22

advance that no one should lose more than a dollar. Each person takes a dollar's worth of chips at the start, and the limit is so arranged that this dollar's worth of chips should last a long time, even with tough luck. However, if a person does lose all his dollar's worth of chips he gets another dollar's worth free and continues to play without any additional cash liability. If he loses the second dollar's worth he is to stop. And if he wins he must make good both dollars before he can make a profit. At the end of the game, if any player has lost more than a dollar's worth of chips, the winners are charged the excess difference.

Bookkeeping errors are all too frequent in many poker games and, when they occur, always lead to a certain amount of unpleasantness. The first cause of bookkeeping errors is due to mistakes in counting chips. For instance, in giving out a stack the banker will give one or two chips too many or too few. These errors are of relative importance since the amount involved is very small. However, I have seen games where the error might run into several stacks. This usually occurs when there are not enough chips and, as a result, the players in the game buy back and forth from one another. Then the banker, who is busy playing the game, enters the transactions incorrectly, and at the end the books are far out of balance.

### How to Avoid Errors

Theoretically, when a bookkeeping error occurs all players in the game should be equally responsible whether they win or lose. Actually, however, it is customary and I believe reasonably proper, in the event the bookkeeping error results in a profit, to credit the profit to the losers; while if the bookkeeping error results in a loss, it is charged against the winners.

However, the best thing is not to have bookkeeping errors, and this can be pretty well taken care of if the following rules are used:

First: the bookkeeping unit will always be one stack, and under no circumstances should transactions involving a fraction of a stack go on the books. Second: all transactions should be between a player and the banker—never between two players.

Third: transactions should be restricted to a minimum. This can usually be done by use of markers. These markers may consist of chips of a special color, mah-jongg counters or even matchsticks. The marker should have a value equal to one stack, and when a player enters the game he should be given one stack of red chips and several markers. Then, as he loses chips, he may trade in a marker for a stack of chips at any time without any bookkeeping being involved at all.

Fourth: the banker should enter each player's name on a sheet of paper with several columns after the name. He writes the number of stacks given the player initially in the first column. If the player takes more stacks later, he writes the accumulation in the second column. The next chips sold put the player in the third column, etc.

Finally: in order to avoid argument in this method is used it is a good plan for the player to put his initials in the column opposite the number of chips he has received so that there will be no question at the end of the game. This last system of bookkeeping may cause resentment. I can just hear

someone say, "What sort of game is it where the banker cannot be trusted to write down how many chips he gives the various players?" The answer to that is that, irrespective of how honest and ethical people are, they can and do make mistakes. In particular I have heard more withering arguments between people of the highest probity as to whether or not John Smith has taken eight stacks or seven stacks than I care to remember. But when Smith has to sign for the stacks he receives there are no arguments at all and everybody is happy.

### Dealer's Option

If you want to sit down for an evening of serious poker, you probably will want to stick to one game all evening, maybe draw, stud or some high-low game. But for real fun, I would suggest dealer's option. In this game the dealer has the right to name the conditions of play. In playing Dealer's Option the following points should be kept in mind:

1. The dealer's option should be restricted to not more than seven or eight games. Otherwise the players simply vie with one another in seeing what absurdities they can concoct.

For instance, I know one man who claimed he had a sure-fire system of winning. When asked what it was he explained, "Whenever I deal, I deal a hand of straight Draw Poker with the deuces, threes and fours wild and the further provision that the high hand and the dealer split the pot!"

2. Every time a new game is played it has the same effect as an increase in stakes, the reason being that at first the players have a distinct tendency to overvalue their hands and hence bet more proportionately than they would in a familiar game.

3. The factor of skill is increased and the element of luck decreased. A lot of people are going to disagree with this statement, but there is a distinct reason for it. If only one or two games are played, after a while even the poorest players obtain a pretty good idea of what a hand is worth and how to play it. But when each deal presents something entirely new it takes an expert to know what is going on.

The following games all possess distinct merit and are well worth trying.

### Spit-in-the-Ocean

Each player is dealt four cards and one card is faced up in the center. This card and all like it are wild and it is counted as part of your hand. Otherwise the conditions of the game are the same as in Draw, and after a round of betting the players draw to their hands and bet again.

In playing this game you should bear in mind that every player starts with one joker and that there are three more jokers in the deck. If you haven't got them, someone else almost surely has. As a result, nothing less than four of a kind is likely to win any pot, and even a small straight flush is nothing to get too excited about although it is a fairly good hand.

There is no point whatsoever in staying with a pat straight or flush, much less trying to make one. In deciding whether to stay, a joker in your hand is much more valuable than a pair. I would suggest the following minimum requirements for staying in the pot: (a) a joker; (b) a pair of aces or kings; (c) two pairs, jacks up or better.

With the last hand, if there is a raise before the draw, either drop out or dis-

**Big Load of Flavor**  
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**VELVET**... just tamp 'er down and bang away... stays cool under steady firing. It's Kentucky's finest Burley tobacco... aged longer... mellowed with real maple sugar. The mildest makin's for a pipe or cigarette.

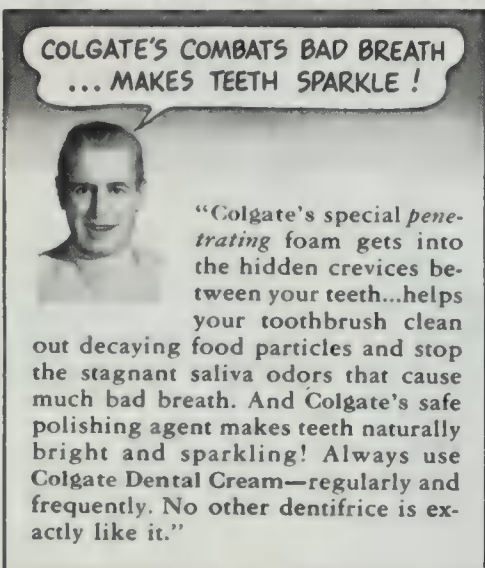
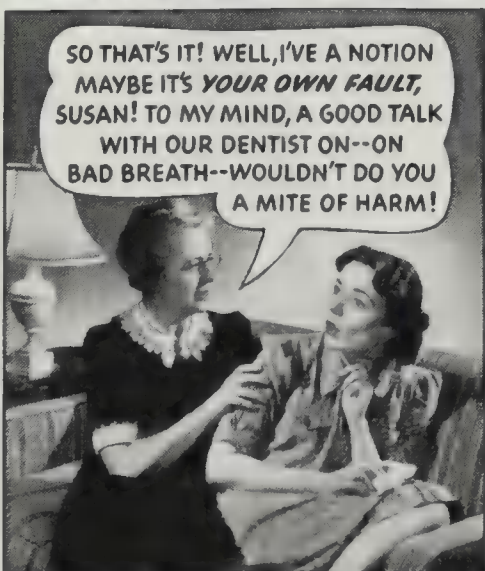
**Velvet**  
the Right Word for Smooth Smoking

MILD and COOL  
Positively NO "BITE"



# SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN

## BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!



card your small pair since your full house is not going to win the pot.

Spit-in-the-Ocean is also frequently played with three cards in the center and four in each player's hand. The cards are turned up one at a time, each exposure being followed by a round of betting, after which there is a draw and a final round. In this game, even though no cards are wild, you should not expect ever to win a pot with less than a high flush.

### Cincinnati

In this game there are five cards in your hand and five in the center. Nothing is wild and there is no draw, but there are five rounds of betting, one round following the turning up of each of the center cards. A straight may win a pot and a big flush has about an even chance of standing up.

If as many as three cards in one suit turn up it is almost a certainty that some player will have a flush, while if a pair turns up someone is pretty sure to have a full house. As a matter of fact, even without a pair turning up, full houses occur with considerable frequency. On the other hand, any four of a kind is a very good hand and will win more than nine pots out of ten.

### Cincinnati Liz

In this variation of Cincinnati the lowest card in the center and all like it are wild.

Practically the smallest hand that ever wins a pot is a large four of a kind. Straight flushes stand up on occasion, but the only really good hand is five aces.

### High-Low Cincinnati

This is really a fine game. With five cards in the center and five cards in the hand there is plenty of opportunity for a player to win a pot both ways. Furthermore, in the event that two or three low cards show up in the center, it is not odd to find that two players tie for low.

Assuming the betting starts before a card is faced up, I stay if (a) I have three cards that fit into the perfect low, or any four fairly low cards (this hand presents distinct possibilities for low); (b) I have a pair of aces, two pairs, a four flush or three cards of the same suit including an ace (these hands present possibilities for high); (c) I have a holding that suggests possibilities for either high or low, such as a fairly high pair and three low cards.

I pay no attention whatsoever to straights since, even if made, the chances are greatly against my straight winning high.

My subsequent procedure is now based on how the cards that appear in the center match my hand. Thus, if I am playing for low and a high card appears in the center, I say to myself "Here is one card that did no one any good as regards my half of the pot." If a low card turns up which happens to pair one of my own, I say, "This did me no good at all but surely helped someone else," and I am inclined to get right out unless my hand already is very good; while if a low card that helps my hand appears, I am greatly encouraged.

If I am trying for high, with a holding such as a pair of aces, and if the first card doesn't happen to be either a three ace or a pair for one of my cards, I am inclined to get out, the reason being that I still need two cards to make my full house and must get those two out of the four cards remaining.

If I happen to have a small full house and a pair higher in value than my set of threes appears in the center, I realize the distinct likelihood that that gives someone else a higher full house and either drop out or at least stop raising.

If I have a small flush and three cards in some other suit appear in the center I am likewise discouraged. In fact two cards of another suit act as a distinct warning to me.

Finally, I try to pay attention to the betting. In particular, if one or two players show great strength in the early rounds, I realize that the eventual winning hands will have to be pretty good and drop out unless I have possibilities of making something very good. On the other hand, when no one shows strength I will trail along with only fair possibilities.

### Shotgun

I imagine this game, which is a cross between Draw and Stud, derives its name from the fact that the beginner has less chance to escape with his whole skin than at almost any other game. The rules are as follows:

Each player is dealt three cards, and following a round of betting those remaining in the pot receive a fourth card. Then there is a second round of betting, a fifth card is dealt, followed by a third round of betting and a draw. Following the draw there is a fourth and final round of betting.

Like all games with several rounds of

... a man set apart by pride and temper

... a girl who braved risks no man would face

... a savage fight for the golden land of the Old West

These are some of the things that make Ernest Haycox's new novel memorable

## THE DRIFTER

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S





*\$100*  
 TURNED A BRIGHT IDEA INTO A  
*Great Discovery*

FOR many years Charles Goodyear put all his time and money into experiments to discover a method by which rubber could be made to stand extremes of temperature and thus be fashioned into useful articles.

Willingly he sacrificed all life's luxuries to the search. Finally, however, he reached the point where his money was gone and he lacked the means of obtaining even the simplest necessities of life.

Goodyear was on the verge of abandoning his efforts when his brother-in-law advanced him one hundred dollars. This financial help, received at a critical time, enabled him to carry on to his great discovery of a process for vulcanizing rubber.

**Courage Is Not Enough**

As Charles Goodyear learned, vision and courage are not always enough when there is a serious problem to be solved. Even the bravest and most resourceful need money to see them through a difficult period.

If your dependents should ever have to go along without you, they would face a problem of readjustment which could be solved only in part by their spirit and intelligence. For a little while at least, they would need income to cover essential expenses while making plans for the future.

The John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan meets this special situation in a special way by supplying ready cash to cover family expenses during the period of readjustment. How such a plan is being applied to an average family in moderate circumstances is told in our interesting booklet, "Two Lives." For your copy write Department C-6, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

*John Hancock*  
 LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
 OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
 GUY W. COX, President

[ In 1839, after years of experimentation, Charles Goodyear dropped a mixture of rubber and sulphur on a hot stove and accidentally discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber. ]





## "MY JOB'S A PICNIC..

All I do is remind you...  
there's a vital difference that  
makes you want PHILIP MORRIS"

**YES**... a vital difference in manufacture... brings to you  
a vital difference, of smoking enjoyment without smoking  
penalties. For, as a group of distinguished doctors found\*

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MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF  
THE NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—  
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betting, the first thing to learn is to drop out on the first card if you have nothing. In particular I would recommend dropping unless you have either a pair or three cards of the same suit. If you want to waste a few chips you may also stay on three cards in sequence, but this latter is not recommended.

If after receiving the fourth card someone bets, you should drop unless you have a fair-sized pair, a four flush or an open-end straight. After getting a fifth card you should value your hand about the same as you would in Draw Poker, except that you must modify your valuation to allow for the way the betting has gone.

Incidentally, in this game, for simplicity sake it is customary for the player nearest the dealer's left to bet first on every round. This, of course, makes the dealer the last man and gives him a slight advantage.

### Double-Barreled Shotgun (Sometimes called Texas Tech)

This game is simply Shotgun plus two additional features. First, the high and the low hands divide; second, there are four rounds of betting after the draw instead of one, these four rounds occurring as follows:

After the draw each player exposes one card. There is a round of betting. A second card is exposed and there is a second round of betting. A third card is exposed, followed by a third round of betting. Finally a fourth card is exposed, followed by the final round. The order of betting is the same as in Stud (i.e., the player who shows the highest card or cards on the table bets first).

Following the last round of betting each player remaining in the pot places a chip in his hand—one color meaning he is trying for high, another color meaning he is trying for low. The hands then open simultaneously.

The division of the pot is now accomplished as follows: The highest hand of all those declaring for high wins high; the lowest hand for all those declaring for low wins low. Thus, if only one player declares for high, he wins that half of the pot even though he may not actually have the highest hand.

Frequently there is a great deal of skill involved in deciding which way to declare in this game. As an example, you're in the pot with but one opponent. You show a two, a three, a four and a seven and have a seven concealed. He shows a two, a five, an eight and a jack. You have been betting very strongly, and your opponent is going to assume that you have an "immortal" low against him. Hence, irrespective of what his hole card is, he will declare for high. Therefore, if you want to play safe you may declare for low and be perfectly sure of splitting the pot. However, if you want to gamble you may declare high also. Now unless he has an eight or jack in the hole you will win the entire pot. However, if he does have an eight or a jack in the hole, you will lose it all.

### Pistol or Hole-Card Stud

In this game of Five-Card Stud the betting starts after each player is dealt his hole card. Hence, there is one additional round of betting.

Unless this game is played in a liberal fashion it is no fun at all, since otherwise only those players fortunate enough to get an ace, king, queen or jack dealt to them stay in the pot at all. When played liberally it is fun, since you have the spectacle of players raising with a very low card on the theory that if the next card pairs them no one will suspect what they have. However, even in that type game there is still a great weakness—namely, that the

player who sits back and waits for ace will eventually wind up with the money.

### Mexican Five-Card Stud

In this game each card is dealt face down and before each round of betting starts each player decides which card he will keep for his hole card. There is a natural presumption that a player will conceal as much of his strength as possible. In turn this allows for some very interesting bluffs. For example, a player starts with an ace and a deuce and naturally turns up the deuce. He now gets a three-spot, turns up the ace and proceeds to bet exactly as if he had a pair of aces.

### Joker Poker

In this game the joker is added to the regular pack of fifty-two cards and a player may count it as any card he desires—even one in his own hand. The player with four of a kind and the joker has five of a kind—a new category which beats any other. Or a player with the joker, the ace of hearts and three other hearts has a double-ace flush, which beats any other flush.

The purpose of playing with a joker, of course, is to improve the hands. Hence, theoretically, since the hands are better there will be more action and in Draw Poker it does work out that way to some extent, although once a group becomes accustomed to the addition of the joker they all increase the minimum requirements for opening, staying, raising, etc., so that there is little if any change effected in the game.

In Five-Card Stud, strangely enough, putting a joker in the pack greatly increases the amount of action, since the joker appears face up, anyone who does not have a high pair immediately drops out; while if it does appear, any player who takes any strong action is immediately suspected of having the joker in the hole.

### The Bug

In this variation the joker may count only as an ace or to fill a straight or flush. Thus a pair of aces and the Bug are three aces; a pair of kings and the Bug count as a pair with an ace kicker.

Strangely enough, the use of the Bug livens up Draw Poker more than the joker, the reason being that since it is not completely wild the fact that a player does not hold the Bug himself does not stop him from betting. Thus, since there are now five aces in the deck the number of times someone holds a pair of aces is greatly increased. Furthermore, the chance of getting a third ace in the draw to a pair of aces becomes about fifty per cent better than straight poker.

Then the Bug fits in with all types of straight combinations. Thus, if you draw to a seven, eight, nine and the Bug any jack, ten, six or five (one of six cards) gives you your straight, while you draw to a nine, eight, six and the Bug, you have twelve chances for success.

Then when we come to Stud Poker the Bug merely increases the value of all the other aces, since if you do have an ace your chance of pairing it is greatly increased. However, a word to the wise: In playing Stud Poker with the Bug do not get too enthusiastic about having a king in the hole. Remember there are five aces in the pack and only four kings.

Finally, in playing dealer's option, it is permissible to select either straight stud or draw, the two old reliables.

Another article on modern poker will appear in an early issue.



## The Hell on Devil's Island

Continued from page 9

any other kind. It is certain there are at least 15,000 convicts, divided between two political classes: "liberes" and "deportes." The liberes have served their term in colony prisons and must remain here for years equal in number to their original confinement periods before they can return to France. They are free to roam at will and get jobs within the colony.

Not one in a thousand can "take it" long enough to return to France. The deportees are those still in pens, including lifers. Socially, liberes and deportees are of but one class—bad to begin with, toughened by their treatment into the worst men on earth.

More than 4,000 murderers are in the pen of St. Laurent, about 100 miles from Cayenne, right on the border river of Albino in Dutch Guiana. About 100 more, thieves and other habitual offenders, are in St. Jean prison, also in the Maroni, a short row or rafting from Dutch territory. Others are in the outlying work camps.

### Starvation Means Trouble

Potentially these 15,000 violent men, fed by terrain and environment and circumstance, would comprise the most formidable force in history.

Here is no fancy, but stark facts that make the Guianas terror-stricken. When people talk to you on the streets or in the homes of Paramaribo, even white people, it is with preoccupied and worried lights in their eyes. For the Dutch especially, trapped in their century-old Guiana, is the nightmare prospect of 15,000 brutalized men in a berserk exhibition.

For the convicts of French Guiana are hungry.

Virtually left now to their own resources, they had in late August enough food for only a couple of weeks of thinning. No prospect exists of getting more over customary lines of communication and supply which fell apart with the defeat of France. That is why the guards are deserting. That is why the Bush Negroes are quitting the penitentiaries of pens and prison camps and are eating deep into the interior. Con-

victs won't starve long before they tear down stockades and walls.

Driven to band together by a singleness of purpose and wickedness, possessing all the criminal-gang knowledge of the advantages of organization and the strength of unity, armed with guns seized from wardens and with the terrifying work weapon, the machete, hardened by ever scanty rations and lack of human comfort or care, they are more dangerous than the wild beasts and poisonous insects and snakes of the jungles around them, because their human intelligence is added to base cunning.

Everyone here knows it is to Dutch Guiana that the criminal horde will turn. So the Dutch stand to: and talk and think of little else. Light-draught ships would probably get up the Surinam River to embark the whites if Paramaribo should be overrun. There are only 400 soldiers, Dutch white and native colored, scattered throughout the colony—an area as large as Wisconsin. Sixty troopers keep watch across the Maroni from the murderers' pen at St. Laurent. Fifty white Dutch marines came by destroyer from Curaçao while I was in Paramaribo; there were rumors of 50 more to follow.

On Princess Irene's birthday in August there was a review of Paramaribo's garrison: the marines, plus two squads of sailors and a company of spindly, undernourished green native volunteers. It made you sad to see this brave little show, and the worried faces around.

Because of emphasis on news from more important places, attention focused on air raids in the Old World and conferences in the New, this desperate plight of the Guianas has developed without the outside world being aware. Also, colonial officials here have reasons we shall presently examine for keeping truth from the United States particularly. George De Zayas and I are the only foreign journalists who have investigated conditions here at first-hand since war on the Western front began.

You find good people of your own political and social faiths, sad and heavy

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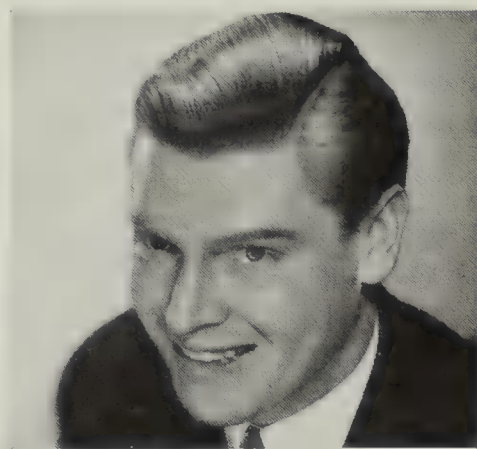
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with the conviction that if Europe's fury reaches into the Western Hemisphere primary bloodshed will come not from the fair contact of their armed forces with ours, but from the decaying pains of imperialism—from visitation for the sins of a great nation which carried a medieval form of penal banishment into modern days; and from the short vision of empire leaders who still thought of colonies merely as dividend factories with no self-help for their people nor provision or plan for their food sufficiency in time of emergency.

You find, while great Western capitals hum with talk of "hemisphere solidarity," human beings in Dutch and French Guianas eating garbage to keep from starving.

You find, while statesmen North and South utter lofty ideals, neglected people breaking out with sores, ravaged by disease, their always-anemic line of resistance now dissolved entirely by lack of food, shortage of doctors and no money from homelands to provide.

### America's Real Danger Spot

You find, too, eyes and minds and hearts turned for a brief moment of hope toward the United States. This was when Secretary Hull, best-known and most-beloved man among these peoples, was in Havana. Remember, there is not here the same facility or capacity for understanding current matters as with us at home. In all foreign-held American lands there is heavy, stubborn censorship; and, among the blacks, almost complete illiteracy.

Thus, misconception of an issue at Havana spread through foreign possessions like a brush fire in a Sierra wind. People thought it was as simple as this: all they had to do was vote on the question of shedding old masters, coming into the possession or protection of the United States. In cabs, stores, on streets in Trinidad, natives would stop you and ask: "When do we vote? Let us vote." One man, who confessed schooling up to his 12th year, said: "I have worked under both American and English foremen in the oil fields here, on banana plantations in Jamaica. I have compared their ways, so have my mates. We prefer to be with you."

In the Guianas it was more poignant: there immediate fear sharpened this wistfulness.

Invariably Puerto Rico was quoted for an example of how the United States handles its possessions better; with roads, schools, higher standard of living, and no draining for benefit of home treasuries. The idea of new allegiance, or independence, excited European America for a nine-day wonder. Then despair closed down again.

The real trouble zone in the Americas, the powder keg closest to open flame, is the Guianas. When you fly over these pestilential lands with their thousands of square miles of manless and never-explored swamps and jungles and open savannahs alternately grilled by the Line sun and steamed by tropical rains you wonder why anyone should want them. But down here lie fabled riches—resources and opportunities for which nations have always fought. The Guianas lie just north of the Equator, an hour east of New York, between the 62d and 52d west meridians, on the bridge of the long nose that South America pokes toward Africa. First British, larger than Great Britain itself, with a population about equal to Atlanta's; then Dutch, three times larger than all Holland, with a population less than Hartford's; last French, of a size with Alabama, but with

fewer inhabitants than Phoenix, Arizona.

French Guiana, always the unhappiest spot on earth, is now the most disordered and despairing: an ulcer that has opened. The local government apparently is anti-Vichy. The Washington embassy of the French government has been forced to wash its hands of Guiana: a cablegram from them to the governor for a visa in our behalf was ignored. The legation at Caracas, Venezuela, nearest French diplomatic post, knows absolutely nothing and can give no advices through. Even the French consul at Paramaribo, next door to Cayenne, has neither authority nor instructions nor information from the French government.

French Guiana is virtually isolated from the world. There is only an occasional tramp ship; and the "local" mail plane on the Pan American main line, which comes down at a float on the Cayenne River for gas, and flies on soon as possible. Mariners and pilots alike have always considered Cayenne the filthiest plague spot in their route. Some news comes out by ship or plane; but the festering within Guiana is chiefly estimated by native contact with the interior along the frontier river.

Even from the clear, fine air of 10,000 feet when you look down upon French Guiana oppression knots your stomach. A few prison camps are the only breaks in the malignant green hide of the jungles. Narrow riverways are the only means of travel, but from your plane you cannot make them out in the mat of treetops. Veteran P.A.A. pilots, in early morning hours, can trace the rivers, however, by the veins of mud that are drawn like skeined wool over the dank wilderness. Jungles and rivers alike are infested by venomous creatures: piranhas, the man-eating fish; caymans, an evil alligator; bushmaster snakes and fer-de-lances among the snakes; tarantulas. A plane over French Guiana affords you the most unsavory view in the world.

### The Cry for Gold

The colony has never grown food sufficient for a thousandth of its population. It has lived baldly as an incorrigible penitentiary, the slave camp and chain gang of the tropics, with degraded and sinning humans producing wealth for the society that punished them. Gold is the principal natural resource; there is iron, too, and much chicle, and rubber. But the cry of the men with the lashes and the government with the long arm has always been "Gold! More gold!" The entire food, such as it was, of the convicts has customarily been fetched by ships coming from France for gold. Now the food does not come there is no French merchant marine.

It is in the Dutch Guiana, most troubled and yet most accessible of the Guianas, thanks to the obstinate liberality of the Hollanders, that you are able to collect the whole foreground detail and the back shadows and overtones of the picture of Guiana blues.

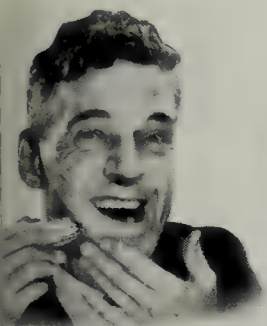
Dutch Guiana shares one distinct thing with its sisters: geographical anonymity. Few people can pronounce it; fewer

spell it; scarcely any of us know where it is—confuse it with Guinea in Africa, New Guinea in the Orient. But Dutch Guiana alone owns the fame of Consul Lawton.

He is the local representative of the United States government, a rotund, colorful character who might have stepped, as he stands, from his whites and umbrella and sun helmet, from the mingled pages of O. Henry and Somerset Maugham. If you think of American consuls as wo-







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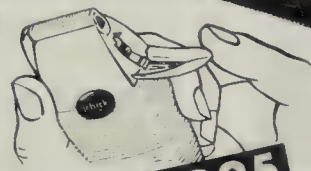
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ing in pompous, officious circumstances, with adding machines and handsome native typists, you should visit Jim as he sits alone in his one-man office, giving on a main street of Paramaribo. You should see his scarred desk, his single open shelf of dusty statistical manuals.

Consul Jim has been here almost thirty years; and it's more than twenty since he made a trip home to the States.

Holland in Holland is quaint and clean. Holland in the West Indies is quaint and filthy. Holland in Guianas is quaint and so-so. You wish they would get over the use of wooden beds near the equator. Giant cockroaches follow you like pet dogs, and seem to wear wooden shoes. The prim, gabled houses, sanded wide streets, washed doorsteps and front-yard gardens and the spire-flanked village green lend Paramaribo startling resemblance to a New England village.

Peacefulness is on the surface. Underneath lies bitterness, much unhappiness. Foremost, the fear of starved convict invaders from French Guiana. Internally, rebelliousness, unrest, hunger, a sickening depression and no way out in sight. Since May's tempestuous first week more drama and tension have been packed into each day's life here than the colony ever before knew.

On a back-country lane a drawn-faced woman shook an empty basket at us. "Look," she cried, "you rich white people have all the rice in town. Out here our children are starving!" In a hut not half an hour's walk from the governor's palace we saw utter destitution among Javanese coolie families who had been employed on the colony experimental farm. More than two months ago that was abandoned when the subsidy from the home government was cut off. Now weakened people sit quietly, fatalistically on their straw mats; babies have hunger-bloated stomachs; youngsters prowl in the back yards and ditches of Paramaribo and pick over garbage for scraps of food to carry home.

There are no official funds for relief here; only the haphazard charity of the whites, many of whom are little better off. Depression has struck all Dutch-owned industries. Formerly the entire coffee crop was taken by Norway. Twenty thousand Javanese coolies worked on the plantations. That market is gone; none has replaced it. Efforts to interest United States buyers have failed; the bitter Guiana coffee is not to our taste. England has taken the current sugar crop. No more white public health doctors come from Holland; each of the few left, because of the great expanse of his beat, can seldom give more than half an hour to eighty or one hundred patients as he makes settlement rounds.

#### Why Guiana Must Starve

But why should famine stalk this lush country? Especially under the Dutch, who are widely conceded to be the best colonizers? Colony officials are sorrowful and taciturn. They have been told by the colonial minister, who fled to London with the queen, the colony must shift for itself; that the customary annual subsidy of three million guilders can no longer be forthcoming "until the war is over." Whites of other nationalities are inclined to mind their own business. But unofficial Dutchmen will talk, acidly.

Their candid general feeling is that the "milk cow" theory of colonial operations has been outmoded by modern democratic international morals and economy. Guiana has been run for the benefit of distant people who perhaps don't know or care precisely where or what it is. There has been little understanding of native problems. Officials

are capable and efficient, but are professional yes-men for absentee speculators in sugar and coffee and have a steady eye toward the pension that rewards "faithful" and fretless colonial service. As an instance of retardment there are old-fashioned gas lamps that keep the streets of Paramaribo dim although electric power is obtainable and cheap here. Not long ago a former governor signed on behalf of the colony a 25-year contract with the gas company in Holland and there can be no electric street lighting until it runs out.

Failure to levy fair source percentages on homeland corporations that benefit here and high salaries of officials are quoted as part of the trouble. The governor gets 40,000 guilders, more than \$20,000 U. S. at present exchange, a year in salary besides perquisites of servants, car, keep, palatial quarters and a "reception allowance," which is his whether or not he spends it for its avowed purpose of entertaining the foreign colony, consuls, official visitors and the natives on fete days. Compare this with the \$10,000 for the United States High Commissioner of the Philippines.

#### A Man-Made Famine

The rice crisis is another example of callous management, antiquated thinking. Most workers in Dutch Guiana are Javanese and British East Indian coolies. These represent the world's cheapest labor. The Dutch, unwilling to pay the higher wage standards of emancipated Negro workmen in the Americas, introduced coolie labor. The pay is 6 cents a day U. S. Even so, this is higher than in the Orient, where the coolie average is an American penny a day. Governor Kielstra had a plan, halted by the war, of importing 100,000 more Javanese at a rate of 10,000 a year to dilate existing plantations.

Coolies subsist almost exclusively on rice. Normally the colony grows enough to feed them. When its subsidy was cut off this year the colony got the idea of selling and exporting a large part of its rice crop in order to obtain foreign credits; even in the face of a threatened poor crop. When the harvest proved worse than expectations—the foreign commitments were maintained, and the local share pinched. Alarmed by mutterings and fights, the colony turned in panic to Brazil, nearest source, to buy rice—but then only 2,000 bags. Now people are hungry and infuriated and riot daily with the police, who had to take over the job of rationing and selling the available supply.

One businessman expressed the whole pattern of local thought we had been digging piecemeal from his fellow Guianans:

"I'm a Hollander, but second generation here, and I think what's going on is proof you can't run on 18th-century Old World methods and ideas a section of a New World that is exposed to the methods and ideas and opportunities of that New World. What this colony needs is American businessmen instead of European. It is a rich land. Not all is known of just how much and what we do have. Of course, it is not fantastically wealthy in natural resources and opportunities like Brazil. It is a field rather for moderate capitalists: extension of your home industries.

"I mean, like citrus fruits. They grow wonderfully here. I know they should not be thrown into competition in your markets with Florida and California products. But your big fruit growers could establish orange and other juice canneries here without disturbing fresh fruit balances at home. Palm and coconut oils could be developed against a day when your Pacific supplies might be cut off. The colony is virtually one



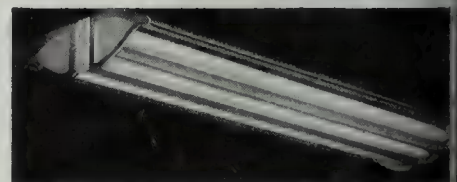
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**Guth**



hardwood tree—yet practically the cutting is done by Bush Negroes, who float half a dozen logs down at a time. Lumber could be exploited. Your Standard Oil people have prospected the colony and they want to be operations. If they do, prosperity of the kind we've never known will come. The old Dutch slowness holds matters. The governor insists Standard employ Dutch engineers and he keeps the right to cancel leases at will if he thinks any statutes infringed. No big oil company could afford to start fields, never rich, under such restrictions. Moreover, there aren't any Dutch engineers to come from Holland now." Here De Zayas and I remembered our conversation with Governor J. C. Kierulff, formerly a university professor of culture in Holland, and a Far East man. He said the colony welcomed American business: "Your capital would be very good for the colony." Then he added, in afterthought: "Maybe it would be good for America, too!"

### Why America is Popular

But our business informant was gone. When we say bauxite company we mean, of course, the Aluminum Corporation of America. Bauxite is the ore in which aluminum is made, and that is what you call a critical raw material these times of war preparedness. You find some fields in the States, in Arkansas and Tennessee, but they were in danger of running out so your government encourages use of foreign sources. But here in Dutch Guiana is the largest deposit of high-grade ore on earth. It is why you see good roads; they use bauxite clay, which is the only use made of it before the Americans came. The bauxite gets first processing here. It is loaded onto steamers as a fine white powder. It goes to New Orleans, is transshipped up the Mississippi to East St. Louis, where it is then worked, and then sent to Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Even the Americans cannot pay

wages as they would like. You have a construction gang down from the States now on a contract job. They told me they have trained eight or ten natives to climb scaffolding and rivet just like themselves and they would be considered full workmen in the States with the good steelman's pay. But our governor tells the Americans they cannot pay the native workmen more than 1 guilder 75, which is less than one American dollar a day.

"The truth is everybody here likes Americans, and American methods and pay, and thinks the colony would be better off to belong to the States. Only the governor and his staff are opposed. It is because they are afraid they will lose their jobs, also the possibility of getting their pensions. So they scare native government employees by telling them they will lose their jobs if the United States comes. One policeman said to me yesterday: 'Is this true? I hear that in Puerto Rico the United States employs local people and lets them run their own business much. But our captain told us no, we'd all be sacked. Who can we believe?'"

"So I will tell you this. Every thought and move of officials here short of actually letting us all be killed if the convicts invade is calculated against possible intervention by the United States. They don't want it to be necessary for you to save us. That is part of the reason the marines were brought down from Curaçao. To suggest we could take care of ourselves. That, plus fear of rice uprisings against the governor; and always the horror of having the attack from French Guiana.

"No, the Germans here were not behind any of this trouble. Of course, the war is to blame some; but this trouble was coming. Less than 100 Germans lived here, and some of them were second and third generations and good folks. But we jailed them all pretty quick, even the Jews, when war came."

The dealings of Dutch Guiana with its German residents have been indeed curious, and somewhat of a local scandal. In September the German freighter



"Turn on the radio, Tom . . . or is it on?"

LOUIS JAMME

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Tiny, magical vitamins . . . how essential they are to vitality, sound nerves, good appetite, skin, eyes and hair, and a general sense of well-being.

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It's a better world, and you're a better, happier person, if you don't lack vitamins. So take **VITAMINS Plus** - to be sure. 72 capsules - 36 days' supply - **2.75**

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Just as the spark is necessary to ignite your car's gasoline, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is necessary to metabolize food. In every black capsule of **VITAMINS Plus** there are 600 Sherman Units of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>—more than an average adult's full daily requirement.

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C-9-28



# Feel fresh

as a wind-whipped white cap

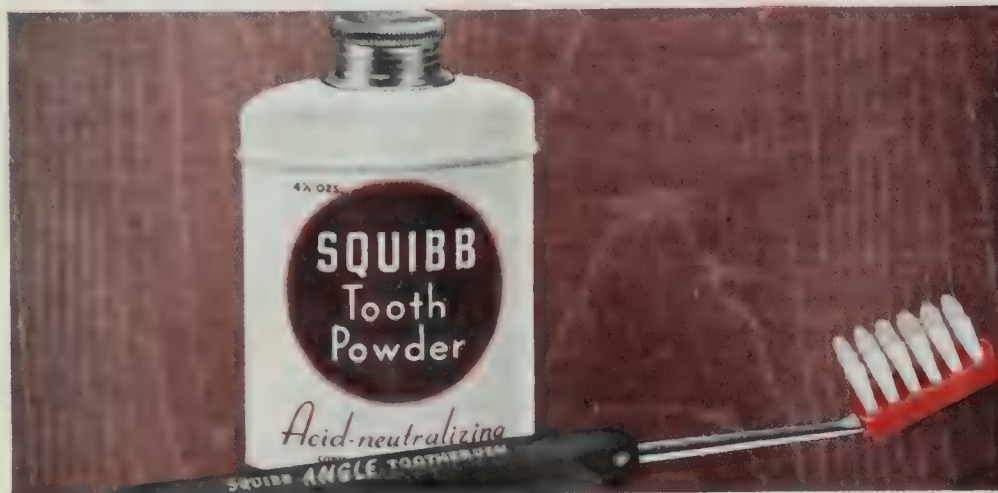
a cool, clean, brisk sensation...every time you brush your teeth.



Yes, your mouth can feel fresher any time you choose. Try brushing your teeth with Squibb Tooth Powder. You'll be amazed at the exhilarating sensation...at the way it refreshes and revives a feeling of well-being.



And while it stimulates—it *cleans!* Its content of acid-neutralizing Squibb Magnesium Hydrate\* forms part of a cool, tangy bath—neither sweet nor soapy—that gets right down around your gums at the gum line...as you brush away stale deposits.



You can use Squibb Tooth Powder for quick refreshment as often as you please...it was developed by the Squibb Laboratories in cooperation with members of the dental and medical professions to produce the best possible home aid in the preservation of teeth and prevention of decay. Why not start using Squibb Tooth Powder today?

\*Squibb Dental Cream has the same acid-neutralizing action as Squibb Tooth Powder—a safe and refreshing cleanser.

## SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER

Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

Goslar, 10,000 tons, under Captain Karl Berghoff, a first World War aviator, ran up the Surinam River to Paramaribo to escape British raiders off Brazil. There is a bar at the mouth of the river that excludes all ships of more than 17-foot draft. The colony government considered the bar a protection, and would never permit dredging.

The officers and crew of the Goslar became part of the local German group, great friends with some officials, notably Police Commissioner Van Beek. Three days before the invasion of Holland it was observed the Goslar had steam up, and the crew remained aboard. Later it became known she had orders to drop, on signal, to the bar and scuttle broadside thereon in order to keep shipping, especially the American bauxite vessels, out of Paramaribo. A broken radio tube prevented Captain Berghoff from getting his signal from home.

On the evening of May 10th there was nothing for Police Commissioner Van Beek to do but go aboard and seize her. The native population, bewildered and angered by the outbreak of war, was demonstrating in the streets.

### Scuttling with a Purpose

Van Beek politely told his friends they were Dutch prisoners, their ship a prize, and would they please come ashore with him. The chief engineer said excuse me while I go down for my coat. Van Beek waited, and the chief engineer went below and opened one of the seacocks. Even then, while the ship only listed, the capable Dutchmen if ordered could have lashed and warped her to prevent sinking. But nothing was done. The Goslar finally settled on her side in the river directly opposite the town docks, where she affects the current for more than a mile. She is called "Van Beek's Island."

The governor, under local pressure, removed Van Beek as police commissioner, but made him chief censor of the colony.

Resentment against Germany seems to exist among the natives more than among the white Dutchmen, who are constrained by thoughts of loved ones at home. The natives tell you it is not so much Germany but the idea of Germany or any other European nation taking over the colony that they abhor. They are fed up with Europe and its wars and ways.

The local Germans, together with Goslar men, were first concentrated in

quarters near the center of town. There was little supervision. They used to stand at the fence, bid the time of day with passing friends. They demanded and got many things, including a ping pong table. A native delegation forced the governor to move the prisoners to barracks outside Paramaribo.

Thus affairs stand with the Germans in Dutch Guiana; all are in strict custody.

An uneasiness permeates all sections of Dutch Guiana's confused and temperamental races.

Far up country are the shy, wild Bush Negroes, descendants of escaped slaves who live in the heart of the Guianas as their ancestors lived in darkest Africa. We pushed, first by car to where all roads stopped, then by launch on the narrowing Saramacca River, at last on foot through the mud and the flies, to visit a tribe. The old chief has leprosy. You've got to put him in good humor with a gift of medicine. He doesn't consider medicine good if it lacks high color or foul taste. A mixed handful of green vitamin tablets, white aspirin and red Spanish peanuts were properly inviting, and he chewed it while telling his view of things. He understands about Americans because of visits of anthropologists, medical researchers, movie explorers and prospecting engineers. Occasionally he paddles downstream in his dugout to chat with Javanese farmers or outlying Dutch friends. He warns us:

"If any other country except the United States takes over this land, I and my people will move into the very back country. We shall disappear and no one will ever see us again. We can live in peace. But can the white folks and the foreigners on the coast?"

Which caused a Dutch friend in town when we related this to him, to comment: "He is lucky. I have to live where my wife and child are. These Bush Negroes are the only ones who will escape the terror if the convicts come. You are lucky, too. You go away tomorrow. But maybe next day, maybe next week maybe next month, you and all the world will hear of this disaster that will shock it. Still I am Dutch but I know my safety and future do not lie any more with Holland or any other European nation. It can only be helped if the Western countries stop talking and do something. The world has gone to pieces and we Dutchmen here in Guiana feel that it is for the United States to pick up those pieces which have fallen around her feet."



"Sometimes I get the feeling that this house is too colonial!"

GEORGE WOLFE





## What to do about the money that slips through your fingers

IF YOU'RE average and human, there's a hole in your pocket.

Through it, day by day, slip pennies, nickels, quarters . . . money spent for inconsequential trifles. You rarely have anything to show for it and you never know where it goes.

At the time you never miss it. Yet, as time goes on, comes this disquieting thought: "I have earned, in all," you will say, "a sizeable sum. More than enough for my daily bread . . . yes, more . . ."

"I have already earned enough for the start of a backlog for the future—a backlog against those inevitable leaner years. Yet thus far, I have set aside nothing. *Where has my money gone?*" When you have asked this one question of

yourself, soberly, thoughtfully, you will have reached the stepping-stone to a more successful future.

### \*\*\* The First Step \*\*\*

For Investors Syndicate, through many, many years of experience in helping people accumulate money, has learned this first, this *vital* truth about saving: To make the most of your income—the first step is to find out *where your money goes*.

If *you* want to accumulate a substantial sum for your future—if you make a regular and adequate income yet still find yourself unable to lay anything aside—let Investors Syndicate help *you*.

To help you take the first, the most important step toward accumulating money, Investors

Syndicate offers, without obligation, a booklet "Living" Expenses . . . a simple, easy way to find out *where your money goes*. This is *not* a budget book. For your copy, mail the coupon to Investors Syndicate today. Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover handling and mailing. Do it *now*!

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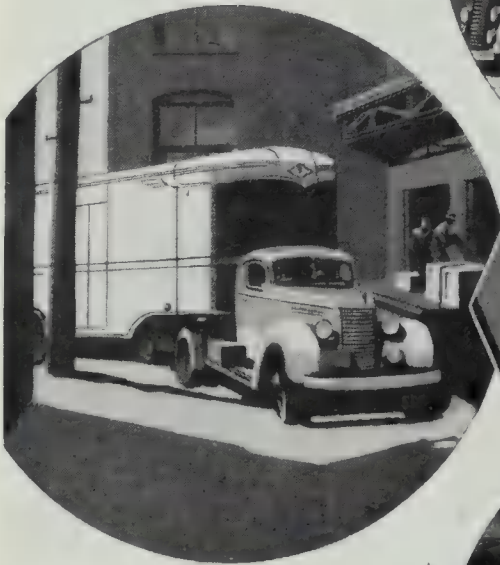
#### CITY TRAFFIC...

need not deprive you of Truck-Trailer savings. The Fruehauf "Flyer" is designed for such conditions—it cuts city delivery costs as much as 40%.



#### NARROW ALLEYS

present no problem. A Truck-Trailer—because it is a "jointed" unit—is far more easily maneuvered in tight spots.



#### CRAMPED QUARTERS

call for the "hinged-in-the-middle" feature of Truck-Trailers. The power unit turns at right angles to the truck, the Trailer wheels cut in—the unit gets into places which are inaccessible to a truck with equal load space.



You are probably familiar with the economies of Truck-Trailer operation—the lower investment; the savings in fuel, maintenance, and depreciation; the "shuttle" system which means no time out for loading. But did you know a Truck-Trailer actually turns shorter, is more flexible and easier to handle than a truck of equal load capacity? Or, if you use small trucks, did you know that one Truck-Trailer will handle the same load as three of your present units—and get around just as easily? Write on your business letterhead for case-histories of companies like your own—actual examples of concerns similar to yours who are using Truck-Trailers to cut their haulage costs.

Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Truck-Trailers • Sales and Service in Principal Cities  
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# FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"Engineered Transportation"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

## Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 20

himself making mountains out of molehills, and, what was even worse, pitfalls into mere depressions. Moreover, the physical effect of the experience had begun to tell on him again. His head ached maddeningly and he was not too certain of his legs.

He crept back the way he had come but, although he paused to listen when he reached the right-angle bend, there was still no sound from the great hidden garage he had left.

As he felt his way up the narrow iron ladder he tried to assimilate what he had seen since entering the Nag. It was both tantalizing and alarming. He had the uncomfortable feeling that it might all be very ordinary if seen with the clear eyes of a normally informed person.

Any municipal stronghold of great antiquity could probably appear fantastic to the completely ignorant. Yet, on the other hand, every half-observed aspect of the place might well possess some all-important significance that he ought to recognize at once. There was the number 15 on the agenda—that must be of interest. And the man he had just seen—if his presence was normal why had he hidden?

HE STRUGGLED on and by the time he heard the superintendent's heavy breathing just ahead of him he had made up his mind. There was only one course open to him that was not criminally negligent. He must get in touch with Oates at once.

Here he was, stumbling about in the dark, seeing monsters where there were bushes, and innocent shadows where there might be deathtraps; and all the time the precious hours were racing past. He was a lunatic, very possibly a dangerous lunatic. Mercifully he was gradually getting the intelligence to recognize the fact.

The superintendent was eager for news but even more eager to get out of his highly compromising position. He led the way back with alacrity and they

passed across the council chamber like a couple of homing foxes.

"Lorries?" he said in astonishment when Campion had replied to his question. "How many?"

"Several." Campion could not explain his own urge toward caution.

Hutch shook his head. "I don't know anything about them," he said. "In this government work, I expect. They're doing a lot of experiments with synthetic juice up at the Institute—at least that's the gossip. The Masters own the Institute, and, come to think of it, the Trough wouldn't be a bad place to hide a lorry or two. You're suddenly in great hurry, sir. You weren't seen, were you?"

"No," said Campion truthfully, "but I've got to get a move on now."

The superintendent opened his mouth to make an inquiry but the experience of long service saved him the indiscretion. Moreover, they were approaching the storeroom behind the shop again.

They got out without incident but Hutch was not pleased to find it almost dawn. Fortunately it was misty and two men plunged into the chilling vapors as thankfully as if it had been a smokescreen especially provided for the benefit.

As they passed down the broad highway of the Nag's Pykle, Campion found himself definitely ill. His head was throbbing and his body ached. However, he knew what he had to do. Amanda was in the card. Amanda must take him to Oates. It was odd that the very recollection of Amanda should wrap such comfort around him. He must get out of there he supposed, if she had made up her mind, and yet... it was absurd. That was ridiculous. Amanda was not only his: she was himself. Amanda, oh, he couldn't be bothered to work out. He must get to her... get to her... get... to... her.

Hutch caught him as he stumbled, and as they stood swaying together on the cobbles.

The superintendent said:



"Alfred is about to leave, Pa. He's checking up on his loose change"

TONY BARLOW





**RAILWAY EXPRESS - SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE SERVICE...**

# **CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!**

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IN CITIES AND TOWNS all over the United States, the familiar Railway Express truck is a symbol of dependable, speedy, safe delivery. Over 12,000 of these trucks are constantly on the go regardless of weather. Dependability is the watchword.

This giant fleet has used Champion Spark Plugs for years. Here is just one more outstanding proof that Champions make every engine a better performing engine—one more sound reason for you to insist on dependable Champion Spark Plugs for your car.

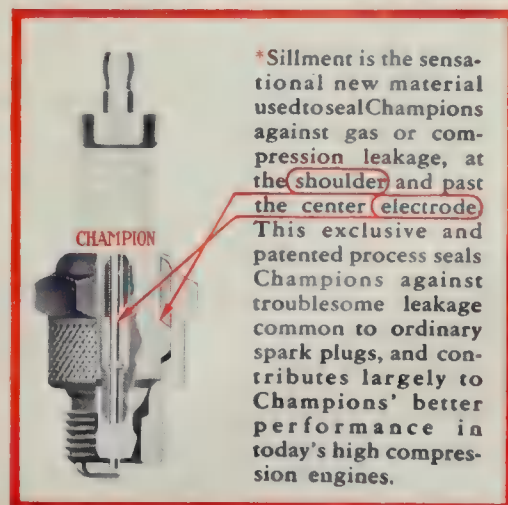
Champion's sensational Sillment\* seal brings extra performance to every engine. Since even one "leaker" in a set will cause rough, uneven, wasteful engine operation, it is obvious that Champion's leak-proof qualities are necessary to maximum performance and economy.

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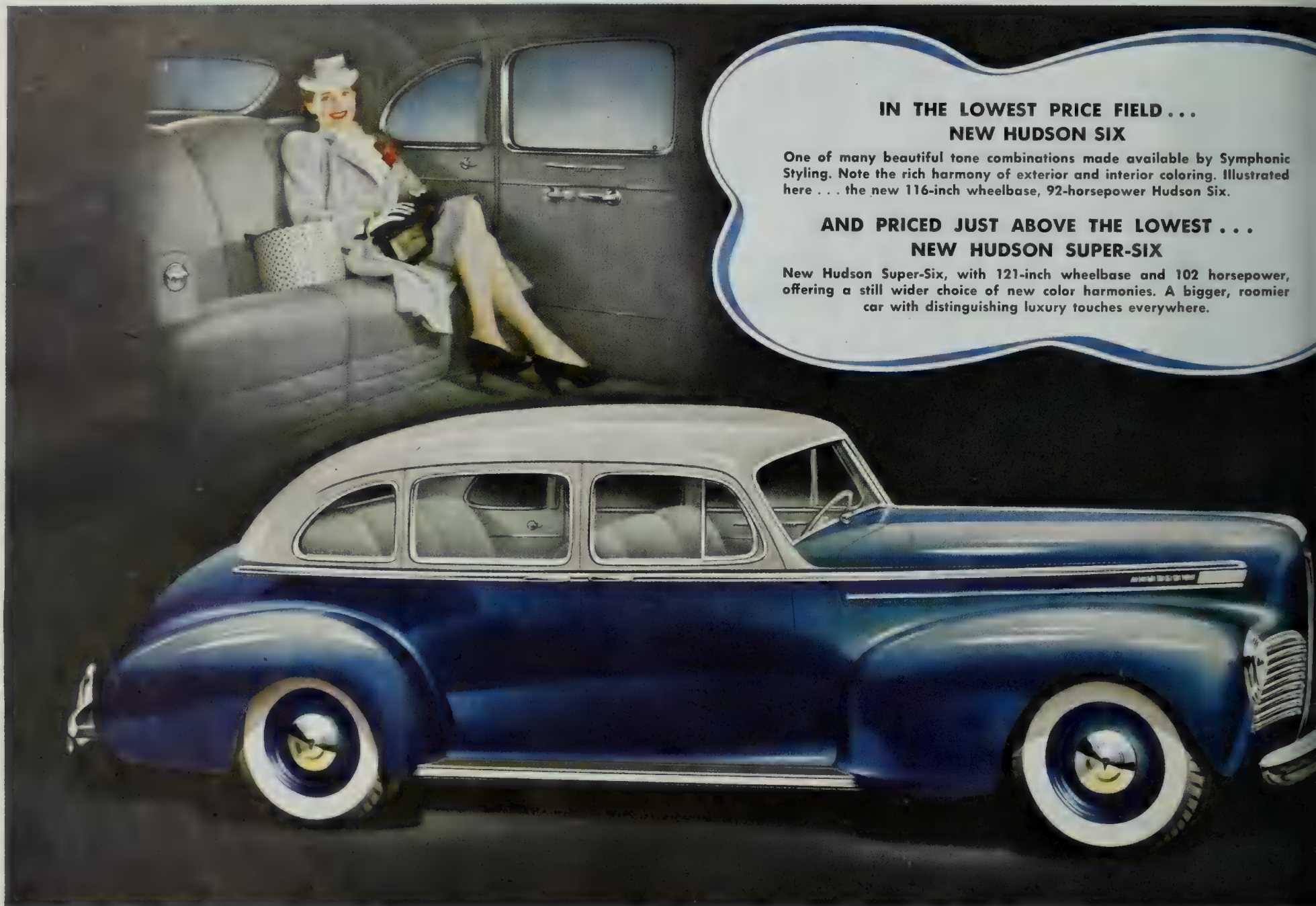


in the past decade Railway Express trucks, equipped with Champion Spark Plugs, have traveled hundreds of millions of miles. Another example of "pick up and go" service made with the "Pick Up and Go" dependable Champion Spark Plugs.





# HUDSON *FOR 1941* PRESENTS A BIG



## IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD . . . NEW HUDSON SIX

One of many beautiful tone combinations made available by Symphonic Styling. Note the rich harmony of exterior and interior coloring. Illustrated here . . . the new 116-inch wheelbase, 92-horsepower Hudson Six.

## AND PRICED JUST ABOVE THE LOWEST . . . NEW HUDSON SUPER-SIX

New Hudson Super-Six, with 121-inch wheelbase and 102 horsepower, offering a still wider choice of new color harmonies. A bigger, roomier car with distinguishing luxury touches everywhere.

**TO OWNERS OF THE "OTHER THREE":** Straight through the new 1941 Hudson Six and Super-Six, you will find extra values not obtainable in other cars in the lowest and low price fields. Symphonic Styling is just one of the ways in which Hudson gives you more for your money, in every popular price class.

**I**N THE brilliant new 1941 Hudsons, you will find scores of other examples of this same engineering leadership . . . leadership that isn't content with what others may consider "good enough for the money." If there's something *better* to be had, Hudson gives it to you.

### *Safest Cars Are Safer Still*

Your safety . . . the safety of those you love . . . *can't* be measured in dollars and cents! But, if it could, think of the *cash value* of the *extra* safety you get in every 1941 Hudson . . . *America's Safest Car.*

You'll find in every Hudson the best hydraulic brakes built . . . better still for 1941. But Hudson goes beyond that! You get the *only* hydraulics with an added mechanical safeguard, *working from the same foot pedal*, to protect you against brake failure, in case hydraulic fluid should leak away through accident or service neglect. This

*can* happen in *any* car, but only in a Hudson can you push farther *on the same brake pedal* . . . and STOP!

Another priceless safeguard which only Hudson gives you is Patented Auto-Poise Control. It helps keep front wheels on their true course automatically . . . *even if a tire blows*. And with it, True Center-Point Steering, the finest known. (A type used in only two other cars, both costing over \$1500.)

### *New Riding Ease . . . New Silent Shifting*

To make your ride not merely *smooth*, but *smoothest*, Hudson developed a type of Independent Front Wheel Coil Springing that improves on that used in other cars priced high above any Hudson. Yet you get this great feature in a 1941 Hudson Six, *one of the lowest priced cars built today*. More for your money!

Take silent shifting. Even in its lowest priced 1941 models, Hudson gives you a new synchromesh transmission that is actually an improvement on the kind you find in the most expensive cars. Again, *more value per dollar!*

### *Economy Without Compromise*

Operating and upkeep cost are important, too. And, here again, Hudson engineering leadership scores a big advantage for you. With the most efficient motor in any car built today, as official ratings prove, Hudson need not ask you to sacrifice size, room and luxury for the sake of economy. The "Hudson way" gives you *both* topflight gas mileage and a big, roomy, luxurious car *economy without compromise*.

Before you choose your new car, see everything else that is new in Hudson for 1941—visit the nearest Hudson showroom. Find out how *much more* your money will buy there.



# NEW STYLE IDEA...

## *Symphonic Styling*

...and in every 1941 Hudson...

**BRILLIANT NEW DESIGN!**

**LONGER WHEELBASES! ★ ROOMIER BODIES!**

**NEW RIDING AND DRIVING EASE!**

**NEW SYNCHROMESH TRANSMISSION!**

...and with all this...

**SAFETY YOU CAN'T GET IN ANY OTHER CAR**

**AMERICA'S  
SAFEST CAR**

Safest brakes, safest steering  
...features that "think" for you  
when there's no time to think!

### For the First Time in Low Priced Cars, a Wide Choice of Interior Color Combinations That Harmonize With Exterior Colors, AT NO EXTRA COST

SYMPHONIC STYLING begins with brilliantly modern new design... bodies that are 5½ inches longer, full two inches lower, and roomier than ever... with lines that flow in unbroken harmony from front to modish new rear.

But the crowning triumph of Symphonic Styling is that it makes available a wide selection of interior color combinations that harmonize with the exterior colors... at no extra cost!

In automobiles, up to now, one upholstery color has usually done duty with every body color. Carpets, floor mats, steering wheels and trim have introduced still other assorted colors and tones.

Now Hudson's Symphonic Styling gives you, in your 1941 car, the kind of color

harmony throughout that you want and expect in other fine things you buy. A car that is truly a symphony of line and color.

It has never been possible for any other automobile company to offer anything like this in regular, standard production. But Hudson, over a long period of years, has developed highly specialized methods that permit a wide variation in the details and equipment of each individual car, without interfering with orderly, efficient mass production. Symphonic Styling is the climax of this long-time development!

Here is another Hudson "first"... beauty new to the automobile... harmony of which you will never tire... yours in 1941 Hudsons at prices starting among today's lowest!

#### AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED FINE CARS... NEW HUDSON COMMODORE SERIES

Here, Symphonic Styling reaches its richest beauty, in a wide range of superb exterior-interior color harmonies, one of which is pictured in the accompanying illustrations. These are cars of superlative luxury... including the 128-horsepower, 121-inch wheelbase Eight shown here; a companion Six; a Custom Club Coupe; and lavishly equipped Custom Sedans on 128-inch wheelbase. Airfoam Seat Cushions are standard in all Commodore models, and available at small cost in all other 1941 Hudsons.

(Two-tone exteriors available without added cost in Hudson Commodore Custom models; optional at moderate extra cost in other 1941 Hudsons. White sidewall tires extra.)







Just off the  
Plane from  
HAVANA



**J. P. McEVoy**, playwright, humorist and regular contributor to magazines—is known as a “chain cigar smoker” who carries his cigars in his *pants pockets*!



**“BELIEVE IT OR NOT—**I find carrying cigars in my trousers’ pocket keeps me from breaking them—” says J. P. McEvoy. Well—we don’t know. Maybe it works.



**“HOW DO I WRITE?”** Mr. McEvoy went on. “I dictate as I smoke and must have strained a million words through White Owl Cigars in the last ten years.”

# *J. P. McEvoy* ENDORSES NEW WHITE OWLS’ HAVANA FLAVOR

**OWL:** Hi there—Mr. McEvoy! How did you find Havana?

**J. P. McEVoy:** I peered through a cloud of fragrant cigar smoke and there it was!

**OWL:** Did you go to get some new ideas?

**J. P. McEVoy:** No, I went to get rid of some old ones.

**OWL:** Not smoking, surely?

**J. P. McEVoy:** On the contrary, I expect to go right on smoking here—and hereafter.

**OWL:** Well, light up this *new* White Owl and tell us if it’s got *real* Havana flavor.

**J. P. McEVoy:** Sure enough! Milder than the Cuban all-Havana cigar—but definitely it has the real Havana flavor!

NOW BLENDED  
WITH HAVANA!



Try a



**J. P. McEVoy**, *Saturday Evening Post* author, is back from an airplane jaunt to Havana. We interviewed him when he arrived in New York.

Mr. McEvoy’s friends will tell you he’s a veteran cigar smoker from way back. Because of his great fondness for Cuban cigars, he really knows the lux-

ury taste of real Havana tobacco.

When connoisseurs such as J. P. McEvoy approve the *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl for its real Havana taste—you know this *new* cigar is a smoke to get excited about. Thousands have discovered the Havana flavor of the *new* White Owl... why don’t you?

## NEW WHITE OWL—Today 5¢

New White Owls are made in U.S.A. only—see how at New York World’s Fair, 1940

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"You've overdone it, sir, that's what you've done. We're just by the station. You'll have to sit down. You can't go on forever without sleeping or eating; no one can."

The tone was plaintive and gently nagging.

"You'll go sick on your feet, and then where shall we be?"

He was leading his charge all the time with the firm efficiency of long practice and they advanced upon the unexpectedly modern police station, set among the Tudor scenery, in spite of his companion's incoherent protests.

A police sergeant met them on the doorstep, and there was a muttered conference between him and his chief.

"Is there?" Hutch said at last. "I see. Yes. Yes, of course. Put it through at once. We'll take it in the charge room." He turned to Campion anxiously. "There's a personal call waiting for you, sir," he said. "It's from headquarters. Can you manage it? Are you all right?"

Campion had no clear impression of his passage through the station. He came back to himself as he sat staring into the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Yeo here, Mr. Campion," said a voice in his ear. It was so small and quiet that it might have been the whisper of conscience. "Yeo. Have you got the chief with you?"

"Oates?" Campion's own voice was strong and apprehensive. It seemed to him that he was shouting.

"Yes sir. He's gone. We can't find him. He left his room here in the small hours of yesterday morning and hasn't been heard of since. Is he with you?"

"No, he's not here."

THERE was a long pause. It seemed to stretch into centuries.

The faraway voice spoke again:

"Then it's you alone now, sir. You're the only one now who can do anything. None of the rest of us here even know the full strength. I don't know if you think that's wise, sir. The chief was in sole control of his agents."

Campion could not reply and after a pause the little voice came again:

"Any . . . luck, sir?"

Campion closed his eyes and opened them again as the secret reserve that lies in every human body was pumped up into his veins.

"Not yet," he said distinctly, "but there's still an hour or two."

Then he slipped forward across the table, his head in his arms.

He woke holding Amanda's hand. He

was so relieved to find it there, so comforted to see her, alive, friendly and gloriously intelligent, that for a blessed moment he remained mindless and content. He lay looking at her with placid, stupid eyes.

"You're ill," she said, her clear, immature voice frankly anxious. "I've been trying to wake you for hours. What shall I do? Phone Oates?"

That did it. That brought him back to the situation with a rush.

"No," he said, struggling into a sitting position, while the whole top of his head seemed to slide backward sickeningly. "No, that's no good. I mean don't do that. I'll get up at once."

"All right," she agreed, and he looked at her with deep affection. The reflection that he had probably lost her forever was such an incredible disaster that he put it away from him, unconsidered, and tightened his grip on her hand childishly.

"How late am I?"

"About an hour." She released herself gently. "You start the tour of inspection at ten. I'll run you a bath and then go down and get you some breakfast. You've twenty minutes before you leave the house."

"Tour of inspection?" he said dubiously. "What—er—what do I wear?"

He had hoped for a clue but for once she was unobliging.

"Oh, just the simple uniform of an admiral of the fleet, I should think, don't you?"

Her voice floating back from the other room was followed by the roar of his bath water.

"Or you might stick to the old fireman's outfit, of course. That's bright and cheerful without being vulgar. I say," she added as she came in again, "what about those things? The servants here look as though they take a valet's interest in one's wardrobe. It'll look so bad if you come in and find them neatly laid out on the bed. Shall I take them down and stuff them in the toolbox of the car?"

"I wish you would. They're in the cupboard," he said. "You're very helpful, Amanda."

She did not answer for a moment but when she emerged from the armoire with her arms full of oilskins her cheeks were bright.

"I'm still the lieutenant," she said, facing him squarely. "You get up and see to that bath or we'll have a flood. Time's very short."

Short! As the door closed behind him

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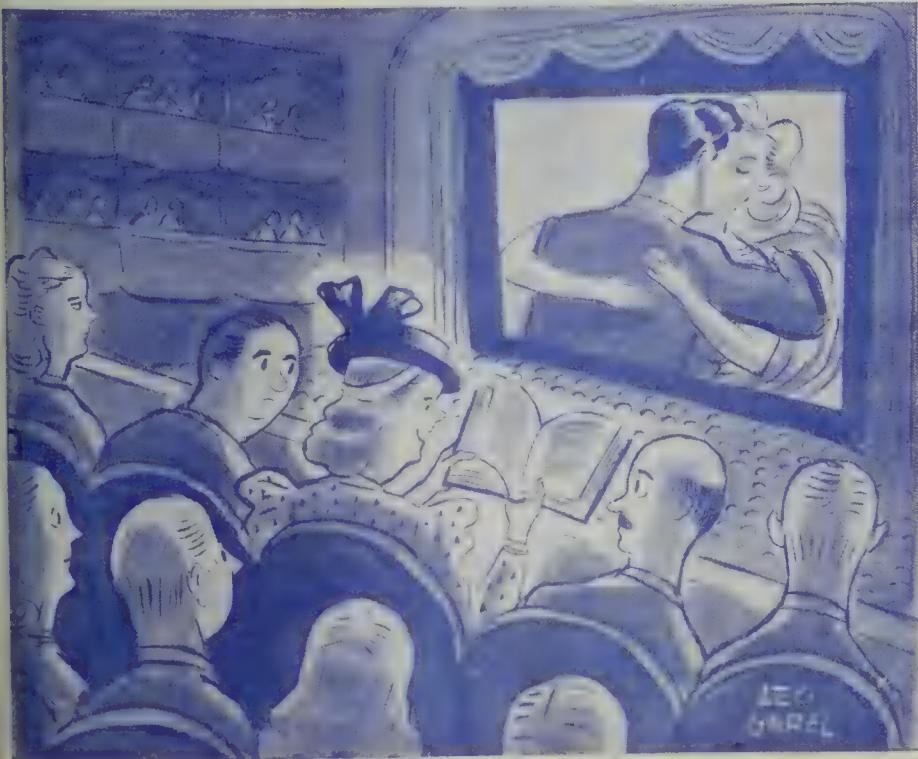


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he realized how short time was and cursed himself for sleeping. He could only just remember the later events of the morning. Hutch had brought him home in a car and had put him to bed like a mother. Mercifully they had not given him alcohol at the police station. That might well have killed him with his head in its present condition.

By the time he staggered downstairs he was fairly clear about his immediate plan of campaign. The Masters were his best bet. They knew the secret of 15 if anyone did, since they were making it their main business of the evening. Lee Aubrey must be persuaded to tell him all there was to be known about the Masters.

He found Aubrey waiting for him in a brown-and-yellow morning room. He was standing by the window, looking with tragedian eyes at Amanda who sat behind the silver. His greeting was gravely commiserating, as though he knew that lesser men had weaknesses and he could be tolerant and even a little envious of them.

Campion, watching him with his new child's eyes, saw what Amanda liked in him and sized it up like a general inspecting enemy fortifications before the commencement of hostilities.

He made a hurried breakfast and, only halfway through the meal, realized that it was Lee who was waiting for him.

"It's too bad we can't take you with us," Aubrey spoke to the girl with a frankness of regret that was almost indecent. "But I'm afraid it's impossible. We're not exactly wedded to the government but we're rather definitely under its protection in the eighteenth-century sense, and my instructions only apply to Campion. It's all quite mad, of course. I sometimes wonder if the fellows who set out these restrictions aren't using a little too broad a rule. There's not enough brains to go around, you know. That's the fundamental weakness in the government and everywhere else."

"Oh, that's all right," said Amanda cheerfully. "I don't want to see your old Institute. The whole show sounds like a municipal school of conjuring to me."

LEE hesitated and it was only after a moment that his charming smile spread over his large, curling features.

"You shocked me," he said with disarming naïvete. "I get very parochial down here. One does. To hear the Masters called 'municipal' gives me a sacrilegious thrill."

"They achieve almost international status, financially at any rate, don't they?" Campion's thought was running on spice islands and he spoke unguardedly.

Lee raised his head and gave him one of his surprisingly intelligent stares.

"They're very wealthy, of course," he said primly.

"Yes, well, there you are. A penny here and a penny there, it all mounts up over a period of years." Campion had intended to sound ignorant, but even he was unprepared for the degree of fatuous idiocy he managed to present.

Lee looked genuinely embarrassed and glanced at Amanda apologetically.

"When you're ready, we'll go," he said, and later, as he and Campion walked across the turf together, he took it upon himself to explain gently, choosing his words carefully as though talking to a child. "Historically the Masters are amazingly interesting," he began, reproof in his pleasant voice. "The family that was the leading spirit at their foundation never completely rotted away. The Letts have never produced any great men, nor have they had any downright wrong uns, and there's always been one moderately intelligent businessman in every generation. The

present fellow, Peter Lett, is just a good, sound, average brain like his uncle before him, and his grandfather and great-grandfathers before that. They've all been religious, respectable and very parochial, while, of course, the curious hereditary and semisecret structure of the society has been a tremendous safeguard. Financially the Masters have had their bad periods but they've never gone quite under. Their basic line is so good."

"What's that?"

AUBREY seemed astounded. "Patents, of course," he said.

"Patents?"

"Well," he was laughing a little, "it was monopolies to begin with, naturally. Queen Elizabeth gave them their first big break. One of the kids in the little charity school they started up turned out to be the great Ralph Godlee, who invented the Godlee loom. The Masters got a monopoly on the manufacture of the things from the queen and it revolutionized the wool-weaving industry over here, speeding up the production by about five hundred per cent and making the town's fortune. The word 'abridged' comes from it. It shortened the process. But you know all this as well as I do."

Campion coughed. "At the moment there are gaps in my education," he admitted modestly. "Do go on. I find this fascinating. They've continued like this, have they?—first educating and then fleecing the inventor?"

Lee made a deprecatory grimace and quite openly thought for a moment or so. He was extraordinarily unself-conscious in that one way. His thinking was obvious, almost pantomimic.

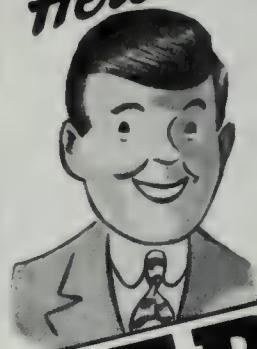
"That's not quite true," he said at last. "One must be fair. Let's say that instead of patronizing the arts they've always gone in for science and have been lucky in having been able to produce a few valuable inventors who have always made their own fortunes as well as adding to the general fund. The Masters had their great successes in the Victorian industrial age, naturally. It's only comparatively recently that they've become so very wealthy. They bought very sensibly at that time, always going for overseas property, tea plantations and so on."

"At the moment I think the Institute gives more than value for money every time. Look at the facilities the chosen inventor gets here. Once his idea is approved, every mortal thing he needs is given to him gratis. His patents are acquired for him, and he hands out a percentage. Just now things are more than booming, naturally. The Carter cheap process for extracting gasoline from coal is going to be an enormous thing, and we've one or two pleasant little explosives on the carpet. The whisky bottle you can't refill is another one of ours, too; that's a great money-maker."

Campion listened to him fascinated. He knew it, he had heard it all before, he was sure of that, and vaguely it was all coming back to him.

"I don't approve of the Masters in principle," Lee was saying pedantically. "I don't like pockets of wealth like that in the country. But, to do these fellows justice, their little constitution does good work. The Ceremony of the Bale of Straw is a nice archaic idea, for instance. All the mummery of the fraternity is connected with the Nag, you know, and they have a ruling that at every half-yearly meeting, the Masters shall 'put down a bale of straw in the Nag's stable'; that is to say they shall do something to improve the amenities of the town of Bridge. That's why the place is so luxuriously drained, watered and lit. There's not a scrap of slum property in the area. Fortunes are being spent on the place and the rates are

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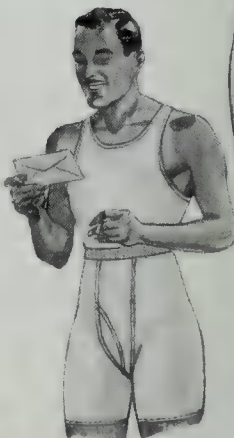
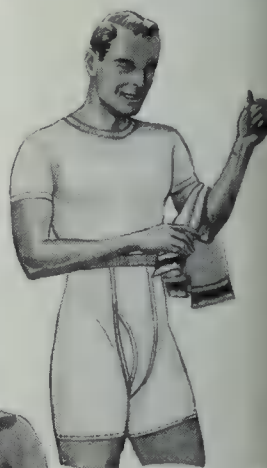
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negligible. Here we are. See the sentry? That's what working for the war house does for you."

They had come up over the ridge of high ground that stretched up behind the poplar trees and had reached the private road leading to the Institute, a cluster of roofs surrounded by a high, moss-grown wall.

The original building was now no more than a museum, but all around it clustered other houses, workshops and laboratories, representing every phase of British architecture.

A soldier with fixed bayonet stood on guard before the ornamental iron gates. Lee Aubrey smiled at the man as they passed.

"Gloriously mad, isn't it?" he murmured. "There's something rather sweet and childlike about the modern world, don't you think? 'Halt! Give the countersign. Pass friend. Eena-deena-ina-do, you're a spy.' It's so monstrously young."

"Childish, perhaps, but hardly sweet," said Campion absently. "Where do we go first?"

"My dear fellow, that's entirely up to you. My instructions are that I'm to show you anything that you care to see. Make your choice. On your left you have the bad-tempered but otherwise wholly delightful Carter working with his team of galley slaves. They'll be polite because I'm by way of being the headmaster, but they won't be hospitable."

AUBREY was enjoying himself. He was exaggeratedly proud of the place and its magnificent organization.

"On your extreme right, in that depressing building which looks like a Methodist chapel, is poor old Burgess. He'll talk all night. He's having trouble with his reaper. The last trials were nothing less than a fiasco and he may have struck a serious snag. Before you enter the library, the office, the filing department and the drafting rooms. And right over there, as comfortably distant as space will permit, is the star turn of the moment, the war house's little white-headed boy, our young Master Butcher, playing about with Anderton's latest variety of potted hell-fire. I have to keep an eye on him and see he con-

trols his quantities. It's incredible stuff. Half a teaspoonful can make as much mess as a bucketful of T.N.T. Hence the sentry on the door."

He paused expectantly and Campion stood irresolute. This was a continuation of the frustration dream of the night before. As far as he could see, the whole thing was being handed to him on a plate and yet he could not put his finger on it.

"It's almost an embarrassment of riches," he said aloud, and added hastily, "what's in the dovecot?"

The building so unkindly described had caught his attention because of a certain amount of life going on before it. A lorry loading sacks was drawn up in front of the door.

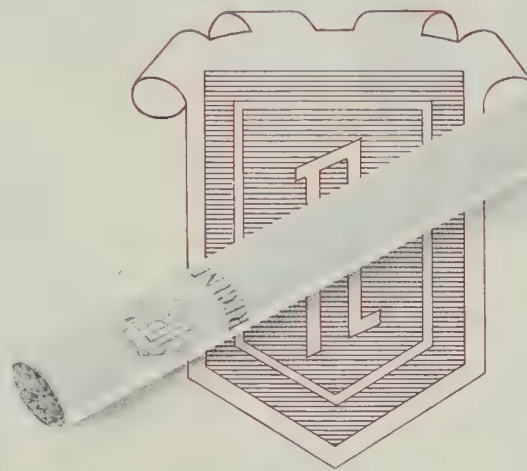
Lee frowned and the man at his side was aware of the wave of irritation that passed over him. It was a physical thing, as if his personal magnetism had been switched off and on again.

"You've got a nose, haven't you?" he said, half laughing. "You're one of those people who always move the chair that covers the hole in the carpet and go straight to the cupboard where the dirty washing-up has been hidden. I offer you the exciting drawing-room exhibits and you go direct to the one blot on our dignity. We've been compelled to shelter fifty beastly little amateur workers simply because we happen to have a lot of room. Think of it! In that sacred building Richardson perfected his adding machine, and now half a hundred little girls who can hardly write are addressing envelopes there for the ministry of health. As if there weren't five million other places in England that would do quite as well!"

They had reached the building by this time and through the long windows Campion could see rows of bent heads and piles of government envelopes. It looked to be dull work, but in his present mood highly preferable to his own, and he envied them.

As they skirted the lorry, a woman with untidy white hair came out of the arched doorway. She was faintly familiar and he recognized her at last as one of Aubrey's dinner guests of the night before. She was startled to see them and came up with that half-hesi-

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tant, half-eager humility, which is commoner in far younger women.

"We're getting on very nicely, Mr. Aubrey," she said appealingly, and blushed.

Campion was surprised. Missing on four out of five cylinders though he was, he could still recognize those symptoms when he saw them, and she was not that kind of woman. A great many ladies who are old enough to know better frequently become hopelessly infatuated with brilliant, middle-aged bachelors, but they are seldom of the experienced, intelligent type of gentlewoman he saw before him. He recollected that she had been very interested in Amanda the last time he had seen her. He glanced at Aubrey, to find him frigid.

"Splendid, Mrs. Ericson," he said briefly, and passed on, leaving a flavor of distaste in the air. "Patriotic voluntary work," he murmured under his breath to Campion as they turned the corner. "Intense stuff."

"She looked intelligent," said Campion, and Lee considered the matter.

"Oh, she is," he agreed brightly. "She's a widow of the late holder of one of the Masters' minor offices and quite a power in the town. Very well read, you know—nice, educated, but emotionally unstable, I fancy. Now this is Butcher's domain, which I take it is your main interest. I say, I admire your magnificent reticence, Campion. It's impressive."

The final observation was made impulsively and as if he meant it.

Campion said nothing and hoped that his silence might pass for modest appreciation.

It was a longish walk to the square concrete tower at the far end of the Institute grounds, and when they reached it their inspection was not illuminating. Butcher himself turned out to be a cheerful youngster with the face of a plowboy and thick, pebbled glasses. He had a youthful respect for Aubrey, whom he clearly admired, and was pleased to show his laboratories and workshops.

"These are the best of the bunch," he said, diving into a rough cupboard in a corner of the main room on the ground floor, which had been deserted and open to the path as they came up. "I keep them in their racks because they really are pretty sensational. We call 'em Phoenix Eggs. Don't drop it, old man, will you? It's quite safe unless you dig that pin out, of course, but it's as well not to bounce it about because it's only a specimen and you never know."

CAMPION looked down at the metal egg so suddenly thrust in his hand. It was little larger than a hen's and unexpectedly light. Butcher was fondling another, fitting it lovingly into the hollow under his thumb.

"It's important to be able to chuck it a decent distance," he explained. "It's pretty powerful. The blast is colossal and they even make quite a crater. It's wonderful really."

He retrieved Campion's specimen, juggled with the two of them absently, and replaced them in their nests.

"They're putting up the machines for these now," he said. "I've got some nice little aero models coming along in the basement, but we're still working on the detonators. Anything else in particular that you'd like to see?"

"No, I won't keep you from your work. You've given me more than fifteen minutes already."

The young man's expression did not change, and Campion shook hands and turned away. A sixth sense, or rather that mysterious body-mind that so often seems to take charge when one's normal brain goes back on one, was looking after him. His reserve and non-committal tone was far more impressive than any show of appreciation could

ever have been, and young Butcher retired to his underground laboratory wondering if the authorities really put quite the trust in him that their behavior so far had caused him to suspect.

It was Campion who led Aubrey out into the sun again. He had listened to a quantity of technical detail from Butcher, all of which might be important to an enemy but was not to him. Whatever Butcher knew was also known already, presumably, by the war office and was, therefore, none of Campion's business. What he must be looking for was something that was hitherto unknown to them. Fifteen? He must keep his mind clear and hang on to that. Fifteen: that was still his only definite clue. Fifteen, and the people who knew what it meant. Butcher was evidently not one of them, but there was someone else who was.

As he raised his eyes and looked down the narrow concrete path which ran like a chalk line across the green turf, he saw the man he was thinking about.

He appeared so quickly that it was difficult to say whether thought or vision came first. His jaunty roundness was recognizable at a tremendous distance and he came bouncing along toward them without haste.

"THAT fellow Pyne," said Campion. "Really?" Aubrey's distinctive face clouded. "What on earth is the man doing wandering around here alone like this? They've let him in to look for me, I suppose. They mustn't do that, as they very well know. He's talked his way in, you see. How extraordinary these fellows are! I'm quite prepared to like him but he mustn't make himself a nuisance. I loathe having to tell a man to clear out."

"Who is he?"

"Pyne? Oh, rather an interesting bird. Remarkably intelligent in his own way. Probably dishonest. Works like a fiend." Lee had dropped into his objective mood again. His remarks were quite free from affectation and he spoke with the judicial simplicity of an admittedly superior being. "He's evacuated his office down here. It's an amusing little organization and he makes a very good thing out of it. He calls it Surveys Limited. I suppose you've heard of it?"

"It's faintly familiar," said Campion not untruthfully. "What do they do? Arrange one's life for one?"

Lee laughed. "Only in part," he murmured. "They're an advice-and-information bureau. If you want to build a factory or start up a business in an unknown locality they'll get out all the dope on the place for you. They're remarkably thorough. Apart from all the usual stuff, they tabulate the most intimate details, including some very shrewd work on public opinion and estimates of local wealth. In fact, they'll sound every possible depth for you in strictest confidence. Pyne told me once that he had ten thousand agents all over England. That probably means that he's employed about half that number at some time or other during his career."

Pyne was almost upon them.

By morning light he did not look quite so amiable and easygoing. He was still hearty but now there was suppressed anxiety and a touch of antagonism there as well. He greeted them without preliminaries.

"Any developments?" he demanded as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"In which direction?" Campion was relieved to find that his own powers of controlling both his face and voice were considerable.

"Well, what about last night? What about Anscombe?" Pyne was keyed up

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and his round eyes were as shifty and inquisitive as a sparrow's.

A thin trickle of fear dribbled down Campion's spine. Until that moment he had entirely forgotten the incident. The enormity of the omission appalled him. Anscombe and his disturbing manner of dying had gone clean out of his mind. If he had forgotten that, what else had he overlooked? To his relief Lee looked faintly shamefaced also.

"Oh, Lord! Miss Anscombe!" he said. "I must go down to see her. It's early yet, but what a merciful chance you reminded me. Once one gets behind this wall one passes into another world, you know. Don't you feel it, Campion? The mind simply settles down to consider ideas and their technical development. Poor old Anscombe. I knew him reasonably well, but in here and at the moment he's absolutely remote."

Pyne wiped his forehead. "You're lucky," he said dryly. "I've been thinking of him all night. I don't like the look of that death. If the police are satisfied, of course, it's nothing to do with me, but I rather wondered if they were?"

There was a question in his last remark, and Campion, who recollected just in time that no one present knew of his late night meeting with Hutch, ignored it. Lee Aubrey was less cautious.

"Anscombe was of the type who never commit suicide," he said didactically.

Pyne glanced at Campion.

"Murder was the thought in my mind," he said.

LEE coughed and moved on up the path. He was offended. His mouth was pursed and he looked shocked.

"My dear chap," he protested, giving the reproach just sufficient reproach to make it also a rebuke, "hysteria at this time in the morning is inexcusable. And there's one other thing while I think of it, Pyne: You really must not come in here unless I bring you personally. It's simply not allowed. The British government has put its foot down on the subject. I don't want to know how you got yourself admitted, because I don't want to have to report the poor beast on the gate, but for heaven's sake, don't do it again."

It was as near a schoolmaster's scold-

ing as Campion had ever heard administered to a grown man. Pyne gave no sign that he had heard. He remained round, pink and dangerously suspicious.

"There's been a man hunt all over this district for the last twelve hours at least," he remarked presently as they walked on. "A fellow wanted by the police escaped from St. Jude's Hospital in Coachingford last night. He pinched an old car, abandoned it at the watersplash on the lower Bridge road, and disappeared. They're still searching for him. Doesn't that strike you as suspicious?"

Lee burst out laughing, an almost feminine spitefulness in his amusement.

"Oh, come," he said, "that's abominable thinking. Some wretched man is escaping from the police and therefore it's only natural to suppose that the first thing he does is to sneak into a garden and murder old Anscombe, who happened to be there. It's childish, Pyne. It won't wash. You're upset, my dear chap. That obtrusive stomach of yours is out of order."

The little fat man jerked in his belly, but his eyes did not lose their alarming shrewdness.

"I was thinking, Campion," he began, "you must have come over from Coachingford about the right time. You didn't see anything of this man, did you?"

"No," said Campion. His tone was mild, he noticed.

Lee sighed with exasperation. "My good Pyne," he said, taking the other man's arm with a weary familiarity which had in it the very essence of condescension, "you're making an ass of yourself."

"I don't believe I am, Aubrey."

"Then you must take my word for it." Lee was smiling dangerously. "Campion is personally known to me and I give you my word that (a) he gave no lift to any escaping suspect, and (b) that suspect did not reward him by bumping off poor old Anscombe in his own front yard. Moreover, that suggestion is ridiculous, it's absurd, it's mad, it's nuts. Forget it, and let the police do their own chores."

(To be continued next week)

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AL ROSS



## The Claim Jumpers

Continued from page 13



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kinda confusin'. How about Rand?" "Fauntleroy," suggested a woman. Clyde Jacks said: "Rattlesnake Flats." Ben Lowe, who had a shiftless man's conceit, spoke up: "It ought to be named after one of us. My place is as close to this town as any and I don't care if you want to name it Lowe."

Barney McNair sat in the bed of the wagon with his arms hooked over its side. His glance went toward the women and stopped there. "Ingrid," he said.

Ingrid Berg moved slowly away but somebody said, "Wait," and took her arm. She stood against the light, her yellow hair shining and her face slowly turning rose-red. Brewerton said: "Ingrid, that's a good name."

"Ingrid, then," said George Webster. A man came out of Harriet Rand's hotel followed by a smaller one and these two listened to the talk until the talk ceased and then they passed on to the road and disappeared in the dark. Kilrain said: "Who's that?"

"Strangers," murmured Brewerton. Kertcher struck a match to his cigarette, quietly adding: "There's four or five families who haven't moved onto their land yet. If they don't show up by midnight day after tomorrow their claims are open to whoever squats on 'em."

"Those two fellows claim jumpers?" "They been looking around."

A HORSE came down the road at a steady gait and a gaunt rider slipped slowly from the saddle, holding one hand before him carefully. As soon as he noticed Kilrain he said: "I wish you'd look at this finger. I ain't slept for three nights."

Kilrain's voice hit him the sharpest blow. "Why should I look at it?"

The newcomer gave Kilrain an affronted stare and anger turned his mouth into a small button. But pain was stronger than his pride and he held out his hand, saying nothing. Kilrain took it and slowly turned it to the light. His fingers moved over it—all these people watching—with a soft, practiced touch. "A felon. Not ready yet. Soak it in hot water tonight."

"Then what'll I do?"

"There's a doctor in Virgil," said Kilrain, and stepped up to his wagon's seat, driving away.

The newcomer said in a half-furious voice: "Nobody's got the right to hold back a gift when it's needed."

"How you know he's a doctor?" asked Andy Pierce.

Mrs. Ellis said: "It sticks out—just the way he looked at that finger." Then she added in her shaded, significant way: "A lot of things stick out in people, like in the proud lady who sat on that seat and was too good for us."

Letty Brewerton said instantly: "I like her."

"Ah," said Mrs. Ellis, "what is she and where did she come from?"

Mrs. Jackson gave Mrs. Ellis an old woman's raking glance and said: "Mighty odd to me how some people have so much time for other people's business. Come, Will."

From the doorway of the hotel Mrs. Rand watched these people move away into the dark and heard their voices echoing across the stillness. The two strangers moved in from the road and entered the hotel. When she turned back she found them seated at the table with a map spread between them. One was heavy, with the soft grease of a townsman padding his bones; the other was old and leathery and sly. The big man said: "That empty quarter section

south of Kilrain's—says on the plat Sarah and Lou Colpitt. They here?"

"I don't know," said Harriet Rand.

The big man nodded at his partner. "You go to town tomorrow and bring out a tent and supplies."

AT NOON Elizabeth Marsh brought a cold lunch to Barney McNair and found him too weary to eat. She put her smooth, light hand on his chest, saying, "Don't give up," and saw his faint nod. Curtis Kilrain stood outside the door and shook his head. When she went out he walked into the prairie with her.

"Never mind," he said. "He's decided to die."

She said: "Could he live, if he really wanted to?"

"Maybe." He reached out and squared her before him. He was a man on whose face lay the most graphic pessimism she had ever seen. He was in the early thirties, keen and morose, and his eyes had tremendous power. "Elizabeth, why bother?"

"He's a little boy begging us to help him. I'm going to Madden's for milk."

He stood in the yellow-white flare of the sun, his fingers automatically rolling a cigarette while he watched her cross to her shanty and step inside. In another moment she came out with a bucket and went on toward Madden's house. He had known her since the land rush had brought them together, one month before—a single woman obviously running from some kind of past that had been miserable or tragic or humiliating; and this was the first interest she had displayed.

A single rider slowly cruised around the Colpitt quarter southward at the same time a rig came along the road from Ingrid and wheeled in to Kilrain's shanty. The driver was a spy, small man with a gray tuft of goatee on his chin and a hurried manner. He said: "I'm Doctor Springer, from Virgil. Was out this way and heard you had a sick man. You're Kilrain."

"Come in."

Doctor Springer left the rig and fol-

lowed Kilrain into the cabin. He came by Barney McNair's bed and said, "Hello, son," and gave McNair one cool look, at once reaching for his satchel. He took up his stethoscope and looped it against his ears.

When he had finished his examination he looked long and directly into Barney McNair's eyes. Curtis Kilrain stepped forward and reached for the boy's arm; and Doctor Springer noted how Kilrain's fingers stopped on Barney McNair's wrist.

What the doctor saw in that idle gesture interested him, confirming rumors he had heard. He got up, closing his satchel. He said: "You've been sick, son." Barney McNair's glance clung to Doctor Springer with faint hope. The doctor said: "Main thing is to rest and roll with the tide. And, son—be cheerful." He went out to his rig and tossed his satchel into it. Not looking at Kilrain who had followed him, he asked a very casual question: "What do you think?"

"Pretty far along," Kilrain said. Then he caught himself and showed irritation. "How would I know?"

"You shouldn't be sleeping in there near him."

"I've survived worse exposures."

Springer got into the rig. He slapped the team with the reins and moved off.

Around four o'clock Elizabeth Marsh appeared with a bucket of milk. She supported Barney McNair with her arms while he half-heartedly tried to drink a cup of milk. "Never mind," he sighed, and lay back in bed.

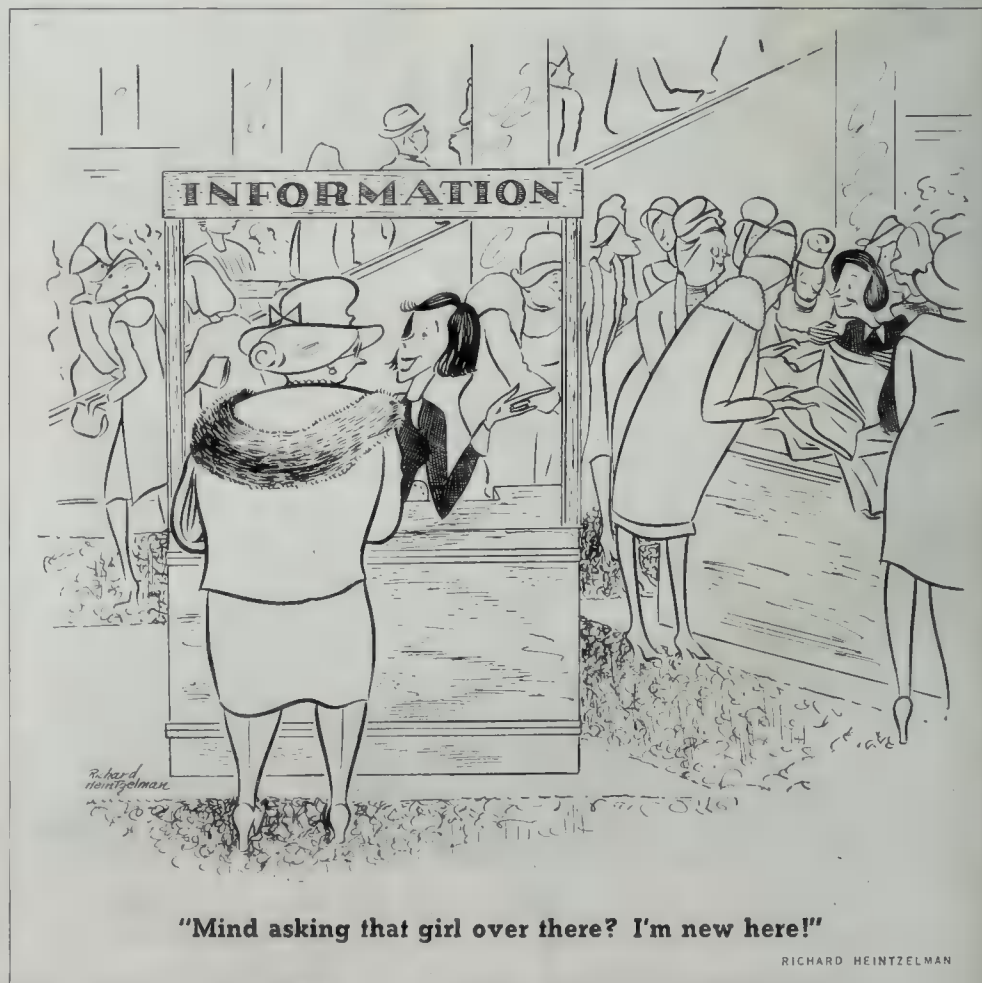
Elizabeth moved to the room's end. She stood still, with her back to Kilrain, who had come to the doorway; suddenly she turned and the indifference was gone from her face. She walked to him and touched his arm, silently begging him.

"Barney," he said, "you want to live or die?"

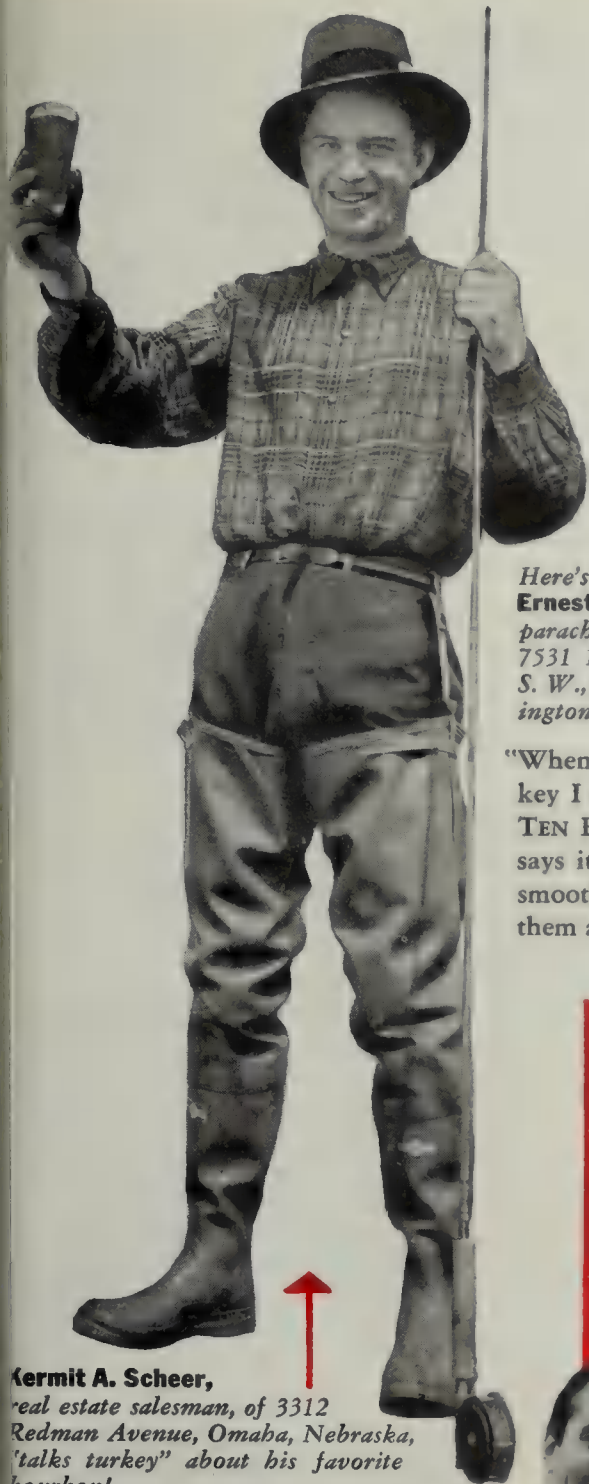
The boy lay motionless, his eyes closed. "Why should I live?"

Kilrain's voice grew rough and unsympathetic.

"Listen, Barney. What have you







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Barney McNair's lips drew tight, his fists slowly came together and stuck. He let out a dragging breath and rolled his head aside. Kilrain turned abruptly from the shanty into the late-slanting sunlight. Rolling a cigarette, he watched the solitary rider move forward from the empty quarter section in the south. Elizabeth Marsh came out. She said: "It may help him."

"All a lie. Nothing's worth fighting for."

"I know you better now." She watched the single rider move forward, and said, "That's the claim jumper," and stepped into the house, out of sight.

Visibly suffering from heat, the claim jumper rode into the yard. His round cheeks were congested scarlet and his eyes were bloodshot. His voice clacked: "That quarter back there—supposed to be filed on by Lou and Sarah Colpitt. They ain't here yet?"

"Get off my place," said Kilrain.

The big man's eyes flared wide and drew together. "You damned home-steaders are a tight lot," he grumbled, and moved away.

After he was well down the road Elizabeth Marsh came from the shanty and walked on to her own place a quarter mile distant. The sun dropped behind its own smoke and fury and blue shadows ran like water across the heated earth. Kilrain cooked supper on the stove in the yard and made up Barney McNair's plate but when he entered the shanty he found the boy sound asleep, both arms flung up over his head like a relaxed child. Full dark moved over the prairie. Kilrain took a bottle of whisky from a shelf, extinguished the lamp and walked to Elizabeth's. She was in the shanty, and he waited outside, as he had always done, until she asked him to enter. He stepped in and took the whisky bottle from his pocket. "I can't drink alone."

SHE reached to a cupboard and put a china cup on the table. He poured the cup half full. He looked down at it, every embittered memory passing out through his eyes. "To all the pleasures and conventions," he said, "to all dreams and aspirations and beautiful fictions, and to hell with them," and emptied the cup at a single deep drink.

"I don't remember the Colpitts," she said. "They must have gone back east to get their belongings. If they don't come by midnight tomorrow they'll lose the land. That claim jumper will move on the moment midnight comes. It is too bad one of us isn't eligible to file on it for the Colpitts."

He said: "When you look at Barney pity softens you and betrays you. I have never asked you any questions, have I?"

"Your eyes have cut everything you wanted to know out of me."

"Have I been rude?"

"A doctor's impersonal curiosity. You were a doctor once, Curtis."

"I did not mean to be rude," he said, and refilled the cup. "The surface of a gentleman remains, long after the core has died."

"If you had ceased being a gentleman you wouldn't be so bitter now. Nothing in you has changed. You are your own worst enemy."

"We all are." He made a small gesture, he drew a breath and spoke in a way that was hard-pressed by some deep longing: "You are the form of beauty a man never ceases to seek, in

mouth and breast and body. You are a fire that never grows dim as long as man lives. You are the vigor he needs and the acid, the goodness and the badness, the temptation and resistance and the surrender and the giving."

The table lamp made clear-burning images in her eyes; her broad mouth stirred and the stillness of her face broke and left her uncertain and insecure, and her glance dropped from him. Suddenly she took the cup from his hands and touched her lips to the whisky and gave it back; and she met his eyes again, waiting for him.

He put the cup on the table. "You're lonely and hungry, and afraid."

"Yes," she whispered. "All of those things."

HE CIRCLED the table. She turned at his coming and put up her arms, wide and willing. He had the smell of her hair and he had the soft wall of her body close upon him as he kissed her, and into that softness he sank, toward the never-ending man and woman mystery, into its layers of sweetness and its incompleteness. The pressure of her hands forced him back. Her eyes had changed and now seemed to hate him, and sultry distrust had come again to her face, and her voice was old and angry: "Once before a man said those things to me."

He pulled himself away from everything this moment had been. He stood still, making his hard struggle, and said in a humiliated voice: "You have seen what I am."

"Whatever I did wrong in the past—it wasn't cheap. It wasn't, Curtis."

"A man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And he let you slip away. The man was a fool, Elizabeth. Good night."

Tom Kertcher came down the road next morning on his big bay gelding. Kilrain stopped work on his fence and Elizabeth Marsh stepped out of the shanty. Kertcher, being the best-mannered of men, removed his hat; and since he liked her he gave her his big, friendly smile. "How's Barney?"

"Better, I think."

Kertcher nodded at the empty quarter section in the south. "If the Colpitts don't get on that by twelve o'clock tonight they'll lose it. Those two claim jumpers stayin' at Harriet's hotel have got a wagon and a camp outfit. They'll move on the claim the moment the time's up."

Kilrain said: "I don't remember the Colpitts."

"Man and wife, about forty. Three children, all towheaded. They went back to Iowa to bring their stuff here. They've got to reach Virgil on the noon train, if they're going to get here at all, though it is slightly possible they're driving through by wagon. Andy Pierce went to Virgil this morning to see if they're on the train."

"Why bother?" asked Kilrain in his skeptical voice.

Kertcher gave Kilrain a long, calm stare. "That claim is worth three or four thousand. Neighbors have to stick together. We're all in the same boat."

Elizabeth Marsh said: "Isn't there any way of getting rid of those two men?"

Kertcher chuckled. "Andy and me have discussed that. Seems no way. It is a free country." He wheeled around and cantered toward Ingrid.

Kilrain moved into the shanty with Elizabeth and stood by Barney McNair's bed. He looked closely at the boy's eyes and slid his fingers against his wrist. Barney murmured: "I'm kind of tired, Curtis. But I don't feel bad. I'm not discouraged."

Kilrain said: "I believe I'll give you a shave."

Elizabeth said: "I'm going over to Mrs. Madden's for some milk."

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It was then near noon. A little after lunch Mrs. Ellis saw Elizabeth cross the prairie toward Mrs. Madden's. Mrs. Ellis was, at the time, washing dishes when she abandoned the job and brought her chair to the window and sat before it, her face tight and her eyes as luminous as a cat's eyes. She watched Elizabeth enter Madden's and later come out. She followed Elizabeth Marsh with her glance, her breathing quick and shallow, and when Elizabeth reached the Kilrain shanty, Mrs. Ellis said, "Ah," in a kind of pained ecstasy, reached for her sunnnet, and made her way to Mrs. Madden's.

"She was here, buying milk again?" Mrs. Madden said: "For the sick one for Barney."

Mrs. Ellis gave Mrs. Madden a frighted glance. "It does give her chance to be in Kilrain's cabin a lot of time, doesn't it? She was there five times yesterday. Last night he was in her shanty for an hour. Then the light went out." She turned back to the road, touring to reach the Jackson house, and as she walked she held her head down and her lips moved and her thoughts made a gray moist shine in her eyes. At Mrs. Jackson's she repeated in silence what she had observed and returned to her own shanty and took up her place at the window again to watch Kilrain's.

ALL the prairie had filled with its thick yellow-blue haze and heat grew rank and the thin air made breathing a labor. Mrs. Jackson went about her household chores, growing more and more disturbed; and in the middle of the afternoon, noting that Elizabeth Marsh crossed to her own shanty, she smoothed her dress and put on her hat and set out to pay a call with a jar of mustard pickles.

Elizabeth was inside the shanty mending a dress when Mrs. Jackson appeared. Mrs. Jackson said: "I really wanted you to try these pickles. If you like them I'll give you the recipe." Upon invitation Mrs. Jackson entered and took a chair. She removed her hat with

a great sigh and put her hands neatly on her lap. "When you get to be sixty this heat just warms a body's cold old bones. Young as you are though, and warm by nature, it must plague you."

"People grow to stand anything."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jackson, "they do," and gave Elizabeth a close look. But she didn't immediately press the talk. She ran idly on, speaking of Jackson who was her husband—Jackson was a restless man—and of her beginnings in Missouri—"I knew the Jameses and the Youngers very well." And somehow the conversation eventually got around to Mrs. Ellis. "A gossip," observed Mrs. Jackson, "is like one bad apple in a barrel. It is a pity people listen to scandal. But then, it is human. I imagine you get lonely."

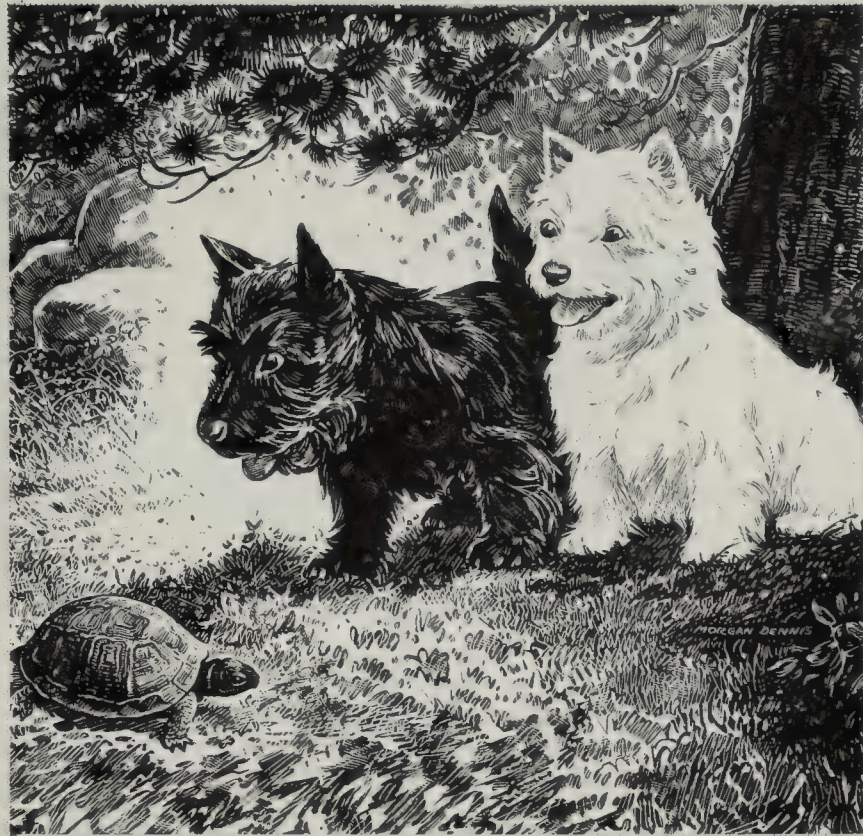
"Sometimes," said Elizabeth.

"Of course. You are young and one of the prettiest women I ever saw. You don't like people too well, do you? No use pretendin' love or charity if you don't feel it. Come and see me if you have the notion." Mrs. Jackson rose and went to the door, giving the Kilrain shanty a careless glance, and said in a mild voice: "It is nice to have a neighbor that near." Then she looked squarely at Elizabeth. "But maybe it would be the sensible thing not to give Mrs. Ellis too much room to talk." With that she went away, leaving behind her an atmosphere cleansed by the vinegar briskness of her presence.

Through the doorway Elizabeth watched the two claim jumpers move along the Colpitt claim.

Later on, she made her quick supper and left the shanty. Andy Pierce and Tom Kertcher had ridden into Kilrain's yard and she arrived to hear Pierce say:

"Colpitts weren't on the train. Maybe they're comin' through by wagon, along the river. They got just six hours to be here. I think I'll go that way and have a look." The two of them turned off. Doctor Springer's light rig came rutting along the road, into the yard. He got down with his satchel, saying, "I had to come back to see that woman with the



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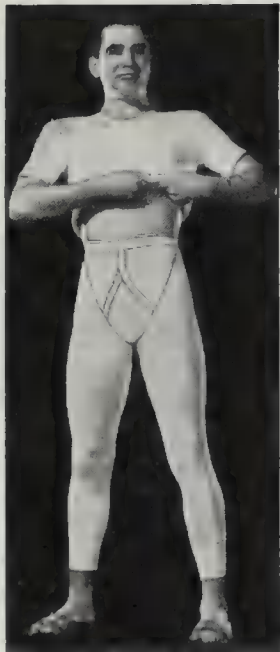




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baby. Thought I'd stop in a moment." He went into the shanty, Kilrain and Elizabeth following, and sat on the bed, looking down at Barney McNair, his finger seeking out the boy's pulse. He said: "Tired, son?"

"Disgusted," murmured Barney McNair. "Maybe I got talked out of dyin'."

"Been known to happen," said Springer, and left the cabin. Kilrain went with him and the two men stood in the yard, talking. Elizabeth heard Springer say: "When I first came here there were just a few people. Now my territory is two hundred miles square. I'm a little old for all of that."

Elizabeth moved to the doorway. Standing in it, she looked into the room and saw Springer's satchel lying on the table, and she said: "Doctor, you're—"

HE WAS near the buggy. He turned, cutting into her talk at once. "No," he said, "I'll eat at Mrs. Rand's," and when he got to the buggy seat he lifted a black satchel from the floor of the buggy and made a point of setting it beside him. "Another day," he said, and drove into the quick-falling dark.

Elizabeth returned to the shanty and stood against the wall so that she might see Kilrain's face; when he came in, his eyes struck the satchel and narrowed and grew black. Barney McNair said: "He forgot his tool kit."

"No," said Kilrain, "he didn't forget anything." He stepped to the table, opening the satchel. He looked down into it with the driest expression, but Elizabeth saw the motion of his eyes as he studied the instruments there. Turning, she left the shanty.

He came out a little later, rolling a smoke and not speaking. Elizabeth said: "I want you to hitch up and pile some camp things in the wagon. We're going down to the Colpitts' quarter. If they haven't arrived by midnight, I'm going to be Mrs. Colpitt. The claim jumpers haven't ever seen me."

"You might make that stick until morning. Then if the Colpitts haven't arrived the claim jumpers will know you fooled them—and they'll be back."

"We've got until morning."

He said: "Playing God for somebody else."

"Please, Curtis."

She took her place on the wagon seat watching him move over the yard to hitch up. Afterward he collected a few

tools and lifted the stove into the wagon. He got the bedding from his bunk and a lantern and his gun. She heard him say: "Nine o'clock now." They rode south three quarters of a mile along the line of Kilrain's fence posts and swung east. As soon as they struck the tall, uncut hay of Colpitt's section Kilrain halted and unloaded and laid out the bedding. This golden, high grass ran away, faintly shining against the black, and a soft wind began to ruffle and sigh through it. "I'll have to make this look logical," he said, and drove straight east through the uncut hay to make a track through it. Half an hour later he came back, not bothering to unhitch.

The earth's heat began to thin. She dropped on the unrolled bedding and, lying full length, watched the sky. Kilrain stood at the wagon, silent and apart from her.

"Come here, Curtis."

He moved toward her, dropping to his heels by the bedding. He looked down at the round, vague glow of her face. She reached out to touch him. Deep in the distance a coyote broke the still dark, in a wild, forlorn half howl, half bark. "There's your world, Elizabeth," said Kilrain. "An empty sound in emptiness." Long afterward he took out his watch and brought the tip of a cigarette close to it. "Not long now. Those fellows know I'm not Colpitt. I'll step back when they come."

"Doctor Springer is a little like you, Curtis. He has the same eyes. They saw through you as you see through me. That's why he left the satchel."

"Take your arm away, Elizabeth."

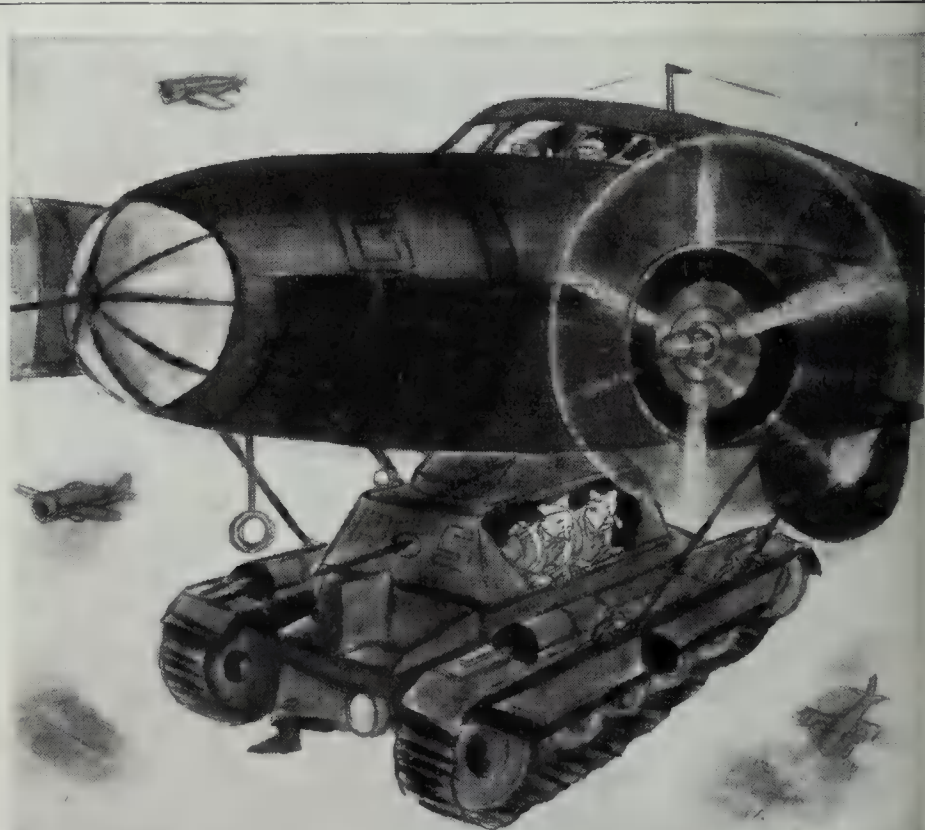
Her face moved and came nearer. "Why?"

"It puts you too close to me."

Her tone was small and inexpressibly sad: "You're not disillusioned, Curtis. You believed in some woman and she broke your heart. But you still look for that kind of woman. If I only were—"

He said: "I love you."

Sound came out of the east and a lantern made a jiggling wake in the black. Kilrain rose. "I'll be near," he said, and disappeared. She got up and moved to the wagon, now hearing voices run the night. The shadow of horses and wagon appeared and a voice called: "Who's that there?" The wagon stopped and a man strode forward with the lantern. When he got nearer she saw it to be the fat claim jumper who had been at



"And to think I joined the tank corps because I hated the air service!"

THURSTON GENTRY



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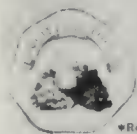
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Harriet Rand's hotel. He flung the lantern overhead so that its beam hit her face. "Who're you?"

"I'm Sarah Colpitt."

He reached for his watch and his head bowed over it. "You're too late. It's after midnight."

"We were here before. You can see our wagon trail through the grass."

"Where's your man?"

"Down at the river for water."

He said: "You can't prove you got here on time. Tink, bring up the wagon."

She stepped to the bedding and reached down to seize Kilrain's shotgun. She came back against the big man, aiming the gun on him, making him give ground. His voice, half angered and half afraid, rushed at her: "You don't try—"

"Get off this claim or my husband will kill you!"

South of her somewhere she heard the slow, dry groaning of another wagon. The big man, also hearing it, said: "What's that?"

"My husband. You get out."

The second man's voice came from the background. "Come on, Bill. No use for a shootin' scrape," and the big one wheeled and went away. Elizabeth waited in fear; for if the Colpitts arrived too soon these land jumpers would see the deception. The big man was back at the wagon, swearing at her. Kilrain came from the dark, moving fast. He rolled up the bedding and lifted the stove into the wagon. A single rider scudded up through the grass and a voice—Andy Pierce's voice—cut forward, very harsh: "What the hell you doin' here?"

"It's all right, Andy. But you're a little late."

Andy Pierce got down from his horse and moved in. "I thought you were those claim jumpers. I rode along the river and found the Colpitts. They're coming up." Then he paused to think of this and stepped close to Elizabeth. "You pulled a foxy one on 'em?"

"She was Mrs. Colpitt," said Kilrain.

"They didn't know her. She bluffed them off."

"Wait till I tell this," said Andy Pierce.

"No," said Elizabeth, "you can't. It was illegal, wasn't it? If the claim jumpers find out the Colpitts got here too late they'll contest the claim. Don't tell it." She was in the wagon, gently calling back: "Just tell the Colpitts so they'll understand. Come on, Curtis."

Kilrain moved the team away in a circle. The claim jumpers were down the Ingrid road, the creak of their wagon dying, and the Colpitts were halted somewhere southward on their own claim, their lantern swinging yellow arcs in the black. Kilrain came across Elizabeth Marsh's quarter to her shanty and stopped.

SHE sat beside him, her shoulder a weight on his arm; he looked down and saw her face swing to him and he heard her voice lift, so slow and so clear: "I must not step inside your shanty again, Curtis. There's talk of it going around."

"Does it matter?"

"It didn't, but it does now. I want these peoples' respect. And I want yours."

"You have mine."

She dropped from the wagon. She was a shadow in the dark. "Perhaps you meant what you told me a little while ago. But we are so much alike in the things that have happened to us and it is not quite the same as though we were first in love, with no doubt and no bad memories. Love can't ever be something free, for us. We'll have to work for it."

He sat still, dark on the wagon seat, lost in his thoughts.

"Curtis," she whispered, "I want your respect. If you want mine take the satchel Doctor Springer left for you."

He said: "If it means that much to you, I will. Good night."

"Good night," she murmured, and watched him drive away.



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## Smarty

Continued from page 21

Sanders." Pleased to meet you," Mildred said. "I hope there's a nice, friendly crowd aboard, don't you?" Max mumbled something and sought sanctuary in Stacey Maxwell's cabin. Stacey, sitting on the edge of his bed with an open whisky bottle in one hand and a glass in the other said, "I hear you got a divorce." "My wife got a divorce," Max said. "Where are you bound for?" "San Francisco. They're trying my case out on the coast."

"Is it good?" "No," Stacey said. He sighed and ordered himself another drink.

Max checked out a few minutes later, went up on deck for some air before going in. Corrigan was nowhere in sight but the yellow-haired one was leaning over the rail staring at the water. As Max took his place beside her he was conscious of faint regret that it wasn't five years ago. Then he hadn't known the pattern. There would have been a lift, something coming alive in the beginning of the game. He kicked the first ball: "I watched you play aboard." She turned slowly as though she was doing it because she had nothing better to do. "I made a bet on myself that you've traveled this far before and that you know the captain."

"You win," she said. "Pay yourself." Max went back to looking at the water. "You don't want to talk to me, do you?" Max said.

"Not very much." "When I'll say good night. My name is Sanders and I'm very tired." He smiled as he went below. He knew the pattern too. The lady spider sits on her web and waits.

He went to bed and fell asleep feeling sorry that he and Cora hadn't made out it was a gentle regret and nothing that tore him inside. He wanted something to tear him inside so that he'd be inside was still there.

Garda Standish (he found out her name from the passenger list) spun her inside her cabin and stayed there four days. Max ambled about avoiding the ubiquitous Mildred Corrigan, sprang from odd corners at all hours of day. All her clothes were new. Her outfit was worse than the last. She fled from her and she was finally in to conversing with the stewards in the smoke room.

WHEN Garda did appear on the fifth day a teamlike spirit sprang up between Max and Stacey. Each presented a report at mealtime. On the seventh all scores were in Garda's favor. He maintained the stolid attitude that Max and Stacey were not aboard.

Stacey said at lunch, "Something is going on with that girl. She's suffering from something."

"Maybe," Max said. He broke a corn on the cob and buttered the half he received.

"I think it's you she doesn't trust," Stacey said then.

Max grinned. "Why should she? For no matter, why should she trust you?" "Her lip doesn't curl quite as much as she looks at me."

Max swallowed the last of his muffin. "Who gets the deck chair this afternoon?" "The deck chair was, by carelessness, the one next Garda's."

"Do."

"You do not. You had it this morning."

"He didn't come on deck this morning."

"That," said Max, "isn't my fault. That might be called the fortunes of war."

"Take the deck chair," Stacey said. "She'll just sit and curl her lip."

Garda did nothing so unbecoming as to curl her lip. She simply sat down and closed her eyes. While Max was thinking up something startling to say such as, "I wonder if they'll be able to put out that fire on the boat deck," he was assailed by a familiar voice at his left. "Hello," Mildred Corrigan said, settling.

Garda opened her eyes quickly, as though she'd been stung, and looked. After a moment of pained regard she closed them again.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Mildred said. "I'm beginning to relax already."

SITTING on the edge of the deck chair, leaning forward, her hands clasped tensely in her lap, she was so relaxed it hurt. One had to know, looking at her, that as she walked around the deck alone, seeking friends, a panic rose in her. In her cabin, ready to come above, she looked beautiful to herself. Once on deck everything changed. She stood apart, no part of anything, with nobody to take the friendship she offered. One knew, too, that she didn't want much. Just to have people say hello, or to wave. Max felt a grinding discomfort in his middle. It wasn't right for anybody to be so friendless, so pushed out.

She said, with a desperate kind of brightness, "I hope you won't think I'm funny but would you like to have a drink with me? A glass of beer or something?"

Max said gently: "You're very kind but I rarely drink before six-thirty."

"Maybe at six-thirty?" she said.

"I'm afraid . . . you see I've made another engagement."

A cool, cultured, devilish voice beside him said, "I am sorry not to have told you before but I have to break our engagement. I'd promised to have cocktails with the captain. I'm glad to know you'll have other company."

Max turned a full, withering look upon her but she wasn't withered. She was blandly grinning. It was the first time he'd seen Gardia Standish having a really good time. Mildred Corrigan pinned him down before he had the strength to wriggle. "Then you can," she said happily. "That's wonderful." Drunk with success, she yammered at Gardia, "Maybe you'll have a drink with me tomorrow night." She wanted lots and lots of friends, all liking her.

Garda removed herself, without moving, from Mildred's world. "I'll have to let you know tomorrow." It was a neat dismissal. Mildred got to her feet with an awkward, uncertain lunge and steadied herself against the roll of the ship. "Well, I guess you two want to be alone. Me butting in this way, imagine." She looked at Max. "I'll see you in the smoke room at six-thirty."

They sat for quite some time while Gardia laughed happily. Then Max got up and said viciously, "I'm a mining engineer. Does that interest you?"

"No," Gardia said.

"I'm not rich," Max said, "but I'm not poor. I'm thirty, I've only just got divorced from my wife and it occurs to me that you're just a little too smart. Does any of it interest you?"

"Not remotely," Gardia said.

"You've let me in for a fine half-hour this afternoon."

"That interests me," said Gardia. "I'll be there. At the captain's table."

Max stalked away.

At six-thirty, when he saw La Corrigan waiting outside the smoke-room

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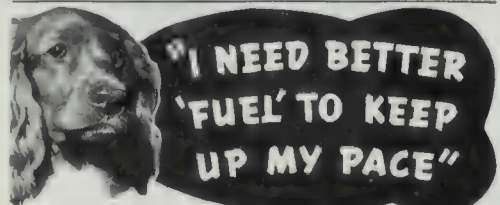
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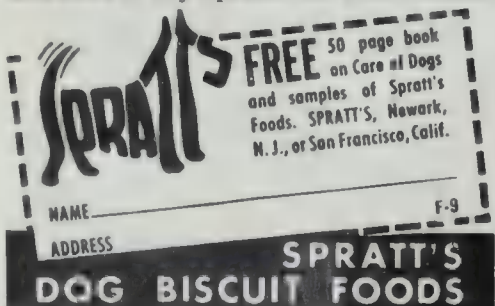
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door he knew that the three braces he'd taken hadn't been enough. She wore an unbelievable creation of white satin, cut too low, and over it an Oriental shawl embroidered in the most hideous of colored silks. Her make-up was thicker than ever.

As they entered the smoke room Max had ample opportunity to see Garda, her nice square shoulders covered by a thin film of black net, sitting at the captain's table. She held a champagne glass with gentle consideration by the stem while she watched, with equally gentle gravity, their entrance. A curious little quirk came at the corner of her mouth but it was nothing so overt as a smile.

Mildred chose a table right out in the center of the room and consulted the wine card with awful concentration. "I don't know what I'm going to have," she announced. Her voice had a remarkable carrying quality. "What are you going to have?"

"A double Scotch," Max said morosely.

"Oh, I want that too. A straight double Scotch. That'll be just fine."

The smoke-room door opened to admit Stacey. He made for the captain's table. Max saw him bend over Garda's hand and take the chair nearest her. Mildred was twitching at his sleeve. "Tell me all about yourself, Mr. Sanders. I just know you do something terribly interesting."

"I'm a mining engineer," Max said sullenly.

"Oh, how interesting." Mildred drank most of her Scotch as though a train she wanted to catch was getting up steam. "My husband's a Navy man. Not an officer."

"Your husband?" Had somebody actually married her?

A queer, uncertain expression flitted across her face. After a moment it was replaced by the desperate brightness he had come to recognize. "He's stationed on shore in Panama now," she said. "I figure that we can have a home and kids and everything. When they get stationed on shore they can have a home, you know. He's attached to the airport."

SHE regarded her empty glass. Max called the steward. The steward brought another. She took a cigarette and as he lit it for her he noticed that her hand shook.

"I cabled him before I got on the boat," she said, "but he hasn't answered. I kind of expected I'd have a cable back before now but I guess cable service in tropical countries is kind of slow sometimes, isn't it?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"I haven't had a card from him in an awful long time," she said. "A friend of his told me about his being stationed on shore. He isn't much for writing. So I just decided I'd come down and we'd be together like married people should. Don't you think I was right?"

"Married people should certainly live together," Max said.

She said worriedly, "I spent all my money to come. Is it very expensive to live in Panama? I mean if he's not there or something . . . could I get work? I can do most anything."

He had a quick vision of her adrift in Panama, stumbling around the cafés looking for friends, for something to belong to, something to believe and build on. He said gently, "Things will work out, I'm sure. You look as though some fresh air would be welcome. Shall we go out on deck?" She lurched obediently to her feet and Max signed the check.

He left her at the door of the dining saloon when the dinner gong sounded. He didn't want any dinner. He went to his cabin and lay there thinking

about how men and women kill each other and don't care because while you're killing you're not being killed and what isn't happening to you doesn't hurt. It wasn't just Mildred Corrigan stumbling around trying to find somebody to believe and cling to, it was everybody. Everybody in the world. For a while you'd have new hope and then you'd find out suddenly that everybody was the same. When the moment comes they run and you're alone.

Nobody knows what the moment is going to be. It may not be death or sickness or pain but just a time when you need help. And then when they're not there it hurts. If you could just once see somebody come through, stand steadfast, not wanting or gaining anything for himself. Just fighting for you. But people weren't like that. That was the way it was and the way you had to take it.

HE LAY there until eleven-thirty and then Stacey pounded on the door. He had news. "You know that Standish girl," he said. "I had a long talk with her tonight. She's wonderful."

"Yeah?" Max said.

"You'd think, to look at her, that she'd been brought up in the lap of luxury, wouldn't you?"

"And?" Max said.

"She's a coal miner's daughter. She told me all about her childhood, how they starved during the strikes and she worked in a mill nine hours a day when she was ten years old. Then she decided to better herself and she—"

Max said in a kind of agonized way, "Go away, Stacey."

"What's the matter now?"

"You, you consummate jackass," Max said. "You're the matter. Get out of here."

Stacey left in a hurt and dignified silence. Max got up, straightened his tie, put on his coat and went looking for her. He went straight up to the boat deck. There she was, wearing a little black velvet wrap, smoking and leaning over the rail looking at the water again. "So you're a miner's daughter," Max said savagely. "So you had a horrible childhood, filled with toil."

Her smile was gentle and grave. "Isn't the drum system wonderful," she said. "From hill to hill, tribe to tribe. It makes one wonder if the telephone was such a great invention after all."

"Why do you always talk as though you were going to a fight?"

"Why do I always find one?" she said.

"What are you defending that you have to be so smart and so hard? What's the percentage in making fools of people?"

"The mothers of most people saved me the trouble," Garda said.

"You're not so much smarter than anybody else."

"Yes I am," said Garda. "Look." She thrust a piece of paper into his hand. On it was written, in a large, childlike scrawl, "Mr. Sanders will be on deck between eleven and eleven-thirty re miner's daughter."

Max crumpled it and threw it overboard. Then, with unabated savagery he put his arms around her and kissed her hard. Putting her back with a thump he said, "It's like kissing a hunk of steel."

She said, "What did you expect, mush?"

"Nothing inside," Max said. "Ready to take but not ready to give. I know your kind."

"I know your kind too," said Garda.

"Let's go down and have a nightcap. This isn't getting either of us anywhere."

She laughed. "I didn't expect to get anywhere. That's where I'm smarter than you are."

Over his brandy Max said, "I don't know why I can't stop thinking about



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and following you around all the time. Maybe it's because you've made me mad." "Maybe it's lahve," Garda said with a gleam. "How did you get on the American tragedy?" "At least she's a woman," Max said. "At least she's had the guts to take a chance and go looking for the man she longs to." "You?" said Garda. "My husband."

"Oh, she has a husband," Garda said. "I don't want to talk about it," said Max. "They separated at the head of the case. He went to his cabin and at the night arguing with himself. Should he be in love? Why, he doesn't even know the girl. She had yellow hair and no heart, that was all he knew."

After that, when he saw her he made things worse between them. Because he much wanted to say, "I love you," because he was afraid he would say it and take refuge in cruelty. Once, after having her brutally, he said, "You'll be an old woman and alone. You know I don't you?" "You're not there I'll manage," she said. "Thank you for worrying about me."

He had an effortless, maddening way of catching the barbs and returning them to him point-first.

THE last day out Stacey announced triumphantly that she had decided to dine with them that night. While he changed just before dinner, Max thought about things. Garda and Stacey were a sailboat looking up at the sky, with the same spray in their faces. Garda was waiting, indolent and happy, where in a house. Any kind of house. This was the last night. In the morning she would say, detached and calm, "Goodbye Mr. Sanders. It's been a long and move off on some aimless, serious mission of her own. He realized with a shock, even before she was going. At dinner he asked her, "I haven't made up mind," she said. "I'm getting off at Panama to decide." When they went for a walk on deck, Max passed the smoke room. Max noticed that Mildred Corrigan was sitting alone at a table in the far corner. He deliberately kept his eyes turned toward her to forestall that preliminary, eager and her subsequent descent upon him.

They walked slowly. Max was sitting. He knew that even if Stacey left alone with Garda he'd still just walk out saying what was pounding at the back of his head. If she'd given the gift of mind reading how would he laugh! Garda waiting, in a house. Any kind of house. A being warm and sweet with his hands. He laughed aloud. She looked at him and said, "What?" "I'm just thinking foolish things," he replied. "I don't want to hear them too?"

"I don't want to hear them too?"

"My foolish thoughts are for my own ears," Max said.

They were passing the smoke room again. Suddenly they were halted by an awful sound coming through the open window. There was no mistaking that voice. The Corrigan was giving tongue. Moving closer they ranged along the window and peered in. Mildred was standing by a coldly infuriated group of bridge players. She must have fastened on them, and they must have said something horrible to dislodge her. She was crying: not nicely, not quietly, but bellowing like a calf that's lost its mother. While she bellowed she was giving them a piece of her mind. You couldn't have heard an anvil drop. "Who do you think you are? What right have you got to treat me like I was poison? You stuck-up, rotten, awful old louse!"

"Ouch," Garda said.

"I'm just as good as you are! All I said was he had a lot of diamonds! That's all I said! All I wanted was to be nice and talk, that's all I wanted! I even asked you to have a drink with me and I'll bet you've got thousands and thousands of dollars, too! You're a—"

Stacey said, "Let's get away from here!"

"I'm just as good as you are! I've worked hard all my life and I'll bet that's more than you can say, you old hag! I'll bet you couldn't iron a shirt if you had to. Well, I can! I get paid for it!"

Max knew he should go in and help her. She was fighting alone, fighting stupidly perhaps, but openly and honestly. He hadn't the courage to go in. What did she mean to him? Nothing. Here it was, the penalty for letting people know what you felt. You're ridiculous and people turn their heads away, leaving you alone in your fright and misery. He ought to help her. It wasn't right not to help her. While he was hating himself for his cowardice and nervously himself to take the step he heard Garda say, "Excuse me." She moved toward the smoke-room door and opened it.

Standing there in the doorway she called clear across the room so everybody could hear her, "Mildred! We've been looking all over for you! Come out and join us on deck!"

Somehow, Mildred Corrigan got to her, stumbling blindly, ashamed now, reaching out for refuge and friendship. She found it in the circle of Garda's arm. Garda drew her out on deck and closed the door, saying, "It's all right. It's going to be all right, really it is." To Max and Stacey she said, "Mildred and I are going below, to my cabin." Mildred, sobbing convulsively against Garda's shoulder, said, "I didn't mean to. I don't know what happened to me. I didn't mean to."

"Nothing happened that couldn't happen to any of us," Garda said.

Max went sick and weak with pride. He leaned, with his head against the bulkhead, watching them go. Stacey said, "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me?" Max

## A good Pointer on better gin drinks



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**Q.** Why is Fleischmann's—the first American gin—so smooth-mixing in gin drinks?

**A.** Because that characteristic has been developed in Fleischmann's for generations. Every ingredient used in its distilling is selected for the purpose.

**Q.** What's the best time to try this "pedigreed" gin?

**A.** Right now!



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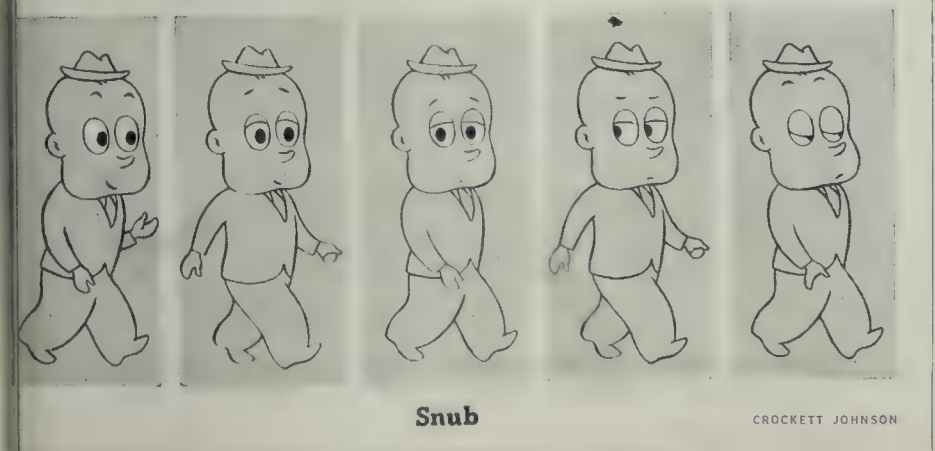


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said. "I'm a fool, that's what's the matter with me. I'm blind and deaf and a little bit crazy, that's what's the matter with me." He left Stacey abruptly and went to the radio room. Leaning on the counter he said to the radio operator, "Know a man named Corrigan in Panama? Attached to the airport station?"

"Little guy?" the operator said. "Always getting into fights?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Yes, I know him."

"Send him a message and tell him to meet the Venida tomorrow morning. I've got a present for him." He dropped a bill on the counter and started out.

"What'll I sign it?" the operator said.

"Sign your name."

"Where's the package?"

"I'll deliver the package," Max said.

He went down and knocked on Garda's door. She came with a wet towel in one hand and some ice in the other. Max said, "I love you. I love you more than I've ever loved anything or anybody. Does that interest you?"

Her smile was warm and real and interested. "I'm busy," Garda said. "Can't you see?"

"I can wait," Max said. "But while I'm waiting I'll still be loving you unbearably." He went away and waited and loved her unbearably for almost an hour. Then she appeared and leaned against the rail beside him. "What were you saying?" she said. "With a handful of ice it's hard to concentrate."

**T**HE following morning long before they docked Mildred was hanging over the rail trying to see a familiar figure waiting.

"She picked him up on the water front," Garda said, "sick. She nursed him all one winter and worked in a laundry to support him. She had a baby and it died. People go through things, don't they?" She added viciously: "He'd better be waiting for her. If he isn't, I'll find him."

Max laughed. Garda said, "You think it's funny?"

"I think it would be funny if you found him," Max said. "I'd like to see it."

"He wouldn't," said Garda.

"I know," Max said.

Mildred saw them and walked over to them. Her eyes were shining. "He's here," she said, tugging at Garda. "My husband is here! He's down there. Oh, how long does it take to dock?" She dragged Max and Garda to the rail and then hung over it perilously, waving. The compact little man shading his eyes from the sun waved back and they could see a gold tooth gleaming in the front of his mouth. Stacey came by looking for them and Mildred clutched at him. "It's my husband," she said, pointing. "Look, he's waving. He's waving at me." She waved back frantically.

On the dock, while Mildred was opening her luggage, Max and Corrigan talked. Corrigan kept watching Mildred curiously. Mildred had never had friends like these before. Max said, "She sort of expected you'd radio her on the ship."

"She was on, wasn't she?" Corrigan said, grinning. "She couldn't get could she?"

"Sometimes women like to know what's going on in a man's mind," Max said.

"**WOMEN** are funny," Corrigan said. "Mildred's a good sort until she gets mad." He chuckled. "You should see Mildred mad."

"I did," Max said. "I thought she was fine."

"It's better to have her on your side than the other," Corrigan said.

Max smiled at Garda, who was snapping the lock on one of her bags. When a man felt that way everything was right. They could stop worrying about Mildred. At the taxi, Mildred put her arms around Garda's neck and kissed her loudly on both cheeks. "I thought you were awful stuck-up," she said, "and here you're my best friend. It goes show, doesn't it?" Corrigan looked very proud because Garda was Mildred's best friend. "Come and see us," he said expansively. "Any time at all. Mildred's friends are my friends." He patted Mildred's shoulder. "Wait for me, sugar," he said. "There's a guy on board got a package for me. I'll be right back and we'll have a drink to celebrate."

Max let him go. He got into the taxi after Garda and Stacey and they waved goodbye to Mildred.

In the lounge of the Washington Hotel they ordered beer. Max said, "I can be back from Colombia in two weeks. Then we can go to Guatemala."

"I don't think I'd like this place two weeks," Garda said. But she looked very peaceful and settled.

"I can't take you to Colombia."

"Who asked you to?"

"You're not really so smart," Max said. "When you start waiting around for people you're not smart at all. You know that, don't you?"

"You don't have to tell me what's smart and what isn't," Garda said. "I can take care of myself right well, Mr. Sanders."

Stacey, who had been listening suspiciously, leaned forward. "Did you or did you not, just propose to Garda?" he said. "In a way it sounded as though you had. On the other hand it sounded as though you were starting another fight. And if you did propose, what would she say? Or is it asking too much?"

Max said, "You go write a play about love. And be sure there's a lot in it about mutual understanding and patience and long suffering. Otherwise you won't sell it."



"How do you do, Mr. McCarthy... Good morning, Mr. Lord... Hello, Miss Oakley... How are you, Mr. Preissler..."

DANIEL ALAIN





## "DEAR—AREN'T YOU GAINING INSTEAD OF LOSING?"

**JO:** "Three—four—touch the floor!"

**CHARLIE:** I'm *not* gaining! It's these confounded shorts. They've shrunk at least two sizes. And it's all your fault, too!

**MARY:** My fault? I got "pre-shrunk" shorts, just like you told

**CHARLIE:** Ow, I knew it! "Pre-shrunk!" Just what I *didn't* say!

**MARY:** "Five—six—kick!"—Well, what do I ask for, then?

**CHARLIE:** Sanforized-Shrunk! The kind you can depend on. Sanforizing takes all the shrinking out of a fabric down to a measly 1%, by standard tests.

**MARY:** Don't talk per cents to me. What I'm interested in is *fit*! "—seven—eight—bend!"

**CHARLIE:** Ouch! What I'm interested in is *comfort*! And Sanforized-Shrunk shorts won't ever shrink out of fit—no matter how often they're washed. Same thing is true of Sanforized pajamas.

**MARY:** How much extra do they cost? That's where I'll feel the pinch.

**CHARLIE:** Not a cent more than these terrible things you buy. "—nine—ten—" whew!

**MARY:** What is it I ask for, dear?

**CHARLIE:** Turn that thing off and get a pencil! I'm going to write down a complete list of what I need, with these words underlined—buy 'em SANFORIZED-SHRUNK!

### "WELL, WHAT'S WRONG NOW..?"



**SHE:** There they are—Sanforized-Shrunk shorts and pajamas. Just what you asked for.

**HE:** But you didn't get me any Sanforized-Shrunk *shirts*!



**SHE:** What am I supposed to be—a mind reader?

**HE:** But you *knew* I needed some. And you can get Sanforized shirts all over town, in practically every style and make. At regular prices, too.



NEXT DAY—

**SHE:** There, smarty! The clerk said if all your Sanforized-Shrunk things didn't fit you perfectly every time they were washed—it's a sure sign you ought to do the shrinking!



**SHE:** And I can buy all kinds of things Sanforized now—wash dresses, children's clothes, uniforms, slacks and work clothes, slip-cover and drapery materials—anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon. If I look for the label, I'm safe!

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE WORDS... **SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**



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**Mighty Grand**, I'll say, since they've found a way to shower the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice with important vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G. Why, that "Vitamin Rain" idea doesn't cost me a cent more—yet it helps make key vitamin protection for my family so easy. It's this way . . .



**Just Think!** I simply serve either the new Quaker Puffed Wheat or the Rice with a favorite fruit and our usual milk. This means we get nearly half of our minimum daily needs of those key vitamins, every morning—in a meal that's deliciously satisfying for everybody . . .



**It's an Extra Advantage for the Children.** For, like all modern mothers, I know key vitamins are important to youngsters for sturdy growth, good development, healthy nerves and alert minds.



**Lots of Energy and Sound Nerves** rate high with us, too. I'm a stickler for looking my best—and Dad's old gray matter just must keep working right these days. Yes, vitamins *do* count big. Seems this new "Vitamin Rain" breakfast food is just what my whole family needs. It makes possible such a real Modern Extra Advantage!



## ONLY THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE BRING YOU "VITAMIN RAIN"!

\*Imagine! Thanks to Quaker's "Vitamin Rain" process, all you do is serve the New Quaker Puffed Wheat or Rice with milk and your usual fruit (orange juice, peaches, tomato juice, etc.).

This marvelously tempting breakfast combination provides at least 40% of the minimum daily requirements of these five key vitamins—A-B<sub>1</sub>-C-D and G! It's a morning's vitamin-plenty, possible because "Vitamin Rain" supplies measured portions of vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, D and G to the breakfast food, supplemented by the vitamin content of the fruit and milk.

Why not make sure *your* family is getting this modern extra advantage? For "Vitamin Rain" unlocks the way to a daily vitamin protection everybody needs.

Remember to ask your grocer for the New Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice today. Serve alternately, for this daily extra protection and delightful variety. In a new, larger package—yet costs no more. Visit or phone your grocer's now!

WITH MILK AND FRUIT YOUR *Vitamin* BREAKFAST



Famous for flavor, the New Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice now bring "Vitamin Rain" besides! Always in the light-proof red and blue box to protect vitamin value and crispness.



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# The New QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE



## One-Two Punch

Continued from page 12

But his goal was third base, and during the next five years he often looked like a great hot-corner guardian. The Braves brought him up for trials in 1931 and 1932, but shipped him back to the minors. By 1933 he was with the San Francisco Missions, hitting .378 in late June. The Red Sox brought him east for another shot at the big show.

Just when he appeared all set, Tom Yawkey bought the Sox and began flooding the team with ready-made stars. One of the first he bought was Bill Werber, who now plays third base for the Reds. Werber ran Walters out of the Sox infield, for Bucky's hitting had slumped almost from the day he came to the Sox. It was a blow to him when he was waived out of the American League in mid-1934 and claimed by his home-town Phillies for the basic price of \$7,500.

### No Joke to Bucky

But even there he flopped. He became the epitome of failure, a Phillies substitute. It was a relief to him when, near the end of the 1934 season, Jimmy Wilson sent him in to pitch. The assignment was a comical one, but Walters took it seriously. He pitched seven innings that fall, finishing one game and starting another. He struck out seven men and allowed eight hits.

At training camp in 1934 he went back to third base. But during the off-season the Phils had taken Johnny Vergez in a trade. Vergez wasn't much of a third baseman, but he was better than Walters.

In an exhibition game against the Senators in Orlando, Bucky turned in his worst performance of the 1935 training season. Not only was he terrible at bat,

but his fielding had gone to pot. After the game Jimmy Wilson went up to him in the locker room, where he sat in lonely despair in a corner, and told him he wanted him to ride back to Winter Haven with him.

En route to the Phils' home base, Wilson stopped the car at a roadside lunch stand. He and Walters and Hans Lobert, the Phils coach, got out. Lobert took Walters aside and began to talk to the moody infielder about the happy lot of a big-league pitcher. At the peak of Lobert's monologue Wilson, by prearrangement, sat down beside him and said, "Bucky, I think you ought to try pitching. You've got a great arm, and . . . well . . ." Wilson liked Walters too much to finish the sentence with a cursory summation of Walters' chances as a third baseman.

He's a sympathetic sort, this Wilson. He knew that Walters' grip on a big-league job was precarious enough, without further imperiling it by asking him to try the game's most difficult task. He knew Walters was married, and burdened with responsibility. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bucky," Wilson promised. "I won't expect a thing out of you as a pitcher until June. And, listen, the club will give you a \$25 bonus for every game you win. And if you flop . . . well, okay. I'll find some way to keep you around."

Wilson had no idea how he would keep his word. He knew too that the owners of the Phils would not agree to pay Walters or anybody else a \$25-a-game bonus. He knew that that would have to come from his own not-too-fertile pocket.

The next day Bucky went into the bull pen. He had neither curve nor change of pace nor knowledge of how to hold a man on base nor any profound knowledge of the weaknesses of oppos-

ing batters. Wilson used him in twenty-four games that 1935 season. He lost nine games and in 151 innings of work he struck out only forty batters. He allowed an average of 4.17 runs a game. But to the surprise of all he won nine games, and nine times Wilson presented him with \$25 and told him that the grateful owners were giving it to him.

By 1936 he had improved, but he seemed to be getting worse. "Looking back on it, I think I had more stuff that season than I'll ever have," the quiet man told us not long ago. "I never worked as hard in my life and I guess I never will again." What he didn't say was that he was bedeviled all season by one of the worst ball clubs in the history of the majors. Walters lost twenty-one games that year and won only eleven. At the end of the year his right arm was shaped like a scimitar. It wouldn't straighten out until he took it to the famed trainer of the Detroit Tigers, Denny Carroll.

### Learning the Hard Way

Walters staggered through another backbreaking season in 1937, learning something every time he pitched and somehow managing to keep sane while the Phils threw away his ball games. He won fourteen and lost fifteen, for a better average than the Phils were able to show as a team. His bases on balls significantly dropped from 115 to 86; his strike-outs rose from 66 to 87.

Walters escaped from the Phils on June 13, 1938. He was traded to the Reds for Virgil Davis, Al Hollingsworth and a sum of money which the teams placed at \$55,000. Warren Giles, general manager of the Reds, said, "Now maybe we can go places," a whistling-in-the-dark boast, inasmuch as Walters' record at the time was an abysmal four victories against eight defeats. Walters won eleven games for the Reds the remainder of that season, and the Reds climbed into fourth place for the first time in years.

Then, as 1939 came along, and Walters reached his hard-earned crest as a pitcher, he suddenly and without warning recaptured his third-basing skill. The more he frustrated rival batters, the more knowledge he himself picked up about hitting big-league pitching. At bat he flirted with the .400 mark through half of the season and finished well over the .300 mark for the year. He held his opponents to a bleak .219 stick average, as time after time he broke up his own pitching battles with crackling hits in the pinch.

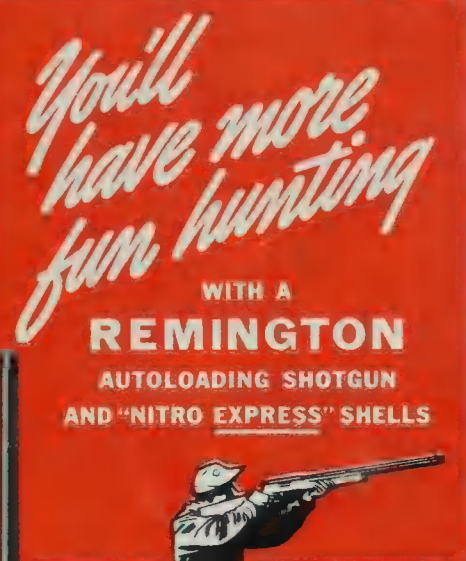
As for his fielding, he became a kind of fifth infielder for the Reds, making stops and throws that shamed the accredited guardians of the several sacks. Walters began to eye third base again. But he knew that the spark had come too late. He was a pitcher now. And, we hurriedly add, what a pitcher! During 1939 he won twenty-seven games and lost eleven. He pitched more innings than any National League thrower, 319, won more games, struck out more men, 137, and had the best earned-run average, 2.29. He was named Most Valuable Player in his league virtually by acclamation.

After Derringer became a pitcher he was turned down by the Cards, under Bob O'Farrell and by the Red Sox, under Lee Fohl. Fohl crushed the tall six-foot-three rookie by calling his curve a "wrinkle" and advising him to try some other trade. Twice he bounced up to the Cards for trials, then back to the sticks, and the only encouragement he



"We got enough stuff that everybody doesn't like to have a special 40-cent luncheon!"

BOB DUNN



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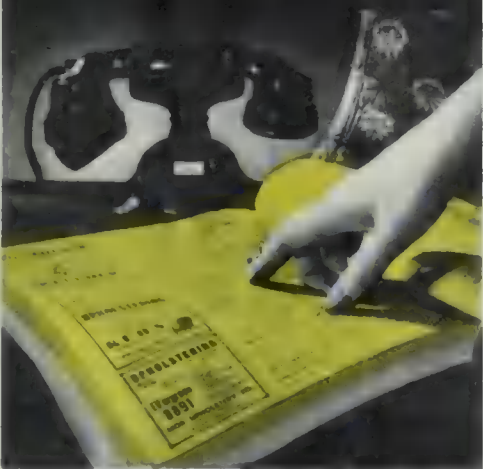
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got along the route came from Bill McKechnie, whom he encountered first as a Card coach and later as manager of Rochester, and from old Grover Cleveland Alexander.

"Alex taught me the most important thing I ever learned about pitching," the Duke told us not long ago. "He showed me that the only way to get control is to finish your pitch with both feet solidly on the ground. He made me appreciate, too, that you don't throw a ball with your arm as much as you throw it with your shoulder, your back, your hips and legs."

With old Alex's advice, Derringer won twenty-three games for Rochester in 1930, and he impressed the Cards so much in the spring of 1931 that Branch Rickey ordered him kept and another rookie, named Dizzy Dean, sent back to Houston—a decision which prompted Dean to squawk, "All I can say, Mr. Rickey, is that you just traded away thirty games." Rickey knew what he was doing. Derringer won eighteen games and pitched the Cards into the World Series.

But the next year he failed to pitch .500 ball, warred with his bosses, and in 1933 he was exiled to Cincinnati, strictly a cellar club, where his twenty-seven losses came within two defeats of the record for futility set in 1905 by Vic Willis of the Braves. In the minors he had battled with Billy Southworth; with the Cards he had clashed with Gabby Street, and now at Cincinnati in 1933 he ran afoul the mercurial Larry MacPhail.

MacPhail, whose flare-ups made Derringer's Kentucky temper pale in comparison, fined the Duke \$250 and suspended him for three days for failing to slide into a base, although Derringer was "out" by several yards. When the three-day suspension was up, Mac-

Phail called Derringer into his office and was excoriating him when Derringer idly picked up an inkwell and flung it at MacPhail's head. It missed by an inch and MacPhail sat down in his chair, white-faced, black-blotched and shaken.

"You might have killed me, Derringer," MacPhail gasped.

"That's what I was meaning to do," Derringer said coldly.

MacPhail suddenly reached into his desk for what Derringer thought would be a gun. But he came out with a checkbook, wrote out a check for \$750 and handed it to Derringer. "Here, I'm paying you back the money I fined you."

"But what's this extra dough for?" Derringer demanded.

"That's a bonus for missing me, you blankety so-and-so," MacPhail roared, thereby ending the squabble.

### Special Delivery Reproof

National League batters will tell you that Derringer hasn't missed anything he's thrown at since then. Gabby Hartnett got on him one day and called him a nasty phrase reflecting on Paul's ancestry.

"Don't say that," Paul said, quietly. Hartnett roared it again, as he stood at bat. Paul cranked up and hit Gabby in the neck, from a distance of sixty feet, six inches. "No sense hitting him on the head," he explained as they carried Gab away.

He probably is the most accurate thrower in baseball history. Over a span of 1,390 innings, covering five years, he walked only 230 men, many of them purposely passed. That's one walk for every 6.04 innings. During the 1939 season he walked only 35, one for every 8.6 innings. On one incredible streak he faced 208 straight batters without walking one, then broke his

string by passing Morrie Arnovich purposely. It was Derringer who clinched the '39 pennant, after the Cards had turned back his buddy, Walters, in a crucial game near the end of the season. And he finished them off by striking out Medwick and Mize in the ninth.

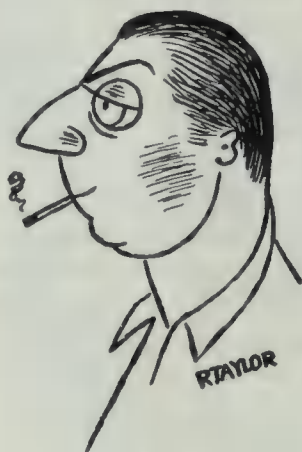
Neither pitcher could win a game against the Yanks in the 1939 World Series, though Derringer lost a heart-breaker to Ruffing, the man who tried to get him a job with the Red Sox back in 1926. Walters had the misfortune to be opposed in the second game of the series by Monte Pearson, who almost pitched a no-hitter. And Bucky was in the box, sailing along on a lead in the fourth game when his team fell to pieces around him.

The 31-year-old Walters and the 34-year-old Derringer want another crack, another One-Two Punch series competition. And they started out this season to get that chance. By August these two square pegs who had finally found the proper holes had won thirty games between them, while losing only thirteen. Walters was turning in such feats as beating the challenging Cards 6-1, and driving in three of the runs himself. Derringer was providing such performances as a one-hitter against the same Cards and a two-hitter against the Giants. In the All-Star game at St. Louis the American League sluggers found them untouchable, while they pitched their league's team on to victory.

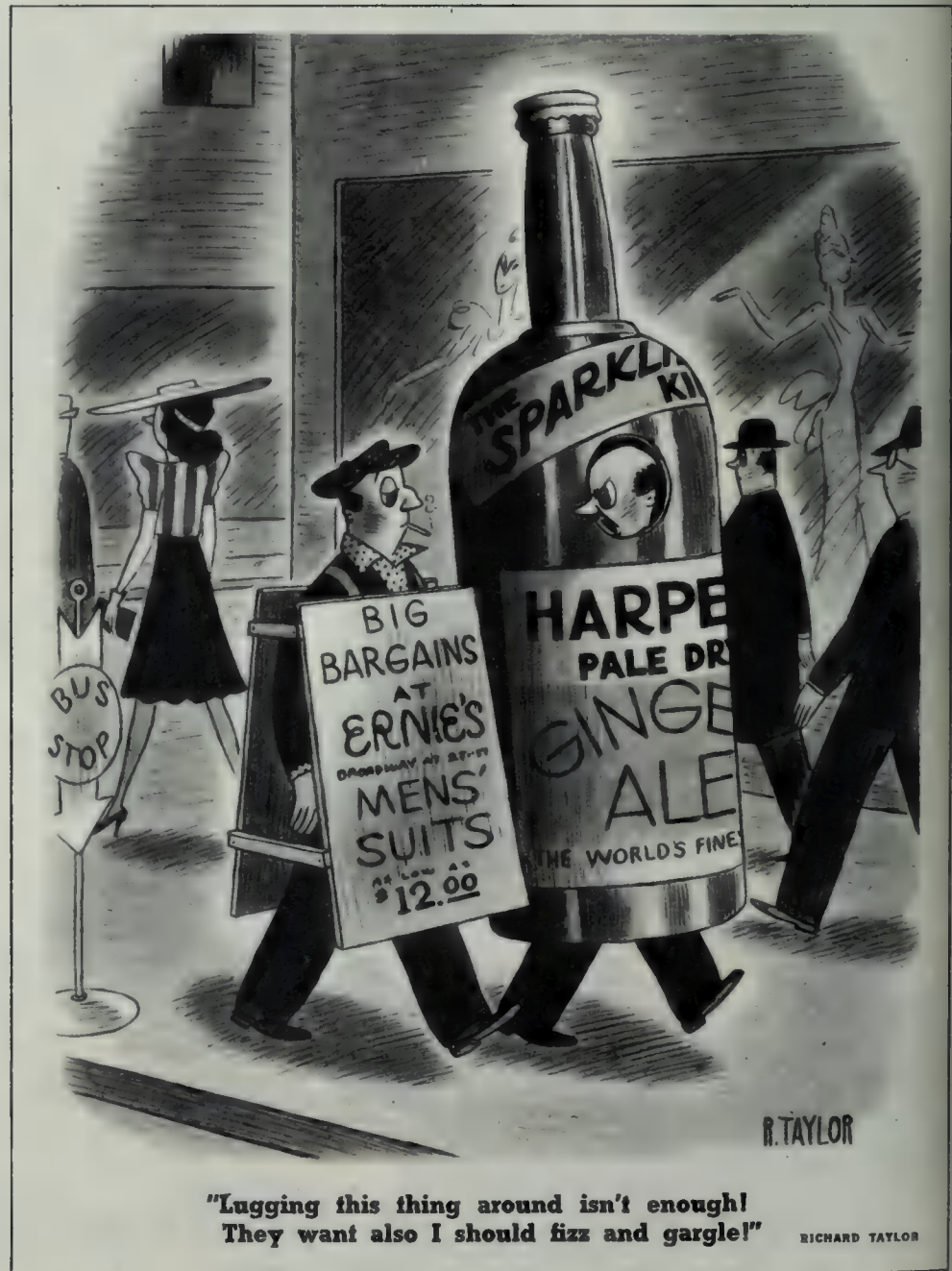
Their strange careers and their personalities bear a remarkable likeness. But on one radical point they disagree severely. Derringer is convinced that the greatest pitcher in the league is Walters. And Walters, a peace-loving soul, can work himself into an ire when he hears someone doubt that Derringer is the best.

### FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists  
No. 5



Richard Taylor once taught art but was fired for introducing radical ideas. This accounts for his weird pictures (see sample at right)—which aren't half so weird as he'd like to make them. Born thirty-seven years ago in Fort William, Canada, he studied art in Toronto, Los Angeles and New York, and ran the gantlet of commercial work before romping into the cartoon field. Now lives in Connecticut and is fond of beer, faded wallpaper and rain.



"Lugging this thing around isn't enough!  
They want also I should fizz and gargle!"

RICHARD TAYLOR



# ***Ready when and where you need 'em, Uncle Sam***

**Here are some pretty solid Defense assets you have right now—and can count on—contributed by the TRUCKING INDUSTRY**

**T**AKE a look below, Uncle Sam... and you, too, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen.

Some things there you probably didn't know...some amazing facts to give everybody just a hint of the vast value to the nation of the nation's trucking industry.

The tax money to maintain—and build more—of the world's best roads every year... the trucks to move *all kinds* of goods—long distances as well as short... the Army of trained men, the methods and equipment to do it with top efficiency...and above all, with the *greatest overall economy*.

More and more—American industry, agriculture and trade are letting trucks carry the load. For trucks deliver door-to-door—over the shortest routes—with

the least handling—in the shortest time. They feed our assembly lines with clock-like precision...make modern production possible by dovetailing the output of one plant into another...preventing production jams...speeding production schedules.

And upon trucks also rests the burden of carrying food from farms to market—and finished products from industry to you. Today, practically everything you eat, wear and buy is transported all or part of the way by truck.

So, it behooves us to keep America's roads open to the *unhampered* flow of goods by truck. Our country must have the full benefit of this vital transportation system.



**\$430,826,000 IN SPECIAL HIGHWAY TAXES** were collected in 1939 from trucks alone.



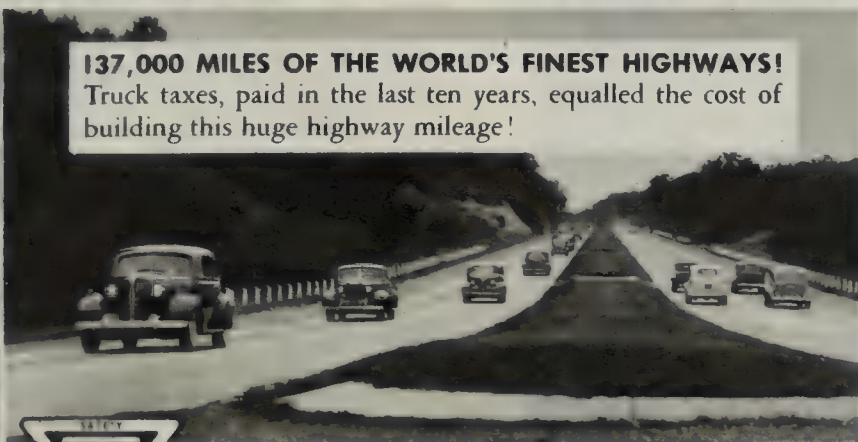
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**AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.





## DOWN WENT MCGINTY

—but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO MORE CLOTHESPINS will I be wearin' on my nose," snapped Mrs. McGinty. "Sure and it's good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" And *plop* the pipe went in the water!



QUICK AS AN IRISH temper, McGinty plunged to save it. SPLASH! Has he a chance? Is the pipe worth saving? Maybe some of the caked-in bite and smell will get soaked out.



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock as McGinty climbed back up. "But you better smoke a mildertobacco from now on. Ever tried this Sir Walter Raleigh?"



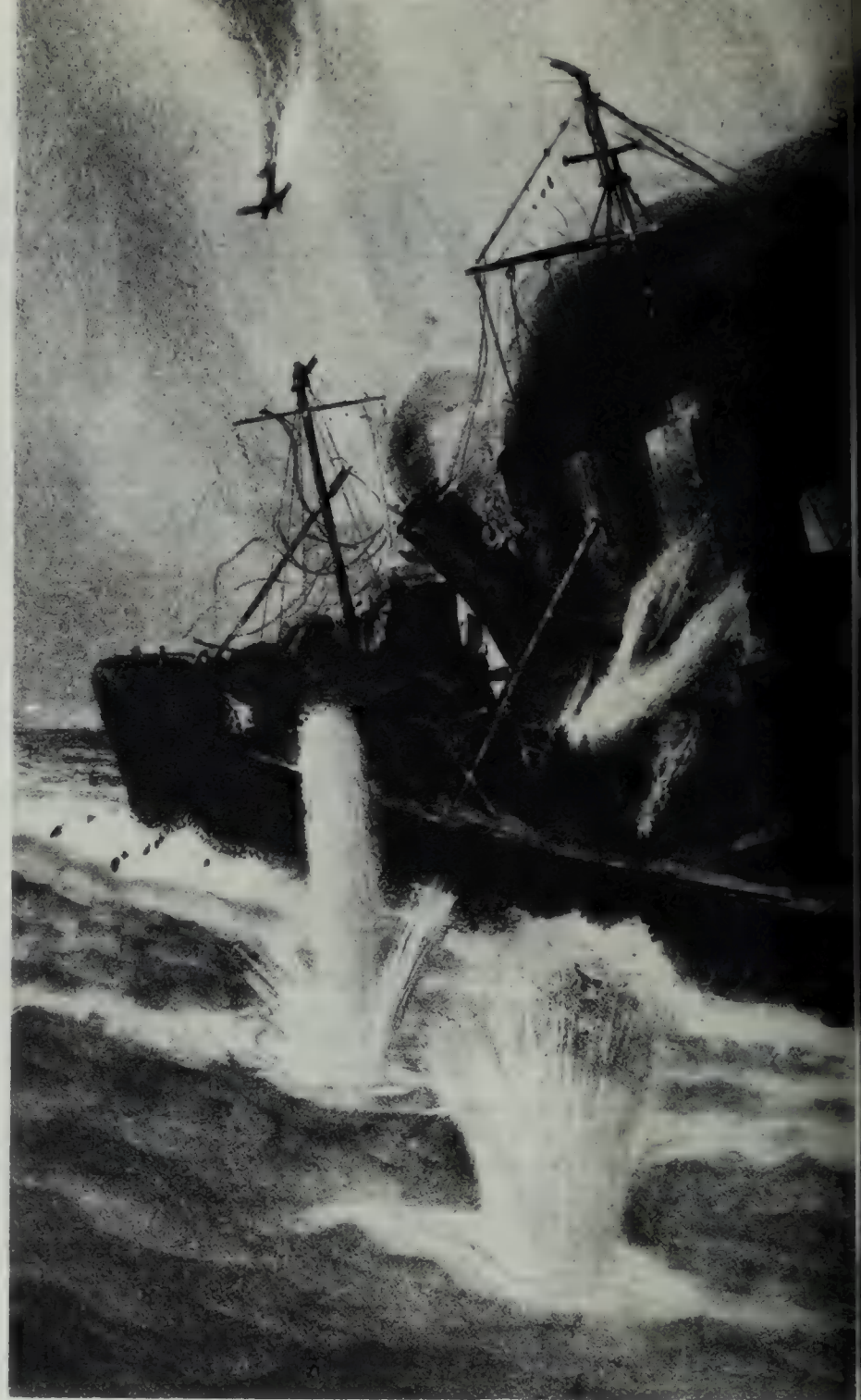
SORT OF A MIRACLE the way that switch to Sir Walter got McGinty out of the dog house. It's another win for the world's best-smelling blend of fine mild burley tobaccos!

**New!** Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



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EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE



The first flight dived. The

## Five Minutes at Daw

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

LITHOGRAPHED ON STONE BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Captain Waldon, of the British navy, wins two battles as a gentleman should

ALL stood respectfully till Captain Waldon had seated himself at the head of the mess. Captain Geoffrey Waldon, R. N. He had blood and money, a high-caste Briton with lands which came down from Elizabeth's day—lands bought with plunder taken from Spain by another captain of another ship that flew the royal English ensign.

The sea was calm. The cruiser Bideford, pushing her gray prow through the swells, barely teetered the fumed oak table covered with flawless Irish linen. Captain Waldon ate in silence. Except for Surleigh, his junior aide, there was not a man on board the Bideford whose family name could approach his own. They were good men and capable sailors, but between him and them stood a subtle barrier of social station as well as rank.

He felt it too. It was bred in him through generations of caste-proud

Waldons. It had made him a humorless martinet, smug and offensively of bearing—he who now wanted, who actually yearned to be regarded as "good Waldon." And yet each time he made a gesture in that direction, it never came off.

Tonight, for instance. As a rule the captain dined in his cabin alone, or with Surleigh. But tonight he had come to the officers' mess—and here he sat a stick, aloof, while the conversation lagged around him! They regretted his presence. He dampened their spirits. How could they know that their skipper felt shy, self-conscious, baffled, and because he wanted so much to be on their level?

Captain Waldon was tall and thin and partially bald, with florid cheeks that were deepened by tan. His eyes were gray-blue under sandy brows, stared most vacantly straight before him.





altitude and their eggs fell wide

voice at his ear recalled him about of a wretchedness bleak as a: "A wireless message for the

heard his throat, as if that were to read what was typed on the form. All eyes, he sensed, were on his face in the silence that he gripped the table. Small women in England fighting for life, their soundings and cruising a sea in enemy raider might challenge

ons. read the message again. The tre, Glover, was that of a man entered Dartmouth the year he was stuck at the admiralty in as Waldon had been when Jut-

re smile softened the captain's while his eyes ranged down the length till they paused on a full, handsome face. Something triumph lighted them then in that of meeting Lieutenant Clerker's. elemen, this is a personal matter. e has presented me with a son." ed not to watch the lieutenant's at he saw the quick change on the less. Clerker was scarcely tive, little more than half his age—too young, impetuous, to feelings. He was in love with e's wife.

alon knew this, for she had told he had been utterly honest with e. Clerker loved Claire, and eved Clerker, and before she ac- his offer of marriage Claire had Waldon in so many words just how stood between Clerker and her.

But that had made no difference to him. He too loved Claire, and in time, he had felt, her infatuation with Clerker would pass. In England blood and money meant power. Waldon had both, while her family's fortunes had been caught in a swiftly ebbing tide. He had bought Claire, yes, in the cynical view; and yet no man could have cherished his wife with greater pride and adoration.

Impulsively Clerker rose from the table. His cheeks were flushed as he caught up his glass.

"To His Majesty's youngest sailor," he cried, "our skipper's new-born son and heir!"

The smile left Waldon's face.

"Mr. Clerker," he spoke up sharply, "you seem to be rather forgetting yourself. His Majesty's toast is in order first."

He was careful to look away from the youth, not to enjoy his hot confusion.

"Gentlemen," Waldon added, "the king!"

They drank, and that was the moment for word to come to him from those on watch. An officer entered the mess, saluted. Two enemy warships had been sighted.

Captain Waldon did not hurry. His pulse kicked faster, but his face was frozen in calm, controlled lines as he strolled from the mess. He heard the call to battle stations, the notes of the bugle tumbling pell-mell like the men who answered its quickened summons. It rang through the cruiser from stern to stern, one lad of a bugler trumpeting sounds which loud-speakers echoed below and aloft.

(Continued on page 73)



The new Filmo Auto Master—only 16 mm. magazine-loading camera with a turret head.

## Hunting Trips are Twice the Fun When Filmo Goes with You

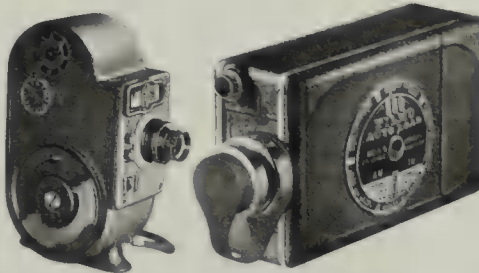
● When you go hunting—take a Filmo Auto Master with you. It will double your fun while on the trip—and bring back the high spots with you.

Precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's professional equipment, Filmo Auto Master is THE movie camera for the hunter. It is the *only* 16 mm. magazine-loading camera with a turret head. On this turret may be mounted three lenses which make you master of *any* picture opportunity. For example: A telephoto lens to get thrilling close-ups of distant game... a super-fast lens for shots in the deep shade... and still another lens for average

conditions. For those "now or never" pictures of fleeing game, any lens *and* its matching viewfinder unit are positioned instantaneously by a quick turn of the turret.

You can change from black-and-white to color film even in mid-reel without fogging a single frame. Loading is a three-second operation. The pre-threaded film magazine slides into place. There are four speeds, including slow motion, and control for animation work. A new built-in exposure chart gives readings in a single setting for both black-and-white and color film. The new steady-strap handle swings the Auto Master instantly into action—and its tough, durable finish is ideally suited to the rigors of outdoor life. It is small... light... compact... and easy to carry even though it does provide features found in no other 16 mm. motion picture camera for your present *and* future needs. Priced from \$195.

See Filmo Auto Master at your dealer's—or mail the coupon. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; London. Established 1907.



● **Palm-size Filmo 8** makes 8 mm. movies at snapshot cost; small; compact; convenient to carry... press the button, and *what you see, you get*, in black-and-white or full color. Price, \$49.50.

● **Filmo 16 mm. Auto Load** mounts one fast, color-corrected lens; effortless magazine loading; improved viewfinder; film speeds of 8, 16, 24, 32; priced from \$115, depending on lens selection. Steady-strap handle included.

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## Happier Hunting Grounds

Continued from page 19

conservation efforts are Massachusetts, Utah, Indiana, Washington, Nebraska, Minnesota, Alabama, the Virginias, the Dakotas and New Hampshire. As an example of what this sort of work can do, John Chalk estimates that in Carolina the supply of bobwhite quail right now is the largest it has been in a generation. Aided by the sportsman, the farmer has learned that the birds on his farm are often the most valuable crop he has, paying their rent not only in sportsmen's fees but also, a hundred times over, in the pests they destroy. A single pheasant is known to devour three hundred grasshoppers in one day; and on a Southern farm it was estimated recently that the birds consume a daily average of 46,000 weed seeds per acre.

Through the sportsman, the farmer has learned some simple and helpful bits of farm practice that mean many thousands of new birds each year—to throw in a handful of peas with the seed crop, for example, or to sow a fallow field with lespedeza, or to set out a few rows of chufas in the wood lot for turkeys, or to leave alternate ditch banks uncut, with their year-round food supply of elderberries, wild grapes, Virginia creeper, blackberries and sumac.

He has learned, through the sportsman, to equip his mowing machine with a flushing bar in order to scare up ground-nesting birds ahead of the knives. He has learned to fence the cattle out of his beech thickets. He has learned to avoid that indiscriminate burning-over of his fields and wood lots in the spring, which destroys not only food and cover but even the nesting birds themselves. He has learned to rig up winter food stations—wooden platforms with shelters of spruce boughs, or occasional shocks of corn straddling the fences—where the birds can come for grain when the snow is deep. He has learned to keep his house cat indoors, or not at all. Last but not least, he has learned a new respect for sportsmen.

Not bad for the guy with the gun, you must admit. And yet it is only the least of the work he is doing in bringing our wild life back again. Most important of all, from any practical standpoint, is the cold cash that he furnishes each year. Without his license fees, the state

commissions would have no funds to carry on their necessary protection and restocking and management. Without his duck-stamp money, the hundreds of federal migratory breeding areas, such as Mattamuskeet in Carolina or Klamath in Oregon or Bear River Refuge in Utah, could not have been purchased and developed. Without his voluntary contributions through his local fish-and-game club or through national organizations like More Game Birds and Ducks Unlimited, the state and government projects would not be supplemented by private hatcheries and game preserves.

### What Conservation Can Do

Ducks Unlimited, for example—a nonprofit organization of American sportsmen interested in the conservation of waterfowl—claims to have made half a million acres of land in Canada suitable for duck breeding; to have begun similar projects on another 150,000 acres; to have spent a quarter of a million dollars in the construction of dams and dikes and erecting of barbed-wire fences and plowing of fire lanes; in short, to have been directly accountable for an estimated increase of 6,000,000 ducks in two years. "Seventy per cent of each potential duck crop is lost before the hunter fires a shot," they explain, "through droughts which dry up lakes before the ducklings can fly, through crows and magpies which eat eggs, through fire and flood and disease. Proper management of a wild-life sanctuary can cut these losses in half."

But these refuges are for the migratory birds, the ducks and geese and other waterfowl which are, actually, a federal responsibility. What about the upland game, the year-round crop of partridge and quail and pheasant and rabbit in your own back yard? For all nonmigratory game is owned, not by the government, but by the state; and the average state fish-and-game commission, with its license funds all too often diverted, cannot afford to purchase big tracts of land for breeding grounds and sanctuaries. Who takes care of our upland game?

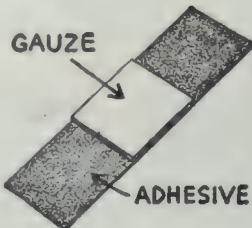
The answer—and once again it is our old friend the sportsman who saves the game—lies in a measure passed by Con-

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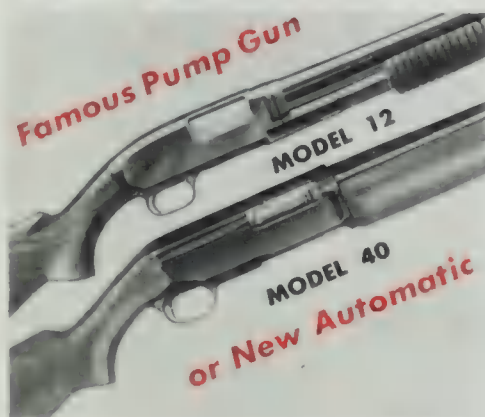
Load with Super Speeds, too, for clean-cut success with a fast-handling small-gauge upland gun from which you want lots of reach.

For hunting deer with a shotgun, get Winchester Super Speed Rifled Slug, single ball or buckshot loads.

In your all-around field shooting, use economical Winchester Ranger Shells. Dependable for quick, clean effectiveness, with standard-speed, uniformly-balanced hard-hitting patterns.

Winchester Shells have the famous sure-fire, clean Winchester Staynless priming.

Phone, write, send for or tell your dealer you want Winchester Shells.



For any hunting, your choice of the above Winchester Repeaters will bring out the full effectiveness of your Winchester Shells—will do full justice to your shooting skill. Model 12, the famous pump gun with triple-safety action. Comes in a wide selection of styles and weights. 12, 16, 20 and 28 gauges. For the keenest of wildfowling there's the Model 12 in Heavy Duck gun style, built for 3-inch shells.

The streamlined, sensationally new-design Winchester Model 40 Automatic (self-loading) comes in 12 gauge only, in two styles—standard Field gun, popular choice for wild fowl shooting, and Skeet gun, giving equal satisfaction for fast upland shooting.

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gress in 1937 and known as the Pittman-Robertson Act. Realizing that (to quote Albert Day of the Biological Survey) "the existence of wild life has been increasingly menaced by droughts, floods, soil erosion, the appropriation of lands for farming and industrial purposes, the destruction of faunal habitat, and by the fact that the supply of natural food and cover is ever diminishing," it was found necessary to provide for the restoration of suitable environment in which wild birds and mammals might live.

The Pittman-Robertson Act works simply. It imposes an excise tax of ten per cent on all firearms, shells and cartridges—a tax, incidentally, which was enthusiastically urged by sporting-goods manufacturers and sportsmen alike—and it allocates these funds to the various states each year, according to their respective areas and to the number of hunting licenses sold. Under the terms of the act, the United States pays seventy-five per cent of the cost of the work, the state the remaining twenty-five per cent. The projects are limited to land purchase, to land development in order to make the purchased areas more suitable for wild mammals and birds, and to practical research in wild-life restoration.

#### No Chiseling!

There is one string to it—an immeasurably wise and shrewd precaution. A state may qualify to receive this Pittman-Robertson aid only if its legislature has passed laws for wild-life conservation "which includes a prohibition against the diversion of hunting-license fees for any other purpose than the administration of said state's fish-and-game department." If your own state is not benefiting today from the Pittman-Robertson funds, inquire whether it is because the selfish politicians in your legislature have refused to relax their grip on the fish-and-game funds.

Is the Pittman-Robertson Act doing the job? Ask Commissioner Chalk of North Carolina, whose eyes grow mellow at the very thought of its possibilities. Ask Commissioner Chalk to take you over to Pender County and show

you the Holly Shelter Wild Life Refuge, for example, Carolina's largest development and perhaps the biggest of the Pittman-Robertson projects.

It is not a prepossessing sight, at first: a flat, impenetrable pocosin, covered with a dense undergrowth of myrtle and reed and bay, a few scattered pines, some larger stands of trees on the occasional ridges. Straight out across this wilderness extends a line of heaped black muck, eight feet wide, bordered by the deep ditch from which the muck was taken. Along this ditch, now filled with water, your skiff is poled at snail's pace past the trucks and tractors churning hub-deep in the mud, past groups shoveling sand to surface the road, past WPA workers and hard-working CCC boys.

"This main firebreak," explains Commissioner Chalk, "will run sixteen miles directly through the center of the refuge. In addition, the entire area will be bounded by a similar fire road, and there will be smaller cross lanes and a look-out tower. Fire's our biggest problem, you see. In bad years, this pocosin dries out until it becomes a virtual tinder-box. If these recurrent fires can be stopped, the drainage controlled . . ."

His eyes grow dreamy, his face breaks into a contemplative smile.

"There's 70,000 acres of good game cover here, cover that has never been adequately used before. Cover for deer, bear, turkey, raccoon, squirrel, muskrat, wood duck, quail. Once this refuge is protected from fire, as well as from violators and trespassers, the deer alone should multiply to six or eight times their present number. The annual overflow—the surplus crop that cannot be accommodated each year by the existing food supply—should provide good hunting for the surrounding countryside."

For you in the red hunting cap and khaki coat and brier-scratched boots, you're the one who is bringing the wild life back. Directly or indirectly, your shotgun saves ten birds a year for every one it kills. Restrictions, closed seasons, posted lands—which discourage the sportsman and remove his financial support—are the worst breaks our birds and small animals can have. They owe their very existence today to the continued interest of the guy with the gun.

## Private Notes from Mrs. M--'s Diary



Suffered all day with a terrible headache. Felt dull, tired and out of sorts. Remembered that I needed a laxative and decided my headache was due to that.



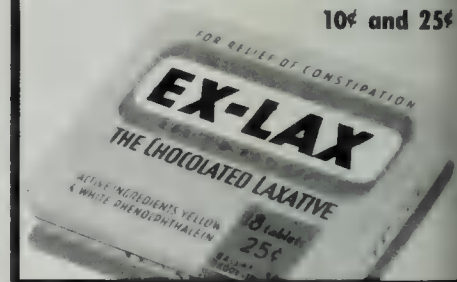
Took an Ex-Lax tablet before going to bed. It tasted swell - just like a piece of fine chocolate.



Slept like a top all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and didn't upset me a bit. Headache's all gone now and I feel bright as a lark.

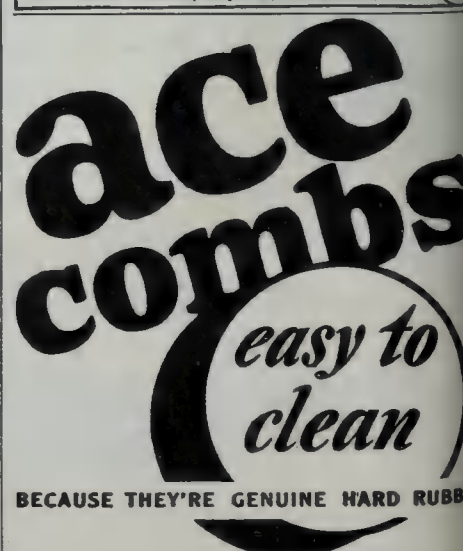
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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BECAUSE THEY'RE GENUINE HARD RUBBER



"I say, is there a circus or something around here anywhere?"

GARDNER REA



## Five Minutes at Dawn

Continued from page 69

The captain climbed to his conning tower over and aft of the second turret. Helped by Surleigh, he donned his coat and caught up his glasses and went on the bridge. It was chill out there, for the Bideford's course lay barely under the Arctic Circle, two hundred miles off Norway's coast.

Summer. For five more hours, at least, there would be light on this northern sea. Even after that, before early dawn, there would be light; for the full moon was rising out of the North Atlantic; twilight's falling would lighten its face, and the battle could go through brief night hours.

The enemy's ships lay off to the east: a cruiser which might well be the Köln and another only slightly smaller. Two in number, if not in guns. After a first glance through the prisms, Waldon turned his eyes aloft to make sure the white ensign was raised to peak. A checkler, the captain, for small details. He wrote a message to the admiralty, reporting that he was about to engage the German ships. His hand was steady. It was steady despite his thumping heart. Then he rejoined his staff to plan the tactics of the battle. Still unhurried, all outwardly calm, he said, "We'll open at sixteen thousand yards. Concentrate on the big one first."

OR an instant his eyes met Lieutenant Clerker's. The eagerness lighting the young man's face enhanced its attraction. Waldon felt suddenly homely and old as the thought, "If Claire could see him now!" flashed unwanted across his mind. Homely and old, alone, unloved—just at a time when more than ever he would like to think that his wife could care.

But maybe she did! She had borne a son. Perhaps the warm tenderness felt for her child might even embrace its father as well!

He clung to this thought with the fervent hope of a shipwrecked sailor clutching a spar. It was there in the background of his mind while the words spoke were concerned with war:

"We'll bear southeastward through the action."

"Our seaplanes, sir?"

The captain's glance went suddenly shy. They lay on their catapult and ship, two navy planes for scouting the foe. But Waldon belonged to the tradition which still resented aviation. England's glory was founded on ships. On men-o'-war her fate depended. "Visibility is clear," he answered. "Once we're engaged, we'll have no time for nursing planes run out of petrol. They will stay on board until we've closed. Then, and not before, toss 'em out."

Waldon returned to the steel-rimmed catwalk. In the guts of the Bideford the blowers whined as they lashed the masts to seething fury. His ship, he knew, was five knots faster than either. He could set the action. In the conning tower above and abaft him range finders tracked the narrowing gap between the Bideford and the Nazis. Now, in the citadel of his ship, officers sat at the plotting table, taking the range that was phoned to them, translating it into elevation. The turrets were swung for a broadside to port, six eight-inch guns with their muzzles lifted to pour out fifteen hundred pounds of pent-up death in one big salvo.

The captain turned as a lanky sergeant of Royal Marines gave his aide a message. Waldon's eyes inspected the fellow—blouse, cap, sidearms all in order—and then took the paper from

Surleigh's hand. Again signed "Glover." Two words: "Good luck."

His jaw set grimly, he stood his bridge while the Bideford rushed like a killer whale to get at her foe. The enemy's ships had accepted battle, the swastika ensign raised to their peaks. But they did not come to engage the British. On a course only slightly east of south the Nazis steamed till the range could be closed. The dampers were drawn on the smaller German; dense black smoke rolled out from her stack; she was ready to lay a heavy curtain across her bigger-gunned companion.

"It seems that Jerry has taken to heart our tactics against the Graf Spee. H'mph!" Honest contempt was in Waldon's voice. Upstart landsmen trying to challenge a people whose blood for centuries past ran thick with salt from Britannia's seas!

"There go his planes," young Surleigh reported.

"H'mph!" grunted Waldon.

The Bideford's nose swung farther to starboard. She had almost closed to her opening range. In ten minutes more, she would be in position to fire a broadside.

The Nazi planes climbed high in the sky to outreach bursts of antiaircraft. His judgment told Waldon that he ought also to send up the Bideford's scouting planes. But stubbornness stayed him. He had said, "When we've closed," and he would hold to that decision.

He studied the Germans through the glasses. The smaller warship, rolling black smoke, was moving up swiftly to pass the other. Suddenly bright flames spurted to life, followed at once by a second burst as the lighter cruiser added her voice. Thunder rolled across the waters and there was a spreading fog of white smoke, but this was preceded by roaring geysers which leaped from the sea off the Bideford's beam.

Waldon quit the open bridge with studied care not to move in haste. Instinct told him to run to cover. His disciplined heart and his brain said, "No." Casually he remarked to Surleigh, "Dashed good aim for an opening shot."

Inside, still unhurried, he spoke through a phone, "You may send up your planes as soon as ready."

**T**HROUGH a slit in the side of the armored tower he stared across at the enemy's ships. The smaller had passed her heavier sister, laying a screen of oily smoke. Faintly from farther aft on his vessel Waldon could hear the roar of a motor, and then the thud of the catapult's ram.

Almost at once a buzzer called and a voice, too eager to please him, reported, "No. 1 plane has cleared us, sir."

No. 2's motor was snarling now, a throaty growl and then full voiced as the throttle went wider, tuning for flight. While he watched the foe through powerful prisms the captain awaited the second thud. But a deeper, mightier sound intervened with the flashing of fire across the water; it came to him as a sullen echo of bursting shells in the Bideford's gear; fragments spat on the conning tower, and he heard the rending of quick destruction.

"Well placed," grunted Waldon. "It's our turn now."

Then the deck at his feet seemed to be convulsed, the whole ship shuddering under the shock of her six great guns. He felt the Bideford steady herself. The smoke rolled alee and gradually cleared, and he knew from what he saw in his glass that the broadside had missed.

But not by much. Soon word was re-



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played to him from the plane, high over the sea, where the shells had carried. A slight reduction in elevation would make all the difference, shooting again.

Waldon regarded the plane up there. It would have to carry on now alone. For its sister plane lay a mass of wreckage still on the catapult amidship. His order—too late: a bursting shell had smashed it seconds before it could clear.

The captain grunted, his cheeks flaming hot at realization of how he had erred. But his jaw went hard and he braced himself for the fight before him.

The ships raced southeast in a running fight, locked to the death despite the fact that seven sea miles lay between them. They dodged in and out while their turrets thundered. More than eight tons of deadly projectiles, reaching to find some vital spot, had been poured from the Bideford's six big guns, and still neither side had scored a hit that really hurt its armored rival.

**T**HE sun dropped low in the sky. High overhead two German planes, leaving a third to spot the range, attacked the Bideford's single flier. They wheeled and dipped like darting swallows, and then Captain Waldon gaped with dismay as the British seaplane suddenly dived to streak in panicky flight toward his ship.

His lips curled scornfully. Turning tail! But now he heard the bark of his archies, and realization burst on him that his youthful pilot was springing a trap. Right! A pattern of bursting shells formed in the sky—and—yes, by Jove, one of those Germans came fluttering down like a wounded fowl and splashed in the sea!

"Potted the beggar," he chuckled. "Good shooting."

Potted him just in the nick of time. For almost at once the action quickened. The Bideford's guns and the larger enemy's fired simultaneously at their marks, and the latter's broadside burst aboard with a detonation that rocked the cruiser. Too high to damage the thick steel hull, but the after turret had been knocked out—that and the anti-aircraft batteries between the stacks and the tapering stern.

A fire was starting to gather fury. The boatswain's pipe shrilled out its summons to man the hoses. In his conning tower, Waldon's heart gave a jubilant jump as the smoke dissolved to reveal his foe. There were fires on the larger Nazi, too! In the lenses Waldon could see a hole that gaped at him where British shells had blasted the main director tower.

Here was his chance. The principal foe had been badly crippled, control lines shattered, observers cut off. Jerry would have to worry along with his eyes half blind, his voice half mute. He was groggy. Now, hit hard and fast. The time had come for a knockout punch.

The sun lay red on northern waters and the larger enemy stood out clear, illuminated by raging fires. Again the Bideford's great guns boomed. It was the end for the heavier foe. A monster explosion burst her asunder, the shells in her magazine turned against her, and swiftly she sank, while a pillar of smoke still hovered over her watery grave.

Captain Waldon rushed out to the bridge. He saw men sprawled on the deck below him, but he did not give them a second thought. The lust of battle was on him now. He had savored blood, and its taste was good.

All that concerned him was his ship. Wreckage was strewn on the battered deck. A fire was licking abaft the beam. The Bideford looked a war-scarred ruin; and yet two turrets, the citadel of her, were still intact, still eager to fight; and again her blowers began to whine as the draft was forced to crowd on speed and catch the remaining, now fleeing Nazi.

The latter's course was southeast-by-east, running desperately for haven in one of Norway's fortified fjords. They raced through a night of eerie beauty. The moon's face brightened while northern lights shimmered and faded above the Circle. Astern of the Bideford, riding the swells like a resting gull, the little seaplane sat drinking fuel from five-gallon cans dropped over the side.

Presently Waldon's servant appeared with a tray of sandwiches and coffee. He had ministered to him for twenty years, a small gray man whose patient eyes seemed cast forever apologetic. The captain, in rare good humor, smiled.

"Rather a good fight, Tuttle—what?"  
"Oh, indeed, sir! The little master will be very proud when he knows what happened the day he was born."

"By jove, that's right. You've hit it, Tuttle. A bit of a natal gift for my son."

Waldon beamed at his man. Good old Tut! The moon and the lights and the swelling sea stirred him to sentiment, buoyed his hopes. Two enemy cruisers engaged and sunk would make him a hero home in London.

There was no getting away from the fact that the British public would lionize him. Better, far better, these men he commanded would boast of him proudly as "good old Waldon." Something suspiciously like moisture came to his eyes as he thought of that.

Through the brief summer's night the Bideford strained to draw within reach of the fleeing Nazi. As the moon climbed higher, its light revealed a faint streak of smoke in the far southwest. From man-o'-war or cargo steamer, friend or foe? Captain Waldon frowned.

**B**UT the smoke drew nearer with so much haste that he knew it could only mean a destroyer. No matter, then. Whether friend or foe, he still would dominate the battle.

His ship was closing upon her prey. The Bideford's guns were swung for action. He could see the muzzles lifting a mite to correct the range as the Nazi dodged—like a fist being cocked in preparation to smash a finishing blow to the chin.

Dawn was about to break on their beam. Soon, Waldon knew, the sun would make his vessel a hazy target while that of his foe would be sharply limned.

It was young Surleigh who called his attention to the specks that were moving across the sky. Small black specks winging over the sea, seen in the first fresh pink of dawn. The specks grew larger—no longer specks. Almost Captain Waldon fancied that he could hear the drone of their flight.

"H'mph," he snorted. "Jerry's crows!"—and his rooted contempt was like a potion that gave him courage and spurred him on.

**T**HE range had been closed. His foe lay abeam, and the Bideford's two live turrets thundered. Four guns only but they would suffice. Their mighty roar was like noble music to him. They were England's voice, the lion's roar and nothing that came on wings could mute them.

The little seaplane, miles overhead reported down an exact correction. Again the turrets spoke their piece. Again . . . and again, till they had it right. Syntax, accent, inflection were perfect, as witness the shambles over the water. This was the kill, and the Bideford's gun crews moved precisely to finish their prey.

The bombers from Norway were coming fast. The sound of their motor filled the heavens. The little seaplane was climbing now, and Waldon stared with open mouth as his eaglet braced itself to attack. Like David about to battle the giant—not one Goliath, but actually nine!

Grudging admiration claimed him. He saw the seaplane suddenly dive and dart like a hawk at the squadron leader. Its spitting machine gun struck a flame. The great bird crumpled and dropped from the sky.

"By Jove—I!" gasped Waldon. It was all he could say, for again his vessel was staggering under the kick of her guns. He stood on the forebridge waiting tensely until the smoke would disperse into air. What the captain





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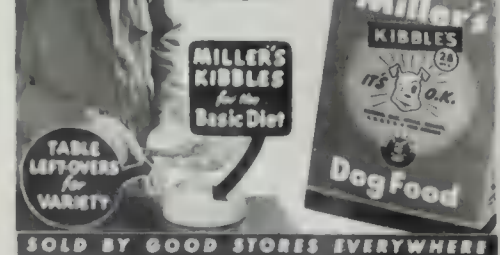
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saw when the atmosphere cleared was like scenes that only harebrained artists had thought to paint a few decades ago. For two more planes were falling in flames, and one was his gallant little eaglet—falling in flames toward a placid sea where a cruiser lay stricken, mortally hurt by bursting shells from the Bideford's guns.

"One more broadside, just for luck."

"Aye, aye, sir," a brisk voice answered. "Hadh't you better take to cover?"

"Eh? I guess you're right there, Surleigh. One never knows, their aim's so erratic, where those eggs are likely to break."

In the tower, beneath its mushroom of steel, Waldon stood with his junior aide and the lad of a bugler. The guns spoke again. As though in an echo, less loud but more sharp, the voice of the turrets was now repeated: the antiaircraft batteries forward banging away at the Nazi planes.

He heard the scream of them diving toward him, through the sighting slits saw geysers of water leaping in air as though to strike back—seven loads of explosives dumped at the cruiser, and one consignment now found its mark.

There followed a lull in which little was heard but the drone of motors receding eastward: that and the maddened cry of a man in his final agony down on the deck.

Surleigh, peering out toward Norway, reported abruptly, "Here come more!"

One, two, three flights winging from land with eggs of death hung poised for release. Waldon said nothing. He had done all he could. The Bideford zig-zagged upon her course, eighty thousand horsepower driving her screws as she steamed to meet the rushing destroyer. The latter's archies, joined with his own, would hold Jerry's crows too high to make good.

Then a buzzer sounded. A voice on the wire. The forward antiaircraft guns were out of commission, forever stilled.

"Luck!" grunted Waldon. "But we'll come through."

Eight miles of water now separated the Bideford's prow and the lean destroyer. The latter's speed with the cruiser's added would total almost seventy knots. A mile a minute, closing the gap—yet this was a tortoise's pace compared with that of the bombers. The first flight dived. They kept a respectable altitude and their eggs fell wide of the moving target.

But the Bideford's silence had been observed. No archie bursts had flared in the sky. Only machine guns, futilely firing, had spoken up to greet their attack.

The next flight's pilots would be less cautious. And then the third's! They would dive so close that nothing could keep them from hitting the mark. It would be like shooting a crippled duck.

THEY had finished. Their wings were spread for Norway when Captain Waldon emerged at last to blink at what had once been a ship. Her screws were no longer churning the sea. Drifting, his vessel, her turbines blasted, her stern settling fast with a portside list. Through jagged holes in the armored deck he could see the sullen glow of flames. Smoke swirled about him and hid the destroyer, which must, Waldon knew, be about to stand by.

The Bideford's death was a matter of minutes—five at the most, before she would plunge. Now one thing only remained to be done: order his men over-side and then, when none was left on board, dive in.

To the bugler Waldon ordered, "Abandon ship," and the call was sounded from quivering lips.

Then he stood alone, gazing with love at his gallant cruiser. Below him upon the shattered catwalk he recognized a

lanky figure draped grotesquely about a stanchion. The sergeant of Royal Marines was grinning, as though in death he had found a jest richer, broader than ever heard in the music halls of his native England.

"Poor devil," breathed Waldon, strangely moved, and he quit the twisted wreck of his bridge to reach the inside stairs leading down. But someone was coming. He heard quick steps ascending the stairs.

Then Clerker appeared. His hair was singed, and his uniform hung from him in shreds. He had been wounded; one arm showed raw; but apparently it was not too serious.

What was serious, in Waldon's eyes, was the beauty of him, his romantic youth—ardor and spirit and physical charm blended together in near perfection. Claire could never forget this man. He was a hero as much as Waldon, and again the latter felt old and homely, a husband only by grace of law.

"Mr. Clerker," he snapped, "you heard the order—abandon ship?"

"Yes, sir. But at least a score of men are trapped below."

"Alive?" gasped Waldon.

"Alive. I talked to them through the wreckage blocking escape from the engine room, aft. I saw them, sir. We'll have to get torches, cut a passage."

Captain Waldon stared at Clerker, at eyes still ablaze with the fire of battle. He swallowed. Here was a fighting sailor—not just a boy, but a man who would some day merit a ship of his own.

"IT'S no use," Waldon shook his head. "The ship won't last that long. She's going."

He resumed his weary way to the deck, with Clerker behind him. He walked as one doomed. At the starboard rail, now wrenched and broken, he turned to thrust his hand at Clerker.

"I seem to recall that you swim rather well. Get overside fast."

"But, Captain Waldon—!"

He noticed the horror on Clerker's face, saw that the latter had suddenly guessed what he had in mind.

"My orders," he snapped.

"Oh, but you can't, sir! You've done all you could. Won a glorious victory—"

"Never mind that."

"But if I had known—" Tears started up in Clerker's eyes and he tried again "I'd never have told you, if I had thought—! Don't do it, sir. You must think of Claire."

"If you mean Mrs. Waldon," the captain began. Then the formal hardness went out of his voice. "You will tell her for me—" But again he stopped. Why spoil their future by speaking words that could only cause them needless pain? "Damn it all," he blustered, "I still your captain. Over the side, now—look alive!"

WALDON had given his last command. For a moment he stood there after the splash, glancing about him. The light breeze freshened. It rifted the smoke to show him his enemy sliding under, her stern going last, the brightening sunlight dancing briefly on glistering plates before she was gone.

The victor would not be slow to follow. She seemed to be tensing herself for the plunge. Waldon turned briskly and hurried aft. At least he could call to his men in their trap, could give them the comfort, such as it was, of knowing their skipper shared the same fate.

He felt no fear. He was taking his place with Drake and Hawkins, Sir Richard Grenville, immortal Nelson—captains, all. Aye, and a place in Claire's heart too. A place that, living, could never be his. She would always think of him tenderly now, even perhaps with the warmth of love. She would teach their boy to be proud of him.

All in all, he thought, it was better this way. He smiled. In a minute life would be over for him and his men, trapped under the deck. He called to them. He heard their replies, heard lusty cheers for "good old Waldon." The ship shifted sharply. She was going now. Her captain still smiled as he clung to bulkhead, awaiting the clasp of Britannia's sea.



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## The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 23

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"Yes. Yes, I have found her." He sat down. And he sighed. Alistair Blunt said, "Is she dead?" "That depends," said Hercule Poirot slowly, "on how you like to look at it." Blunt frowned. He said, "My dear man, a person *must* be dead or alive. Miss Sainsbury Seale must be one or the other."

"Ah, but who is Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

Alistair Blunt said, "You don't mean that—that there isn't any such person?"

"Oh, no, no. There was such a person. She lived in Calcutta. She taught elocution. She busied herself with good works. She came to England on the Maharamah—the same boat on which M. Amberiotis traveled. Although they were not in the same class, he helped her over something—some fuss about her luggage. He was, it would seem, a kindly man in little ways. And sometimes, M. Blunt, kindness is repaid in an unexpected fashion."

"It was so, you know, with M. Amberiotis. He chanced to meet the lady again in the streets of London. He was feeling expansive, he good-naturedly invited her to lunch with him at the Savoy. An unexpected treat for her. And an unexpected windfall for M. Amberiotis! For his kindness was not premeditated—he had no idea that this faded, middle-aged lady was going to present him with the equivalent of a gold mine. But, nevertheless, that is what she did, though she never suspected the fact herself."

"She was never, you see, of the first order of intelligence. A good, well-meaning soul, but the brain, I should say, of a hen."

Blunt said, "Then it wasn't she who killed the Chapman woman?"

Poirot said slowly, "It is difficult to know just how to present the matter. I shall begin, I think, where the matter began for me. With a shoe!"

Blunt said blankly, "With a shoe?" Hercule Poirot nodded.

"Yes, a buckled shoe. I came out from my ordeal at the dentist's and as I stood on the steps of 58 Queen Charlotte Street, a taxi stopped outside, the door opened and a woman's foot prepared to descend. I am a man who notices a woman's foot and ankle. It was a well-shaped foot, with a good ankle and an expensive stocking, but I did not like the shoe. It was a new, shining patent-leather shoe with a large, ornate buckle. Not chic—not at all chic!"

"AND whilst I was observing this, the rest of the lady came into sight—and frankly it was a disappointment—a middle-aged lady without charm and badly dressed."

"Miss Sainsbury Seale?"

"Precisely. As she descended, a contretemps occurred—she caught the buckle of her shoe in the door and it was wrenched off. I picked it up and returned it to her. That was all. The incident was closed."

"Later, on that same day, I went with Chief Inspector Japp to interview the lady. (She had not as yet sewn on the buckle, by the way.)"

"On that same evening, Miss Sainsbury Seale walked out of her hotel and vanished. That, shall we say, is Part One."

"Part Two began when Chief Inspector Japp summoned me to King Leopold Mansions. There was a fur chest in a flat there, and in that fur chest there had been found a body. I went into the room, I walked up to the chest—and the first thing I saw was a shabby, buckled shoe!"

"Well?"

"You have not appreciated the point. It was a *shabby* shoe—a well-worn shoe. But you see, Miss Sainsbury Seale had come to King Leopold Mansions on the evening of that same day—the day of Mr. Morley's murder. In the morning the shoes were *new* shoes—in the evening they were *old* shoes. One does not wear out a pair of shoes in a day, you comprehend."

Alistair Blunt said without much interest, "She could have two pairs of shoes, I suppose?"

"Ah, but that was not so. For Japp and I had gone up to her room at the Glengowrie Court and had looked at all her possessions—and there was no pair of buckled shoes there. She might have had an old pair of shoes, yes. She might have changed into them after a tiring day to go out in the evening, yes. But if so, the other pair would have been at the hotel. It was curious, you will admit?"

Blunt smiled a little. He said, "I can't see that it is important."

"No, not important. Not at all important. But one does not like things that one cannot explain. I stood by the fur chest and I looked at the shoe—the buckle had recently been sewn on by hand. I will confess that I then had a moment of doubt—of myself. Yes, I said to myself, Hercule Poirot, you were a little lightheaded perhaps this morning. You saw the world through rosy spectacles. Even the old shoes looked like new ones to you!"

"Perhaps that was the explanation."

"But, no, it was not. My eyes do not deceive me! To continue, I studied the dead body of this woman and I did not

like what I saw. Why had the face been wantonly, deliberately smashed and rendered unrecognizable?"

Alistair Blunt moved restlessly. He said, "Must we go over that again? We know—"

Hercule Poirot said firmly, "It is necessary. I have to take you over the steps that led me at last to the truth said to myself: 'Something is wrong here. Here is a dead woman in the clothes of Miss Sainsbury Seale (except, perhaps, the shoes?) and with the handbag of Miss Sainsbury Seale—but why is the face unrecognizable? Is it perhaps, because the face is not the face of Miss Sainsbury Seale?' And immediately I begin to put together what I have heard of the appearance of the other woman—the woman to whom the flat belongs, and I ask myself—might it not, perhaps, be *this other woman* who lies dead here?"

"I GO then and look at the other woman's bedroom. I try to picture to myself what sort of woman she is. In superficial appearance, very different to the other. Smart, showily dressed, very much made up. But in essentials, no *unlike*. Hair, build, age... But there is one difference: Mrs. Albert Chapman took a five in shoes. Miss Sainsbury Seale, I knew, took a ten-inch stocking—that is to say she would take at least a six in shoes. Mrs. Chapman, then, had smaller feet than Miss Sainsbury Seale. "I went back to the body. If my half-formed idea were right, and the body was that of Mrs. Chapman wearing Miss Sainsbury Seale's clothes, *then the shoes should be too big*. I took hold of one. But it was not loose. It fitted



"I understand she's had quite an adventurous life"

BARBARA SHERMUND



tly. That looked as though it were body of Miss Sainsbury Seale after But in that case, why was the face figured? Her identity was already ved by the handbag, which could ly have been removed, but which not been removed.

It was a puzzle—a tangle. In desation I seized on Mrs. Chapman's res book—a dentist was the only son who could prove definitely who dead woman was—or was not. By coincidence, Mrs. Chapman's dentist M. Morley. Morley was dead, but ntification was still possible. You w the result. The body was identi- in the Coroner's Court by M. Mor- s successor as that of Mrs. Albert pman."

UNT was fidgeting with some imatience, but Poirot took no notice. was left now with a psychological blem. What sort of a woman was belle Sainsbury Seale? There were answers to that question. The first the obvious one borne out by her le life in India and by the testimony er personal friends. That depicted as an earnest, conscientious, slightly id woman. Was there another Miss sbury Seale? Apparently there

There was a woman who had lunched a well-known foreign agent, who accosted you in the street and ned to be a close friend of your s (a statement that was almost cerly untrue) a woman who had left a s house very shortly before a mur- had been committed, a woman who visited another woman on the eve- when in all probability that other an had been murdered, and who since disappeared although she t be aware that the police force of and was looking for her. Were all e actions compatible with the char- er her friends gave her? It would t that they were not.

Therefore, if Miss Sainsbury Seale e not the good, amiable creature she ned, then it would appear that she quite possibly a cold-blooded mur- ss or almost certainly an accom- after the fact. had one more criterion—my own onal impression. I had talked to elle Sainsbury Seale myself. How she struck me? And that, M. Blunt, the most difficult question to an- of all. Everything that she said, way of talking, her manner, her ges- s, all were perfectly in accord with given character. But they were ally in accord with a clever actress ing a part. And, after all, Mabelle sbury Seale had started life as an ss.

had been much impressed by a ersation I had had with M. Barnes aling who had also been a patient B Queen Charlotte Street on that ular day. His theory, expressed r forcibly, was that the deaths of ey and of Amberiotis were only ental, so to speak—that the in- ed victim was you."

Alistair Blunt said, "Oh, come now— as a bit farfetched." it, M. Blunt? Is it not true that is moment there are various groups ople to whom it is vital that you ld be—removed, shall we say? Shall o longer capable of exerting your fence?"

Blunt said, "Oh, yes, that's true gh. But why mix up this business Morley's death with that?"

Poirot said, "Because there is a cer- in—how shall I put it?—lavishness et the case. Expense is no object— an life is no object. Yes, there is a elessness, a lavishness—that points big crime!"

"You don't think Morley shot himself euse of a mistake?"

"I never thought so—not for a minute. No, Morley was murdered, Amberiotis was murdered, an unrecognizable woman was murdered— Why? For some big stake. Barnes' theory was that somebody had tried to bribe Morley or his partner to put you out of the way."

Alistair Blunt said sharply, "Nonsense!"

"Ah, but is it nonsense? Say one wishes to put someone out of the way. Yes, but that someone is forewarned, forearmed, difficult of access. To kill that person it is necessary to be able to approach him without awakening his suspicions—and where would a man be less suspicious than in a dentist's chair?"

"Well, that's true, I suppose. I never thought of it like that."

"It is true. And once I realized it I had my first vague glimmering of the truth."

"So you accepted Barnes' theory? Who is Barnes, by the way?"

"Barnes was Reilly's twelve-o'clock patient. He is retired from the home office and lives at Ealing. An insignificant little man. But you are wrong when you say I accepted his theory. I did not. I only accepted the principle of it."

"What do you mean?"

Hercule Poirot said, "All along, all the way through, I have been led astray—sometimes unwittingly, sometimes deliberately and for a purpose. All along it was presented to me, forced upon me, that this was what you might call a public crime. That is to say, that you, M. Blunt, were the focus of it all, in your public character. You, the banker, you the man behind the chancellor of the exchequer, you, the supporter of the present national government."

"But every public character has a private life also. That was my mistake, I forgot the private life. There existed private reasons for killing Morley—Frank Carter's, for instance."

"There could also exist private reasons for killing you. . . . You had relations who would inherit money when you died. You had people who loved and hated you—as a man—not as a public figure."

"AND so I came to the supreme instance of what I call 'the forced card.' The purported attack upon you by Frank Carter. If that attack was genuine—then it was a political crime. But was there any other explanation? There could be. There was a second man in the shrubbery. The man who rushed up and seized Carter. A man who could easily have fired that shot and then tossed the pistol to Carter's feet so that the latter would almost inevitably pick it up and be found with it in his hand. . . ."

"I considered the problem of Howard Raikes. Raikes had been at Queen Charlotte Street that morning of Morley's death. Raikes was a bitter enemy of all that you stood for and were. Yes, but Raikes was something more. Raikes was the man who might marry your niece, and with you dead, your niece would inherit a very handsome income, even though you had prudently arranged that she could not touch the principal."

"Was the whole thing, after all, a private crime—a crime for private gain, for private satisfaction? Why had I thought it a public crime? Because, not once, but many times, that idea had been suggested to me, had been forced upon me like a forced card."

"It was then, when that idea occurred to me, that I had my first glimmering of the truth. I was in church at the time and singing a verse of a psalm. It spoke of a snare laid with cords."

"A snare? Laid for me? Yes, it could be. . . . But in that case who had laid it? There was only one person who could have laid it. . . . And that did not make sense—or did it? Had I been looking at the case upside down? Money

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by Du Pont

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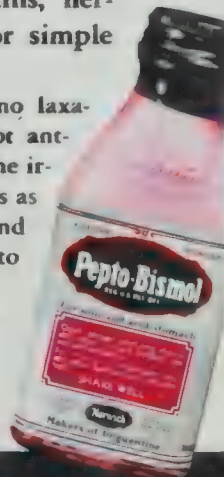
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# PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

no object? Exactly! Reckless disregard of human life? Yes, again. For the stakes for which the guilty person was playing were enormous.

"But if this new, strange idea of mine was right, it must explain everything. It must explain, for instance, the mystery of the dual nature of Miss Sainsbury Seale. It must solve the riddle of the buckled shoe. And it must answer the question: *Where is Miss Sainsbury Seale now?*"

"Eh bien—it did all that and more. It showed me that Miss Sainsbury Seale was the beginning and middle and end of the case. No wonder it had seemed to me that there were two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There were two Mabelle Sainsbury Seales. There was the good, stupid, amiable woman who was vouched for so confidently by her friends. And there was the other—the woman who was mixed up with two murders and who told lies and who vanished mysteriously.

"Remember, the porter at King Leopold Mansions said that Miss Sainsbury Seale had been there once before. . . .

"IN MY reconstruction of the case, that first time was the only time. She never left King Leopold Mansions. The other Miss Sainsbury Seale took her place. That other Mabelle Sainsbury Seale, dressed in clothes of the same type and wearing a new pair of shoes with buckles because the others were too large for her, went to the Russell Square Hotel at a busy time of day, packed up the dead woman's clothes, paid the bill and left. She went to the Glengowrie Court Hotel. None of the real Miss Sainsbury Seale's friends saw her after that time, remember. She played the part of Mabelle Sainsbury Seale there for over a week. She wore Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's clothes, she talked in Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's voice. And then—she vanished, her last appearance being when she was seen re-entering King Leopold Mansions on the evening of the day Morley was killed."

"Are you trying to say," demanded Alistair Blunt, "that it was Mabelle Sainsbury Seale's dead body in that flat, after all?"

"Of course it was! It was a very clever double bluff—the smashed face was meant to raise a question of the woman's identity!"

"But the dental evidence?"

"Ah! Now we come to it. It was not the dentist himself who gave evidence. Morley was dead. He couldn't give evidence as to his own work. He would have known who the dead woman was. It was the charts that were put in as evidence—and the charts were faked. Both women were his patients, remember. All that had to be done was to re-label the charts, exchanging the names."

Hercule Poirot added: "And now you see what I mean when you asked me if the woman was dead and I replied 'That depends.' For when you say 'Miss Sainsbury Seale'—which woman do you mean?—the woman who disappeared from the Glengowrie Court Hotel or the real Mabelle Sainsbury Seale?"

Alistair Blunt said, "I know, M. Poirot, that you have a great reputation. Therefore I accept that you must have some grounds for this extraordinary assumption—for it is an assumption, nothing more. But all I can see is the fantastic improbability of the whole thing. You are saying, are you not, that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was deliberately murdered and that Morley was also murdered to prevent his identifying her dead body. But why?"

"Why? Yes, that is the question. Why? Well, I will tell you what I think."

"Yes?"

Hercule Poirot leaned forward. He said, "It is my belief that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was murdered because

she happened to have too good a memory for faces."

"What do you mean?"

Hercule Poirot said, "We have separated the dual personality. There is the harmless lady from India, and there is the clever actress playing the part of the harmless lady from India. But there is one incident that falls between the two roles. Which Miss Sainsbury Seale was it who spoke to you on the doorstep of Mr. Morley's house? She claimed, you will remember, to be 'a great friend of your wife's.' Now that claim was adjudged by her friends and by the light of ordinary probability to be untrue. So we can say: 'That was a lie. The real Miss Sainsbury Seale does not tell lies.' So it was a lie uttered by the impostor for a purpose of her own."

Alistair Blunt nodded.

"Yes, that reasoning is quite clear. Though I still don't know what the purpose was."

Poirot said, "Ah, pardon—but let us first look at it the other way round. It was the real Miss Sainsbury Seale. She does not tell lies. So the story must be true."

"I suppose you can look at it that way—but it seems very unlikely—"

"Of course it is unlikely! But taking that second hypothesis as fact—the story is true. Therefore, Miss Sainsbury Seale did know your wife. She knew her well. Therefore—your wife must have been the type of person Miss Sainsbury Seale would have known well. Someone in her own station of life. An Anglo-Indian—a missionary—or, to go back farther still—an actress—Therefore—not Rebecca Arnholt!"

"Now, M. Blunt, do you see what I meant when I talked of a private and a public life? You are the great banker. But you are also a man who married a rich wife. And before you married her you were only a junior partner in the firm—not very long down from Oxford."

"You comprehend—I began to look at the case the right way up. Expense no object? Naturally not—to you. Reckless of human life—that, too, since for a long time you have been virtually a dictator, and to a dictator his own life becomes unduly important and those of others unimportant."

Alistair Blunt said, "What are you suggesting, M. Poirot?"

Poirot said quietly, "I am suggesting M. Blunt, that when you married Rebecca Arnholt, you were married already. That, dazzled by the vista, not so much of wealth as of power, you suppressed that fact and deliberately committed bigamy. That your real wife acquiesced in the situation."

"AND who was this real wife?"

"Mrs. Albert Chapman was the name she went under at King Leopold Mansions—a handy spot, not five minutes' walk from your house on the Chelsea Embankment. You borrowed the name of a real secret agent, realizing that it would give support to her hint of a husband engaged in intelligent work. Your scheme succeeded perfectly. No suspicion was ever aroused."

"Nevertheless, the fact remained, you have never been legally married to Rebecca Arnholt and you were guilty of bigamy."

"You never dreamed of danger after so many years. It came out of the blue—in the form of a tiresome woman who remembered you after nearly twenty years, as her friend's husband. Chance brought her back to this country, chance let her meet you in Queen Charlotte Street—it was chance that your niece was with you and heard what she said to you. Otherwise I might never have guessed."

"I told you about that myself, m' dear Poirot."

"No, it was your niece who insisted on telling me and you could not very well protest too violently in case it might arouse suspicions. And after the meeting, one more evil chance (from your point of view) occurred. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale met Amberiotis, went to lunch with him and babbled to him of this meeting with a friend's husband—'after all these years!—looked older, of course, but had hardly changed!'"

"That, I admit, is pure guesswork on my part but I believe it is what happened. I do not think that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale realized for a moment that the M. Blunt her friend had married was the shadowy figure behind the



"Remember, just once more! We got to get out of here!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



# "These days more people than ever before choose Wine"

*report hosts and hostesses all over America*

*Men and women are finding they prefer to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves*

**A**UTHORITIES on entertaining, famous career women, popular hostesses throughout America agree on it.

This from a young matron at Richmond, Virginia: "I've discovered more and more people like a chance to choose a moderate beverage like wine."

This from an Arizona mother, a leader in local welfare circles: "Every time I entertain it seems that more of my guests choose wine." This from a Chicago expert on homemaking: "It particularly compliments my guests nowadays when I serve wine at dinner."

Mind you, many folks believe wine has won its new popularity *because* it is a moderate drink. You discover you don't want to bolt down a glass of wine. You find yourself lingering over it like a connoisseur, sensing its satisfying bouquet and flavor.

Isn't it a good idea to follow the lead of so many successful hosts and hostesses? When you do, you'll find wine offers a simpler, more gracious way to be hospitable. You'll be surprised, too, how *inexpensive* wine is.

*Among the many well-known people who report that increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine are:*

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Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy  
Mrs. Basil Rathbone  
Mr. Grantland Rice  
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett  
Margaret Bourke-White  
Mrs. Ogden Nash

*Mrs. W. S. Carr of Montpelier, Vermont likes to have friends in for dinner. "I usually serve a simple meal," says Mrs. Carr, "and then with my main course I bring to table a good wine — ruby Burgundy with steak or roast beef, or mild Chablis with chicken. I notice that most of our friends nowadays prefer to have the drink served with the meal."*

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## THE A-B-C OF SERVING WINE

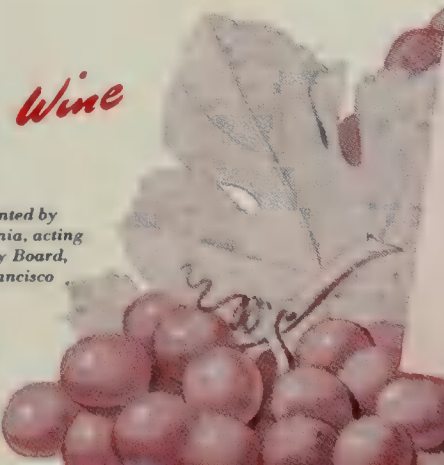
**A** With meals, serve a "table" wine, red or white as you prefer. Table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) especially to complement main-course dishes. With your dinner, in portions about half the size of a water glass, try:  
**Burgundy**, which is red, full flavored, grand with roast beef, steak, or turkey

**B** Or with refreshments or desserts, serve a "sweet" wine . . . rich with the natural sweetness of the grape. For instance, try setting out, in cocktail-size portions:  
**Port**, which is red, full bodied, superbly rich — delicious with nuts or with crackers and cheese

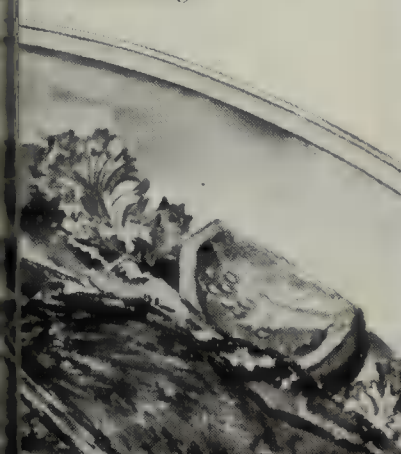
**C** At the appetizer hour, bring on **Sherry** wine . . . mellow amber, nutlike in flavor, the perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions

*Be Considerate — Serve Wine*

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



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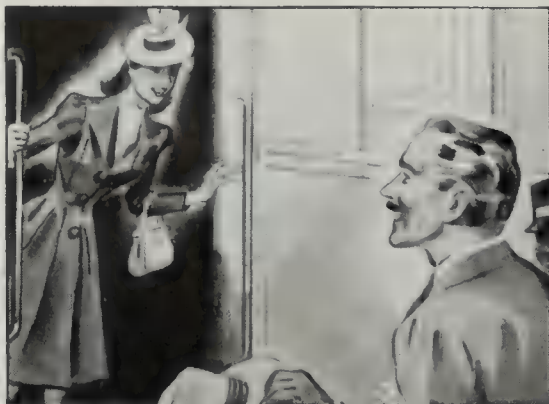
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# Go Pullman



finance of this country. The name, after all, is not an uncommon one. But Amberiotis, remember, in addition to his espionage activities, was a blackmailer. Blackmailers have an uncanny nose for a secret. Amberiotis wondered. Easy to find out just who the M. Blunt was. And then, I have no doubt, he wrote to you or telephoned. . . . Oh! yes—a gold mine for Amberiotis."

Poirot paused. He went on: "There is only one effectual method of dealing with a really efficient and experienced blackmailer. Silence him."

"It was not a case, as I had had erroneously suggested to me, of 'Blunt must go.' It was, on the contrary, 'Amberiotis must go.' But the answer was the same! The easiest way to get at a man is when he is off his guard, and when is a man more off his guard than in the dentist's chair?"

POIROT paused again. A faint smile came to his lips. He said, "The truth about the case was mentioned very early. The page boy, Alfred, was reading a crime story called *Death at Eleven-Forty-Five*. We should have taken that as an omen. For, of course, that is just about the time when Morley was killed. You shot him just as you were leaving. Then you pressed his buzzer, turned on the taps of the washbasin and left the room. You timed it so that you came down the stairs just as Alfred was taking the false Mabelle Sainsbury Seale to the lift. You actually opened the front door, perhaps you passed out, but as the lift doors shut and the lift went up you slipped inside again and went up the stairs."

"I know, from my own visits, just what Alfred did when he took up a patient. He knocked on the door, opened it and stood back to let the patient pass in. Inside the water was running—inference, Morley was washing his hands as usual. But Alfred couldn't actually see him."

"As soon as Alfred had gone down again in the lift, you slipped along into the surgery. Together you and your accomplice lifted the body and carried it into the adjoining office. Then a quick hunt through the files and the charts of Mrs. Chapman and Miss Sainsbury Seale were cleverly falsified. You put on a white linen coat, perhaps your wife applied a trace of make-up. But nothing much was needed. It was Amberiotis' first visit to Morley. He had never met you. And your photograph seldom appears in the papers. Besides, why should he have suspicions? A blackmailer does not fear his dentist."

"'Miss Sainsbury Seale' goes down and Alfred shows her out. The buzzer goes and Amberiotis is taken up. He finds the dentist washing his hands behind the door in approved fashion. He is conducted to the chair. He indicates the painful tooth. You talk the accustomed patter. You explain it will be best to freeze the gum. The procaine and adrenalin are there. You inject a big enough dose to kill. And incidentally, he will not feel any lack of skill in your dentistry!"

"Completely unsuspecting, Amberiotis leaves. You bring out Morley's body and arrange it on the floor, dragging it slightly on the carpet now that you have to manage it singlehanded."



You wipe the pistol and put it in his hand—wipe the door handle so that your prints shall not be the last. The instruments you used have all been passed into the sterilizer. You leave the room, go down the stairs and slip out of the front door at a suitable moment. That is your only moment of danger."

"It should all have passed off so well! Two people who threatened your safety—both dead. A third person also dead—but that, from your point of view, was unavoidable. And all so easily explained. Morley's suicide explained by the mistake he had made over Amberiotis."

"The two deaths cancel out. One of these regrettable accidents."

"But alas for you, I am on the scene. I have doubts. I make objections. All is not going as easily as you hoped. So there must be a second line of defenses. There must be, if necessary, a scapegoat. You have already informed yourself minutely of Morley's household. There is this man, Frank Carter—he will do. So your accomplice arranges that he shall be engaged in a mysterious fashion as gardener. If, later, he tells such a ridiculous story no one will believe it. In due course, the body in the fur chest will come to light. At first it will be thought to be that of Miss Sainsbury Seale, then the dental evidence will be taken. Big sensation!"

"It may seem a needless complication, but it was necessary. You do not want the police force of England to be looking for a missing Mrs. Albert Chapman. No, let Mrs. Chapman be dead—and let it be Mabelle Sainsbury Seale for whom the police look. Since they can never find her. Besides, through your influence, you can arrange to have the case dropped."

"You did do that, but since it was necessary that you should know just what I was doing, you sent for me and urged me to find the missing woman for you. And you continued, steadily, to 'force a card' upon me. Your accomplice rang me up with a melodramatic warning—the same idea—espionage—the public aspect. She is a clever actress, this wife of yours, but to disguise one's voice the natural tendency is to imitate another voice. Your wife imitated the intonation of Mrs. Olivera. That puzzled me, I may say, a good deal."

"THEN I was taken down to Exsham—the final performance was staged. How easy to arrange a loaded pistol among laurels so that a man, clipping them, shall unwittingly cause it to go off. The pistol falls at his feet. Startled, he picks it up. What more do you want? He is caught red-handed—with a ridiculous story and with a pistol that is a twin to the one with which Morley was shot."

"And all a snare for the feet of Hercule Poirot."

Alistair Blunt stirred a little in his chair. His face was grave and a little sad. He said:

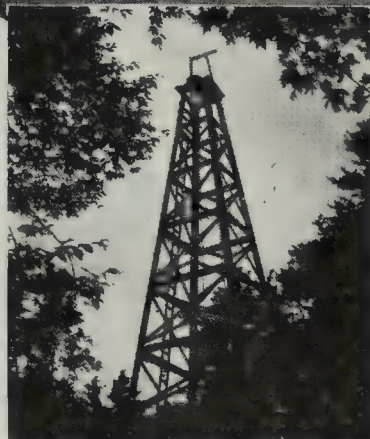
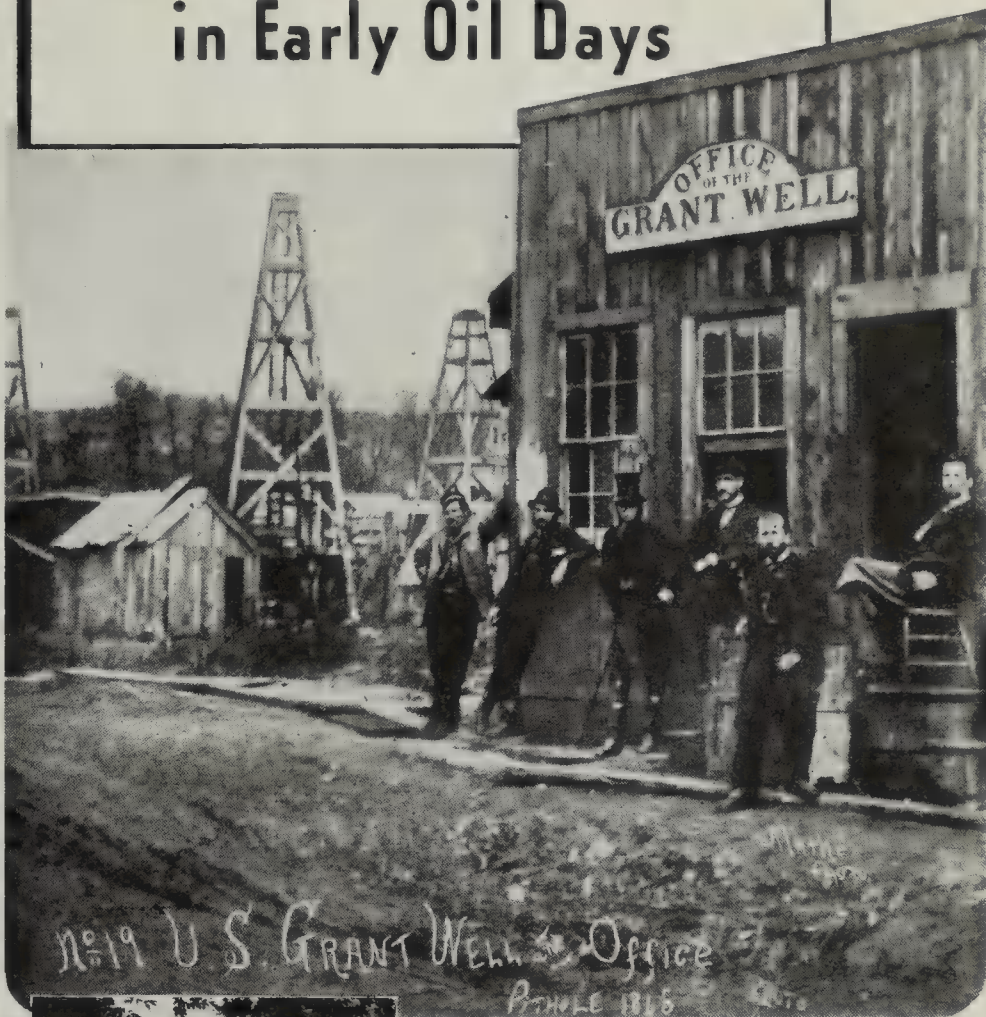
"Don't misunderstand me, M. Poirot. How much do you guess? And how much do you actually know?"

Poirot said, "I have a certificate of the marriage—at a registry office near Oxford—of Martin Alistair Blunt and Gerda Grant. Frank Carter saw two men leave Morley's surgery just after twenty-five past twelve. The first was a fat man—Amberiotis. The second was, of course, you. Frank Carter did not recognize you. He only saw you from above."

"How fair of you to mention that!"

"He went into the surgery and found Morley's body. The hands were cold and there was dried blood around the wound. That meant that Morley had been dead some time. Therefore, the dentist who attended to Amberiotis

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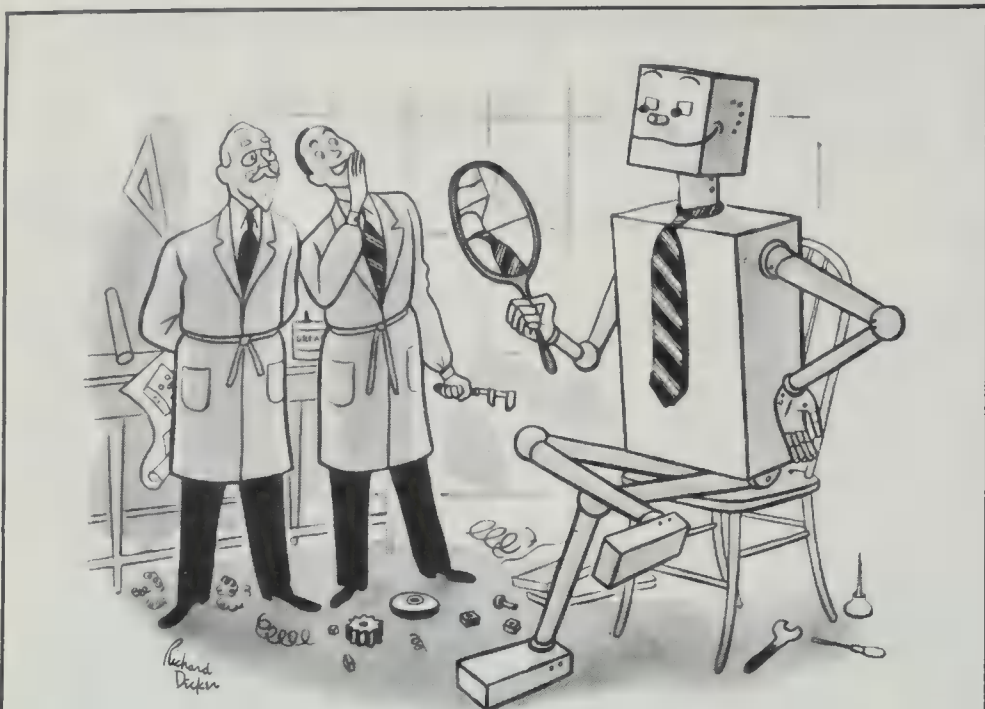
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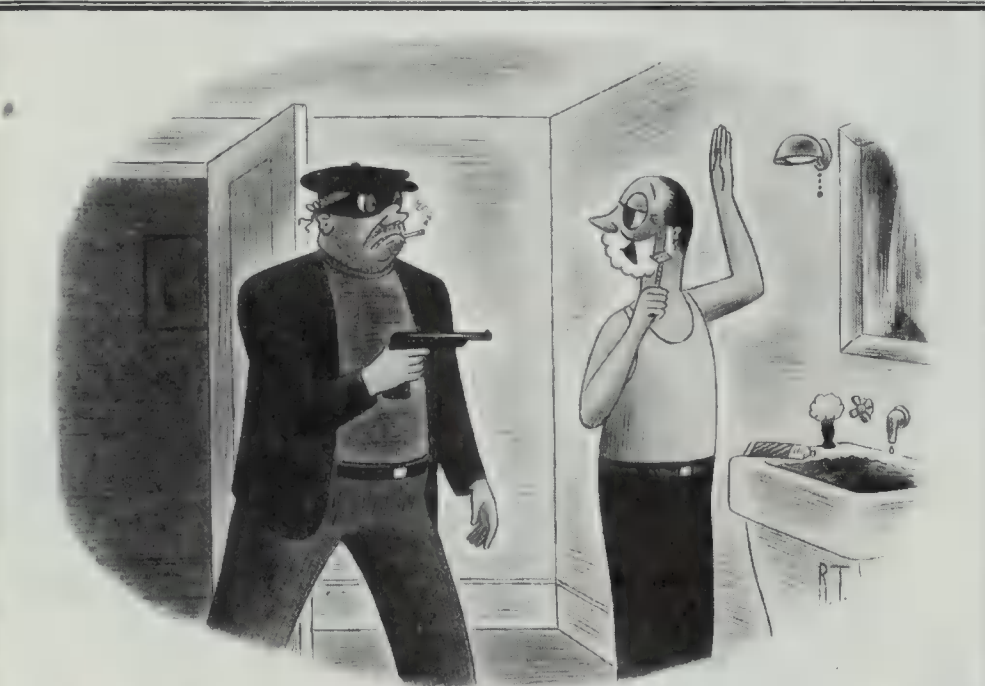
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could not have been Morley and must have been Morley's murderer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Helen Montessor was arrested this afternoon."

Alistair Blunt gave one sharp movement. Then he sat very still. He said, "That—rather complicates matters."

Hercule Poirot said, "Yes. The real Helen Montessor, your distant cousin, died in Canada seven years ago. You suppressed that fact, and took advantage of it."

A smile came to Alistair Blunt's lips. He spoke naturally and with a kind of boyish enjoyment:

"Gerda got a kick out of it all, you know. I'd like to make you understand. You're such a clever fellow. I married her without letting my people know. She was acting in repertory at the time. My people were the strait-laced kind, and I was going into the firm. We agreed to keep it dark. She went on acting. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was in the company too. She knew about us. Then she went abroad with a touring company. Gerda heard from her once or twice from India. Then she stopped writing. Mabelle got mixed up with some Hindu. She was always a stupid, credulous girl."

"I wish I could make you understand about my meeting with Rebecca and my marriage. Gerda understood. The only way I can put it is that it was like royalty. I had the chance of marrying a queen and playing the part of prince consort or even king. I looked on my marriage to Gerda as morganatic. I loved her. I didn't want to get rid of her. And the whole thing worked splendidly. I liked Rebecca immensely. She was a woman with a first-class financial brain and mine was just as good. We were good at teamwork. It was supremely exciting. She was an excellent companion and I think I made her happy. I was genuinely sorry when she died."

"The queer thing was that Gerda and I grew to enjoy the secret thrill of our meetings. We had all sorts of ingenious devices. She was an actress by nature. She had a repertoire of seven or eight characters—Mrs. Albert Chapman was only one of them. She was an American widow in Paris. I met her there when I went over on business. And she used to go to Norway with painting things as an artist. I went there for the fishing. And then, later, I passed her off as my cousin, Helen Montessor."

"IT WAS great fun for us both, and it kept romance alive, I suppose. We could have married officially after Rebecca died—but we didn't want to. Gerda would have found it hard to live my official life and, of course, something from the past *might* have been raked up, but I think the real reason we went on more or less the same was that we *enjoyed* the secrecy of it. We should have found open domesticity dull."

Blunt paused. He said, and his voice changed and hardened:

"And then that damned fool of a woman messed up everything. Recognizing me—after all those years! And she told Amberiotis. You see—you *must* see—that something had to be done! It wasn't only myself—not only the selfish point of view. If I was ruined and disgraced—the country, my country was hit as well. For I've done something for England, M. Poirot. I've held it firm and kept it solvent. It's free from dictators—from Fascism and from Communism. I don't really care for money as money. I do like power—I like to rule—but I don't want to tyrannize. We are democratic in England—truly democratic. We can grumble and say what we think and laugh at our politicians. We're free."

"I care for all that—it's been my life-

work. And now there's the war, we must guard against inflation. If I went—well, you know what would probably happen. I'm *needed*, M. Poirot. And a damned double-crossing, blackmailing rogue of a Greek was going to destroy my lifework. Something *had* to be done. Gerda saw it, too. We were sorry about the Sainsbury Seale woman—but it was no good. We had to silence her. She couldn't be trusted to hold her tongue."

"Gerda went to see her, asked her to tea, told her to ask for Mrs. Chapman, said she was staying in Mr. Chapman's flat. Mabelle Sainsbury Seale came, quite unsuspecting. She never knew anything—the medinal was in the tea—it's quite painless. You just sleep and don't wake up. The face business was done afterward—rather sickening, but we felt it was necessary. Mrs. Chapman was to exit for good. I had given my 'cousin' Helen a cottage to live in. We decided that after a while we would get married. But first we had to get Amberiotis out of the way."

"It worked beautifully. He hadn't a suspicion that I wasn't a real dentist. I did my stuff with the hand-picks rather well. I didn't risk the drill. Of course, after the injection he couldn't feel what I was doing. Probably just as well!"

POIROT asked, "The pistols?"

"Actually they belonged to a secretary I once had in America. He bought them abroad somewhere. When he left he forgot to take them."

There was a pause. Then Alistair Blunt said, "I've killed three people. So presumably I *ought* to be hanged. But you've heard my defense."

"Which is—exactly?"

"That I believe with all my heart and soul that I am necessary to the ultimate success and prosperity of this country. We are at war. War depends largely on money and the management of money. You need, above all else, sound financial foundations. That's my job—and no one else can do it. It's in your hands, Poirot. It's up to you. You can, if you like, retire from the case. I can deal with Gerda's arrest—mistaken identity—I've got a lot of pull, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, what about it?"

Poirot said slowly, "You are the right man in the right place at a moment that is full of peril. That is one side of the picture. But there is the other side. Three human beings who are dead..."

"Yes, but think of them! Mabelle Sainsbury Seale—you said yourself—a woman with the brains of a hen! Amberiotis—a crook and a blackmailer!"

"And Morley?"

"I've told you before. I'm sorry about Morley. But after all—he was a decent fellow and a good dentist—but there are other dentists."

"Yes," said Poirot, "there are other dentists. And Frank Carter? You would have let him die, too, without regret?"

Blunt said, "I don't waste any pity on him. He's no good. An utter rotter."

Poirot said: "But a human being..."

"Oh, well, we're all human beings..."

"Yes, we are all human beings. That is what you have not remembered. You have said that Mabelle Sainsbury Seale was a foolish human being and Amberiotis an evil one, and Frank Carter a wastrel—and Morley—Morley was only a dentist and there are other dentists. That is where you and I, M. Blunt, do not see alike. For to me the lives of those four people are just as important as your life."

"You're wrong."

"No, I am not wrong. You are a man of great natural honesty and rectitude. Years ago you took one step aside—and outwardly it has not affected you. Publicly you have continued the same—upright, trustworthy, honest. But within



the love of power grew to overwhelming heights. So you sacrificed our human lives and thought them of no account."

"Don't you realize, Poirot, that the safety and happiness of the whole nation depends on me—perhaps the whole future of democracy?"

Hercule Poirot said, "What is it England is fighting for? You are fighting against that spirit that says it is justifiable to murder, to torture, to persecute—if thereby the nation is benefited. And that is your argument too. That individuals do not matter! But we say, who believe in democracy and freedom, that individuals do matter, that their lives should not be taken from them, that the life of every man, woman and child is as important as the life of the whole nation."

He got up.

"You may be a great financier, Mon-sur, and an honest patriot but you are a murderer. And I mean to see you hang for it!"

He went to the door and opened it. There were men waiting outside. . . .

Hercule Poirot went down to where a man was waiting.

Jane Olivera, her face white and drained, stood against the mantelpiece. Beside her was Howard Raikes.

She said, "Well?"

POIROT said gently, "It is all over. M. Alistair Blunt has been arrested for murder."

Raikes said, "I thought he'd buy you . . ."

Jane said, "No. I never thought that. I thought he might persuade you—"

Poirot said, "I am not easily persuaded. I am a Belgian and a bourgeois—" (He looked at Raikes.) "I live my principles."

He laid his hand on Howard Raikes' shoulder.

"You have joined this International Brigade that goes to the north to fight?"

"I have."

Poirot glanced at Jane.

And before you go—"

Jane said, "Before he goes we are going to be married."

Poirot said gently, "God bless you,

my children. You are young. The world is yours. The New Heaven and the New Earth. In your brave new world, my children, let there be freedom and let there be pity. . . . That is all I ask. . . ."

HERCULE POIROT walked home along the deserted streets.

An unobtrusive figure joined him.

"Well?" said Mr. Barnes.

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands.

Barnes said, "What line did he take?"

"He admitted everything and pleaded justification. He said that his country needed him."

"So it does," said Mr. Barnes.

He added after a minute or two: "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then—"

"We may be wrong," said Hercule Poirot.

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Barnes. "So we may."

They walked on for a little way, then Barnes asked curiously:

"What are you thinking about?"

Hercule Poirot quoted:

"Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being King."

"Hm—I see—" said Mr. Barnes.

"Saul—after the Amalekites. Yes, you could think of it that way."

They walked on a little farther, then Barnes said:

"I take the tube here. Good night, Poirot." He paused, then said awkwardly: "You know—there's something I'd like to tell you."

"Yes, mon ami?"

"Feel I owe it to you. Led you astray unintentionally. Fact of the matter is, Albert Chapman, Q.X.912."

"Yes?"

"I'm Albert Chapman. That's partly why I was so interested. I knew, you see, that I'd never had a wife."

He hurried away, chuckling.

Poirot stood stock-still. Then his eyes opened, his eyebrows rose.

He said to himself:

"He did that to me—Hercule Poirot!"

And went home.

THE END

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## Keeping Our Southern Customers

**H**OW to hang onto most or all of the increased South American trade that the European war threw to the United States? That is one of the big problems facing United States business—which we hope is doing some thinking about said problem, even in these tumultuous days of world-shaking events abroad.

From private advices that we consider reliable, we hear that the problem of getting and keeping South American business good will is still pretty much what it has always been. Though there are Nazi agitators all over South America, the danger that they will bulldoze any appreciable business away from United States firms seems to have been far overestimated.

The real threat to our postwar South American business appears to be a three-plied threat,

of which two of the plies are old-timers, while the third is comparatively new:

The old-timers are these:

1. European business houses, especially German ones, have long been anxious to please South American customers in such matters as attractive prices, stretching a point or two or three when it comes to arranging credits, and packaging and delivering goods as the customer wants them packaged and delivered.

2. United States business houses generally, with some smart exceptions, have been just the opposite. U. S. business practice as a rule has been to put the price up and keep it there, to demand big down payments and cut the credit terms short, and to act in various ways as if South American customers ought to be humbly grateful to do business with United States firms at all.

If our boys doing business in South America can bring themselves to drop these trade practices overboard, the word is that postwar United States business in South America will have a fighting chance of holding the ground gained during the war. If not, not.

It looks like a call for some old-time American go-getterism, chiefly. The go-getters on this business battlefield, however, should be gentlemen who can speak Spanish and/or Portuguese and adjust themselves to the suave and easy way in which many South Americans like to perform a business deal.

Also, some judicious investment of United States money in productive South American enterprises would seem to be in order—in railroads, for example, and in steel mills and certain kinds of factories. General aim of this type of investment would be to help the forward-looking South American minority to raise the living standards and increase the wants of the South American masses.

It's hard to see how the United States Government can do any of this kind of work, except perhaps advance some money in proper cases. That nobody has much confidence in the government's ability to help directly is indicated by the dull thud with which the Western Hemisphere cartel proposal flopped in both North and South American business circles.

It looks like a job for private enterprise—and, inasmuch as South America is the largest, richest area now lying comparatively uncultivated in the world, a highly stimulating and potentially profitable job.

The government could help, though, by dropping its namby-pamby, one-way good neighborliness toward such things as the Mexican oil grab of a couple of years ago. By standing for this piece of Bolshevik banditry, our State Department (1) set other possible bandit politicians all over Latin America dreaming of some day grabbing United States holdings in their countries, and (2) made a lot of United States money extremely wary of going into Latin America because it couldn't be reasonably sure of ever coming out again.

This is the third and new element in the problem of getting, keeping and increasing South American business good will. We'd suggest that the government do its part toward meeting this problem. If it will, we have a hunch that most private business concerns will be willing to play ball.

## FROM GENEVA TO PRINCETON

**R**EMOVAL of most of what is left of the League of Nations from Geneva, Switzerland, to Princeton, N. J., is as fitting as anything we know of.

Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton before he was President of the United States. Wilson dreamed the League of Nations. For all the disasters that befell it, and all the wreckage that the latest European war has made of it, it was a noble dream.

It still is a noble dream. Maybe some day men and women will grow up to the nobility of this dream. Certainly the League should go along in some form, however attenuated, so that the idea may not perish.

Perhaps after this war, when a new generation of Europeans (and maybe Americans) shall have learned the folly and accursedness of war, the League will regain its old appeal to the hearts and imaginations of people. Or it may merge into some improvement on the "Union Now" idea.

Anyway, it's a pleasure to welcome the vestiges of the organization—eight officials and their families—to sanctuary in the United States. Where the League was born once, it may be born again.

## CANCER AND COMMON SENSE

**W**E SUPPOSE Americans do more worrying per capita about cancer than about any other disease.

The thing is so insidious—frequently takes a long time making its presence known; develops from mysterious causes having nothing to do with contagion or violation of any ordinary health rules, so far as is now known; is thought by many to be inescapably hereditary, and by others to be absolutely incurable.

Like the old-time worries, superstitions and misapprehensions about tuberculosis, syphilis and gonorrhea, the worries and superstitions and popular misconceptions about cancer are gradually being dispelled.

The work is being done mainly by the American Society for the Control of Cancer, Inc., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. The society is non-profitmaking, is run on voluntary contributions and devotes itself to furnishing authentic cancer information, not individual advice or treatments, free to inquirers. If you have any cause to worry about cancer, we suggest that this is the organization to query. Its service can be relied on up to the hilt.















